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THE

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

A

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHIC REVIEW.

92

VOL. II.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1878.

LONDON:
HURST & BLACKETT, 13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, W.

OXFORD: SLATTER & ROSE.—CAMBRIDGE: HARRY JOHNSON.—LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, AND BIRMINGHAM: W. H. SMITH & SON.—DURHAM: ANDREWS & CO.—DUBLIN: GEORGE HERBERT.—EDINBURGH: J. MENZIES & CO.—GLASGOW: PORTEOUS BROS.—ABERDEEN: D. WYLLIE & SON.—ST. ANDREWS: W. C. HENDERSON.
PARIS: J. G. FOTHERINGHAM.—NEW YORK: AUG. BRENTANO.
MELBOURNE: G. ROBERTSON.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

MDCCCLXXVIII.

1225

LONDON :
PRINTED BY F. PHILLIPS,
10, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,
W.C.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

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THE

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1878.

AN ARYAN ANCESTOR.

We have many reasons for feeling a special interest in the Aryans. When we look for the traditional cradle of our race, a star overhangs the Orient. Our language finds its roots in a spreading centre which is ascribed to the regions lying south of the great river Oxus, and between Euphrates on the west and Indus on the east. As members of the Indo-Germanic family, we own sonship to the Friesic tribes, who filled the wild fringes of Northern Europe, and made our Anglo-Saxondom by westward invasion, as no doubt they had made their own domain of Friez and Teutonland by incursion from their ancestral east.

This Aryan expansion it would be prudent to style the beginning of a semi-historical period rather than the first colonisation of a world. When the noble nomads wandering eastward reached India (*Arya* in Sanscrit signifies noble) they found rude darker races to subjugate. Somewhat degenerated from their ancient superiority, these conquerors themselves are now ruled by another and stronger shoot of the Aryan branch which extended itself westward, and, notwithstanding many a fusion, lives still in England with distinction and unexhausted vitality.

The view we have expressed of the primeval Aryans as the dominant race of an early period will allow of room for the questions whether Egypt is not older still than Aryana, and whether the differences between the so-called Semitic languages of the Phœnician and Hebrew peoples and those of the so-called Indo-Germanic group are not differences due to variation rather than to absence of fellowship in origin. The hieroglyph and the oldest cuneiform have not yet been fully explored and compared with other ancient alphabets.

A clue which will fairly exemplify the ramifications of the Aryan brotherhood may be found in our word "wit," or "wot." This same word is to be traced with slight variation through the Gothic, the Anglo-Saxon, the old Norman, the German. In the Greek it is εἶδω or οἶδα, preceded by the obsolete letter vau. In Latin it is *video*. In Sanscrit it appears as *vid* and in the well-known *Veda*, making by a variation also *bodhi* and *budha*, both signifying deep knowledge. Perhaps it is the Assyrian *idū*, to know, or to oversee. In Zend it is the *A-vista* (*vid*), the book of knowledge.

To return to Anglo-Saxon again, the same word forms the name of

the deity *Voden*, *Woden*, or *Odin* (old German *wuotan*), the equivalent of the Hermes or god of wisdom. From *Woden* it comes to us as *Wednesday*, and it were to be hoped, if it were not too much to hope, that with such an ancestry we could all have at least one wise or witty day in a week.

Another word which also signifies to know appears in our language in the verbs *ken*, *can*, *con*, *acquaint*, and *know*, and in the adjectives *canny* and *cunning*. It is Gothic *kunnan;* Anglo-Saxon, *can*, *cennan*, and *cnawan;* Swedish, *kunnig* and *kœanna;* Dutch and German, *kennen;* Danish, *kan;* Sanscrit, *ǵnâ*, *ǵânâmi*; Zend, *hunara*, Pazand, *khunar* (science), also Zend *vaen*, and Pazand *vinastan* and *ginastan*, to perceive; Greek, γινώσκειν; Latin, *cognoscere;* old French, *connoistre*. From these roots—knowledge conveying power—come the words signifying king, old English *cyning*, German *könig*, and possibly the Tatar *khan*.

An Aryan ancestry of language is here pretty clear, but there is no sign in the words given of Egyptian or Hebrew brotherhood.

Before turning more particularly to our Aryan forefathers, it may be interesting to give a few instances in which the connection between the older languages is readily to be traced.

In Egyptian hieroglyphs may be found *más*, anoint; *masu*, anoint, dip. In Zend *mashyâ* is clarified butter. In Hebrew and Syriac *messiah*, *meshihha*, in Arabic *masih*, signify anointed. In Egyptian *khab*, Assyrian *caccabu*, Hebrew *kôhhabi*, alike signify a star.

We find in Egyptian *makheru*, justified, especially in reference to the dead after judgment; in Assyrian *magaru*, obedient, happy; in Greek μάκαρ, blessed, happy, especially an epithet of the lately dead.

Egyptian *kam*, a reed; Sanscrit, *kalm*; Hebrew, *gome*, reedgrass, rush; Greek, καλαμος; Arabic, *qalam*; German, *halm*; French, *chaume*, stubble; English, *halm*, *haulm*, are evidently one word.

A more singular word-history still may be found in the following. Among the deities of the Veda, which gives the most ancient trace of the Aryans in India, is *Varuna*, the sky, and the god who resides in the sky. It is easy to perceive the connection between *Varunas*, the nightly firmament, and the Greek οὐρανός, the heaven or the sky (*ouranos*, which might, with the obsolete Greek letter *vau*, have been written *vouranos*). It is not until we come to Egypt, however, that we reach the origin of the word. There the great water of the Nile was worshipped as a personification of the beneficence of nature. As to the Egyptian this mighty stream seemed to make a highway through the world, so was there imagined to be a splendid spiritual highway through the firmament. Along this the disembodied spirit was supposed to pass on its journey to the Unseen. This highway was the *Urnas*, or celestial water, personified as a deity of the sky. The derivation of this word may perhaps be *ura*, great, and *na*, water, the hieroglyphic symbols for which roots both appear in the sign representing *urnas*. We seem to have had the word handed down to us English folk not only in the *Urania* and other variations which we draw from Greek, but in the word *urn* or water vessel, and in another word signifying water, employed now in a limited sense.

An element transferable from generation to generation, and from race to race, which would appear to be as indestructible as etymological roots, is spiritual thought or philosophy; that is, the results of such

earnest speculations, wise deductions, rare inspirations, and pure revelations, as, with the addition of ceremonial specialties, doctrinal petrifactions, and prejudices and beliefs whose inner meaning has been forgotten, make up the religious tradition of a nation.

Our own system we draw from the Hebrews, whose oriental idealism we have hardened by our occidental practicality into a doctrinal body of our own.

Similarly the Hebrews, apart from what was mystically born among them (all great ideas, as we know them, are in part a renewal of old ones, and in part a new birth of earth and heaven acting upon ourselves), drew largely from Egypt in their early days, from Assyria in a later day, and from Medo-Persian influences later still.

The head of the Hebrew tribe was a Chaldean nomad, and the people themselves were directed (Deut. xxvi., 5) to make acknowledgment of their origin thus:—"A Syrian wanderer was my father, and he went down into Lower Egypt, and sojourned there with a few men, and became there a nation."

If we affiliate ourselves to the Hebrew traditions, we have a son's right to examine into that lore's ancestry.

The links with Assyria, manifesting themselves in parallel deluge legends, dovetailing records of events and kindred elements of language, we will not here recount, but turn to the Babylonian influences of the second captivity, a time when the Assyrian empire fell and a Medo-Persian sovereignty was established. Then flourished in great power and repute the Magi or priestly caste, who at that time were followers of the Zoroastrian religion. The late Emanuel Deutsch, being a Jew, expresses himself with some caution respecting these foreign influences, but even he cannot but allow that they were of the highest importance:—"The analogies between the Persian creed of the time and the Judaism of the captives is so striking that we may fairly doubt which have most influenced the other; we only see clearly the extraordinary and radical change which, within the space of a few generations, came over the exiles under the influence of the civilisation and religion of Persia."

We have three reasons, then, for our interest in the Aryan legacy:—We have an Aryan strain in our blood, derived from the westward emigrants; we own as subjects a considerable group of the eastern emigrants; and our religious traditions are derived from a so-called Semitic tribe that claimed to have its origin somewhere in that sweet ancient spot between the rivers where the spiritual myth of Eden was attempted to be localised. And before those traditions were delivered to us they had received a new and great religious impulse from the long sojourn of the people among purely Aryan surroundings, and under the influence of the religious and scientific caste of the Medes and Persians.

We may yet have other interests in old Aryana, or at least in its western borders: it is strange, indeed, for instance, that English enterprise and Hebrew patriotism together should not ere now have bought Syria from its bankrupt sovereign, and by making a track through the mid-river valleys to the Persian Gulf, have reopened the fabled garden of the world. Now that the rich land has lain fallow so long, is it not time to cleanse out its ancient choked canals, and banish the desolation that broods over it—a desolation that is not so fatalistic but that it

would flee before the busy hand of man?

The language of the ancient Aryans, whose traditions are now represented by the scanty remnant of the Bombay Parsis, is the sister of the Sanscrit of the Vedas. The Mohammedan extension of the seventh century drove out the Magi from their ancient haunts, but the Masdayasnian or Zoroastrian doctrines are not yet quite extinct, even after their continuance for four thousand years. The Parsis themselves are working like western students at the gathering up of the fragments of their scriptures; and, as regards ourselves more particularly, we do not yet know how much we are contributing to the preservation of these thoughts, in the sacred literature we hold so dear, until we know how much we owe to the sojourn of the Jews in Babylon, at the time when that city fell under Medo-Persian rule.

The date when the prophet Zoroaster (Zarathustra) flourished is considered by those who have the best right to form a judgment to be about 2300 B.C., and the field of his earliest influence to have been Bactria, the modern Bokhara. Here was a great trade centre for merchants dealing with the woollen and the gold, and manifold other products, of central Asia.

Balkh (Bakhdi, Berekhdha in the Zend Avesta) was the capital city, and in the great fire temple there the seer is supposed to have preached to a large audience whom he addresses as "those that have come from near and from far."

He declares that the wise (the seven immortal benefactors or archangelic beings, who are all personifications of qualities and emanations from God) have manifested this universe as a duality. There is a contrariety between the life-giving and the destructive powers in this world, between this life and the other life, between the knowledge acquired by study and experience and the inborn celestial wisdom of the pre-existent Spirit. God is ruler through the good mind. Immortality and wholesomeness are the attainment of the soul of the pure. Punishment is not arbitrary for shameful deeds, but the wicked man's own hatred for good impels him away from good. Whatever we do is stored in the dwelling place of the heavenly singers, and meets us, when come the increasers of the days, the holy ones who assist at the resurrection; and when the weightiest life begins, which is the destruction of the terrestrial creation.

Philosophy, astronomy, and law are ascribed to Zoroaster. And the race which had attained these powers soon began to spread and extend itself.

The mythical region from which it originally springs, its semi-fabulous Eden, is Airyana-vaêjô (Sanscrit, Erangvejadesha; Pazand, Era-vezh). This is Iran the pure, of the good creation. It was a creation of delight, but unapproachable, else the whole corporeal world would have gone after it. But a curious historical reminiscence appears to mingle with the legend of Paradise. After the contrariety of the earth life has manifested itself, the region of bliss is found to have ten months of winter and only two of summer. This would point to the north of the route from Turkestan to China, or to the territory now known as Siberia. The antithesis here is very singular, and reminds us of another garden legend, where the primitive state is perfection, the after condition one of briars and thorns. In the undisturbed city, men live long; there is no weeping, no falsehood, no avarice. In every forty years, from one woman and one man, one child is born. Their

law is goodness and their religion the primeval religion, and when they die they are righteous. Their ruler is a messenger angel from God, Srôsh the obedient, and their chieftain a homotaurus, who lives on the seashore.*

From this very inconsistent region the Aryans emigrate in bands. Sogdiana, Mervè, Margiana, Bactra, Nisa, Herat, Cabul, Candahar, Arachosia, Etymander, Khorasan, India, and Ragha in Media are more or less identified as the quarters of the Orient over which they squatted, the designations being according to modern or classic names.

Herodotus tells us that the Medes were anciently called by all people Aryans. They were indeed Aryans, and probably the most important of the groups of emigrants, perhaps the mother-tribe. They must have extended themselves even to the south-west of what was afterwards Media proper, for in 2234 B.C. Babylon, which so often in after days changed hands, became the seat of a Median dynasty. It seems probable that Armenia, too, was in part absorbed by these dominant Aryans, for an inscription of Sargon at Khorsabad, describing Assyrian victories (eighth century B.C.) refers to far-distant Media, stretching onward to Albania. That is to say —past Ararat toward the north.

We have not at present any connected history of the Zoroastrian Medes from their earliest period. History says little more of them than does the Book of Genesis, which (x., 2) refers to the Madai as of the descendants of Japheth. But their literature makes us conscious of their presence. It was spoken of by tradition some two centuries before our era as having consisted of two millions of verses; a development which, it has been said by competent authorities, would require the effluxion of a thousand years.

In the ninth century B.C. the Medes were an independent and distinct people, whom the Assyrians (in a monument of 880 B.C.) claim to have defeated. Probably in the earlier references to them they were not differentiated from the general Aryan stock.

In the eighth century B.C. Ecbatana, the Median capital, was built. In the Book of Tobit is a reference both to this city and also to the ancient city Ragha, the capital of the earliest Aryan settlement in Media, according to the Zend Avesta. In this century, too, a Median monarch conquered Persia, and his granddaughter married a Persian noble, and became the mother of Cyrus.

Afterwards we find the Medes and Persians regarded as a sort of twin race. They had descended from the same mother Arya, and each seems to have helped the other. Media was the cradle of the Persian power, producing a hardy race, breeding fine horses, and themselves not to be bought by gold. Under Cyrus the fortunes of Persia obscured the name of the Mede; but the latter was the more advanced in the arts, and the influence of the Magian tribe was prominent in the Persian system. The book of the chronicles kept by the learned caste was ever before the monarch for his instruction.

The Medo-Persian empire extended itself over all the Asiatic regions that lie between the Mediterranean and the Indus. Luxury followed upon the increase of wealth and centralisation; and

* *Vide.* Avesta. Vendidad. Farcard I. Mainyo-i-khard, XLIV. and LXII.

the stern Macedonian at length overran the whole empire, and brought in a new dynasty and a new *régime*. In the burning of the palace at Persepolis, through a foolish weakness of Alexander, the royal copy of the Zoroastrian scriptures was destroyed, and by far the greater part of them is not now extant. Perhaps, as the scriptures of other nations have been so unexpectedly recovered, there may yet be found among ruins at Pasargada, Ecbatana, Ragha, Susa, or Persepolis, some records of Aryan thought, as it was both before and at the date of the cuneiform inscriptions of Darius. The language in which what we have of the Aryan scriptures is written is older than that variety of cuneiform. The more modern Parsi books, such as were gathered, translated, or composed in the early centuries of our era under the Sasanian dynasty of Persia, are still faithfully Zoroastrian, and serve to explain the allusions in the older books. There is, therefore, something substantial to turn to when we seek to examine the influences that so strongly affected our religious ancestors, the Hebrews, when they came under the Medo-Persian rule during the period of their stay in Babylonia, consequent upon the various deportations of Nebo-kudurri-ussur in the sixth century B.C. Some never returned from this and the earlier transportations, having become naturalised in the strange land which they had been carried off to populate, and having obtained, some of them, political employment, others a comfortable position with foreign servants under them, others again a profitable opening for traffic. Even the literary classes did not all return to Judea at the time of the patriotic revival, when Jerusalem was allowed to be re-established. Nahardea, in Babylonia, remained a centre of Jewish colleges from the time of the exile for several centuries, and was the seat of learning which produced Hillel the Great, who left Babylon to take the Presidency at Jerusalem.

That beautiful patriotism which took the exiles home, did, notwithstanding, in spite of the cosmopolitan influences that had been acting upon them through their intercourse with other peoples, eventually give rise to a very narrow and bigoted Judaism. That this Judaism was at no time supreme, may be seen from the foreign elements that are to be found in the Apocalyptic and Apocryphal books, the Talmud, and the New Testament.

The Talmud affirms that the very names of the angels the Jews learned in Babylon. They had, indeed, learned what became the Kabbalistic theory of existence; and, with a beautiful angelistic faith, had borrowed also a too large reliance upon the petty powers of demonology.

It has been said that, while the Hindus and the Greeks regarded as animated the whole of nature, the Persians imparadised the creation as being the abode of angels. Different nations explore different channels of the all-pervading life.

The origin of man is always likely to be a matter of interest; we will accordingly gather together from the various corners where it lies in fragments the legend of the Aryan protoplast, and endeavour to rehabilitate our mythical ancestor in order to compare him with his Hebrew congener.

First must be exhumed an ancient theory which we will venture to designate that of double evolution. One process is confined to the physical world, regarded as the *nidus* of life. In the Aryan mytho-

logy, a bull is the first and sole inhabitant of the earth, to which succeeds man. In the Indian books the succession of animals is much more complete. The incarnations of Vishnu, some of which are not without their parallel in Assyrian legend, are successively as a fish (*cf.* Dagon, Oannes, Jonah), a turtle, a boar, a lion, a pigmy, a rude man armed with an axe, a hunter or warrior with a bow, one furnished with a plough, a priest or religious teacher. The final incarnation seems to imply a mysterious subversal of the whole order, a completion of the cycle, a saviour heralding destruction. Another similar scheme is of a transmigratory succession consisting of plants, worms, insects, fish, serpents, tortoises, cattle, wild animals, man.

This may fairly be taken to represent the evolution of natural life.

The simultaneous process which eventually results in man is that of a spiritual being gradually descending, by a sort of fall as it were, into a region of grosser life. The Parsi Bun-daheshn, or Book of Genesis, which is a compilation of old fragmentary lore, refers to a statement in the Law, or ancient scripture, concerning beings who have fed first on water, then on the fruit of trees, then on milk, finally on meat. Eating, it will be remembered, had something to do with the Adamite fall, but here it would really appear that a gradual materialisation is adumbrated, the spiritual entity becoming more corporeal stage by stage until eventually he can make organic the chemical atoms of the terrestrial sphere, and is fitted to adopt the embryo animal body, which, by its own process of evolution, is being prepared for him. The reverse process with regard to food heralds the millennium, to which we will refer more fully, in its place.

The cosmogony to which these developments belong is cyclic. A period passes in tranquillity without evil, then ensues a period of evils and wars; then, as good and evil mingle, appears the level of life as we know it.

In the works of Mirkond, the Persian historian, we find it stated that a being bearing the name of Kaiômart is asserted by the Magi to be synonymous with the Hebrew Adam. The following passages from the Avesta will serve as introduction to the myth of our Aryan ancestor, who, like as the Kabbalists regarded the first or archetypal Adam, is not so much the actual protoplast as the medium of production of the human race:

"The Fravashi (angelic counterpart) of *the pure Gayomarathan* praise we, who first heard the mind of Ahura Mazda, and His commands, from which he created the race of the Aryan regions, the seed of the Aryan regions:" (Farvardin Yasht 24, 87).

"This word have I (Ahura Mazda) spoken . . . . before the creation of this heaven, before the water, before the earth, before the trees, before the creation of the four-footed bull, before the birth of *the pure man, the two-legged*, before the body of this sun was created according to the wish of the Amĕshaçpentas [the seven personified divine attributes whose duty is the preservation of the universe]." (Yaçna XIX. 16). The "pure man" here is Kaiômart or Gayomarathan.

"All the good, mighty, holy Fravashis of the pure, praise we, from Gayômarathan unto Çaoshyańç the victorious:" (Yaçna XXVI. 32.) We will refer later to this Çaoshyańç or Sosiosh.

"Praise to the Fravashi of the Bull, of Gayômarathan, of the holy

Zarathustra, the pure:" (Yaçna LXVII. 63.)

"Praise be to Ahura-Mazda. Praise to the Ameshaçpentas, praize to Mithra who possesses wide pastures, praise to the Sun with swift steeds, praise to the eyes of Ahura-Mazda, praise to the bull, praise to Gayâmarathan, praise to the Fravashi of Zarathustra, the holy, pure. Praise to the whole world of the pure, which was, and is, and is to be:" (Qarset Nyayis, 1.)

"May all the Fravashis of the pure together, from Gayomart to Çosios, here be mentioned:" (Prayer after the Afergâns.)

"Blessed be the souls of the lords, Desturs, Mobeds, Herbeds, believers, propagators of the faith, the disciples who have died on this corporeal earth. Blessed be the soul of Gayomars, and Hoshang, and Tahmur and Jamshéd, &c.:" (Âferîn of the seven Amshaspands.)

"May the heavenly yazatas [angels], the earthly yazatas, the heavenly Time, the Frohars [the same as Fravashis, pre-existent spiritual counterparts, or the power which holds body and soul together] of the pure, from Gayomart to Cosios, the victorious, the very majestic, the being, having been, about to be, the born—unborn, belonging to the region, belonging to other regions, the pious men and women, not of age and of age, who have deceased upon this earth in the faith—all Frohars and souls of the same be here mentioned:" (Âferîn Gahanbâr, 4.)

"The Heavenly Understanding, created by Mazda, praise we:" (Sîrozah 29.)

"The first after the Understanding among the pure creatures praise we:" (Vispered XXII. 5.)

This description, according to lition, denotes Kaiômart.

"We begin praise and adoration of the bull, of Gayomeretan, of Manthra-çpenta [the holy word personified], the pure, efficacious:" (Vispered XXIV. 3.)

These very catholic prayers and praises, which are no doubt of very different dates, show the primeval man, regarded as a mythological being, and having, indeed, come to be treated with adoration.

It is to later works than the Avesta that we have to turn to find any elucidation of the myth; the earlier writings concur in shewing the existence of the legend which the later ones explain.

In the "Desatir"—a collection of writings of the ancient Persian poets—we find Kaiômart addressed as "the prince of the higher sphere." The Persian commentator names him "Ferzinsar, the son of Yasanajanan" (which we take to mean head or beginning of the Farsi, or Persians, son of the Spirit of Life), "whom they call Gil-shah [lord of clay] and Giomert"; and describes him as "sent by the benevolent and merciful Ruler of the world on the work of prophecy." He also describes him as having reclaimed man, and as held to be the Father of Mankind. The address to Kaiômart to which the commentator is referring is most passionate and poetic. It runs as follows:

"He who created thee, and is the Creator of all, is mighty!

"And gave thee refulgence, and enlightened All!

"And sent forth upon thee a portion of his awful light!

"And next, according to his will, assigned thee a course which is everlasting!

"And placed thee high in the lofty eminence of the seventh Heaven!

"I pray of thee, O Father, Lord! that thou ask, by the splendour of thy soul, from thy father and Lord,

thy Prime Cause and Lover, the Intelligence that glorified thee with light, and all the free and blazing lights that possess intelligence, that they would ask of their Father and Lord, the Intelligence of all Intelligences, the first created Intelligence, the most approved wish that can be asked of the Being, most worthy of all Beings to be adored, the one worthy of the worship of mankind, the Stablisher of All, to make me one of those who approach the band of his Lights and the secrets of his essence; and to pour light on the band of Light and Splendour; and to magnify them, and to purify them and us; while the world endureth, and to all eternity, so let it be!

"In the name of the Lofty, the Giver, the Just, the Lord! O, Ferzinsár! thou art the prophet whom three sons obey.

[Persian note.—The mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms.]

"And the four mothers are under thy sway." [Persian note.—The four elements.]

One class of writers has attempted to make Kaiômart a historical personage, as the first sovereign of the earliest dynasty of Persia, the Peshdadian. The annals of that dynasty Sir W. Jones describes as dark and fabulous, that of the Kaiani kings who succeeded them heroic and poetical, that of the Sasanian sovereigns historical. The Peshdadian may well be dark and mythical, seeing that the word signifies "before created." According to the legend, however, the son of Kaiômart was a king who discovered fire from flint, while his grandson's nephew was Jemsheed, the founder of Persepolis, who is said to have lived for centuries, and to have divided his subjects into castes.

On the supposed historical ground Kaiômart has a rival.

Malcolm, in his History of Persia, says: "In almost all modern accounts of Persia which have been translated from Mahomedan authors, Kaiomurs is considered the first king of the country; but the Dabistan, a book professedly compiled from works of the ancient Guebers or worshippers of fire, presents us with a chapter on a succession of monarchs and prophets who preceded Kaiomurs. According to the author, the Persians, previous to the reign of Kaiomurs, and consequently long before the mission of Zoroaster, venerated a prophet called Mah-abad (or the great Abad), whom they considered as the father of men. We are told in the Dabistan that the ancient Persians deemed it impossible to ascertain who were the first parents of the human race. The knowledge of man, they alleged, was quite incompetent to such a discovery; but they believed, on the authority of their books, that Mah-abad was the person left at the end of the last great cycle, and consequently father of the present world.

"They believe time to be divided into a succession of cycles or periods, to each of which they allot its own people, believing that a male and female are left at the end of every cycle to be the parents of the population of the next.

"The only particulars they relate of Mah-abad are, that he and his wife, having survived the former cycle, were blessed with a numerous progeny, who inhabited caves and clefts of rocks, and were uninformed of both the comforts and luxuries of life: that they were at first strangers to order and government, but that Mah-abad, inspired and aided by Divine

power, resolved to alter their condition; and to effect that object, planted gardens and invented ornaments, and forged weapons, &c., &c."

The Avesta, however, makes no reference to Mah-abad, who must be considered a strictly Persian creation, the Dabistan making Kaiômart only the first king of the fifth dynasty of the monarchs of Persia, and the sovereign to whom is transmitted a celestial volume in perfect accord with the Mahabadian code.

Later Persian writers follow the chronology of the Jews, and trace the descent of Kaiômart from Noah. He reclaimed, says Ferdosi, his subjects from a state of savage barbarity, but his civilising efforts brought him many wars with the deevs or magicians. The just king's army, however, was joined by all the lions, tigers, and panthers in his dominions, who left their native forests to aid him, and routed the deevs. There is another and slightly discrepant account of supernatural aid which we need not advert to more particularly. After the victory Kaiômart is represented as retiring to his capital of Balkh.

This is but imaginary history. We will return to the myth, which has at least a philosophic conception for its basis. We gather it mainly from the Bundehesch and the Majmil al Tawârikh.

According to one account, the present cycle, taken out of the Endless Time, is to be 12,000 years; for one half of these the primeval man and the bull (the animal creation, we may presume) lived "without evil in the superior regions of the world." During this time six signs of the Zodiac were traversed. As the world came under the sign of the Balance dissensions manifested themselves.

According to another account, the first model of existence incarnated upon earth is the Homotaurus, who, however, eventually succumbs to the attacks of the Principle of Evil. As he dies, Kaiômart proceeds from him. Kaiômart is androgynous, as also is Adam in one of the two versions we have of the creation myth, and in the traditions handed down by the Kabbalistic Rabbins. R. Samuel Bar Nahman, who presided over 1200 students at Pumbadita in the early part of the fourth century of our era, describes Adam and Eve as created conjoined, and is as absurdly definite as Plato's friends in the Symposium, in describing the manner of such conjunction.

As opposed to the bull, who is typified by emblems of death and deprivation of speech, Kaiômart is a living and speaking being. He was formed radiant, white, with eyes looking up to heaven. He is essentially an immortal being, and a particular genius watches over his safety to enable him to withstand the power of the Principle of Evil.

The accounts we have of the myth, being of late compilation, differ among themselves, and wander into trivialities; but there seems evidence that Kaiômart represented man in a higher state than ordinary mortality. The same belief was held by the Rabbins concerning the primeval Adam, "Garments of light, these were the garments of the first Adam," was the commentary made by Rabbi Meir on the coats of skins or fleshly bodies; while Adam's deep sleep was said to represent the lapse from the state of essential life.

Notwithstanding his immortality Kaiômart did not survive the combined attack of the Principle of Evil, the Father of Death, and of thousands of deevs who fell upon him. But the elementary principles of

his being were purified by sunlight, and confided to the genii of fire and of earth. After a number of years there grew from this seed a tree of life, spreading into two branches.

A poet in the Veda seems to be considering some such evolution as this when he asks, "Who has seen the first born, when he who had no bones (*i.e.*, no form) bore him that had bones?"

The next stage accordingly brings us to the creation of strictly terrestrial man. In the Avesta itself Kaiômart is at once supernal and the physical protoplast; but in the later writings are frequent references to first parents of a kind not very different from the fabled Adam and Eve; while to Kaiômart, on the other hand, the Kabbalistic conception of the first and spiritual Adam manifests a similar resemblance.

The tree of two branches develops into two human beings, a male and a female, Meschia and Meschiâna (*mashya* is Old Bactrian for *man*), who are pure, and obedient to Ahura Mazda. Heaven is destined for them, provided they be humble of heart, perform the work of the law, be pure in thought, word, and deed, and do not invoke the deevs. By so continuing they will be a reciprocal blessing to each other.

But, alas! first they spoke thus: It is Ahura Mazda who has given the water, the earth, trees, animals, the stars, the moon, and sun, and all the benefits that spring therefrom. Then the spirit of opposition enters their thoughts, and all becomes inverted. They turn to the evil principle, and confess him author of their benefits. They eat and clothe themselves. Their food is of more substantial kind, step by step, until they reach flesh. Then they make a fire, obtain metals, and practice handicrafts, all without thanking God. They quarrel and lose the wish to be re-united. Finally comes the serpent, not in the well-known guise of the Hebrew story, but in that of which Dr. Donaldson thought he saw traces in the same story, that of the phallic symbol. Excess begins, with arrogance and selfishness on the part of each and injury to both.

In the Avesta itself there is no trace of Meschia and Meschiana, and it is therefore probable that they do not belong to the original Zoroastrian conception of creation, but have been evolved by an amplification of the myth. But if the legend of them is borrowed from that of Adam and Eve, it is singular that an element which some scholars have regarded as almost eliminated from the Hebrew account should appear distinctly in the Parsi version. If the latter, which is frequent in the books of later date than the Avesta, be borrowed from the Hebrew story, it must surely be from an earlier edition of it than that which we now possess.

The myth of Kaiômart has the best evidence of being a veritable original; and, moreover, is in harmony with the cyclic beliefs of the Zoroastrians. The attempt to set down Kaiômart as the earliest of the Kings of Persia, must be due to an endeavour after history-making. The further account of the historians, that it was owing to the increasing depravity of the race, by which it was rendered nearly extinct, that the all-merciful Creator called Kaiômart to the throne in order to save mankind, may also be regarded as an amplification of the legend. This reading, however, may not be wholly inconsistent with the cyclic idea, for the wearing out of one cycle by reason of depravity and declension, must surely be the beginning of the regenerative era, unless we are to believe, with the author of the

second book of Esdras, who is evidently under Babylonian influences, that the world reverts to an archaic state of silence and lifelessness between period and period of life.

To each of these Œonic periods a divine messenger is ascribed, and each messenger seems in a sense to be regarded as identical with the others, just as John the Baptist was regarded as a re-appearance of Elijah. The key to this is that each supernal man is regarded as but the missionary manifestation of the One Supreme Being; and the idea, if pantheistic in excess, is not altogether an unworthy one.

We have alluded to the Principle of Evil in the Zoroastrian creed. There he appears personified as Âharman (Anrô-mainyus), but his existence is only permitted for a limited period by Ahura Masda (Hôrmezd), the Creator of all Good. The sway of the Evil One extends only over the mortal life. In one of the oldest Gathas, or original hymns of the Avesta, some of which are considered to date from the veritable time of the Prophet, we find "Let not the mischief-maker destroy the second life;" meaning, according to the Parsi commentators, that in the second period his power to destroy ceases. This faith is more fully developed in expression in the *Desatir*, where we find: "Amongst the most resplendent, powerful, and glorious of the servants who are free from inferior bodies and matter, there is none God's enemy or rival, or disobedient, or cast down, or annihilated."

It is necessary to understand something of this before turning to the completion of the myth of Kaiômart. And it may be well to convey more distinctly the basis of the Parsi doctrines. They are founded on the ancient conception of *Parô-asti*, or pre-existence. "The parô-asti is not the life in the other world, as we understand it, but it signifies the primary state of the soul, to which it returns after its separation from the body; this state is then identified with that of everlasting life."* In the *Dabistan* the same belief is found, without which, it may be named, it is impossible to understand the Kabbalah, Buddhism, the doctrines of Pythagoras, and certain sayings even of the Pharisees of the time when our era begins. The noblest modern expression of the doctrine may be found in Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality from the Recollections of Early Childhood." The Persian faith is that souls are eternal and limitless, that they proceed from above, and are spirits of the upper sphere. Those who are imperfectly developed migrate from one body to another, until by the efficacy of good thoughts, good words, and good actions, they are fully and finally emancipated from the corporeal condition, and gain their higher rank. They are also, according to the quality of their good works, more or less in affinity with a particular star, and belong to the sphere assigned to that star.

The regaining of this primitive state with all the added gains of mortal experience, may well be deemed as difficult a process as that of birth as we know it. The resurrection is regarded as the great deed; in a very old part of the Avesta it is designated "the greatest business." As the crowing of the cock awakes us and convinces us that what we saw in sleep was but a dream, so in like manner after death we shall realise that the corporeal world itself was but a dream that is passed away. The

* Haug. *Hadokht Nask.* Notes.

cock is with the Parsis the resurrection symbol.

In this difficult business of revival man is not without a helper. There is Sosiosh (Saoshyâs) the kindler, the victorious, the uplifted amid the corporeal. "He is so helpful that he will save the whole corporeal world; he is so high amongst the corporeal, that he, endowed with body and vital powers, will withstand the destroyer of the corporeal." He has a double attribute, probably owing to modifications of doctrine by lapse of time. He is a prophet appearing before the close of a millenium to rearrange the world, and prepare for the resurrection. He is the victorious dead-restorer, who raises the dead or causes the resurrection by means of the power and assistance of wisdom.* In the former sense he is a successor to Kaiômart; in the later he would seem to be almost identical with him in function.

As the millennium draws near, the force of nature weakens. Men will pass three days and nights in adoration to the Supreme. As they began to corporealise themselves by feeding first upon water, and in succession upon fruit, milk, and flesh, so now they will reverse the process. They will cease to take flesh, then milk, then fruit, and finally will drink water only. Then will appear the Helper, and man will feed no more, and yet he will not die.

The account of the process of resurrection we must leave for a succeeding paper, as also sundry parallelisms to be shown between the Aryan tradition and that most familiar to ourselves.

Our Aryan progenitor would appear to be rather a spectral being, but if we follow the creed of our Zoroastrian cousins, that on awakening from the sleep of heedlessness, we shall recognise that the earth life has been but an instructive dream, we ourselves, being yet within that dream, must now appear even more shadowy still before that reverend ancestor who so long ago rubbed away the heavy mist from his eyes.

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* *Mainyo-i-khard.*

THE ROMANCE OF THE PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

THAT strange perversity of the human understanding, by which the most absurd and monstrous dogmas, religious and other, have been unhesitatingly received, while a belief in the general habitability of the universe, a belief agreeable to reason as well as to analogy, has been scouted as at best an idle fancy, is not the least curious of phenomena in the history of speculation.

In antiquity, the Greek philosophy, which was not bound by any particular religious creeds, regarded the question much more independently than was possible in later Christian times. The Greeks, however, seldom ventured to speculate beyond the Moon. For the sort of arguments which may be supposed to have been current in the second century, on both sides, we are indebted to the author of the "Parallel Lives," by his treatise "On the Face which appears in the Moon." Lactantius (tutor to the sons of Constantine), as champion of the orthodox faith, with a special reference, no doubt, to Plutarch, ridicules those of the pagan theorists who ventured to indulge in such speculation, and demands, with some reason, why they don't go a little further, and people the Sun as well as the Moon. "Why not?" asks the bishop. "What would it cost you when you have gone so far? But I suppose you were afraid they [the solar people] would be burned to cinders, and the mischief might be laid at your doors." What the Christian father treats with so much scorn has been affirmed in our day by no less authorities than the elder Herschel and Arago.

At the establishment of Christianity, to deny the Earth to be the sole habitat of rational, or indeed of any sort of existences, was naturally a highly heretical and anti-Biblical proposition; and during the mediæval ages orthodoxy on this point was pretty well undisturbed. Down to the middle of the seventeenth century the subject was abandoned for the most part to the romancists, or if it was referred to at all by the learned, it was only with the purpose of covering it with ridicule. Even the philosophic Lucian had classed those who assigned inhabitants to the Moon amongst the wildest dreamers, although in his "True History" (the original and entertaining source of the modern comic romance, and written in ridicule of the travellers' tales of the day) he is at the pains of inventing some beings of very mongrel breeds for both the Sun and Moon. In this, the first romance connected with the plurality of worlds, the author pretends, while on a voyage of discovery into the Western Ocean, to have been whirled upwards, with his ship and companions, into the celestial regions. They are landed upon the Moon, and there find the Selenites on the point of setting out on a campaign against their enemies the Heliots—the people of the sun,—the *casus belli* being the opposition of the latter to the

Selenite colonisation of the Morning Star. The earth-born adventurers are invited to join in the expedition. The Selenite allies are of the most heterogeneous and nondescript species that could well be imagined, *e.g.*, the *Psyllotoxotæ* (flea-archers, each magnificent steed being equal in size to a dozen elephants) and the *Anemodromi*, who, instead of wings, use their long robes, which they tuck up and make into sails. By means of web bridges, constructed by enormous spiders, one spider having the bulk of all the Cyclades put together, they cross over into the enemy's territory. It must be enough to state that the Selenites, at first victorious, suffer a terrible reverse; and a treaty, with the most exact stipulations, is concluded between the contending powers.

As for the nature of the Selenites, they have at least one or two little advantages, as compared with us, although they are only our satellites. When the inevitable hour of dissolution arrives, the Selenite has not to submit to the trying ordeal of death: he simply dissolves into particles of air in which he mixes, as it were, like smoke. Of that element his beverage is composed, which, strained through a vessel, becomes a sort of dew. Their stomachs open and shut at pleasure, and serve them for convenient sacks; and, as they are not incommoded with all the gross internal apparatus of the terrestrial stomach, they use them, like the Marsupials, as a vehicle and protection for their children. Their eyes are made to take out, which, as Lucian justly remarks, is an excellent way of preserving their sight; and there are many so considerate as never to place an eye in its socket, unless there is anything really worth looking at. Such as chance to lose their own, borrow eyes from a neighbour. So much for the natives of our satellite. Between the Pleiades and Hyades, Lucian afterwards arrives at a city called Lychnopolis, where nothing in the way of life but ambulatory lamps are visible—all hurrying from place to place. These highly-illuminated people are for the most part very diminutive beings, but some are very bright and shining lights. By a favourable change in the wind, Lucian is at length able to descend upon the terrestrial seas, where, we may just state, he and his companions are swallowed, ship and all, by an enormous whale capable of holding 10,000 inhabitants, besides hills, forests, &c. After a few astonishing adventures, our involuntary colonists escape from their *cetacean* prison by setting fire to the interior and hoisting sail, first taking the precaution of propping up the huge jaws of the whale to secure their exit. Of their experiences in the Islands of the Blessed, the meeting with Homer and with Helen (who maintains in those regions her character for levity by running away from her heroic husband again) and the *Onoscelex*, seductive ladies of the Sea, highly interesting as they are, we have no space here to repeat the history.*

In the 16th century, after the revolution effected by the discoveries of Copernik, Kepler, and others, the ice of orthodoxy having been broken, it was a natural result that speculation began to be indulged in by the philosophic portion of the learned world. An authoritative name on the heterodox side was that of Kepler, who translated the treatise

* See Ἀληθὴς Ἱστορία (the *True History*, I. & II.)

of Plutarch; but, possibly as much from timidity as from want of conviction, he employs in the dialogue the doubtful medium of a Lapland witch. For much the same reason it was that the speculative minds of that age chose to display their opinions on the subject in the disguise of romance, half serious and half comic. The best known and most clever is that of Cyrano Bergerac, under the title of "Histoire Comique des États et des Empires de la Lune;" which was followed by his "Les États et les Empires du Soleil." They bear evident traces of their origin from the "True History;" and, as the celebrated Greek writer's purpose was to ridicule the absurd fictions of historians and travellers, such as those of Ctesias and Pliny, that of Bergerac was chiefly to satirize the pedantry and deference to authority prevalent in the 17th century. The "Histoire Comique," we may add, has a special interest for us, as one of the originals of Swift's "Gulliver's Travels."

Lucian's Icaro-Menippus ascends to the Moon by the simple addition to his person of an eagle's and a vulture's wing. Bergerac contrives a special elastic machine in which, after long travelling between the two globes, he at length arrives upon our satellite by getting within the sphere of its attraction. He soon falls in with some of the inhabitants, who are huge men twelve cubits high, and walk on all fours. They take him to be some curious and strange animal, and determine to exhibit him for show. In the course of his wanderings in this condition he is astonished one day by hearing the voice of a person speaking in the Greek language. This individual is a native of the Sun, which, to relieve a surplus population, occasionally sends out colonies; and it had fallen to his lot to migrate to our Earth. But he afterwards preferred the Moon as a residence; "for men are *there* lovers of truth — one sees no pedants there; the philosophers allow themselves to be persuaded by reason alone; the authority of a *savan* or of the greater number has no advantage, on a question of opinion, over a thresher of corn when he reasons as strongly . . . There are the Vulgar here as there, who cannot endure thought upon those subjects to which they are not accustomed. But know that they treat you on equal terms, and that if anyone from this Earth had ascended into yours having the hardihood to call himself a man, your savans would have caused him to be suffocated as a monster."

Bergerac finds himself regarded as a species of monkey. That he comes to be classified with the Simian tribe arose from the following circumstance. A Spaniard of the name of Gonzales (who had written on the same subject as Bergerac) had previously reached the Lunarians, and upon his arrival had at once been set down in the monkey class from his wearing the Spanish dress, &c., which the people had decided was the proper fashion for their monkeys, as the most ridiculous which, after long meditation, they had found it possible to devise. As the new arrival is dressed in a somewhat different style, they jump to the conclusion that he is the female of the same species; and in consequence they are shut up together by the Savans for the purpose of obtaining the breed. In an unlucky moment, also, our terrestrial resolves to learn the Lunar language. We say unlucky, for, "Some free-thinkers began to allege that he was endued with reason." The orthodox world opposed this new extravagant notion with the greatest *furore*, and treated it as "a most

horrid impiety to suppose that a creature which did not walk on all fours could be possessed of any species of intelligence. We," said they, "walk on four feet because God would not trust so precious a creature to a less firm position, and he was afraid that in walking otherwise some accident might befal us. For this reason it is he took the trouble of securing us upon four pillars, so that we might not fall. But disdaining to trouble himself with the construction of these two brutes, he abandoned them to the caprice of Nature, which, not fearing the loss of so insignificant a thing, has supported them upon *two* paws only." Another almost equally strong argument, relied upon by the orthodox authorities, was what we ourselves have been long used to consider from an opposite point of view—the *os sublime*. "See," said they, "they have their heads turned towards the heavens. It is the want of all things in which God has placed them; for this suppliant posture testifies that they complain to heaven of Him who has created them, and that they ask to be accommodated with our supports. But *we* have our heads inclined downwards to contemplate the good things of which we are masters, and as having nothing in our happy condition to cause repining."

However, finding they were getting the worst of the argument, they published an edict, "by which it was forbidden to believe that I was endowed with reason, with a very express command to all persons of every grade that, though I might act like a rational being, it was instinct which made me do so." After escaping from his prison through the mediation of his friend from the Sun, he is on the point of being condemned to death for the impiety of contradicting the dogma that our earth is merely a moon, and not an inhabited world. In revenge for his bad treatment, he promulgated an opinion that their globe is also merely a moon. "But," said they all to me, "you see here land, rivers, seas; what then are all these?" "No matter," replied I, "Aristotle assures us that it is but a moon; and if you had said the contrary in the classes in which I made my studies, they would have hissed you." Upon this there was a loud burst of laughter. It need not be asked, if it was at *their* ignorance. He is conducted back to his cage, and not until he made a public recantation did he obtain his release. "Good people," such was his apology, "I declare to you that this moon of yours is not a moon, but a world; and that this world below is not a world, but a moon. Such is what the Council finds good that you should believe." One day, seeing a person of quality arrive, dressed without a sword, our terrestrial shows surprise. "'This costume appears to me very extraordinary,' said I, 'for in our world the mark of nobility is wearing a sword.'" An unlucky remark, which elicited the following apostrophe from the Lunarian magnate. "Malheureuse contrée où les marques de generation sont ignominieuses, et où celles d'anéantissement sont honorables." We ought to mention that our hero contrives to secure the goodwill, if not the affections, of a Lunarian young lady, the prototype of Swift's Glumdalclitch, by entertaining her with the manners and customs peculiar to his own little world. He returns home by the intervention of a demon, and is scarcely landed on *terra firma* before the dogs of a neighbouring village, smelling the odour of the moon, set up a terrific clamour. In a few days, by walking constantly in the sun, he gets rid of the obnoxious odour,

and at last returns to his own home.

"Les Voyages de Milord Seton" was another of the rather numerous French romances of the same class. It describes the experiences of an Englishnobleman of the Commonwealth, who, in the shape of a fly, and by the good offices of a friendly genius, traverses the moon and solar planets. Venus according to the author, is the world *par excellence* of love, which alone engages all the thoughts of the happy inhabitants; while (accommodating the nature of the people to the well-known characteristics of the Greek god) avarice and the tricks of trade occupy the minds of the sordid population of the globe of Mercury.*

For the wittiest and most instructive romance upon the plurality of worlds, however, we are indebted to the unrivalled wit of the author of "Micromégas." In this fine piece of satire Voltaire had a double purpose—first, to hold up to ridicule the absurd pride which would make our insignificant globe the sole centre of intellectual life; and, secondly, a much less worthy motive, to retaliate upon the venerable Fontenelle certain slights he had received from the Secretary to the Academy of Sciences. Fontenelle, several years previously, had published his charming "Conversations sur la Pluralité des Mondes," in which he had indulged his imagination a little; but in a very excusable manner. But for the genuine wit of "Micromégas" we should never have been able to forgive his attempt to cast ridicule upon that charming writer; and so much the less worthy was this attack, as the two philosophers were equally agreed upon the plurality of worlds.

Micromégas (the little-big man), under which name the author shadows forth his own opinions, and also some of his own experiences, is a native of one of the planets of the Sirian system, a young man of about eight leagues in height, and of good understanding. Now, as eight leagues make more than 120,000ft., and as terrestrials have an average of only 5ft., mathematical skill easily discovers that the globe of the Sirian must be exactly 21,600,000 times greater in circumference than our little Earth. Nothing is more simple or ordinary in Nature. The States of some Sovereigns of Germany or Italy, whose tour one might make in a half hour, compared with the Empire of Turkey, of Russia, or of China, present a very feeble image of the prodigious differences Nature has placed between all beings. At the age of 450 years, when just emerging from boyhood, after having already discovered his genius by divining, by the mere force of his fine intellect, more than fifty propositions of Euclid, he composed a very curious book, but which caused him some trouble. The mufti of his country, "a great stickler for trifles, and very ignorant, found in his book some suspected propositions, ill-sounding, rash, heretical, and smelling of heresy; and pursued him with much fierceness. It was a question of knowing whether the substantial forms of the fleas of Sirius were of the same nature as that of the snails. The trial lasted 220 years. At length the mufti got the book condemned by the lawyers, who had not read it, and the author received orders not to appear at court for 800 years. He felt but moderately afflicted at banishment from a court full of

* See Dunlop's *Hist. of Fiction*, III.

shuffling and littlenesses. He composed a witty satire against the mufti, who experienced no little embarrassment from it, and set out on his travels from planet to planet to finish the education of his mind, as they say. Our traveller knew to a marvel the laws of gravitation, and all the attractive and repulsive forces, and made so good use of his knowledge that, sometimes by the aid of a sun's rays, sometimes by the help of a comet, he and his people went from globe to globe much as a bird flits from branch to branch. Upon at last arriving at the globe of Saturn, accustomed as he was to novelties, he could not at first, on seeing its littleness, and its diminutive people, prevent that smile of superiority which sometimes escapes from the wisest. For, in fact, Saturn is but 900 times greater than the earth, and the citizens are dwarfs of but 6000ft. in height. But, as the Sirian had a good understanding, he very quickly perceived that a thinking being may very well not be ridiculous for being only 6000ft. in height. After the first surprise he got on familiar terms with the Saturnians, and contracted a firm friendship with the Secretary of the Academy, a man of much wit, who had invented nothing, but who gave a very good account of the inventions of others, and who made passable verses and some really important calculations."

The two new friends compare notes, and find that though the one has seventy-two and the other one thousand senses; that the one lives on an average some fifteen thousand years, and the other enjoys an existence of seven hundred times longer duration, complaints of the brevity of life are not wanting in their worlds. For themselves, as they are philosophers, they find consolation in the reflection that when the time comes for the return of the body to the elements again, which is called death, to have lived an eternity, or to have lived only a day, is precisely the same thing; and the Sirian, who had had the experience of a large number of worlds, assures his friend that though there are many where they live a still longer period than in his, they still murmur. After having communicated to one another "a little of what they did know, and a great deal of what they *did not* know" during one revolution of the sun, they resolve to make together a little philosophical expedition. Leaping upon the ring of Saturn they proceed to travel from moon to moon. They then seize the opportunity of a passing comet, and, with their domestics and instruments, take their places on that erratic conveyance. When they had traversed some 150,000,000 leagues the satellites of Jupiter come into view. They pass into that planet, and remain a year, learning certain very fine secrets, which would be already in print but for the gentleman of the Inquisition. Leaving Jupiter they traverse a space of 100,000,000 leagues, and overtaking the planet Mars, which, as we know, is one-fifth the size of our little globe, Micromégas, fearing insufficient accommodation, passes it by just as a paltry village inn is despised by us. But they soon repent of their ill-timed fastidiousness, inasmuch as they travel a long time and find no accommodation at all. At length a faint glimmer appears. It turns out to belong to the Earth. Just fresh from Jupiter, a feeling of contempt may perhaps be excused to them. However, not to be obliged to repent a second time, they decide to land. Passing along the tail of a comet, and, finding an aurora borealis ready to hand, they

arrive upon the northern shore of the Baltic Sea July 5th, 1737 (new style).

After reposing a little, and breakfasting upon two mountains, served up to them by their servants in an appetising manner, they set about a voyage of discovery, proceeding from north to south. The ordinary steps of the Sirian were 30,000ft.: the Saturnian dwarf followed at a distance, gasping for breath, for, for one stride of his companion, he had to take twelve steps—*e.g.*, it may be allowed to use the comparison of a very small dog following a captain of the Guards of the King of Prussia. As they walked very fast, they made the tour of our globe in thirty-six hours. With some difficulty the Mediterranean, and that other larger pool which we call the Ocean, and which surrounds the mole-hills, are made out; in crossing which the dwarf found himself never more than half-way up his leg in water, while the Sirian scarcely wetted his heels. To solve the question of habitability they try every method of investigation: they stoop, lie down, test the matter in every way; "they receive not the slightest indication which could lead them to suspect that we and our *confrères*, the rest of the inhabitants of the earth, have the honour of existing." Our Saturnian, who judged sometimes a little too hastily, decided at first against any sort of life, his first reason being that he had not seen anything of it. Micromégas politely suggests that that is to reason rather badly, "for," said he, "you do not see with your small eyes certain stars of the fiftieth magnitude which I perceive very distinctly; do you conclude, therefore, that those stars exist not?" "But," says the dwarf, "I have examined the question well." "You may have defective senses," replies the Sirian. "But," objects the Saturnian, "this globe is so badly constructed; it is so irregular and of a shape, as it seems to me, so ridiculous. All seems to be chaos. See you those small streams, of which not one flows in a straight course; those puddles, neither round, nor square, nor oval, nor of any descernible shape—all those little pointed grains [meaning mountains] with which the globe is studded, and which have scratched my feet? In truth, what makes me believe that no life exists here is, that no people endowed with sense would desire to live here." "*Eh bien!*" returns the Sirian, "perhaps there are no people of good sense inhabiting it: but, in fact, there is some appearance that it is not made for nothing. Everything seems to you irregular, say you, because everything is made by the square in Saturn and Jupiter. Perhaps it is for that same reason a little confusion reigns here. Have I not told you that in my voyages I had always remarked *variety?*"

The Saturnian dwarf replied: and the dispute might never have ended had not Micromégas by good luck, in the impatience of speaking, burst the thread of his diamond necklace. The diamonds which fell to the ground were small carats, whose greatest weight was 400lb. Picking them up, the dwarf perceived, on close inspection, from the fashion in which they were cut, they formed excellent microscopes. He took one, a small microscope 160ft. diameter; the Sirian choosing one of 2500ft. They proved excellent; but at first nothing could be seen; they must be readjusted. At last the Saturnian sees something scarcely perceptible moving on the Baltic sea. It was a whale. He took it up skilfully with his little finger, and, placing it upon his thumb nail, called the attention of his

friend, who set himself laughing for the second time, at the excessive minuteness of the inhabitants of our world. Now convinced of its being inhabited, the Saturnian jumped to the conclusion that it was only by whales; and, being a great reasoner, wished to discover whence so small an atom drew its powers of motion; whether it had ideas, a will, liberty, &c. Micromégas was much embarrassed; but he very patiently examined the animal, and the result of his diagnosis was that there was no means, at present, of determining the question. At this stage, the two travellers inclined to think that no intelligent beings were to be found in our world, when, by the aid of the microscope, they perceived something larger than a whale floating upon the Baltic. "It is known that at that time a fleet of philosophers was returning from the polar circle. The newspapers said that their vessel struck upon the coasts of Bothnia, and that they had with difficulty saved their lives; but one never knows in this world the reverse of the cards. I am going," continues Voltaire, "to relate ingenuously the facts as they happened, without interlarding anything, which is no little effort for a historian."

The Sirian, in fine, by the exercise of rare adroitness, contrives after much trouble, to place the vessel with its living freight upon his nail, without compressing it too much for fear of crushing it. Sailors, philosophers, and passengers, thinking themselves overtaken by a tremendous hurricane, precipitated themselves, with all their goods, overboard. A tickling sensation, caused by this sudden movement and by their digging iron stakes into his hands, makes their captor suppose the presence of some sort of little animal, without giving him suspicion of anything more. His microscope, which hardly allowed him to discover a whale and a ship, had, of course, not the slightest power over beings so utterly insignificant as men. "I do not wish," says Voltaire, "to shock the vanity of any one; but I am forced to beg gentlemen of importance to make here a little remark with me. It is that, in taking the average human height at five feet, we do not cut upon the earth a greater figure than an animal, which should be about the 600,000th part of an inch, would do on a ball of ten feet in circumference. Figure to yourselves a substance which could hold the earth in its hand, and which should have organs in proportion to ours. Now conceive, I beg, what they would think of those battles which two small villages, which it has been necessary to give up again, have cost us. I doubt not that, if a captain of tall grenadiers should ever read this work, he would swell himself up two feet at least above the heads of his troop; but I warn him he will do so to no purpose, that he and his will never be but infinitely little." Our philosophers experience intense delight, when at last the existence of beings of their own form become demonstrable, and in watching their every movement. The Saturnian, passing from excess of distrust to excess of credulity, thinks he detects certain curious movements. "Ah!" said he, "I have caught nature in the fact."*

But he "deceived himself by appearances which happens but too often, whether one uses a micro-

* See "Conversations sur la Pluralité des Mondes."

scope or not." By an ingenious contrivance Micromégas extemporises a huge speaking trumpet, like an enormous tunnel, from the parings of one of his nails, so that, thanks to his patient ingenuity, the experimentalist was in a short time enabled to distinguish the humming of the microscopic animals. In a few hours he could distinguish words, and, in fine, make out the French language. The Saturnian did as much, though with more difficulty. Surprises crowd upon them: they heard the atoms, speak apparently very good sense. But what was to be done to hold the conversation for which our philosophers were dying with impatience? Their tones of thunder must assuredly deafen the atoms without any result. On this new difficulty, it occurs to them to moderate the insufferable noise by putting small toothpicks into their mouths. The Sirian held the dwarf upon his knees, who, in his turn, held the ship with its freight upon his nail. Lowering his head, the Sirian began to whisper. As may be imagined, the first feeling of the atoms was one of utter surprise and terror. "The chaplain of the ship recited formulas of exorcism, the sailors set themselves swearing, and the philosophers invented a system."

At length, the first alarms somewhat appeased, some of the atoms, bolder than the rest, ventured to converse; and, after certain geometrical observations, to the complete surprise of their captors, they are proceeding to give the exact measurement not only of the Saturnian dwarf, but also of Micromégas himself; and assert the existence of intelligent creatures smaller even than themselves, repeating "not what Virgil had had said about the bees, but what Swammerdam had discovered and what Réaumur had dissected." And when our human atom proceeds to describe animals which are for the bees what the bees are for men, what the Sirian himself was for the vast animals which he had seen in other globes, and what those great animals are for other substances before which they would appear as atoms, the astonishment of the strangers increases to the highest pitch.

By degrees the conversation grows extremely interesting, and the Sirian gives utterance to his feeling of admiration at the happy condition of beings who, "having so little matter, and appearing all mind, must pass their lives in loving and thinking. It is the *true spiritual* life. I have nowhere else seen true happiness; but without doubt it is *here*." All the philosophic atoms, however, at once begin shaking their heads violently; and one, more frank than the others, avows that, in fact, "if one excepts a very small proportion of inhabitants, all the rest are an assemblage of fools, knaves, and unfortunates. We have more matter a great deal than we need for doing a great deal of evil, if the evil come from matter; and too much mind, if the evil come from mind." He proceeds to speak of some of the horrors of life created by the atoms amongst themselves; of the wars, *e.g.*, then raging, and their trifling causes. The first impulse of the Sirian is, with three kicks of his foot, to overturn the whole ant-hill of such ridiculous assassins: but he refrains on being told he might spare himself the trouble, since they effectually enough worked their own destruction.

The Sirian then delivered himself as follows: "'Since you know so well what is *external* to you, without doubt you know much better what is *within* you. Tell me what is your soul, and how do

you form your ideas.' The philosophic atoms all speak at once, as before; but now they were all of different opinions. The Aristotelian, the Cartesian, the followers of Malebranche, of Leibnitz, of Locke proceed each to instruct their questioner in turn. An old Aristotelian defines the soul in the words of his master as ἐντελέχεια 'I don't understand Greek,' said the Sirian. 'Nor I either,' said the philosophic atom. 'Why, then,' replied the other, 'do you cite one Aristotle in Greek?' 'Because,' rejoined the *savan*, 'it is perfectly necessary to quote what one does not understand at all in the language which is least understood.'" A disciple of Locke, who speaks last, most engages the sympathy of the Sirian. But, unfortunately, at this moment a little animalcule, in a square hat,* interrupts the conversation by pronouncing with an air of authority that "he knew the whole secret: that it was found in the *Summa* of St. Thomas. He regarded the two strange and gigantic experimentalists from top to toe; he maintained that their persons, their worlds, their suns, their stars, everything was made wholly and solely for man's benefit." At this discourse, our two friends from beyond the moon fall one upon the other in attempting to choke that inextinguishable laughter which, according to Homer, is the proper heritage of the Gods. Their stomachs and chests heave convulsively; and, in the midst of these sudden convulsions, the vessel falls into one of the pockets of the Saturnian's breeches. After searching for it a long time, they find the equipage, and readjust it very considerately. Micromégas takes up the mites, speaks to them with much kindness, "although he was a little angry, in the bottom of his heart, at seeing the infinitely little possess a pride almost infinitely great," and promises a brief philosophical treatise for their use, in which they should see "the end of things." In fact, before his departure, he sent the book to the Academy of Sciences at Paris.†

HOWARD WILLIAMS.

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* The owner of the square hat, presumably, represents a member of the Society of Jesus.

† See *Romans* de Voltaire (Didot, Paris).

CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS.

NEW SERIES.—No. 7.

E. J. POYNTER, R.A.

MUCH good work in the world—indeed, some of the highest—is done by people by no means the most physically robust. Indifferent health, instead of proving a hindrance, is frequently found to constitute a positive spur to exertion. The energy of the character, debarred from some of the usual outlets, concentrates its force, asserts the dominion of mind over matter, and, supplying by repetition of nervous impulse the lack of muscular solidity, achieves its ends. This is true of the subject of the present memoir, one of the most indefatigable workers of the day. His life has been, in a certain sense, an uneventful one—a boyhood of delicate health and a manhood of intense application to his chosen work being the readily-formed summation of his career.

Edward John Poynter was born on the 20th of March, 1836, in the Avenue Marbœuf, Paris. In consequence of the formation of a new street, the house has since disappeared in which our painter first saw light. He was only a few months old when his parents returned with their young family to their home in London, and he was brought up in England entirely. He was entered first at Westminster School, but his health being deemed too delicate for a London life, he was removed to the Elizabethan Grammar School at Ipswich, then under the direction of Mr. Rigaud, afterwards Bishop of Antigua. At the age of sixteen he was sent abroad, being still a delicate lad, to pass the winter in Madeira, where he spent much of his time in sketching from nature among the lovely scenery. He had before this been a student in Leigh's Gallery, Newman-street, during his vacations.

The following winter he passed in Rome. By this time his early dispositions for art were unmistakably confirmed, and his strong bias led him into the society of other men who have since made their mark in the same walk of life. Mr. Leighton encouraged the young student in his work, allowing him to draw from his models, and arranging art draperies for him on the lay figure. The out-of-door sketching was still continued. On his return to England he worked at Leigh's again, and in the studio

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. 1878 WOODBURY MECHANICAL PROCESS

Faithfully yours

Edward J. Poynter

of Mr. Dobson, who may now be proud of a pupil who has outstripped his master. In 1855 he became a student of the Royal Academy, but he remained there only a very short time, for the same year he went to Paris to see the Universal Exhibition of pictures, and received so strong an impression from the work of Decamps and other eminent French painters that in the following spring he went to work in M. Gleyre's atelier, where he continued for nearly four years. In 1859 he set up an atelier of his own in Paris for a short time. From 1860 he has lived entirely in London.

A circumstance of some interest, in the present day when hereditary talent has become an object of study, is the fact that Ambrose Poynter, the father of the painter, was an architect. Although he never attained to any marked distinction, yet he selected his profession out of a true love and talent for art. He still lives to rejoice in his son's success, though no longer able to see the creations of his art, having become blind. The mother of the painter, herself an accomplished amateur artist, was the granddaughter of Thomas Banks, the sculptor and R. A., whom many critics have compared favourably with Chantrey. Thus on both sides an artistic tendency was hereditary. Mrs. Foster, too, Thomas Banks's daughter, who survived till her grandson was grown up, had mixed in the society of artists all her life, and besides being an extremely clever artist, up to the time of her death took an eager interest in all questions of art.

Mr. Poynter's first English employer was Mr. Burges, the architect, for whom he designed mediæval panels for cabinets and a series of life-size figures, also treated mediævally, for the ceiling of Waltham Cross Abbey. Messrs. Dalziel happened to see a small drawing he had made of two Egyptian girls with waterpots, and gave him a commission to make some drawings on wood for the Bible they were preparing. He illustrated the lives of Joseph and Moses for them, and also executed some of the etchings for Lady Eastlake's "History of our Lord, as exemplified in Works of Art." He also made designs for stained glass for Powell and others. The windows of the Town Hall at Dover are from his cartoons. It is understood that to Mr. Poynter, in conjunction with Mr. Leighton, has been intrusted the work of designing the mosaics with which—to the sorrow of critics who admire the effect of Thornhill's relics as they are—it is proposed to decorate the dome of St. Paul's. Mr. Poynter has not allowed tasks of this kind to interfere with his devotion to work which may be presumed to be more congenial. In 1859 he painted a small picture from Shelley's translation of Homer's "Hymn to Mercury," and began another from Dante, "The Angel Crossing the Styx to the City of Dis," which when completed was rejected by the British Institution and the Royal Academy. This was in 1860; but, nothing daunted, the young artist sent it again, and

1862 it was hung at the Royal Academy at the top of the room. From this time onward Mr. Poynter is represented by one or more pictures every year in the catalogue of the Royal Academy exhibitions. In 1865 his subject was "Faithful unto Death," a small work, but one remarkable both for the subject and the execution. A sentinel stands calm and resolute at his post at one of the gates of Herculaneum, clad in plate armour that gleams in the lurid light of eruptive matter from the burning mountain. Frightened figures are fleeing from the city to escape the doom; others are already overtaken by it. This picture was afterwards sent to the Royal Institution, Manchester, where it formed one of the chief attractions of the exhibition. The president of that institution characterised it at the time as the work of a very promising young man, one not unlikely to be elected an Associate before long.

From 1863 to 1867 Mr. Poynter was engaged upon a larger and more ambitious work, which was completed and exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1867 under the title of "Israel in Egypt." A long train of Israelites, yoked together like beasts of burden, are dragging along a colossal carved figure of the Sphinx; task-masters, in chariots, are urging them on, lashing them with thongs. The varied attitudes and straining forms of the Israelite slaves showed how great a mastery Mr. Poynter had attained in drawing the human figure; and the Egyptian background bore evidence of careful study. Every detail was characteristic; but there was no overloading with details. This picture attracted much attention. During this time he made studies for the frescoes of "Phidias" and of "Apelles," at South Kensington, and exhibited various smaller pictures at the Academy. The year following "Israel in Egypt," "The Catapult" was exhibited. The subject of the latter picture illustrated Warfare, as the former one had represented Slavery. A group of Roman soldiers are shooting a red-hot bolt from an engine of war, constructed of great beams of wood, on which untanned hides are rudely fastened. The grouping of the soldiers was admirably done, and the painting is firm and strong throughout. It made a most striking picture, although not exactly an attractive one, and gained for its author the Associateship of the Royal Academy.

About this time he designed the fittings and tile decorations for the grill room, South Kensington. In 1868 he went to Italy to study mosaics, and on his return designed the mosaics of St. George for the central hall of the Houses of Parliament, of which the cartoons were in the Royal Academy in 1870. Also he designed a mosaic for the lecture room at South Kensington, not yet executed in the permanent material.

The frescoes of "St. Stephen before the Council" and "St. Stephen dragged forth to be Stoned" for St. Stephen's Church, Sydenham, were done in 1870-71. The year 1868 was a very busy one, for, in addition to

travelling and studying mosaics, he exhibited several pictures in the Dudley Gallery, then just opened, water-colour portraits and landscapes; and the same year sent three works to the Royal Academy, of which the little picture "Proserpine" is one of the most pleasing efforts of his brush. The Queen ordered a replica of it. It was again exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery last year. In 1871 he had two noteworthy pictures in the Academy—"Feeding the Sacred Ibis in the Halls of Karnac" and "The Suppliant to Venus," a small work into which he infused more tender sentiment than is his wont. In 1872 and 1873 he exhibited a pair of large pictures, painted for Lord Wharncliffe—"Perseus and Andromeda" and "The Dragon of Wantley." They were not equal in power to "Israel in Egypt" and "The Catapult." The dragon in each picture, a somewhat astonishing beast, excited considerable comment from students of comparative anatomy. The fact that his thought and time were now much occupied with professional work may probably account for the temporary deterioration in his painting. In 1874 he exhibited "Rhodope;" in 1875 two beautiful decorative works, "The Festival" and "The Golden Age," which are also in the possession of Lord Wharncliffe, and were exhibited at Philadelphia in 1876. In 1876 "Atalanta's Race" was one of the great pictures of the year, and won for him the rank of Academician. Atalanta's airy flying figure, stooping, and scarcely pausing as she catches up the apple, is an exquisitely graceful conception. Milanion, her lover, is a well-drawn young athlete; but he might with advantage have looked more heroic. The line of spectators along the course is well arranged.

Last year, the first of his exercise of full academical privileges, Mr. Poynter contributed two works only—a portrait and "The Fortune-teller." The latter was deposited in the Royal Academy on his election as Academician; and this year he is represented only by the two small but high-class pictures described in the last number of the *University*. His wife's beautiful face, portrayed both by himself and by other painters, has several times graced the walls of picture exhibitions. Learning and fidelity are essential characteristics of Mr. Poynter's work. We have no more educated painter than he. No slurred or slovenly work is ever allowed to deface his canvasses. His drawing is true; his modelling solid; the composition well balanced. He is, perhaps, less a master of colour than of form. The scheme of colour in his paintings, though often pleasing and never inharmonious, yet does not attain to the glow and delightsomeness of the greatest colourists. Occasionally the flesh colour is a trifle heavy. Artists to whom colour is the dearest fact in the world, while coldly allowing that Mr. Poynter has extensive art scholarship, and is incomparable in figure drawing, say scornfully that his inspiration comes from architecture and sculpture, and that he has no genius as a painter. This is, of course, an extreme view; but such

extremes are common enough in the art world. We may say in more moderate language, that all that great talent and unremitting pursuit of a high standard can accomplish, Mr. Poynter has achieved. His excellence calls forth the unbounded admiration of the intellect; but, as a rule, it lacks those magical qualities that touch the heart. And yet, one or two of his smaller works are so full of feeling—for instance, "Proserpine," and still more "The Suppliant to Venus"—that the thought suggests itself that possibly he has not yet given us his best, and in some happy hour of relaxation from professional routine may conceive a great work that shall transcend all that he has hitherto done, valuable as that is, and shall arouse emotion as well as admiration in the beholder.

Mr. Poynter has always been extremely fond of teaching. Before he held any public post he taught private pupils. He had long entertained an ambition to found a school of painting in England more in accordance with the French system of art education than that prevailing in the English schools. When, through the munificent bequest of Mr. Felix Slade, new schools of art were established in connection with University College, and the professorship was offered to Mr. Poynter, he accepted it at once, notwithstanding the labour it involved, and held the post from the first opening in 1870 for a period of six years. He considered the study from life to be of paramount importance, and preferred that so soon as the student had attained such slight proficiency as to render it possible, the study from the life-model and from the antique cast should be pursued together, instead of being separated according to the usual method, which is that of imposing so long a preparatory course from the antique that the student has scarcely gained admission to the life class before his term of study is expired. On the first morning of opening the Slade Schools, the new Professor, the life-model, and one young lady met in the great drawing-theatre. This was not encouraging; but presently two other students made their appearance, and the work of the school commenced. Gradually the numbers increased; so that, when the classes met again for the second term, there were about seventy students, male and female. Soon they mounted up to a hundred, the number for which the school had been planned. Still they multiplied, till every available corner was occupied with an easel, and even Mr. Poynter's own studio was given up for their accommodation. Under his able successor, M. Legros, the school still flourishes in the same way; and the assistant-master, Mr. Slinger, still remains, whose amiable face and kindly assistance would be much missed by the students were he to resign his office.

Mr. Poynter managed the classes admirably, and the more so as he never seemed to be managing them at all. He manifested that marvellous gift of making people do what he wanted without any telling.

He inspired his students with an enthusiasm for hard work, and paid the women the high compliment of expecting from them work equal in quantity and quality with that of the men. And, indeed, he obtained it; for, in the last year of his rule, they carried off all the prizes but one, which was gained by a young nephew of his own, whose success the other students sincerely rejoiced in—"Mr. Poynter would be so pleased." There was a whispered rumour in the early days of the institution that the Professor was undergoing a sort of martyrdom among the old ladies in society, on account of the mixed classes and the scanty attire of the models. Whether true or not, it roused a loyal determination among the students to justify his trust in them. It was the first time women had been granted the inestimable advantage for any true art work, of studying from the nude model, called by courtesy half-draped, seeing that the drapery consisted only of a bright-coloured girdle. Such a model, perhaps, justifies the reply of one of the youngest pupils, who, on showing her drawing to a friend, was asked, "Is that the half-draped model?" and replied in some perplexity, "No, I think it must be the quarter-draped one."

In class Mr. Poynter is terse, almost epigrammatic, in speech. Occasionally, if a student does some unusually good work, the furrow in his brow will relax a little, and he will remark encouragingly, "That is fair, really a very fair study." His praise seldom goes beyond that. The faults in conscientious work he most carefully points out and explains; but, if he sees signs of manifest carelessness or incapacity, he has a little habitual phrase which, although it sounds considerate, is more crushing than any fault-finding. After contemplating the work in silence for a minute or two, he will remark, "Well, I suppose you have done your best," and pass on. Sometimes the words are accompanied by a short abrupt laugh. If anything can stimulate a student it is found to be the Professor's dry manner. Another remark is, "You seem fonder of getting your own effects than of copying the model." This, although humiliating, is less so than the other, for the victim can console himself with the thought that at least he has some imaginative power, if misdirected at the moment. On one occasion, soon after the opening of the Slade School, a young lady entered the life-class with a perfectly new colour-box and palette, and sat down to make her first attempt at painting from the model. She got a pretty fair outline of the head, life-size, and commenced colouring by daubing some dark brown colour all over the hair. She then covered the face with a thick coat of brilliant red; eyes, nostrils, and mouth, being beyond her powers of depicture, she left in the blank canvas. The effect was startling and unique. One by one the other students slipped behind her to look at it, and whispered together, laughing, "What would Mr. Poynter say?" She was proceeding with the same red colour to paint in the neck and shoulders, when

the door opened and in walked the Professor himself, eyeglass in eye. He was proceeding in his usual direct manner to make the round of the class, when suddenly, between the easels, he caught sight of the new pupil's production. With two strides he was behind her, amazement and dismay on his countenance; but a sense of the ludicrous prevailed, and, in spite of his efforts to repress it, he laughed outright. As soon as he could recover himself, the familiar words came tripping from his tongue, "Well, I suppose you have done your best." He might with truth have added his other favourite sentence, "I think you are fonder of getting your own effects than of copying the model." After that day no new students were admitted to the life-class until they had shown their competency to such work by the execution of a satisfactory pass-drawing.

Mr. Poynter is an able lecturer. In addition to the monthly lectures on "Composition," given to his own class, he gave a general course of lectures on "Architecture" during his connection with University College. In architecture, and especially Egyptian architecture, he has always taken a great interest. He also lectured at Albemarle-street on "Art" in 1872, and in other places. In his farewell address at the Slade School, when master and pupils parted with mutual regret, in consequence of his appointment to a position of wider usefulness as Director for Art and Principal of the Government Training Schools, after congratulating the students on the steady progress made from year to year in the quality of the work done, he remarked upon the beneficial effect the system of mixed classes had had upon both ladies and gentlemen. In his new post at South Kensington, he said, he found much less work was accomplished, and, especially among the gentlemen, it was accompanied by a great deal more noise and nonsense.

In the two years that have elapsed since that time, Mr. Poynter has effected great improvements in many respects in the course of training at South Kensington. He has introduced the study of composition, which he regards very justly as an important element in every branch of art. In the competitions he has fixed limits to the time to be spent on the drawings, insists on a much higher class of work in the upper grades, including painting from the nude, and in the lower grades he has discouraged the old method of shading with the point, so that the new pupils now work with the stump. He has also raised the character of the modelling room by placing an efficient teacher at the head of it, and while he still pays due respect to the utility of the institution as a training school for the diffusion of practical art throughout the country, he has raised the tone of it generally, and opened the way to its becoming also a school of high art in the best sense, which it by no means was before. This must be a work of time; the replacing of old traditions by new axioms can only be accomplished gradually as their prescriptive rights die out with the older masters.

As Academician Mr. Poynter has a share in the teaching in the Royal Academy. As art director his influence extends through the art schools and artisans' classes throughout the kingdom, even to the art teaching of the children in the elementary schools. In public, at the Social Science Congress at Liverpool and elsewhere, he has spoken words of sober sense to the nation in a simple, strong, authoritative way. If his influence and his words help to call forth something of the same spirit of fidelity and thoroughness in work as characterises himself, if he rouses higher aims and nobler ideals in the mass of workers, he will do what is sorely needed in these days of dilatory workmen and scamped work, when less work for more money is the constant cry. Much as it is to be regretted that the pressure of his official duties must limit the number of his own paintings, and possibly even may impair the quality of them by dividing his powers, yet to accomplish such a work of art as this on the canvas of humanity will be an even more enduring memorial than the noblest creation of his brush.

It is a difficult problem to forecast what is to become of the great army of artists that are being trained. Genius, of course, will make its own way—there seems no cause at present to fear that the world will be overstocked with that yet awhile. An ever-increasing number of trained students, also, are being absorbed into the various developments of art industry, to the great good of our technical results. Doubtless, too, many have taken up the study of art rather as an accomplishment to elevate and grace them in private life than for any practical end; but for the rest, those multitudes of men and women who may be seen shabbily dressed copying in picture galleries and museums, painting in the Botanical Gardens, and wherever else students can gain admittance, or planting their easels all over the country, what is to become of these? Their productions are already such a drug in the market that one of the best known art auctioneers declared the other day that it was useless for him to attempt to sell anything that had not a name to back it up, as the work of unknown artists, even when good work, barely fetched the value of the frame. The perfection to which oleographs and photographs have been brought is thrusting out this class of work, while, at the same time, the quantity of it is increasing. The colonies may afford an outlet for some of it, but doubtless before long the colonies will train their own artists. It seems premature to conclude that so much material should, as at first sight one might be drawn to judge, have to be wasted, or so many young enthusiasts doomed to disappointment. There are hundreds of painters whose work singly is of little value, and yet, if organised in bands, and working under the direction of men of genius, they might collectively produce public works of great utility and beauty. England might rival the ancient Egyptians in the abundance of her wall-paintings. We might have such temples of religion, and such nobly decorated

public buildings, as would make her the wonder of the world, and at no very extravagant cost. Many artists now half-starving, or eking out a scanty subsistence by any means in their power, would be glad to be engaged on such works for wages which would just insure them the necessaries of life.

A few artists employ young assistants in their studios. It was customary with the old masters to do so, and the practice might with advantage be extended in the present day. When the artist makes the cartoons and does the last finishing with his own hand, much of the intermediate work can be equally well performed by deputy, for there are many who can acquire manipulative skill, while but few possess the creative faculty. Thus a greater number of the best works would be produced, and so produced as to bring them within the means of many to purchase who cannot now afford the luxury of possessing noble works of art. These are but crude suggestions, but it is a subject that ought to be faced, and other and more practicable suggestions made, and something attempted to be done; for it will be a grievous blot on our civilization if the National Art Schools turn out a large proportion of their trained students merely to swell the ranks of middle-class destitution by a new and highly-cultured army that no one cares to put in commission.

Professor Poynter is one of those rare persons who take office under Government on account of interest in the work offered to them, and not because a salary is attached to the post. Without being pragmatical, he is not likely to succumb to the traditions of that not most noble herd which, browsing in the comfortable pastures of the State, only too readily follows the accepted motto of Government service, "Above all things, no zeal!"

IN THIS WORLD:

A NOVEL.

By MABEL COLLINS, Author of "An Innocent Sinner," &c.

Continued from Vol. I., page 697.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN PRACTICE.

ERNESTINE had now a two-fold purpose in pursuing the labours of her profession with all her native ardour.

First came her grand enthusiasm for healing—that love of the art itself by which the true artist is known.

And then came a second motive which grew stronger day by day.

Laura's revelation of the network of money difficulties in which she and her uncle stood, and her statement—vague indeed, but none the less alarming because so vague—that certain conditions had to be fulfilled before her fortune could bring them freedom, filled Ernestine's soul with a personal horror. When Laura told her these things she had already put on her wedding-ring; and she realised, as she sat in the fernery in her wedding-robe, that, unless she speedily obtained some profitable practice of her own, she too would be dependent upon Laura's inheritance.

"Doubtless," she had said to herself, "Laura calculates upon this: she expects me to become her tool because she holds the key to my husband's ruin or success in her hands."

This thought had figuratively taken Ernestine's breath away; she had allowed Laura to leave her, and had said no further word.

But now, strengthened by her sojourn by the sea, she had returned with a burning resolution in her heart. She did not understand what conditions Laura had to fulfil. She turned her mind from the subject, for she could see no course of action which she could adopt with regard to it. But a resolve burned strongly within her that she would not personally add to Dr. Doldy's expenses—that she would not be dependent on him. The thought stung too deeply that, by allowing herself to be maintained in his household, she would make herself one of those whose hopes and fears hung upon the obtaining of Laura's fortune.

So she set herself vigorously to work. She took Dr. Doldy's household in hand, and applied her intellectual abilities to the curtailing of unnecessary expenses: she visited some few patients who had already attached themselves to her; she obtained permission to attend at certain operations performed by eminent surgeons, in order to carry on her observations; and between whiles she was fond of frequenting the little ante-chamber which divided her husband's consulting room from her own. At first this pleased him very much: it was so charm-

ingly new. It was so deliciously unlike the solitariness of his past life to rise from his chair whenever his room was empty, and have the chance, by just looking through a door, of seeing a face which, as he believed, was the most lovely that had ever come from the Creator's hand. Sometimes he would find it difficult to convince himself that this chance really existed; and then, if he called her, and there was no answer—or if he rose and looked into her room, and found it empty—he was deeply disappointed; so that Ernestine's hoverings on the margin of his room were very welcome, and he was merely amused when she assured him, out of the simplicity of her heart, that she only came there to try and catch his manner—not for the pleasure of being near him. He did not believe her, of course—what man would?

Often when he looked into her room—that room which he had so carefully furnished and filled with his love—if she sat there, as he sometimes found her, alone, he would pause and marvel at the picture; for to him the commencement of their home life was more filled with romance than any other part of their connection. The atmosphere of his existence received a different colour when he found that this woman, whose intelligence he admired and whose beauty he worshipped, really took up a peaceful and domesticated life by his side. It was so delightful a surprise to him to find Ernestine giving orders to the cook and looking after the household, that he began to think his idea that she would speedily surrender any ambition in her profession and settle down as his wife, was being already proved true.

And it brought an additional tinge of rose-colour to his existence to find Ernestine so little assertive and so truly womanly in her daily life: his wildest hopes of happiness were being realised.

His professional duties had become so easy to him by long habit that, though he returned to take up the routine of work, yet, with Ernestine performing so admirably all the part he desired her to his dreamland was unbroken.

But Ernestine's nature was kept alive by stings of which he knew nothing. The desire to obtain some foothold in her profession was deeper than he supposed, because she had more reasons than he knew of to aim at a success of her own. She lived from day to day in a certain dread of her first meeting with Laura alone; her practical efforts in the household were prompted by something very different from that desire to please him to which he attributed them. And the feeling that her actions must often be misunderstood by him made her sensitive to the last degree. There was but little dreamland for her. Her mind, indeed, was unnaturally wakeful; and it was only when quite alone with him that, in realising how completely he was still enwrapped in the glamour of their love, she herself became conscious of the refreshment she found in it.

But, when she sat in her consulting room, or haunted the little ante-chamber, it was not to realise the near presence of one she loved. To him that nearness was a continual delight, and the least sound which reached his ears would call his mind from the most difficult and absorbing diagnosis; and the patient, if chancing to gaze into his face, would wonder at the faint smile that passed over it. His mind had momentarily turned aside from its work to realise the happiness which filled his heart.

Ernestine in her present state was incapable of any such tempo-

rary oblivion of work. She followed out his cases with an intense keenness, throwing upon each the light of her recent studies and the experience gained from observations which she was daily making under the guidance of the most skilful operators and physicians.

She hardly ever mentioned medical or professional matters to him; very occasionally she would ask him for an explanation of some symptom in one of her own patients, but she never made any remark upon his. Only once did she break this rule. A lady of title had just left his consulting room, and Ernestine had been partly amused and partly disgusted with the interview. The lady told him how ill, how very ill she was; she hinted at domestic troubles which had overwhelmed her delicate organisation. Dr. Doldy with some difficulty extracted her symptoms from her and made rapid notes of them; and while actually engaged in writing these and mentally reviewing the case, he, by a double brain action which Ernestine marvelled at, was able to lean a little forward towards the afflicted lady and say in delicately respectful tones "Madam, your nerves are shattered—absolutely shattered—absolutely shattered!"

"Ah!" was the reply, in a deep-drawn voice of self-admiration, "I knew it. Oh, Doctor, is it possible to restore me to anything like health?"

"If you take the greatest care of yourself, I believe it will be possible. But you must remember, Madam, that your constitution is extremely delicate. You must treat yourself as you would a rare Venetian vase; you must be preserved from any contact too rough or sudden."

Ernestine had overheard many consultations not unlike this, and had made no remark; but to-day Dr. Doldy had come straight into her room as the patient left his.

He found her sitting on a low chair in the window, through which the sunlight streamed upon her bright hair and face so full of strong life. The contrast between her and the woman who had just left him struck him strangely at the moment.

"I am often in wonder" he said, standing and looking down upon her, "what makes you so different from other women; is it intellectual activity which gives you such a vividness of life, or is it the natural possession of that life which enables you to sustain the intellectual activity?"

"You know," she answered, "which I believe in. 'To think is to live' once said a man who was almost wise. But don't talk of that now; my intellectual activity demands to know, just at present, why you, an honest man, should tell that lady that her nerves are shattered?"

"Because it was medicinally good for her: it pleased and soothed her."

His tone had changed. Ernestine looked questioningly up at him. She said nothing farther for a moment, and then put an inquiry in a voice from which she had extracted all the brightness.

"What is the matter with her?"

"Nothing!" replied Dr. Doldy; and, walking to another window, looked out.

"I thought, at least, she must have had heart disease," she said.

For about a minute there was silence, and then Dr. Doldy came and sat down by her side and began to talk of something else. He was much too deeply in love to be driven from the sunshine of her society by unspoken disapproval.

Ernestine said no more; but she treasured these things up in her heart. She began to understand

how great a work it is to become a popular doctor.

But in their leisure hours Ernestine put these perplexities aside, and revelled in the broad stream of sunshine that lay upon their lives, and was yet scarce chequered with shade. She allowed a child-like capacity for enjoyment which she possessed to appear and to be gratified. Dr. Doldy's strong maturity of manhood seemed suddenly to have taken a step back into hilarious youthfulness; and with his beautiful wife by his side he entered upon all manner of foolish excursions, and heartily delighted in small pleasures; and continually he would look at her, as, with true good comradeship, she followed him into any amusement or enterprise which pleased him at the moment; and at such times he felt that any social position was worth sacrificing for the possession of such a comrade.

But, as yet, society had looked kindly upon them. Ernestine being very quiet and eminently unmasculine, the grand old ladies had not taken much offence at her door-plate.

Life was so englamoured with rose-colour, and so rich in sweetness to Dr. Doldy, that when one day Ernestine spoke to him with a knitted brow and a very serious voice, he stood aghast.

She had just returned from Mrs. Silburn's house; and, strangely enough, her visit there had brought a deep line upon her forehead—a straight one, downwards, between her eyes. When that appeared on Ernestine's brow it meant sore perplexity within. It was a signal of distress.

But the signal was not one to be understood by Dr. Doldy. He had studied her face narrowly, but he had not known her long enough to know the meaning of that line of care.

Dorothy knew it; but she was quite in the dark as to what it meant in this case, although it was her own words that had produced it.

It was Dorothy's nature and Dorothy's business to know everything. She was not a scandal-monger; but she certainly was a purveyor of choice bits of gossip. Ernestine learned more of the ways and doings of the world around her in a few minutes' chatter with Dorothy than in a week of her own observations. She passed through life absorbed in the contemplation of certain aspects of it. She was not able, at the same time, to grasp all the petty incidents which befell her fellow passengers.

But Dorothy was all eyes and ears; she heard and saw and retailed all manner of small spicy things.

This afternoon, when Ernestine had spent a brief tranquil half-hour in her drawing-room, she had chattered thus about all sorts of people whom they both knew; and she innocently enough made the following remark:

"I hear Sir Percy Flaxen is paying great attention to Laura Doldy. I suppose she will soon be engaged again. Sir Percy is considered rather a catch; but so is Laura. If they do become engaged they will be an excellent match; both are very attractive to the opposite sex, both are rich, and I should think at the outside they can't have more than one idea between them."

Dorothy's talk, like a wandering rivulet, had branched far away from Laura and Sir Percy Flaxen when Ernestine interrupted her.

"Engaged again I think you said? Has Laura Doldy, then, been already once engaged?"

"Didn't you know it?" exclaimed Dorothy. "She has been talked about with half-a-dozen men, and once definitely engaged.

She herself announced it to me; but it was immediately contradicted."

"To whom was she engaged?" asked Ernestine.

"A horrid little Spaniard, whom I believe Dr. Doldy hated. Probably that is why he has never mentioned the affair to you. He never could mention Yriarte's name with a cheerful expression of countenance."

"And she is being talked about again?" said Ernestine, with an effort at an ordinary tone of voice; but the deep line had come upon her forehead.

"Yes; that is only to be expected. She will marry soon, of course."

Ernestine did not like to ask any more. She knew so much and so little of Laura's affairs, that she was afraid lest in speaking she might either show her ignorance or suggest her knowledge. She soon went home, leaving Dorothy debating within herself what there could be distressing in the probability of Laura's engagement. And Ernestine had walked home deep in thought, and entered her own room. She sat down near the door, and, from where she sat, could hear something of what passed in Dr. Doldy's consulting-room. A patient had just come in, and, after a little while, his words seemed to enter her mind, and awaken its interest; for she arose, and stepped into the little ante-chamber.

In the midst of a long interview, Dr. Doldy rose and came to the ante-chamber where she stood, to fetch something which he required; and there he found her. She generally retreated under such circumstances, for she held a thinking man sacred; but now she stayed where she was.

Seeing that she remained, he turned towards her, expecting that she had some bright remark to make, or some piece of news which was too good to keep. He was only too glad to refresh himself now and again in her sunny atmosphere.

But when he turned, he saw her absorbed and frowning: a cloud on her brow, and no smile on her lips.

He stood aghast.

"Why, Ernestine," he exclaimed, "what is it?"

"Glaucoma," was her reply.

At first he thought her mind was wandering; but a second after he laughed.

"Nonesnse!" he said, "the man's bilious. I meant, what is the matter with you?"

"Is it not Mr. Richy, the artist, who is with you?" was Ernestine's apparently irrelevant answer. "I should like to see him."

"Very well," said Dr. Doldy cheerfully, speaking from the level of a shelf, where he was looking for something. "I will bring him to the drawing-room. But I didn't know he was any favourite of yours."

Chapter XXVI.

Glaucoma.

Ernestine approached her husband, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Arthur," she said, "I don't want to see him in the drawing-room; I want to see him professionally."

Dr. Doldy paused an instant before he replied; but his answer had a little irritation in its tone for all that.

"Now, Ernestine, don't talk nonsense."

"I am not talking nonsense," she said, the straight downward line in her brow growing more defiant as she spoke. "I cannot help thinking you are making a

mistake in this case. There is every symptom of glaucoma."

"Bah!" said Dr. Doldy, almost impatiently; "seeing so many eye operations has turned your head. The man has dined out too frequently, and has not taken enough exercise. That is all."

"Let me see him," said Ernestine.

"Very well; if you will be in the drawing-room in about ten minutes I will bring him there. As he is a lover of beauty by profession I am sure he will be delighted to come. I have yet to meet with the man who would refuse your invitation."

This was said with a smile of mingled meanings, but Ernestine did not respond but by a little sigh of regret.

"Well," she said, "I suppose I must submit to that if you wish it; but I should like to have used the ophthalmoscope myself to-day."

Dr. Doldy made no reply, but left her, and returned to his patient without even another look in her direction.

The truth was that he scarcely knew what his eyes would express if he did look at her, for his mind was for the moment much confused by a new aspect of their relations to each other. As yet Ernestine had been to him a beautiful woman with a foible. He had no mind to see in her an actual practitioner of a new school.

Ernestine, meanwhile, went up stairs, the straight downward line remaining unmoved upon her brow. She went into the drawing-room without removing her out-door dress. Her mind was profoundly abstracted after the fashion of a new and earnest worker.

Dr. Doldy would probably have laughed at her if she had taken him into her confidence at this moment. He had long passed the stage when a patient's life or death, or a new discovery in medicine or physics, could cause him to forget small conventions. But Ernestine was yet young enough to be thorough. She sat down and took from her pocket a note-book which had been very recently filled, as might be easily seen by the freshness of its leaves. Dr. Doldy and Mr. Richy found her still absorbed in studying this.

Mr. Richy knew her. He had met her once in society, and had not forgotten her; for, as Dr. Doldy had said, he was a professed admirer of beauty. He saw in her the charming and beautiful wife of an old friend, and he bowed low over her hand with the politeness of the old school to which he belonged, little aware of the meaning of the keen glance which met his eyes.

Mr. Richy had but a brief time to stay, for he had already prolonged his consultation with Dr. Doldy; and, after a few moments of small talk and some polite phrases of congratulation, he departed.

Dr. Doldy, after bowing him out, returned to Ernestine's side to find her face of perplexity resolved into one of smiles and brightness.

His was now the perplexed countenance, for he did not understand the secret of this change.

She looked up at him with a smile of enthusiasm.

"We can save his sight," she said, "but it must be done at once."

"What are you talking of?" said Dr. Doldy.

"I am talking," said Ernestine, recalling herself to the reality of the position, "of Mr. Richy's eyes. I feel some interest in them, for I like his pictures; and imagine," she added, "the horror to an artist whose sight is infinitely more sensitive than ours, of total blindness."

"But there is no such danger

for Richy," said Dr. Doldy; "you are talking nonsense. There is a haze over his eyes from biliousness; he will be all right in a week or two with careful diet.

"No," said Ernestine; "I saw that the pupil is dilated to a degree that shows only a mere ring of iris; and the iris is discoloured."

Dr. Doldy laughed aloud. "That is all very well," said he;" but the man has constant nausea."

"So I heard him say," said Ernestine composedly. "You forget that I heard him detail his sufferings; and, perhaps, you don't remember either that recurrent vomiting is now ascertained to be one of the symptoms in an acute case of glaucoma."

"You are falling into the snare which besets young doctors who study a specialty," said Dr. Doldy, with a rather ineffectual effort to retain his coolness. "You think every patient is afflicted in the organ which you have studied. Modern discoverers appear to discover what they want to find. Richy would think I was mad if I told him he was made sick by a local disease of the eye. If new doctors avow such theories, I hope it is in the medical journals only, and not to their patients."

Ernestine had shut up her notebook, and was moving towards the door.

"We need not discuss that," said she, without any of the heat in her voice which had begun to be apparent in Dr. Doldy's. She was much too interested in the matter in hand to think of quarrelling about it. "We need not discuss that," she said, "for we need not tell him anything until we are quite certain that iridectomy must be performed at once. And to be certain of that we ought, of course, to use the opthalmoscope in a good light."

"Don't think me pragmatical," she added, pausing at the door, and turning to him with a winning smile. "I am really interested in the case; it is not all the vaingloriousness of a young doctor. I am not craving to perform the operation: I would not dare to attempt it. And I don't at all sympathise with the surgeons who delight in the operation of iridectomy because it is so interesting to give health to an eye by taking out the very part ordinarily considered necessary for health. I am not afflicted with the passion for operations; iridectomy does not fascinate me because it is asserted that the larger the piece of the iris cut out, the more complete the cure; and I am quite aware that, in some cases where it has been performed, the other eye has got well. Indeed, Arthur, I can quite understand your laughing at the absurdities committed by young doctors with specialties; and I am only anxious that Mr. Richy should have the benefit of further examination."

She went away full of her thoughts, leaving Dr. Doldy to his own. These did not seem to be very tranquil ones, for he walked the drawing-room in a manner unusual to him.

This was the first sign of interference with his patients—the first breach on the unwritten laws which Ernestine had committed. Dr. Doldy would have been furiously angry with anybody but Ernestine. With her it was different. It was a new sensation even thinking himself justified in being angry with her. But still, he was intensely annoyed.

After some little time, he followed Ernestine, intending to talk the matter over with her, and dissuade her from doing anything to break the harmony of their life. He determined to point out to her that it was simple madness for her to

interfere between himself and a patient such as Mr. Richy.

He could not find her; and, on asking the servants, found that she had gone out.

In the evening, when they met again, the incident had almost been forgotten by both.

Chapter XXVII.

Lewis Lingen's Office.

Laura had temporised; she had pawned as many jewels as she dared, to gain a temporary reprieve from Yriarte's claims. She wanted to postpone her revenge on him—to put him out of her thoughts while she carried on the more immediately interesting operation of catching a new lover.

But he had no idea of being satisfied or even temporarily pacified with the small sums she was able to give him. He wrote to her again, telling her that Anton absolutely refused to give up any of the letters unless the whole debt were paid; and that he much feared Anton had read some of the letters and was likely himself to go to her uncle and demand money.

This letter—an ill-written, misspelt scrawl—kept Laura in a fever for an hour, shut in her room.

Sir Percy Flaxen had proposed marriage to her only the night before, under the helpful influence of a good deal of champagne. The announcement of her engagement would be made whenever she gave him permission to go to Dr. Doldy.

And now she dared not give this permission until she had taken some step with regard to Yriarte. If Dr. Doldy were in new possession of her secret, when Sir Percy Flaxen went to him—especially with Ernestine's influence upon him—she knew not what catastrophe might not result. She was unable to grasp her uncle's mind; she could not calculate on his probable actions. The combination of worldliness with a certain chivalrous purity of character which was visible in him puzzled her entirely. She distrusted him with a different distrust from that which she bestowed on Mrs. Honiton. The lady was wholly absorbed in self-interest; and Laura knew that beyond a certain point her sympathies were not to be expected. Dr. Doldy she mistrusted simply because she never quite understood when he might turn upon her with horror and denounce her as having gone too far. And, when he did condemn her, she feared him; his judgment descended upon her from a platform nearer her own than Ernestine's; one less ideal and more intelligible to her.

Yriarte's threat could not have come to her at a more alarming moment. She dreaded the destruction of all her hopes. She had determined to marry Sir Percy; he was perfectly eligible himself according to her taste, and his family was one she would wish to enter. But how dare she advance another step in the matter with Yriarte and his creditor in possession of her letters—prepared at any moment to reveal her secret to her uncle—perhaps to Sir Percy himself?

Her spirit rose with the exigency of her position; she determined to take a step which she very much dreaded. She did not know the real legal view of the position; what she might do and what she might not do with safety. She must have good advice. She must go to Mr. Lingen and give him a half-confidence. And it took all the necessity of her position to drive her to this; for, with a secret to keep, there was nothing she dreaded so much as the blank gaze through Lewis Lingen's eye-glass.

She thought she knew this man well. She believed him heartless,

keen as a knife all through. She supposed him wholly incapable of being affected by such an appeal as she had made to Ernestine, even if genuine. She prepared herself simply to reserve from him all that he must not know. And this had to be done, not only in her words, but in every expression of her face while in his presence.

She dressed carefully, took Yriarte's letters, and drove alone, in Mrs. Honiton's carriage, to Mr. Lingen's office.

He was disengaged: he could see Miss Doldy at once. Laura left her carriage, and, gathering her dainty skirts together, passed in, much to the gratification of the clerks in the outer office, who looked admiringly after her as she vanished within Mr. Lingen's sanctum.

He sat in the dingy room, as usual, behind the table piled with dusty-looking papers, looking himself as fresh and spotless as the summer morning. He wore an abstracted air, and, holding the guard of his eye-glass in one hand, waved it gently to and fro, as though it were out of service just then, and were having a little play time.

Laura was delighted to see that when the ordinary greetings were over, and she had taken a seat, which brought her face as little under the light as possible, he fell into the same attitude and action again.

Courage rose when she found that he did not even look at her when she began to speak; and she proceeded to give a cleverly incomplete account of the affair upon which she had come.

Lewis Lingen was well accustomed to such confidences. Many a fashionable lady had sat in that chair before Laura, and had endeavoured to tell her wrongs while concealing her wrong-doings. Many a beautiful woman had been compelled to sit there and herself reveal the weak places in the armour of her reputation—which, if once made visible to the arch enemy who makes scandal, would have enabled the whole coat of mail to be shattered, and have left the frail and defenceless being underneath to the mercy of all the winds of malice. And if Laura had had experience of her confessor's aspect in such interviews she would have been alarmed. He had never used his keen eyes so little and had never listened to a recital with so marked a lack of interest. He wore the air of a novel reader who, on opening the first volume, is filled with a wearied sense that it is hardly worth while to ask for the third—the plot is so easily understood. Laura's actual words were the first volume of this story. To discover the whole history and amuse oneself with the intricacies of the plot, it would have been necessary to study her face, and there find the real interest of the story. But perhaps her hearer had heard too many similar ones. At all events, he did not seem to care to penetrate beyond the sketch which she vouchsafed to him.

Laura did not know enough of him to be alarmed at this; on the contrary, it relieved her immensely, and she was just pluming herself on having relieved herself of her confidences in a most creditable way, when Lingen roused himself from his abstraction, and turned to her with the languid air of a man who makes a remark which is void of interest.

"Of course the first thing, at all costs, is to regain the letters. We must not run any risk of their being published."

Laura almost gasped for breath. What did he mean? She reviewed her words hastily. She had certainly said nothing about the letters except that they had been written during her engagement. She

looked at him. His face was perfectly expressionless; his eyes had fallen upon a pile of papers in front of him, and he seemed to be reading the uppermost one. She was reassured; he meant nothing. She moved her lips with some difficulty and spoke hesitatingly.

"Certainly; any such publication would be very unpleasant."

"Humph!" said Mr. Lingen. He put his hand across the table and took up a little bundle, which Laura had put on it. They were Yriarte's letters asking for money. Mr. Lingen glanced them through, and then put up his eye-glass and turned it upon Laura.

"Mr .Yriarte is a shrewd man," he said, reflectively. "He would scarcely have threatened you with the publication of these letters unless he were fully aware that the weakness of your position lay in your dreading their publication. You must have forgotten what you said in them."

Laura was at a loss for words.

"But," she said, at last, "what should I have said in them?"

Mr. Lingen raised his eyebrows, and there was a curious flash in his eyes; but he was perfectly grave.

"That," he said, "I must leave to you."

Laura was dumb for a moment, paralysed with surprise and anger. She rose with dignity after a little pause; her face was flushing darkly.

"I don't understand your meaning," she said; "I will wish you a good morning."

Mr. Lingen rose languidly.

"Excuse me, Miss Doldy, a moment. When I undertake an affair like this I can only be of any use if I know the whole story. When a client chooses to tell me only a part of the facts, I am obliged to make up the rest from my experience and knowledge."

"I—don't understand," said Laura, standing doubtfully beside her chair.

"Unless," he went on, "you not only wish to punish Mr. Yriarte for his impertinent conduct, but also to suppress the actual facts of your connection with him, you will gain little by consulting me about it."

Laura sat down again. The flush died out of her face beneath that terrible eye-glass. She trembled beneath it. After a struggle she recalled a little of her customary presence of mind.

"I can understand now," she said, smiling faintly, "why you are so dreaded by witnesses."

"Forgive me, Miss Doldy," he said, courteously; "I am not trying to extract anything from you. I only wish you to see that it is useless to come to me with half confidences. Perhaps, as Mr. Yriarte is no longer your lover, you will allow me to call him a scoundrel. A few months ago he was borrowing money on the assertion that he was engaged to an heiress who dared not risk her reputation by throwing him over. If you choose to allow that you were that heiress I will arrange the matter for you and get him the punishment he so richly deserves; but, if you are not that heiress, my clerk can easily manage it for you."

Laura had not heard the last words. She leaned forward in her chair with the flush rising again in her face, and one hand clenched itself fiercely as it lay in her lap.

"Dared not!" she said. "Dared not!—But I did! I threw him over when I found he was a mere fortune hunter!—and he thinks to intimidate me now!"

Mr. Lingen's brow cleared—he dropped his eyeglass and smiled.

"Go straight to Dr. Doldy," he said, "and tell him as much as you told me at first. If you tell it to him as cleverly he will not suspect

anything further. You cannot well act in such a matter as this without his sanction."

"I *must* tell him?"

"Certainly, and at once. The case will appear in the papers, unless the defendant should be frightened into reason; so that you cannot keep it secret. Besides, you must have your uncle's support."

"I will go—I will do what you tell me," said Laura, her voice trembling a little with the effort to calm herself. "I will do anything if you are sure"—she put her hand in its cream-coloured glove upon the dusty table and leaned towards him "if you are sure I shall get my revenge. I am thirsting for it."

Mr. Lingen looked up in a cool business-like way into her face.

"Will five years' penal servitude do?"

Laura sprang back—her face lit suddenly with smiles of delight—she clasped her hands with effusion.

"Oh, glorious!" she ejaculated, "Oh, glorious!" she repeated musingly to herself, as, with alacrity, she gathered up her dress and stepped towards the door. Then she paused thoughtfully:

"Am I to tell my uncle I have already been here?"

"Oh, yes, don't make small concealments. You can say you came to me for advice, not wishing to distress him till you knew you must take public steps."

"Good-bye," she said, and went out, closing the door softly; but just as it was shut she opened it again and came softly and swiftly in.

"Could we not get penal servitude for life?" she asked with anxiety.

Mr. Lingen looked seriously at her. "I am afraid not," he said, "if it were not necessary to make some bargain with the defence in order to keep your secrets, doubtless we could obtain a little more than five. But you don't wish to ruin yourself in order to ruin him?"

"No," answered Laura, "that would be foolish;" and turned again towards the door. This time she really went; he heard the wheels of her carriage.

He threw himself back in his chair and waved his eyeglass languidly about in one hand.

"If I hadn't a considerable interest myself in that girl's fortune—and if I hadn't some respect for her family," he said, smilingly, to himself, "I would let her precipitate herself upon her revenge. The little demon—thirsty for it;—and the man has been her lover!"

"I must sell up Yriarte's house at once," he added, more thoughtfully, after a little pause, "and see what is to be got out of his relations."

He rose, adjusted his buttonhole flower, took his hat, and went out.

Chapter XXVIII.

"The sun was darkened."

Dr. Doldy was in the drawing-room with Ernestine, when a servant announced that Mr. Richy was in his consulting room.

They had said nothing further about the case, for both had had other things to think of. Dr. Doldy rose now, without a word, to go to his patient. Ernestine's voice arrested him, and he paused half-way to the door.

"Will you examine Mr. Richy's eyes to-day? I am so sure that you will find it a decided case of glaucoma."

"Indeed, I shall not," replied Dr. Doldy, a little hotly; "I have already satisfied myself that I have the case well in hand."

"Mr. Richy," said Ernestine, "is not the man to suffer as you

suppose he is suffering. He is abstemious, and he works hard. But he is of a feeble constitution, and it is intelligible that such a disease as glaucoma should attack him. I entreat you, if you will not examine yourself, and will not let me see him, to send him to an oculist. It is terrible to think that a brief delay may make it too late to save his sight."

"Young doctors are often afflicted with a mania for operations, and iridectomy is a taking one. But you must find victims for yourself."

Dr. Doldy felt his temper deserting him so rapidly that he went straightway to the door after making this little speech. Ernestine followed him.

"I will not say another word if you will examine the eye," she said entreatingly; "but if you will not, I must see Mr. Richy myself."

"That you cannot do; he is in my consulting room."

"I will go to him there."

"Then you may go alone," cried Dr. Doldy, in a sudden uprisal of temper; and he turned back into the drawing-room.

Ernestine ran downstairs, but surely she would not go in. He did not in the least believe that she would really do this which was so distinctly against his wish.

Each second he expected to hear her returning foot upon the stairs; and, indeed, he half-pictured to himself her laughing face when her lack of courage and her inability to be disobedient should have brought her back into the drawing-room. But as the seconds passed over, his heart sank and his temper rose, for there was no sound until he heard the door of his consulting room shut. He stood still, awe-struck; and awe-struck probably for the first time in his life. Nothing less than the genius of Shakespeare had ever inspired him with reverence: awe he certainly had not experienced. But that a woman—a young inexperienced doctor and a woman—should overstep the double boundary line existing between them—should disobey him as a wife, dispute his knowledge as an elder doctor, and disregard the etiquettes of both relations, struck him with an utter amazement.

For a moment he was entirely taken aback by her audacity. But when that wave of feeling had passed, he was left only very angry. Anger pure and simple, however, occupied him but for a moment. In the next, curiosity was rampant. There was something entirely new to be seen and to be heard. As soon as this occurred to him, without the briefest hesitation, he took his way downstairs, and entered Ernestine's consulting room, which was fortunately empty. He passed straight in, entering with deliberate stealthiness the little ante-chamber which divided the two sanctums. If he had been a trifle less in earnest, he might have paused to laugh at himself for having been so easily put into his wife's position. Ernestine had many a time, and with his approval, listened at his door, to find out how he did things. Their relations were now changed. But he was quite incapable at the time of seeing the humorous side of the situation.

Anger was only kept at bay by sheer curiosity. "Dr. Doldy will be down directly," Ernestine's voice was saying at the instant. "He wished me to apologise for his delay, and he asked me in the meantime to look at your eye. I am sure you will allow me to, Mr. Richy; for you know I am a doctor, too."

"Does he fear anything local,

then?" said Mr. Richy, in an alarmed voice.

"No," said Ernestine; "but as you suffer so much pain in it, he thought I might as well examine it; for I have been studying the eye of late under special advantages."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Richy; "of course I cannot but be delighted at the honour you are doing me. And, indeed," he added, with rather awkward jocoseness, "under such hands as yours I am sure I must soon be healed of any complaint."

Dr. Doldy groaned, and a cold dew stood out upon his forehead. This was just about as much as he could bear; and he felt strongly disposed to go in and shake the unfortunate Richy, or do something equally ridiculous. But he controlled himself with an effort, and remained motionless.

He followed the interview now partly by his own knowledge of what must be passing. He heard Ernestine ask Mr Richy to approach the window; he pictured her beautiful face with its frown of thought, as she moved about, adjusting her patient.

"I will not dilate the pupil," he heard her say, gently, "as it causes some inconvenience; but I must ask you to turn the eye towards the nose, in order that the light may be first received by the insensitive part of the optic disc, as, if the light is received straight, it immediately contracts the pupil. Excuse me—I will not hurt you; I only wish to restrain the upper lid a little. Will you kindly move the eye up and down——?"

The pauses in Ernestine's speech Dr. Doldy filled in pictorially. He beheld her, in his inner vision—her dark eyes removed but a few inches from Mr Richy's, which, though partially disabled, yet belonged to "a professed admirer of beauty." It was all very well while they talked; but he could endure the position no longer. When they became silent, after some two or three immensely long seconds, he walked into the room.

Ernestine had just moved back, and was looking very grave. She turned to him instantly.

"The light is excellent," she said; "you had better examine the eye at once; the ophthalmoscope reveals very characteristic conditions."

She rose from her place, and handed him the little instrument—that simple, subtle, little instrument which Charles Babbage evolved out of his wonderful mind, and presented to the craft before the craft was intelligent or developed enough to know how to use it.

Dr. Doldy adopted the only possible course open to him if appearances were to be preserved. He sat down in silence, and examined the eye himself.

That done, in silence, he put down the ophthalmoscope, pushed back his chair, and rose in silence.

Ernestine looked up at him hesitatingly, and then spoke; for Mr. Richy was looking in much trepidation from one doctor to the other.

"It is as I feared, is it not?"

"Yes," was Dr. Doldy's monosyllabic reply.

"What is it?" exclained Mr. Richy, in considerable alarm.

"It is a case of sub-acute glaucoma," replied Dr. Doldy.

"Glaucoma!" exclaimed Mr. Richy. "Why, that's a disease of the eye. You are chaffing me; there is no green in my eye, Dr. Doldy; that I am positive of!"

"No," answered Dr. Doldy, gravely, "the colour in this disease is more often a whitey-brown than a grey-green. Glaucoma is rather a misnomer."

"But are you serious, then?"

cried Mr. Richy, his face falling. "How about my biliousness? You said that was enough to account for the haziness of my sight."

"Nausea," replied Dr. Doldy, in a tone of subdued fury, "may be described as a new symptom of glaucoma."

"A new symptom," cried Mr. Richy, "what on earth do you mean?"

"A symptom," said Ernestine, gently, "which has only quite newly been understood to be in connection with a glaucomatous state of the eye; when, as with you, both eyes are affected, but in different degrees, there can be no doubt that the seat of the disorder is in the eye; and in this case the examination with the ophthalmoscope is conclusive; and you will find," she added to Dr. Doldy, "that the globe is perceptibly hard on palpation. You have not touched the globe, have you?"

"No," answered Dr. Doldy, "but I am satisfied without that."

Mr. Richy glared at her.

"Just what I feared, just what I feared; a local disorder of the eye! Good heavens, it will be my ruin!"

"But," said Ernestine, "if iridectomy is performed without delay, your sight will almost certainly be saved."

"Iridectomy," cried Mr. Richy, "cutting out of the iris! Why, what on earth am I to see with if I have my iris cut out? I thought it was necessary to sight."

"Nature meant it to be," interposed Dr. Doldy, drily; "but disease and surgery have ordered it otherwise. Mr. Richy, allow me to suggest that you go at once to an eminent surgeon. Your sight must be too valuable for you to hesitate about an operation."

"Of course, if it is really necessary," said Mr. Richy.

"It is certainly necessary," replied Dr. Doldy, seriously," I will refer you to a first-rate specialist."

After a little farther talk and arrangement about this, Mr Richy departed in a very ill-humour, giving, as he rose to go, a farewell glance to Ernestine, which was so full of chagrin that she could have felt amused, in spite of her earnest sympathy.

The door closed upon him, and left the two doctors alone in the consulting room. Ernestine was busied in putting aside the instruments which they had been using. Dr. Doldy stood silently observing her.

Silent rage consumed him within. It was only unexpressed because it scarcely knew how to find a vent.

But when she had finished her task, she turned to him and said, smilingly, "I fancy Mr. Richy thinks that I have given him disease of the eye."

Dr. Doldy made no reply for a moment; and then he said, in a voice which startled her by its unusual vibration, "It is more than even your powers can compass, Ernestine, to carry off such a matter as this lightly."

"I don't understand," she answered, doubtfully.

"I suppose," he went on in a bitter voice, "I am being justly punished for marrying a woman who is determined to be something else besides a woman. I did not object to your being something else, so long as you preserved the appearance of being only a woman in my presence; but when you enter my consulting room as a doctor, and a doctor who is not invited, it appears to me that you change our relations; that we are no longer husband and wife, but simply professional rivals."

"It is a pity," said Ernestine, her face flushing with the sudden emotion of realising for the first

time that he was in earnest, "if you think that our double relations cannot exist, for I do not know how we can destroy either."

She walked away into her own consulting room with a rather less dignified air than usual, for, in spite of her superficial coldness, she was too emotional to be capable of quarrelling with her husband.

Dr. Doldy almost immediately followed her. "It is of no use," he said, "attempting to put this matter aside in silence. It will be impossible for us to live under the same roof unless you can pay that amount of respect to my position which I have a right to expect from my wife. If such scenes as this are to be repeated, I shall be made ridiculous in the eyes of the profession; but, what will be far worse, my practice will be ruined. And, until your practice is sufficiently successful to take its place, you must see that it is madness to interfere with mine."

"But," said Ernestine, with a little tremble in her voice, "what harm have I done? You yourself allow that I have detected Mr. Richy's real malady."

"That may be," said Dr. Doldy; "and pray what do you think Mr. Richy's club friends will say about the way in which his malady was discovered. It is possible that for about a fortnight we may have an influx of gentlemen with nothing much the matter with them who have heard that in my consulting room there is the probability that a beautiful woman will interfere and take their case in hand. But whether we are likely to build a substantial practice upon such a report my experience would incline me to doubt."

Dr. Doldy had been walking up and down while he spoke, and had avoided looking at Ernestine; indeed, he was too angry to look at her. If he had looked he would probably have been a little startled by the vivid colour in her cheek and the flash in her eye. She was smarting beneath the sense of accumulated humiliations. As she listened to his words, which seemed to her, and not without reason, to be full of insult, her mind returned to the treatment which she had already experienced at Laura's hands. Money, which Ernestine perhaps despised more than she had any right to, seemed to her to have degraded the nature of both uncle and niece. Her tongue itched to speak of what she knew, and to reproach her husband with what she had taught herself to look upon as the one spot in his character.

But she restrained herself by a violent effort, and only said, with so much emotion that speech brought the tears into her eyes, "It seems to me that your profession is money-making, not medicine. As I have educated myself to follow medicine, I had better take your advice and leave your house before any further difficulties arise."

They had been so absorbed by the intensity of their own feelings that neither of them had been aware that a visitor had arrived, nor had noticed Laura's voice as she spoke to the servants and looked in the other rooms of the house for its inmates.

And so it was that just as Ernestine had uttered these words, which seemed to herself in the intensity of her mode of feeling to have ended for ever the dream of happiness which had existed in her connection with Dr. Doldy, Laura knocked lightly at the door, and without any further announcement entered.

She had heard nothing; but it was not likely that such a quick-witted young woman as Laura could come upon such a scene as that and

not read a good deal of it written upon the faces before her.

"I thought I should find you in this room," she said sweetly; "what a lovely room it is. I die with envy of it whenever I come in." Laura said this, unfortunately losing the pleasure of knowing that she stabbed Ernestine to the heart. For Ernestine, to whom to think a thing right was to do it, had already endured the first pang of saying farewell to this room, which was as it were the physical embodiment of the dreamland she had entered into.

"You don't look well," went on the quick tongue of Laura. "It's the weather, I suppose. It is very unbecoming weather; I have had to put on a spotted veil to-day, which makes my eyes ache and makes me cross."

Her remarks did not seem likely to elicit any very enthusiastic response, so she plunged into her business.

"Uncle," she said, fluttering her fan and her feathers, as she turned to Dr. Doldy, who was still walking up and down, "I hope you have time to receive a visitor to-day, as a friend of mine wishes to call upon you."

"Indeed!" said Dr. Doldy, not in a very encouraging tone.

"Sir Percy Flaxen," said Laura; "you know him, do you not? He wants to see you at once, and I hope you will have no objection to make, but will instead give me your congratulations."

"Does he want to marry you?" said Dr. Doldy, gloomily.

"He says so," said Laura, in her archest manner.

"And so," said Dr. Doldy, drily, "you have found an eligible partner at last?"

"I think," returned Laura, with great demureness, "no objection can be made to him or his family."

Silence followed, in the midst of which Ernestine rose, and, without a word or a look towards uncle or niece, left the room.

She could not at the moment pause to speculate what Dr. Doldy would think of her conduct.

Laura laughed to herself. She had wished to get rid of Ernestine before she went on with another part of her business; and she thought she had succeeded very well, although she was a little disturbed as to what Dr. Doldy might think. It was her principal dread with regard to Ernestine, lest that lady's inability to conceal her feelings should rouse Dr. Doldy's suspicions. But she might have been easy in her mind to-day had she known all. Dr. Doldy would scarcely have been astonished at anything which Ernestine might have done. And indeed he himself felt in anything but a favourable frame of mind to offer congratulations even upon a marriage which so much concerned him as Laura's.

"I want to tell you—to ask your advice," said Laura, as soon as the door had closed upon Ernestine, "about another matter which is as distressing as it well can be. In what I have to say you will see one whom you always disliked in a less favourable light than ever."

Dr. Doldy stopped in his promenade and stared at her. He could not conjecture what was coming.

Laura found it much more difficult to tell her uncle than to tell Lewis Lingen; and before she had said many more words she took refuge in handing him Yriarte's letters, trusting to them to tell their own tale discreetly.

Dr. Doldy read them with a rising fury written on his face. Having finished them he flung them down on the table, and turned to walk the room again.

"This comes of connecting

yourself with a monkeyman like that, worthy of nothing but to be regarded as a possible specimen of the missing link,"——then, suddenly looking at her, "but what is there in these letters which you are ashamed of?"

"Nothing," said Laura, "what should there be?"

"Then why have you already given him money?"

"What woman," she replied, with a quick droop of those clever eyelids, "would not pay money rather than run the risk of her love letters being made public?"

This seemed true enough to Dr. Doldy, on whose high ideal of her sex Laura was partly calculating in making her impression on him. She went on to tell him that she had been to Mr. Lingen for advice, and that he recommended her to prosecute Yriarte for obtaining money from her on false pretences. "What do you think, uncle?" she asked pathetically, "It will be very, very painful."

"Punish him, Laura," exclaimed Dr. Doldy angrily; "punish him even at the expense of your own feelings. It will not really be painful, because you are so plainly in the right; you will have the sympathies of all who know you. And he must be punished. I should like to horsewhip him myself!"

Laura had no idea her uncle could be so angry—could so depart from his usual manner, and lose himself in passion. Two great veins had swollen out upon his forehead; she had never seen them before. She did not know that she had but added the match to a well-laid fire. His mind was already inflamed when she began to irritate it, and it was a vast relief to him to have a subject upon which it might safely explode.

"Let us go down to Lingen at once," went on Dr. Doldy, with suppressed excitement; "will you come, Laura?—we will punish him; the little cur! he shall learn what it is to insult a lady."

He hurried out of the room to fetch his hat. Laura, preparing in a more leisurely manner to follow him, saw that Ernestine had returned, and stood near. She was startled, although certainly it was natural enough that Ernestine should be in her own room. But something in the look that came upon her from out those deep-set eyes affected her strangely, almost as if an uncanny presence were beside her. Ernestine made her feel, by her intensity, that she came from another world of thought.

"Who is to be punished?" asked Ernestine.

"Do you wish to know?—I did not think you cared for gossip. I don't mind telling you, as you must soon know unless you shut your eyes and ears. Don Jose Yriarte is the cur my uncle is so anxious to correct."

"The man you were engaged to?" exclaimed Ernestine, "your lover?"

"Don't jump to conclusions," said Laura, "it is unprofessional. Good morning."

And so saying she hurried out—for Dr. Doldy was impatiently calling her—and left Ernestine half-blinded by the mental cloud which had risen before her eyes. On all sides the world was dark.

THE CIRCLE OF THE REGICIDES.

A Dramatic Scene.

By Richard Hengist Horne.

Dramatis Personæ.

Dr. Kobold ..... Professor of Agriculture and Rifle Practice.
Franz Tollkopf ..... A discarded Socialist.
Tobias Trägheit ..... A drunken idler.
Hans Arbeitsdulder ..... A discontented workman.
Jeremias Geldlieb ..... A usurer.
Otto Selbstoll ..... A morbid egoist.
Baron Dumm Von Ehrsucht ..... An ambitious imbecile.
Lucas Blutdurst ... Expelled from the Club of the Social Democrats.

Apparitions of Brutus, Cromwell, Mazzini, Ravaillac, Ankarstromm, Marat, A Polish Exile, Robert Owen, and *Chorus* of Russian Regicides.

Scene: A dilapidated gambling room in a house in a back street near the *Teufelschwager's* Beer-Gardens of Pumpernikel.

A petroleum lamp burning upon a large table: Men seated round smoking.

Franz. —Not so—not so—I will not have it so.
Otto. —*You* will not?
Franz. —I have sworn it.
Lucas. —Who are you
More than the rest here met to plan a death,
And settle how best dealt?
Franz. —That will I settle.
Lucas. —I'd slay a dozen while you rave of one!
Franz (*starting up*).—Leopard-face! tinker-thumb! you, who were kicked out
Of more than one society—
Voices. —No quarrels!
(*Confusion—gesticulation of pipes through the smoke.*)
Dr. Kob.—*Dracos*, be patient! I have summoned you
To show you how—at one blow—we may reap
The bloody harvest of the grain long sown
And chemically nourished. Golden heads
Of monarchs bask and nod beneath the sun,
Nor dream of our sure sickles.
Hans. —Down with all kings!
Dr. Kob.—But our gray tyrant first—for regicide,
Like charity, begins at home.
Voices (*laughing*).—That's true.
Hans. —Let other countries follow as we lead,
So shall the working man's long-sufferings
Be brought to an end, and sacrificial labours
Of building pyramids of wealth and pomp
For this born Thing—and That—be no more seen
Than gorgeous sun-down clouds of yesterday.

JEREM. —But we who are the people—we should hold
All their great stores of money in our hands!
TOBIAS. —Yes—and not have to work. (*Drinks*). Now for your—*hic!*
DR. KOB.—My plan is this.
Voices. —For killing——
DR. KOB.—Why, of course.
BARON D.—But the great fame of such a regicide
Will crown us all!—those who agree—look on—
Guide, and applaud the striker of the blow,
As well as him who strikes.
TOBIAS. —But possibly
You'll show your skill?
BARON D.—I! No—we must not rob
The doctor of his patient; but we shall all
Share his renown in history.
LUCAS. —My blade
Is ready; bill-hook, sword, short knife or pike?
And, by my own red heart, I think a pike
Would best reach to the mark, whether he ride
Or drive. I'll do the deed forthwith.
OTTO (*moodily*).—Not you.
DR. KOB.—No, no—some court-slave would avert a thrust.
I have devised the means; and have well practised
For certain aim. A front room I've secured,
Some weeks past, in the avenue thro' which
The despot oft is driven.
HANS. —You may miss.
DR. KOB.—A single bullet might, but I will send
A dozen at one shot; and yet again
Another volley, screen'd by the window blind.
Voices (*applauding*).—Schön!
OTTO. —And I feel almost as sure of this
As I myself had done it.
JEREM. —Your escape——
Have you arranged?——
DR. KOB.—I have not, and I scorn it!
This death shall be the glory of my life,
Which I will close in crowned martyrdom,
As vengeance for my long-neglected claims,
And retribution for the rights denied
Of many a man,—and several who are here.
Voices. —Mine! mine!
TOBIAS. —We'll roast the phœnix like a goose,
Drinking (*drinks*) perdition to his son and heir!
BARON D.—All Europe will grow fat on this:—our name
Will burst from every mouth throughout the world!
OTTO. —Why should your name be mention'd? Have not I
A hundred times held forth about this act?
LUCAS. —There have been many talkers, but the deed
I'll thoroughly do——
DR. KOB.—If that my aim should fail!—
But I'll send home two volleys that shall need
No further aid from heaven.
FRANZ. —Or a better place!
TOBIAS. —One is as good as another, so he leave us—
Hic! leave us a butt of *lager*——
HANS. —Silence, sot!
TOBIAS. —The doctor is inspired!—
DR. KOB.—Shade of great Brutus!

Hear me, and fill my mind with patriot thoughts
To lighten up my heart like altar-flames!
England's Protector!—Sweden's liberator!
Shades also of heroic sons of France
And Russia!—and the Shades of every land
That brought forth glorious Regicides, now, hear!
Likewise ye Socialistic Democrats,
Hear, and bear witness to the oath I swear,
To slay the tyrant of our fatherland!

(*The lamp grows dim—the flame flaps to and fro—then spits, and goes out. The Apparition of Marcus Junius Brutus advances from the distant wall.*)

BRUTUS.

Invoke not thou my name for such a deed!
Do not profane the record of a blow
O'er which I wept—for which my tears still flow,
Because I loved the man I caused to bleed:
But 'twas for Liberty—not the gross bloom
Of craving self's gall-nurtured pestilent weed,
That flourishes on banks of Stygian gloom,
Exhaling death's despair—and curses for a Tomb.

(*The Apparition slowly retires, and disappears.* HANS ARBEITSDULDER *re-illumes the lamp.*)

HANS (*to Dr. K.*).—What say you to that?
BARON D.—Methinks I have seen a head
As marked as that—perhaps 'twas Julius Cæsar—
On some old coins exhumed from Roman camps.
JEREM (*in a whisper*).—Where?
OTTO. —'Twas a Ghost from far-off, doubtful days.

(*Distant thunder. The lamp trembles, and falls to the floor. The oil blazes up; they extinguish the flame with their coats. The Apparition of Oliver Cromwell, in armour, advances from the distant wall.*)

CROMWELL.

Ye godless squad of apes in guise of men!
Ye brains that rot in cast-off helms of brass!
Let plague-carts bear ye from the city's ken
To nourish thistles for each honest ass.
To earth!—unpray'd for, save by hangmen's hags,
Who mourn the loss of your sin-tainted rags.

(*The Apparition strides back into the darkness.*)

OTTO. —If all these men were living, I would snap
My fingers at their wisdom and best words.
DR. KOB.—But dead, the greater reason we should do so.
We are our country, being her best sons!

(*Music, as of an anthem, heard in the distance. The Spirit of Mazzini appears.*)

MAZZINI.

O Patriot Soul—heart—and sword!
Pure spirit of land and of sea!
My country, like heaven, I adored,
As life's hope and last home to me.
But I saw men with energies strong,
Who thought themselves noble and true,
But they mix'd up the right with the wrong,
And were drunk with base self-love, like you.

(*Disappears.*)

(*A ghastly light slowly creeps forth. The Apparitions of Ravaillac, Ankarstromm, and the Death-fetch of Dr. Kobold become visible.*)

Trio.

Clouded days and fever'd nights
Nursed our hearts' and heads' disease,
Till we saw internal lights!—
Ice that burns and flames that freeze!—
Heard trumpets marshal maddening seas;
And so grew murderous from these!

(*They vanish.*)

Dr. Kob.—Shade of Myself, thou liest! I ne'er was mad,
Nor was Ravaillac mad, nor Ankarstromm:
They were sound-minded Regicides, like me.

Hans.— And were they, pray, true Social Democrats?

(*The Apparition of Marat rises through the floor, bearing a drinking-bowl made from a human skull.*)

Lucas. —Here comes a wholesale revolutionist,
Who, like a king, required his slaughter'd thousands.
Listen to him, and you'll get something rich;
His mouth dropt startling jewels—rubies.

Jerem. —Rubies!

Shade of Marat.

Fill your bowls! fill your bowls
With a right royal stream!
Here's a bag for their heads and a snare for their souls!
Oh, how I rejoice as I sniff up the steam
Of the new tragic opera known as "Hell's Dream!"

(*The Shade of Marat sinks.*

(*Shades of Russian Regicides appear.*)

Chorus.

The men who had millions of fellow-men slaves,
The hand of one man hath oft sent to their graves.

(*Shades of Polish Exiles rise.*)

Full Chorus.

What throngs, male and female, whom Double-head arraigns
For an eye-wink, are driven to Siberia in chains;
Barefooted and starving to drudge in dark mines,
While the Doom'd One believes that his sun safely shines.

(*They all vanish.*)

(*Other Apparitions rise, bearing swords, knives, headman's axes, and volumes of history.*)

Chorus.

Honor to the axe and block!
Honor to the guillotine!
Charles' and Louis' bloody shirts
Flaunt from flagstaffs on a rock!
Crown'd Traitors finding their deserts
Are the best triumphs Time hath seen.

Semi-Chorus 1st.

Oh, could we bring back Nero!
And of such Fiends a score!

Semi-Chorus 2nd.

Each man would be a hero
Who dragged them to a shore,
Where pity is at zero,
And waves of blazes roar.

Full Chorus.

Wherein to plunge them—never dying,
After the orthodox style;—with pious Dante vying.

(*They all descend with ghostly shouts of exultation.*)

(Otto *re-establishes the lamp.*)

Hans (*after a pause*).—Were those the Ghosts of Socialists?
Dr. Kob.—No doubt.
Franz. —And therefore Democrats.
Lucas. —And Regicides.

(*The flame of the lamp gradually softens to a mild roseate gleam, and the bland Apparition of Robert Owen slowly comes forward.*)

Spirit of Robert Owen.

My friends!—let me so call you, for I am friendly
To all men—even irrational men like you—
So utterly lost to sense and a right knowledge
Of social things, that I find greater cause
To be your friend in this your present need.
All that you think—and let me frankly say,
Your whole mind, spring and current of your thoughts—
Are radically wrong, and of no use;
Rather the opposite, since they retard
The natural course of manly Socialism,
Which ye, misunderstanding, quite invert,
Uproot, disorganise, capsize, destroy,
And make both monstrous and ridiculous,
As though mad schoolboys dipped their heads in blood,
And tried to dance feet upwards. Pray be patient,
And bear with me if I offend your ears
By my plain speaking. Some have probably
Been under-educated; or, like the Doctor
Been wrongly educated—first by fools,
Next by themselves. The powerful influence
Of old, unwise, unsocial circumstances
Have ruined you; while, had you turned your minds
To my sound Rational System of Society,
Ye had been valuable citizens of the world,
Scorning the folly of your present ways.
For what are kings but men with troubles crown'd,
Born 'midst the earth's unreasonable paths,
And crazy round of conflicts to no end:
They are but like their fathers, and must be so
Until they change the system of their rule—
As I have pointed out to several kings.
Therefore to kill one is but to bring forth
A younger and more energetic hand
To do what ye denounce. But very soon—
In a few years—'tis certain kings will be
Among my best disciples, and they know it.
One day I said to the Emperor of the Russias,
"You see, Sir, how dissatisfied men are,
And what your dangers are. Your dynasty
Has had more regicides than 'twould be kind
To specify; but all these useless crimes
Will cease at once when royal minds adopt
The Rational Scheme I offer! And the Czar
Smiled as he bent his ear to all my words;
And he express'd himself as sensibly

In his reply as one could well expect
From any man grown up and educated
'Midst circumstances so insane—poor man!
He is not the only King I have convinced!
It is the only way to save their crowns.
Sceptres will point the way to education,
Wherefrom we shall have peace, with wealth and wisdom,
Through our New Social System—O, blest hour!
Therefore, my friends, go to your quiet homes—
Your blades and barrels in your gardens bury;
And write this epitaph above the mound—
"Here rest for ever murderous Folly's tools!"

(*The Shade of the Philanthropist softly fades away.*)

DR. KOBOLD *rises to speak, when a noise outside is heard, and a cry of "Polizei! Polizei!"*

(*The Regicides all make a dash for a private door, but a struggling jam taking place, several of them escape through a back window.*)

NOTES AND REMINISCENCES.

By the late W. H. Harrison.

(Continued from Vol. I. page 712.)

THE DUKE OF SUSSEX

Was famous for having the finest collection of old Bibles and tobacco pipes in Europe. Sir Henry Ellis, of the British Museum, was a great avourite with him in general, but H.R.H. would occasionally "take tiff," and in these fits of pique always ignored Sir Henry's christian name and called him "Sir Ed-dard." Sir Henry once dined at the Duke's, meeting Captain Marryat, whom H.R.H. introduced as "his friend who had been engaged in one hundred and twenty-eight actions" (I am not quite sure as to the number). In the course of the dinner the Duke, by way of making conversation, asked Marryat where he got some curious article which he had presented to the Duke. "Oh!" said the Captain, "I met a sailor with it, and gave him a knock on the side of his head and took it from him." There was a quiet modest little clergyman at table who was heard to say, "And was that, Captain Marryat, one of your hundred and twenty-eight actions?" Forgetful of the Royal presence the Captain flew into a furious passion with the poor parson, who had no idea that his mild joke would have produced such an explosion, and was really greatly distressed; so much so, that when coffee was served in the gallery he begged the Duke to make his peace with the exasperated hero. This, I believe, was with some difficulty effected. The Duke appears to have been the only one of the sons of George III. who extended anything like encouragement to literary and scientific men, or cared to have them about his person. Sir Henry always spoke of him as a very kind man,

ROYAL VISITS TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

I am indebted to my friend Sir Henry Ellis for these anecdotes, for the truth of which he was able to vouch.

Queen Charlotte sent one of her household to arrange for her visit to this wonder of the world, and when he had settled preliminaries, he desired to be shown through the rooms which Her Majesty would pass. When he was conducted through the gallery of Greek and Roman antiquities, which the Queen specially desired to see, he exclaimed "O, this will never do! Her Majesty will be shocked beyond measure. Can nothing be done?" The authorities, after a long consultation, sent for a tinman in Oxford-street, and gave him an order for the requisite number of tin fig-leaves which were to be painted green. It unfortunately happened that the Queen arrived before the whole of the order was

executed, and the only resource in such a dilemma was to tie on the fig leaves to as many statues on each side as there were leaves, and as Her Majesty passed a statue the fig-leaf was detached and carried further down the line, and this was so dexterously managed by persons stationed behind each line of statues that Her Majesty's delicacy was preserved from the shock it would otherwise have sustained.

In later days her present Majesty Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort paid the existing building a visit. While they were in the department now presided over by Professor Owen, the attention of the Royal pair was directed to an ichthyosaurus; which, it will be remembered, was displayed on the wall. Just at that moment Mr Kōnig entered the room, when Sir Henry presented him, as the then head of the department, to the Queen and the Prince. The latter, whose ear was struck by the German name, desired to know from whence in Germany he came, and asked "From what part?" Kōnig, supposing the inquiry to refer, not to himself but to the fossil, replied "From the blue lias at Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire, your Royal Highness." Sir Henry said that the Queen was especially diverted at the *mal apropos* reply, and laughed heartily.

Some years ago the King of Saxony came on a visit to Queen Victoria, and was of course shown all the lions, among which was included, of course, the British Museum. There was one object, I forget which, though Sir Henry mentioned it at the time, which the King wished to examine, and a chair was brought to him that he might do so more conveniently. His Majesty appeared to be an unusually long time examining the object, and at last one of the gentlemen approached him, and discovered that the King was fast asleep, doubtless tired out by the rapidity with which he was taken from sight to sight lest he should miss any worth visiting. He might well exclaim in the words of the Haynes Bayley ballad

From place to place they hurry me.

JUSTICE HALIBURTON—SAM SLICK.

Although I had often met him on public occasions, and once was in the unenviable position of having to speak after him at a grand dinner at Stationers' Hall, and that on a toast to which I had supposed he would have had to respond, I first made his personal acquaintance at a large outdoor party in the lovely grounds of Mr W. S. Lindsay, of Shepperton Manor. Rural sports formed a part of the programme for the edification of the rustics, and I was greatly amused by the deep interest taken by the Justice (who, with myself and Sir Fenwick Williams, of Kars, were together on the spot), in the contest for a pig, the prize of the man who could cross an arm of the Thames, which ran into the grounds, on a soaped pole. I think I hear him say "Now that fellow's going to do it."

He told me that he was at the hotel at the Falls at Niagara at the time when Blondin was about to cross them on a rope with a man on his back. The Prince of Wales was there at the time, but with right good taste and feeling refused to witness the exhibition. A tall lanky American was pointed out to Haliburton as the man who was to be carried, and who was lounging in front of the hotel evidently under the influence of drink. The Justice ventured to suggest to the man that he was scarcely in a fit state for the experiment, to which the other said that he had screwed

up his courage to the sticking point and it was very unfair in the other to damp his spirits. Haliburton turned away, and strolled away from the hotel; and about half an hour afterwards a turn in the road brought Blondin and his living burthen full upon his view. The justice told me that, although he would not on any account have gone to witness the exploit, he was so fascinated by the sudden spectacle that he could not withdraw his gaze, but continued to watch their progress with the most painfully absorbing interest. Once one of the *gyes*—the small ropes extended from the great one across the river to the shore—gave way, and produced a visible vibration. Blondin knelt down on the rope, under his load, until the vibration ceased, and then successfully completed his perilous task.

Haliburton was once persuaded to take a Turkish bath, and his description to me of his sufferings while under the manipulations of the attendant was very rich. He was always, in my recollection, stout, and latterly he grew so corpulent that he was induced to try the Banting system; and I never met him that he did not tell me of the success of the experiment, informing me how much he had diminished in girth; and on the last occasion he mentioned to me in great triumph that he could pick up his spectacles.

He was dining one day with the Leander Club at the Star and Garter at Putney. It was a fine day in summer, and the window towards the river immediately over the towpath was open. The Justice was returning thanks for the toast to his health; and, being interrupted by the loud barking of a dog, paused, and said that when the member for *Bark*-shire had finished his speech, he (the Justice) would finish his.

He sat in Parliament for some time for a Cornish borough, but he used to complain to me of the late hours which his duties obliged him to keep. He was a fine genial specimen of an English gentleman, and had a warm heart. I was speaking to him of a common acquaintance, and mentioned that he was an old friend: "Cherish him then," said the Justice; "for there are no new friends like old ones."

His after-dinner speeches were remarkable for their raciness and rich humour. I remember his returning thanks at a dinner in Stationers' Hall, in his character as "the Clockmaker." He was the strongest Tory of my acquaintance, and made no secret of his politics.

A QUARTER OF AN HOUR TOO LATE.

I was on the point of quitting my office to keep a dinner engagement with my friend Admiral (then Lieutenant) Allen, when a gentleman mentioned the death of a literary man of some eminence, by which a rather valuable and important editorship became vacant. I knew that many competitors would be in the field; but, on the mere chance, I immediately wrote a letter to the publishers, offering myself for the post. It then occurred to me, it being Saturday, that they would not get my letter until Monday; and, therefore, although it would make me late for dinner, I trusted to the indulgence of my gallant friend, and took my letter to the publishers myself. They were both out, but I saw their managing man; and, explaining to him the purport of my letter, asked him to tell me if the appointment had been made. He assured me it had not. I then repaired to my friend's, and arrived

a quarter of an hour too late. I explained the cause, and he drank success to my application. On Monday I had a note from the publishers requesting to see me, and stating that they would explain to me how they were circumstanced with regard to the editorship. I went, and, to my great surprise, they put the papers of the deceased editor into my hands, and gave me the appointment, which I held for six years.

ON THE HOME CIRCUIT.

Some of the brightest hours of my life were spent on the Circuit, either at Guildford or Croydon, whither, for many years, at the Summer Assizes I was invited by my dear and fast friend Patrick Colquhoun, and where I had a hearty welcome from the brother barristers with whom he set up housekeeping on these occasions, and very nice housekeeping it was. I shall always remember, with the profoundest gratitude, the care and devoted attention I experienced from these young men, on whom I can pronounce no higher eulogy than adducing the fact that, with but one or two exceptions, they were all raised to the bench either at home or in the colonies. Our breakfasts were not late ones, as my friends had to attend the courts. Luncheon was laid about one o'clock, and remained on the table for an hour or two; but at seven we were all expected to assemble at dinner. I should mention, however, that we were early risers, the whole party bathing before breakfast, except myself; nevertheless, I always went with them, and was called, in consequence, the "Companion of the Bath." Among the party one summer was Morgan John O'Connell, the nephew of the agitator, and son of John O'Connell. He had the ready wit of his country in a remarkable degree. We were walking by the *Wey* one day when an Oxford graduate, a Mr. White, who had a taste for botany, plucked a flower (*Balsamum impatiens*) from the river, remarking that "it was a rare plant." "It is an out of the *Wey* one, at any rate," was the instantaneous reply. Speaking of Charles Dickens, he remarked, "He is more intolerant than the Puritanism he denounces. He sees only the scum thrown by the system to the surface, and which is bitter to the taste and unpleasant to look at; and does not see the under-current of good which it hides." We were talking of Louis Napoleon, some of us agreeing that it was not to his interest to invade England, and that it would be his *last* card. "True," said O'Connell; "but, as we do in Ireland sometimes, he may play his *last* card *first*." He told us a story of a duel, premising, what I knew already, that duels in Ireland in former years were commonly attended by a crowd of spectators, the affair to come off being no secret, and the police, if any existed, never thinking of interference. The result was fatal, and the survivor was, of course, brought to trial for his life, and the judge in summing up concluded by saying, "Gentlemen of the Jury, I am bound in justice to the prisoner to say that it was the fairest duel I ever saw in my life."

He quoted a story from Sir Frank Barrington which is worth repeating, if it be only as a specimen of the style of that renowned *raconteur*. Two Irishmen were returning from mowing, with their scythes on their shoulders, when one of them saw a salmon in the river. "That's an *illigant* salmon under the bank there," said he. "That's true for you, Mick," said the other; wouldn't we *spare* him

with our scythe handles?" Pat made the experiment, and in doing so cut off his own head and his comrade's ear, both of which floated down the stream until they were stopped by the mill dam. "Tare an 'ouns, Masther!" exclaimed the miller's man, "here's a poor man has been kelt and murthered — who can he be?" "Oh," replied the miller, "sure 'twill be aisy enough to identify a man with *three ears!*"

At the commencement of the assize the bathers borrowed a ladder, which they let down into the river, by the bank, for the convenience of landing, the part of the river in which they bathed being nearly a mile from the town. On the last morning of the assize the ladder was withdrawn, placed on two sticks, and thus borne by four of the party; while one, which on the occasion referred to was myself, stalked in front of the procession with a towel, by way of tabard, in the character of herald, O'Connell bringing up the rear and enacting the chief mourner, while another of the party chanted a solemn dirge, which he did in a remarkably rich bass. As we neared the town the tabard was discarded, but the order of procession was otherwise preserved, and the dirge continued *sotto voce*. Much eloquence was wasted in the endeavour to persuade me to "take a header," backed by the assurance that if I got into difficulty they would have me out in a moment; indeed, one of them requested me as a personal favour to take the plunge, in order that he might save me and get the Humane Society's medal.

Much of my time was spent in the court, and I was much interested by occasional passages of arms between counsel and witness. Here is an instance in which the former endeavoured to elicit a fact from a Dorking innkeeper, the most coolly impracticable character I ever met with:

Counsel: The horse which was taken from the common was afterwards sold to the plaintiff?

Witness: Was it? (With the minutest possible note of interrogation after the word.)

Counsel: And this occurred in the month of August, 1857?

Witness: You say so. I didn't.

Counsel: When the horse was taken back to his companion, did they know each other? (A laugh.)

Adverse Counsel: My learned friend means—Did they kiss and hug each other?

The Counsel, Montagu Chambers, gave up the Dorking Boniface as impracticable.

The following was reported to me as having occurred in another court:

Counsel: And when, do you say, did this happen?

Witness: Three years since.

Counsel: Why, you told me just now that it was only a year and a half.

Witness: Did I? Then I'll stick to it.

Judge: Could the horse, which is the subject of this action, draw?

Witness (A bucolic but shrewd one): *Draa?* Bless your heart, my lord, he wouldn't *draa* a sprat off a gridiron.

Edwin James was inapproachable at an operation on a roguish or refractory witness. Hawkins was a great ally of his; and, therefrom had acquired the title of James the Second. They were bathing one morning, and while in the water a rampant bull came from the other end of the meadow and mounted guard over their clothes, which they were unable to regain until some rustics came to the rescue.

Among the privileges I owed to the kindness of my forensic friends was admission to the hospitalities

of the bar mess. On one occasion, at Guildford, I sat between Serjeant Shee and Mr. Montague Chambers. The latter gave us "The British Grenadiers," with its refrain of "Tow, row, row," in grand style. Edwin James sang "The Fine Old English Gentleman" more beautifully than I ever heard it sung. Mr. Hawkins has a voice like a bell, and inexpressively sweet. Relieved from the dry duties of the court, my learned hosts were like boys just let out of school, and were as playful as colts, and the evening was a very brilliant one.

One of the company informed me, that on a recent occasion a learned gentleman began a story, but before he had proceeded far he was interrupted by "Swear him." Accordingly a bottle was presented to him, on which he was to be sworn. To this he objected, on the ground that it was empty. The objection was gravely argued, and finally pronounced to be valid, and the gentleman was accordingly sworn upon a *full* bottle.

SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, LORD CHIEF BARON.

My introduction to this distinguished scholar and judge was in this wise. I had gone down to Croydon to spend the day and dine with Patrick Colquhoun, then on the Home Circuit, and was taken by him into the Civil Court then sitting. It was much crowded, and not being able to find me a comfortable seat, he sent up a slip of paper to the judge, the Lord Chief Baron, with a request that "his friend might be raised to the bench." A bright smile passed over the face of the judge as he nodded assent, and I was accordingly presented to his lordship by my friend. Sir Frederick rose from the bench, and meeting me at the end of it, said, "Colquhoun is coming to dine with me to-day, will you come too?" I said I should be very proud indeed to do so, but that I had no evening dress with me, only a frock-coat. "Never mind your frock-coat; come." Accordingly, accompanied by my friend, on the breaking up of the court, I repaired to the "Judges' lodgings," a fine house and lovely grounds a short distance out of the town; and on entering the drawing room, was received by the Chief Baron, who presented me to his daughter, Miss Mary Pollock, as a gentleman who wished to apologise for coming in a frock-coat; adding, "If it will put him more at his ease, I will put on a frock-coat too." It was a small but very charming party, consisting, I think, of eight, including the judge and his daughter, Serjeant Channell, who was assisting as judge *pro hac vice* in the Crown Court, a barrister of the name of Clarke, Colquhoun, and myself. After dinner the judge, *apropos* of the subject of conversation, quoted twenty lines from Pope with wonderful feeling and effect. This led to quotations from others of the company, myself included, and then the Chief Baron quoted a long passage from Hudibras, in which he ran the lines so into one another as to disguise the rhyme and give it the semblance of blank heroic verse.

The next time I had the pleasure of seeing Sir Frederick was at the Guildford Assizes, I think in the following summer, when I was again "raised to the bench," and as soon as I had taken my seat, was invited to dinner on that day. It was a very lovely day, and the "judges' lodgings" were the rectory about half a mile out of Guildford, in very beautiful grounds. Instead of going into the drawing room we were received on the lawn. The guests were the

Rev. Mr. and Lady Maria Bender, the daughter of the Earl of Waldegrave, Mr. Willes (afterwards Justice of the Court of Common Pleas), the same Mr. Clarke whom I had met at Croydon, Colquhoun, and two sons of the Chief Baron. The colleague of the latter, Justice Sir William Erle was there in his own right. I think I have now before me the dear old Chief Baron pacing up and down the lawn with Lady Maria on his arm, a picture of venerable age and graceful youth. The lady sat in the middle of the table, with a judge on each side of her. The Chief Baron had wonderful tact, invaluable in a host, of drawing out his guests; and before the soup was removed he asked me a question which he knew by some sort of instinct that I could talk upon. *Apropos* of the soup, which was real turtle, the Chief Baron inquired of Sir William (who was going to the Old Bailey Sessions, or had recently been there) whether the turtle soup served to the judges there was as good. "Well," said Erle, "I never enjoy the turtle soup at the Old Bailey; it seems to be flavoured with the sighs and groans of the condemned prisoners."

The trial and acquittal of the woman (formerly a nurse of the Queen) for the murder of her six children had just taken place, the ground of acquittal being, as is well known, the insanity of the prisoner. The judge who tried her (Sir William) had summed up against the plea, and he repeated at table his opinion that she was of sound mind when she committed the act. The presumption, however, is that he was wrong, for the woman subsequently destroyed herself while under confinement in the asylum to which she had been consigned for her life. I asked Sir William his opinion of the new law of evidence in civil cases which had just come into operation, under which the evidence of both plaintiff and defendant was taken. He said he thought the change a great improvement, adding that he wished that it had been extended to criminal cases; and in support of his view, he told us that he had once tried two men for highway robbery, the evidence of which appeared to be perfect, and they were found guilty and sentenced to fifteen years transportation. An exclamation from one of the prisoners, as he was removed by the turnkey, struck Sir William as being remarkable, and to point to a fact which had not come out in the course of trial. Upon this the judge sent to the prisoners' attorney and the counsel who defended them, desiring them to come up to his lodgings in the evening, and bring the papers with them. The result of this and further investigation was that it was shown that, although the stolen property was found upon them, and that they were in company with the thieves at the time, they did not actually commit the robbery. Sir William was therefore rewarded for his benevolent sagacity by the pleasure of reducing the term of imprisonment to a year or two. I was much fascinated by his manner and conversation; there was benevolence in his voice and look; and I never met with anyone on whom he had not made a like impression. He was a bachelor, delighting in horse exercise, and very fond of his horses. Indeed, the Court was no sooner up than he might be seen taking his anteprandial ride; and often, when the Courts were sitting in London, have I met him, about nine in the morning, on horseback in the neighbourhood of the obelisk, with his groom behind him. He rode heavily, and leaned over his horse's neck, so as to render the

least false step of his steed very dangerous.

I sat next to the Chief Baron in the course of the evening, and had some very interesting talk with him. He told me that he was at Trinity (Cambridge) with Porson and Lord Byron, and added that the former, when Pollock came out senior wrangler of his year, urged him to embrace literature as a profession. "But," said the Chief Baron, "I had no money, and must adopt a less precarious means of living."

The Chief Baron must at that time have been verging upon eighty; but Time did not seem to have told upon either his mental or physical powers. The brilliancy and originality of his remarks, and his personal activity, were wonderful. In the course of that evening a lawyer's clerk arrived to say that a cause which was the last on the list, and had been set down for the next day, and was likely to last three or four, had been settled out of course, thus at once releasing the Chief Baron from his labours; and his lordship manifested his delight by "polkaing" three times round the drawing room until he was nearly out of breath.

Before we parted for the evening the Chief Baron was so kind as to *stipulate* with me, as he graciously termed it, that, whenever he was on the Home Summer Circuit, I should come down and dine with him, and "help him to try causes;" and many a pleasant day have I passed on the bench by his side, enjoying his *sotto voce* remarks, and admiring his wonderful sagacity. I remember, in a particular cause, there was a fact which, although strongly suspected, did not come out in evidence. "Hand me up that order book," said the judge. After turning over about two-thirds of the leaves, he put his finger upon one, and said, "There was a letter about that; where is it?" After some search and conference among the barristers and attorneys, a letter was produced which supplied the missing link in the evidence. When the trial was over, I asked Sir Frederick how he knew about that letter. "Well," he replied, "I did not *know* about it; but I had a shrewd guess at its existence." Again, there was a cause which involved a question of the direction of a drain, which one of the witnesses was attempting to describe. The Chief Baron took a sheet of foolscap, and, with a broad-nibbed quill pen, made a diagram, and held it up to the witness. "Is that the sort of thing?" inquired the judge. "Not quite," said the witness; "there were curves in it." With two dashes of his pen, the judge held it up again to the witness, who exclaimed at once, "Exactly, my lord." I expressed to Sir Frederick my surprise at the readiness with which he had made the diagram, when he said, "Oh, it is quite in my way," and, taking another sheet of paper, he drew, without any instrument, a series of circles, intersected by straight lines, as accurately as many would have done them with rule and compasses.

Once, at the end of an unusually long and tedious trial, I expressed to my kind friend my wonder at the patience with which he had listened to the "damnable iteration" of counsel and witness. "Ah, my friend," said the judge, "you don't know the pleasure of eliciting truth, which it is the business of some of these gentlemen (pointing to the bar) to distort or conceal." On another occasion, while one of the counsel was *pooh-poohing* the entire of certain evidence adduced, the Chief

Baron said, in an *aside* to me, "But that is the point, though!" and so it proved.

It happened on one occasion of my dining with Sir Frederick I had been repeating to one of his daughters in the drawing room a story which Sir Henry Ellis had recently related to me regarding a matrimonial quarrel between a nobleman and his wife, the result being a separation by deed. It was a subject of much gossip in the fashionable circles at the time, and I asked Sir Henry if he knew what was the *casus belli*. His explanation was that his lordship, being subject to cold feet, took a bottle of water to bed with him, and her ladyship kicked the cork out. Miss Pollock laughed heartily at the story, when the Chief Baron, turning round, inquired, "What's the joke?" I repeated the tale, and then put it to his lordship as a judge whether it was a legitimate cause for the separation. Sir Frederick, after reflecting with a very judicial countenance for a few seconds, replied that on mature consideration, and speaking as a judge, he thought it was.

IRISH SPARKS.

I remember a Trinity College (Dublin) story of a student, who having to translate Cæsar, rendered the first sentence, "Omnis Gallia divisa est in partes tres," "All Gaul is quartered into three halves." At the same time I was told of one of the undergraduates of the same college amusing himself with a mirror, by throwing the reflection of the sun's rays on the heads of the Dons as they crossed the quod, for which he was summoned before the authorities, who, however, were puzzled to find a name for the offence, until one of them suggested "casting reflections on the heads of the college."

SCOTTISH HEROISM.

Jerdan related to me that he one day witnessed at Haslar Hospital the operation of extracting a ball from a sailor, who had received it in an attempt to cut out some vessels from a French port. During the painful process, the poor fellow never uttered a groan, but once exclaimed to the surgeon, "Saftly, saftly over the stanes." When the ball was extracted he asked to look at it. Taking it in his hand he gazed at it wistfully for a few moments, and then said, "Nae sma' dust of a ba' this! but it shall gang back to them." A quarter of an hour afterwards the poor fellow was a corpse.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

I never saw him but on one occasion, when he called at the house of a friend with whom I had been dining. I was much struck by his appearance, and perfectly charmed by the unstudied eloquence of his talk. I could have listened to him for hours. John Knox was among the subjects discussed, and was highly eulogised by Carlyle. I admitted that he was a great man in his time, but alleged that he was a persecutor. "Yes, sir," was the rejoinder, "he persecuted the devil and all his servants." "True," I said, Mr. Carlyle, "and sometimes mistook the livery." Either my reply was so stupid that he did not see the point, or there was no point to see, or he did not like the contradiction.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

Jerdan told me that he was once at the printing office of the *Literary Gazette*, where Mr. Rogers's "Jacqueline" was being printed. Glancing through some sheets Jerdan noticed some imperfect rhymes, and pointed them out to

the printer, who, in turn, mentioned them to Rogers. The poet cancelled every page in which they occurred. He was a wonderful polisher, as was Basil Hall, whose printer told me that the corrections of his proofs cost more than the composition of the type. A gentleman of great literary celebrity, and who was a frequent guest at Rogers's breakfasts, told me that on one occasion the poet referred to the following lines as the best he had ever written:

> "Long," he exclaimed, "long may such goodness live,
> 'Twas all he gave—'twas all he had to give."

"I was in bed," added Rogers, "when I made them, and I put my hands outside on the counterpane and treated myself to three rounds of applause. Rogers had a reputation for saying disagreeable things; and, I am told, alleged in defence of the practice, that if he said clever things in society no one listened to him, whereas if he said bitter things, the company was all attention. I heard of an instance in point. He was dining at Holland House when Lady Holland remarked to him, that "there was nothing worth living for in the world." "Did you ever try to do any good in it, Lady Holland?" rejoined Rogers. I was never at his house, but his breakfast gatherings must have been charming. I have heard that his dinners were showy and splendid, but I believe not frequent. It is said that Moore and other guests complained of paucity of wine, and that they adjourned to a tavern to finish the evening; but when the *anacreonism* of the bard is taken into account, the complaint is very likely to have originated in the fact that the host knew when his guests had had enough and they did not. It was also said of him that he was close in money matters, an assertion which is somewhat contradicted by the fact which came under my personal knowledge, of his having advanced to a poor author to set him up in a business, three hundred pounds, which he must have known he should never see again. Rogers had a singularly formed head, and a *memento mori* expression of countenance; and it is reported of him that when he visited the catacombs at Paris, the janitor, as the poet was going out, exclaimed in a tone of pathetic remonstrance, "*You* are not going to leave us?" I saw him at the Royal Academy a short time before the accident which crippled him for the remainder of his life, and was much struck by his light step and almost jaunty air. His exquisite taste was in no instance more distinguished than in the illustrations from Turner and Stothard, of his "Italy," and "Poems," engraved with a care and delicacy never surpassed in the history of the art.

ROBERT BELL,

Novelist, dramatist, critic, and journalist, a very extraordinary, though much underrated man. His "Wayside Pictures" is one of the most charming books I ever met with. I read it long before I made his acquaintance. The committee of the Literary Fund had been for a series of years attacked, at their annual meetings, by a party of which Mr. Charles Wentworth Dilke, grandfather of *Citizen* Dilke, was the head. At last, on the eve of the annual meeting of the 10th March, 1858, there was circulated among the members of the corporation at large, a pamphlet entitled "The Case of the Reformers in the Literary Fund, stated by Charles W. Dilke, Charles Dickens, and John Forster," in which was a string of grave charges against the

General Committee of Management. Bell, who had joined the committee in 1851, took great interest in the affairs of the society, and, seeing the importance of meeting these charges, thoroughly mastered its history, and undertook to answer the allegations of the reformers, which he did, dealing with the charges *seriatim*. The result was that the motion of censure founded on the pamphlet was negatived by the general body, the numbers being 70 to 14. Professor Whewell, who had been invited to attend by the opposing party, said, as he was quitting the room, in reference to the reformers' pamphlet, "He has torn it to tatters;" and some years afterwards Dr. Whewell, referring to the meeting, said to me that Mr. Bell's reply was "the most complete refutation he had ever heard." We have no right to impugn the motives of the three "reformers," but I suspect the truth to be that Messrs. Dickens and Forster trusted to Dilke for their facts, and he blundered egregiously. The committee were never molested again on the score of their management. The last time I saw Bell, I called at his house, York-street, Portman-square, on the evening of the day on which he underwent an operation on the sole of his foot, performed under the *freezing* process, my object being to know how he was after it, and not intending to go beyond the street door. He, however, insisted on seeing me, and then pleaded so hard for my staying to dine with him, that I could not refuse. He was in wonderful spirits, and I passed a charming evening; but the relief was not lasting, and he shortly afterwards fell a victim to the disease. He was a most delightful companion, and had a most musical voice; which, I well remember, during the whole of his defence of the management of the Literary Fund, notwithstanding interruptions, was never once raised above its ordinary pitch. A few days before the battle came off, he was pointing out the formidable character of the opposition, but he added, "By the blessing of God, we will beat them yet." It was a most remarkable literary quarrel, and its history would be a curious one; but it must not be written until the combatants are in their graves.

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM (Thomas Ingoldsby),

Was as witty and entertaining in his conversation as in his celebrated "Legends;" and he had a wonderful faculty of pouring oil on the troubled waters of a stormy meeting by some adroitly introduced joke which was irresistible. I met him one foggy November day, and asked him how he was, "O not well at all," was his reply, "I have a nasty wheezing cold. I feel as if I had a chest full of penny whistles." He told me he was at the first meeting of the Archæological Society, which took place at Canterbury, under the presidency of Lord Albert Conyngham, afterwards Lord Londesborough, and at which some discussion arose with reference to the state of the cathedral. The architect, who was a very little man, and, though quite competent to his duties, was a little behind his age in educational acquirements, got up to explain, when the chairman, who could scarcely discern him, remarked that the gentleman had better rise. "I am riz, my lord," exclaimed the little man, rising on tiptoe, and craning his neck.

I had occasion once to ascertain if the office of "Confessor to the Household," which I had seen in a not very old "Red Book," was still in existence, and, if so, I pre-

sumed it was a sinecure. I put the question to Barham in a note, to which he replied that "it now goes by the more Protestant title of Chaplain to the Household. It is not a sinecure, the duties being to read early prayers at the Chapel Royal, and, I believe, to christen the children of the maids of honour." He told me of a meeting at the "Garrick," of a few gentlemen for the purpose of drawing up some manifesto. Barham was present, as was also a certain nobleman, the son of a Duke, who had recently published a novel, in which readers familiar with Walter Scott and G. P. R. James met with passages which they thought they had read before, and the reviewers unfortunately made a like discovery, and were ill-natured enough to note the circumstance. It was a question with the printer at the Garrick who should draw up the paper. "O," said Barham, "my lord, of course, he is the literary man of the party," when some allusion was made to his lordship's novel, and the beautiful passages with which it abounded; whereupon the author said it was all the fault of those abominably careless printers in omitting to place inverted commas before and after the passages quoted. Barham said, "When your lordship prints a second edition, if you will only put inverted commas before the beginning of the first chapter, and another pair immediately before *Finis*, it would obviate all mistake."

When Archdeacon Hale first came into office, he set Barham to make many reformations in the City churches, which were never carried out. Barham, Croly, and myself, were discussing the subject one Sunday, when Barham remarked, "Hale is like a man, who, entering a well-furnished room, looks around it and says, 'This is all wrong—this must be altered,' and, previously to re-arrangement, he puts it 'all into the middle of the room,' and," added Barham, "he leaves it in the middle of the room, and it is in the middle of the room now." Barham had heard of the perpetration of some job by a member of a committee to which they both belonged, and characterised it by the epithet it deserved. This coming to the party's ears, he complained that a member of the committee had designated the deed in question as an *atrocious* job. "No," said Barham, "I called it an *outrageous* job; but *atrocious* is so much more applicable that I beg to withdraw my epithet, and to adopt yours." I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word! . . . Not long before his death I wrote to ask him to dinner. In reply, he excused himself, alleging that he was not able to leave his room, suffering under, he said, "the not very pleasant sensation of slow hanging." It was a bronchial disease, of which he died. He was a Minor Canon of St. Paul's, contemporary with Sidney Smith, with whom he was on the best terms, as such congenial spirits would be.

THREE MAIDEN SISTERS.

"——Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum."—OVID.

Where the sun shines brightest
All the summer day,
Where the air is lightest,
Earliest blooms the May;
Where the cuckoo's softest
Notes at eve are heard
In sweet answer, oft as
Calls her lover-bird,

Dwell three maids, the rarest
That your eyes may see,
Brightest, best and fairest;
Sisters are the three,
Sisters that no lover
Yet by love disparts—
What youth can discover
How to gain their hearts?

Maud is tall and stately,
Pale browed, hair like coal,
Large black eyes, that greatly
Move the gazer's soul.
Grace is light and airy,
Gay and debonnair,
Agile as a fairy,
Fresh as mountain air.

Rose is like the morning,
With its ruddy dyes;
Vainly comes the warning
To shun her beaming eyes.
Winning as fair witches
On Walpurgis night,
Pure as saints in niches,
Are those sisters bright.

Like, yet differing ever
  As triple hues of light,
Diverse while yet they sever,
  But, joining, turned to white;
Or, as three bell-tones, chiming,
  Divergent till they meet,
Blent in harmonious timing,
  Grow into concord sweet.

Would you know the dwelling
  Where those sisters dwell?—
Ah! that would be telling,
  And I never tell.
But, in breezy weather,
  At the morning's rise,
I meet them on the heather
  With bees and butterflies:

And when shadeless moonlight
  Fills the aureat air
In the glorious June light
  Of midsummer fair,
I see them in cool grotto
  By bubbling fountain brims,
Like sylvan group that Watteau
  With wondrous pencil limns:

And when autumn daylight
  Fades from out the sky,
Like fays beneath the pale light
  Their flitting forms I spy.
Then, as those forms and faces
  Through the gloaming move,
I dream of Christian graces—
  Of Faith and Hope and Love.

John Francis Waller.

A PARISIAN PAGAN.

At the time when Victor Hugo was young, literature in France seems to have begun an era that will long remain remarkable for its energy in throwing off ancient shackles, its high vitality, and bright artistic effect. New slides are being inserted now in the magic lantern of the Parisian Bohemia; and the old romantic figures are fading in a soft dissolving view—all save Victor Hugo, who refuses to be effaced.

Freedom, too, is not so rare an exotic nowadays as it was in Paris at the beginning of the period of which we have spoken. The mind may move now with less constraint and in a larger air. The works that were the life drops of the struggling advocates of the outspeaking minority of the *Romantiques* are now become almost classics. Paris prints them in the most exquisite typography on *papier de Hollande* or "Whatman," and they are sold at prices such as are only obtained in England through the neoteric offices of a circulating library. Paris is as artistic in the external clothing of the choice productions of her sons as were those bright spirits who first gave birth to the ideas in their exquisite poetic raiment.

The living Victor Hugo naturally towers over the fading phantoms who once were in such loving brotherhood with him. He has not brooked to remain in any Grub-street, however æsthetic, but has stood up eminent in *la haute politique*, has pitted himself against a dynasty, and, having been an exile for principle, is now wearing the crown of honour without fear in his own land.

But, in spite of the magnitude of the shadow of Victor Hugo, we cannot forget Théophile Gautier, poet, critic, and pagan. It may seem paradoxical to style a man pagan who clung ever to a city. But Paris was Gautier's village; the joy of Paris was his joy; and, if her life had any simplicity, it was his too. Those who would study French literature of his period cannot dispense with his aid. Be the monstrous humours and mystical grand absurdities of Balzac the subject of consideration, Gautier has depicted them with sympathetic appreciation, and yet with so perfect a faithfulness, that not one ridiculous or pathetic element is omitted. With him for our guide, we feel indeed as if we were eye-witnesses of actual life; by-standers, and not mere students at second-hand. Be it a morbid poet, like Baudelaire, concerning whom we would learn, Gautier has penetrated the soul of his weaknesses, and, with a hand like a woman's, brings his nature into our view, gently, so as not to wrong or hurt him. Are we inquisitive with regard to Gérard de Nerval's languors, or Madame de Girardin's playfulness, or Henri Murger's eccentric pauperism, or concerning the plots of the chief dramatists of France, or the songs of her chief poets?—Gautier will be found to have treated of them all with the

preciseness of a Sainte-Beuve, and with a mother's insight and sympathy.

Gautier is at the best and highest level of his nature in criticism. In that branch of literature, which he persistently followed, although his poetical nature at times rebelled, he is always true and sincere; and his deficiency in moral sense does not affect him so injuriously there as in writings which necessitate his throwing more of himself into his work. In criticism he is a mirror that by some magic means is a spectrum as well, and divides the qualities of those whom it reflects, by hair breadths into the most exquisite of *nuances*.

Gautier is also a rare and refined poet, a cultivated writer of travels, and a gifted author of novels and novelettes. As in his criticism he is most serious and at his best, so in romance he is most brilliant and at his worst.

The news of his death, which took place nearly six years ago, on the 23rd of October, 1872, touched with affectionate regret many who bore the utmost objection to a large part of his writings. But the variety and charm of his artistic conceptions, and the exquisite finish of his style, had insensibly attracted them, while the gentleness of his criticism of his fellows, and his tender Greek-like ways, disarmed the harshness of judgment upon his moral deficiencies and the injuriousness of his literary influence.

Théophile Gautier was born at Tarbes, a few miles north of the Pyrenees. Three dates of his birth are given by one of his biographers —1808 as the really correct one; 1814 as the date usually stated, and presumably under Gautier's inspiration; and 1811 as the date which at length he came to avow as the correct one, renouncing 1814, which would have made him fifteen only at the memorable date of the appearance of Victor Hugo's drama of "Hernani." It was the representation of this play that occasioned so fierce a strife between the old classicists and the young *Romantiques*, amongst the latter of which Gautier enthusiastically ranged himself, raising a more vigorous voice and shaking a more powerful fist than appertain to a boy of fifteen. Gautier came to Paris very young with his parents, and completed his studies at the Collége Charlemagne, where he met with Gérard de Nerval, afterwards a fellow-worker of his. At school the boy worked but little. Greek and Latin seemed to him to be superfluities in modern education; but, on the other hand, instead of performing his college exercises, he was wont to betake himself to the study of the older writers of France, and to employ himself in tracing out the sources and strength of the language. He was a great boy, strong and sensuous, enjoying a full supply of health and vitality, of which the due effect was produced in his after-life, in enabling his constitution to react from the peculiar morbidness which affects so many French poets of his time. A poet he became—"by accident," it is said. Carelessly neglecting his studies at the "Charlemagne," he was wont to repair to the museums to study plastic art, and there would spend hours in gazing in fascination upon certain paintings, and in swoons of admiration of certain statues. His critics appear to have forgotten that while from such contemplations might be derived a poetic as well as an artistic stimulus, neither faculty could be thence derived.

The youth soon began to attend an art school; and when the literary and artistic revolution to which we have already referred

began to announce itself, he enrolled himself as an intrepid partisan amongst the ranks of the party of revolt, and burned with the utmost ardour to make himself celebrated among them. But we are told, by the ill-natured critic known as Eugène de Mirecourt, he found it easy enough to arrange violent colours, but a very different matter to transport them adroitly to his canvas. So he said to himself, "Painting with the pen is more easy than with the brush;" and painting with the pen is the *métier* to which he has ever since adhered. His sketches, romances, poems—even his biographies—are pre-eminently word-paintings. He is a true artist in all his work, and endowed with marvellous knowledge and command of colour, form, and pictorial effect. We notice these powers especially when he re-tells old classical stories. Modern versions of these are generally in verse, as there is no novelty to make the matter attractive, and the composer must depend only on the charm of the style. Gautier's written pictures, however, are exquisite prose poems; every word bears its due colour to his canvas, every sentence has its due effect and relation to the whole. Those who would object to copying M. Gautier in his morals, his creed, or the matter of his poems and stories, might do well to bestow some careful study upon his manner. French story-tellers, as a rule, have a more finished, if not more forcible, style than English, and Gautier, as far as regards that perfection of form and completeness, is one of the kings of French romancists and poets. As to the matter of his stories, all responsible critics are very properly careful to warn off young minds from their perusal; in this they but follow M. Gautier himself, who, in one of his earlier productions, composes and applies to himself, and delights in applying to those literary friends who are after his own heart, the lines:

J'en previens les mères de famille,
Ce que j'écris n'est pas pour les petites filles,
Dont on coupe le pain en tartines—mes vers
Sont des vers de jeune homme.

The first critic to whom Gautier seriously submitted his poems was Sainte-Beuve. This was just half a century ago. It is quite possible that the decorous critic might not have agreed with all the sentiments expressed, though he was about that time something of an advocate of romanticism; but the strong mediæval language which the youth had learned from Ronsard, Marot, Sainte-Gelais, Malherbe, and other sixteenth-century minstrels and writers, immediately arrested his attention. He was charmed with the young man who had based his verse upon such sound traditions of language, and turn, and rhyme. "Bravo!" said he; "that is substantial poetry. Here is a man who carves in granite, and not in smoke." And he promised to introduce him the next day to Victor Hugo, who was then the leader of the *Romantiques*. So came about Gautier's adherence to the new school, as an apostle of whose doctrines his enormous fists, as we have said, were of much service in inspiring meddling classicists with awe. These days were quite as uproarious as the days which we may remember better of the production of "Rabagas" in Paris. The excitement in the latter case was political, in the former it was literary and artistic only; but the ideas involved in the contest went, perhaps, as deep into the lives of the combatants as any political feeling could penetrate. From the time we have

named, our young and ardent Théophile went heart and soul into the new doctrines, for which, if we are to believe the tradition that he learned at school more art than Latin, he was doubtless well fitted. As a disciple of the *Romantiques*, he thought it necessary to pile rhyme on rhyme, and to foster the growth upon his poll of a luxuriant forest of hair like night. Athletic admirers of Gautier may be interested in learning that this young *littérateur* is credited with having struck a blow upon a new "Turk's head" of five hundred and thirty-two livres, and that he stated afterwards that it was the proudest act of his life. Such was Gautier in his ardent and vigorous boyhood.

Gautier published his first volume of verse in 1830, at a time when the guns of the Parisians were firing daily and somewhat drowned the encouraging applause of his friends. "Albertus," his second poem, depicts the diabolic arts of Véronique, a hideous sorceress, who transforms herself into Venus, and attempts to seduce the hero, a hard-working young painter, who exasperates her by his indifference. When, after much terrible temptation by the sorceress, the youth gives way, there comes a sinister metamorphosis, and she returns to her hideous form of a depraved old crone; but Albertus is in her power, and is taken off bodily to spend his sabbath in the presence of Satan. In the midst of the horrid revelry he pronounces the name of God, when the scene vanishes, and he is found, torn and lifeless, on a lonely road near Rome. The idea here is not very new, but Gautier's forte is not the creation of ideas, but rather the making of old ones new by splendour of form and lustre of imagination. Where he cannot create, he can at least see in new and rare aspects. He can hold a magician's wand over an old theme, and recreate it in vivid hue of life. New ideas he was wont rather to abhor than otherwise; they seemed to him over-intimately connected with something called Progress, which was to him an abomination.

Gautier's idea of life, at least in his youth, appears to have been that of a grand, but lawless, Paganism, uncontrolled by any moral feeling, and owning allegiance only to beauty, or romance, or pleasure, or riches, or caprice. He is immoral, as is said, "with a shocking candour." He certainly sneers down all moralists in a surprising fashion; reproaches them for crying so violently against poor vice, which is so good-natured, so easy-going, that it only asks leave to amuse itself, and not bother other people. "What would you do without vice?" he asks of the preachers; "you would be reduced to mendicity to-morrow if we were to listen to you to-day." But Gautier's bark is worse than his bite; and he is rather to be termed unmoral than immoral. That is to say, if we take his whole sum of work into consideration; but at a certain stage of his career he seems to have fallen into an insane abyss of morbid voluptuousness, an unmanly helplessness in the presence of inebriating influences, that even the old poets of Rome would have shrunk from. Gautier's friends may claim for him sympathy, as a Pagan, unfortunately born among Goths; as a

> Dreamer of dreams, born out of his due time.

But even Catullus kept his head and intellect cool, above the sensual surges that he permitted to flow about his pen. He said:

> Nam castum esse decet pium poetam,
> Ipsum, versiculos nihil necesse est.

Catullus probably followed the

fashion of gay young poets of his time, in his verse. We, of course, do not see now how the second line of his excuse can be less stringently negatived than the first can be affirmed. Gautier follows the lead of Catullus when he says: "It is as absurd to call a man drunkard because he describes an orgy, as it is to pretend a man is virtuous because he has written a work on morals." This is very true, dramatically, but it does not afford Gautier the shield he seeks. To depict such depraved and effeminate swoonings of body, and brain, and nerve as are to be found, not in one only (or it might have been pardoned) but in almost all, one after the other, of the stories comprising the volume entitled "Nouvelles," is not to go to work dramatically. The sympathy of the author is in his demoralised conceptions: he does not keep the true dramatic distance cool and clear betwixt himself and his creation. He has allowed his own soul to be fused in the heat of the fever, and to succumb to the disorder which he embodies. To bring demoralised states of soul into the open pages of a public book is to give them in some sort a real and physical existence. Depraved imaginations hotly and sympathetically materialised, without any deliberate antidote being produced to counteract them, and to show that the author's soul was clear and free of the morbid agonies that he is contemplating, can lay no claim to shelter from the dramatic cloak.

Like Catullus, who dwelt in evil Rome, Gautier lived in evil Paris. Puzzled and dismayed by the paradoxes and evils around him, and having at the same time to gain his bread by writing what should be suitable to the Parisian public, he was under influences, both positive and negative, which combined to pull him in one direction, and that the direction opposite to the true sun of clear light and chaste love. Born in the wanton south, with more voluptuous marrow than steely strength in his composition, he seems at one time to have given up his soul to the evil. We would not presume to say, with some English critics, that he deliberately and calmly poisoned the wells of art. But for a period he certainly allowed himself to be under the dominion of poisonous influences. We cannot doubt that the books he wrote at this time were to a large extent a reflex of his own state, for they are so entirely subject to one influence that it is impossible to look upon them as purely dramatic. One of his principal characters expresses the disturbance caused him by the calm serenity of a friend who loves the soul, the invisible eternal part of his betrothed, as much as or more than the palpable mortal beauty of body, before which he himself was prostrate. In such a state, we cannot doubt, was Gautier during one period of his early manhood.

Gautier owed his first real advancement in the world of letters to Balzac, whose friend he remained through life. At twenty-four the former was inhabiting two small rooms in what he describes as a desert and savage place in the centre of Paris. One morning a young man called upon him and introduced himself as Jules Sandeau; he had come from Balzac to engage the services of Gautier for the *Chronique de Paris*, a weekly journal which was just coming out. Gautier's novel of "Mademoiselle de Maupin"—the one which gives him at once a bad name and his chief notoriety—had gained him this invitation from Balzac, who admired its style. Dating from this time,

the pair were most intimate friends, Balzac being always a sort of genial king, Gautier an admiring but not servile subject. Such a friend as Balzac was not to be gained every day: no wonder that young Gautier was sensible of the compliment paid him. He had to pay for his friendship, however, in the oddest ways. He was one who could not resist the infection of Balzac's strange stories, and usually ended by believing, as strongly as Balzac himself believed, in the reality of the creations which peopled the latter's most remarkable imagination. This led him sometimes into strange difficulties. Once he was on the point of starting on some wild-goose chase to the absurdity of which Balzac's overpowering imagination had blinded him. On many occasions, too, was he called upon to perform superhuman tasks at the bidding of the great wizard, his friend. One day he was summoned to his friend's house in a hurry, and found Balzac dressed in his white monk's frock, and fidgeting with impatience. "There's *Théo* at last!" cried Balzac. "Idle, slow-footed, sluggard, sloth, make haste, will you. You should have been here an hour ago. I have to read to Harel, to-morrow, a great drama in five acts." "And you wish to have our advice," meekly responded Gautier, doubtless with some humorous presentiment of what might be coming, and settling himself on a footstool with a parade of being ready to listen to a long reading. Balzac noticed the attitude, and said at once, simply, "The drama is not made yet." "The devil!" answered Gautier; "then the reading must be postponed six weeks." This Balzac would not hear of; the drama must be done at once. Gautier, Balzac, and three others were to do an act apiece, which would be merely some four or five hundred lines of dialogue; and so it was to be finished by the next day. Gautier did not lose his presence of mind, but merely asked to be told the subject and the plan of the projected drama, and to have a brief sketch of the characters proposed. "Ah!" replied Balzac, with an air as if he were utterly overwhelmed, "if you must be told the subject, we shall never have finished." At length his *collaborateurs* obtained from Balzac the faintest indication of the subject, and set to work, or pretended to, for the drama was not, as may be supposed, read or ready the next day. It was afterwards completed, but the final cast contained only a few words of the work of Gautier and the others, as might have been expected from the circumstances of its composition. There would seem to be often a certain *bizarrerie* attendant upon the manufacture of plays, which an author is often in a greater hurry to finish than the theatre to accept. We met a haggard author one day, who had chosen to immure himself in a cellar in order to complete his play. The cellar had the merit of being a quiet place to work in, and it was necessary to be without distraction, we were given solemnly to understand, for the play was bespoke. For all that and in spite of the hurry, it has not yet been seen above board. Play-writing, at the present day, is to literature what speculation, as a business, is to agriculture. It means a thousand pounds or nothing: generally nothing; but the chance of the thousand is enough to gild a dark cellar, or to make even a Balzac lose his wits. Every Parisian *littérateur* seems to try his hand at a play. As for Gautier, he criticised many hundred more plays than he has composed, as for many years he

served as art and dramatic critic on the staff of one of the chief journals of Paris.

Gautier, as a writer, in spite of his physical robustness, possesses more of the poetical faculty than of a genius for the construction of sensational plots. He is a man of contemplation rather than of action. In one sense, he has the same views as the most ardent devotee of the prevailing sensuous religions, who sings languorously with respect to the earth which a kindly, Divine power has given him to dwell and grow in:

> O Paradise, O Paradise,
> 'Tis weary waiting here.

The paradise Gautier looks to, however, is not an ineffable and prematurely realized other world; it is the domain of art, and his refuge and heaven within the common every-day routine. In the latter, at least during his morbid youth, he sees only a Sahara plain, where the traveller's foot drags heavily, and the only spot of green visible is a cypress wood sown with stones of white. "God, to give refuge in the desert of time, has given for oases the graveyards." Gautier, at the period of life when he wrote like this, would, after a course of bodily mortification, have made a very good High-Church hymn-maker.

Gautier's love for art is something especially noteworthy. We may say, in a sense, that he gained his salvation therein. It saved him from being an absolute Pyrrhonist, with a soul entirely negative or evil. When he was quite young, he expressed himself as having exhausted all that could be gained from the bookshelf. What unhappy lovers, what persecuted woman had not passed before his eyes? From the first syllable of a romance he could at once conjure up its *dénouement*. The trees of the Tuileries and of the boulevards, said he, were his only forests, the Seine his ocean, and the country he vowed openly that he detested—it was "nothing but trees, soil, and turf."

What was he to do? he asked himself. Dream?—but one cannot always have dreams. Read?—but he had read everything. What then? His friends had told him that he must think of the future, that he must *do* something. The future, he repeated contemptuously; what, when we are not sure of an hour! As for achieving something, was not the sole result that one got dubbed with a name in consequence, a title for all the world like the label on the bottles in the apothecary's shop? So, he tells us, he became an egotist; and, owing to this concentration of himself into the "ego," the idea came to him many a time that he was alone in the midst of the creation; that the sky, the stars, the earth, the houses, the forests, were only decorations, painted scenes, daubs of the brush, which the mysterious Machinist had disposed around him in order to hide from sight the dusty and cobwebbed walls of the theatre called the world. What astounding cynicism in a young man! But at least there is some originality in the cynicism. In this cobwebbed and moonlit theatre of his imagination all that moved round about him appeared to him as the confidant of the tragedy, who had only to say "Sir" to him, and to break up by an occasional interjection his interminable monologues.

Gautier's political opinions as expressed in the writings of his youth, and which ostensibly changed but little during his life, were somewhat peculiar for their simplicity. After profound reflections upon the overthrow of thrones, the

changes of dynasty, "I have arrived," says he, "at this—a round O."

"What is a revolution?" he asks. "Some people shoot each other in a street: this breaks a number of panes of glass; there is no one besides the glaziers who gains any profit therefrom. The wind carries away the smoke: those who remain above put the others below; he grass grows greener the following spring: a hero makes excellent manure for peas. . . . What then? —they change for the mayor's bâton the rags they call ensigns. The guillotine, that grand prostitute, seizes by the neck with her red arms those the bullet has spared . . . the first-comer snatches furtively at the crown and sits down in the empty place. None the less," adds Gautier, "does one continue to have the plague, to pay one's debts, to go to comic operas, under this *régime* than under that. So much for the trouble of moving so many honest paving-stones that could not help it!" We of England have seen enough in France, in the days that we hope are now quite passed away, to make us accept such scepticism as Gautier's as the not unnatural offspring of circumstances. Our cynic did not live to be old, but during his lifetime there reigned two emperors and three kings, not one of whose reigns both began and ended tranquilly; there were three, if not more, serious crises of street-fighting in Paris; there were several kinds of republics, from the democratic to the conservative; and there were both prince-presidents and plebeians at the head of them. There is often more solid truth in such criticism as Gautier's—the careless, unstudied expression of disgust—than is imagined. Changes of nominal *régime* are mere frivolities, unworthy of serious attention unless they represent some change in the people's aspirations. So long as the fevers of famine haunt as usual the slums, and the fevers of luxury the palaces; so long as the comic operas are thronged by the same gay, frivolous crowd as of old, Paris is not so appreciably improved as to oblige a sane man to go into raptures, merely on the news that the country is to be governed under a fresh title. Gautier looks on the little selfish and self-satisfied peckings at the husks of things which dub themselves reform: he is disgusted, and forthwith abjures the mockeries the world calls politics and morality. Instead of penetrating below the surface and studying interior significances—instead of purifying people's minds with a holy and chaste art—he loses interest altogether in the drama of life that is transacted before him; turns to the sensuous in art, and soon grows to look upon his callousness and debasement with pride. This is as we find him in his writings: in actual deed his friends allege that he was never otherwise than patriotic. It is recounted that when Paris was threatened with siege, he, though feeble in health, came back straightway from Switzerland, where he was staying, in order to shut himself up with the besieged, his brethren; repeating always to himself: "They are beating Mamma; I must return."

We have spoken of Gautier's Paradise as lying in the realms of art, in opposition to those who place theirs in the mystic realms of futurity. One thing more than these does Gautier: he strives to bring his paradise into life, and not keep it at an unsatisfactory distance from everything real. For this end he even takes the trouble to write a little *brochûre* on the fashion of every-day clothing, in which he promulgates his artistic

ideas on the subject. For some reason or other, which we are unable to explain, only thirty copies were printed of this essay. Perhaps the reason was that Gautier wanted to found a sect, and not to inform the world at large of his gospel of fine raiment. "Why," he asks, "is the art of clothing abandoned entirely to the caprice of tailors and dress-makers, under a civilisation when the garment is of great importance? for, owing to both moral ideas and climate, the nude never appears in it." Gautier would doubtless, if it were not for the unfortunate matter of climate, greatly prefer the nude; but if we must have clothes, he may be imagined as saying, let us at least not be at the mercy of the taste of our tailors. A very good argument, too, we must fain allow. "We have forgotten that we are bodies, or what is their form," continues M. Gautier, "for our garments have become a sort of skin." With respect to this he makes a brilliant suggestion, which ought to fill all right-minded persons with horror—that in the Zoological Gardens there should be a cage reserved for two specimens representing the sexes of the genus *homo*, despoiled of their factitious skin, and reminding the world of what it seems likely to forget—the outlines of the human form. "These specimens would be regarded with as much curiosity as the giraffe or gorilla," he adds sardonically. In a higher sense, however, M. Gautier deplores the absence of the nude. The nude has become a convention: the garment is the visible form of man. There can be, by natural impulse, no more Greek sculptors or painters like Phidias, Apelles, or Zeuxis. Their "nude" was natural; ours must be unnatural. Then he makes a suggestion which we have never seen cited anywhere, but which embodies a clear insight into the characteristics of our time—embodies it, too, in so perfect and picturesque a manner that it is well worth recording and remembering. "Has not our costume its signification," he argues, "miscomprehended though it be by our artists, who are imbued with the ideas of antiquity? By its simple cut and neutral tint, it gives much force to the head, the seat of intelligence, and to the hands, the implements of thought." We are thus led by our author to see that our age—so busy as it is with both head and hands—has its characteristics unconsciously hit off in its clothing, which gives prominence to these typical members and covers all the rest, not with attractive colours or gay adornment, but with the sober hue of modern costume. The suggestion is an original and noble one, worthy even of Ruskin. The Greek, we may say, to carry out the thought, might expose his lithe, luxurious body all naked in the sun, and so declare the childlike and sensuous manner of his existence; the hard-working European must concentrate the symbols of his life in his head and hands. M. Gautier's suggestions should be taken to heart by our painters, who seem to think they can do nothing but produce, at second-hand, the distinctive excellences of a former age; or if they do condescend to make their compositions out of the life that rolls around us, either grumble at the monotony of the costume, or introduce romantic effects which are strained and unnatural. Let them think of Théophile Gautier, who will refer them to Rembrandt for a master, and point to the genius of the age—a sad-costumed being, with all its life in its head and hands.

We who look with envious eyes upon the fashion of the Parisian

lady's boot may be surprised to learn that for once Gautier has no sympathy with so-called artistic elegance. He hates the boot, and would give us sandals. For why? "We moderns, thanks to our horrible system of shoeing, which is almost as absurd as the Chinese buskin, have lost all knowledge of what a foot is like." Ladies may think of the opinion of this artistic exquisite of Paris when they are donning their high-heeled monstrosities. They are marring one of the loveliest contours in nature.

We have spoken of Gautier's detestation of rural pleasures. Once when he was leaving Paris for a tour in Spain, when we might imagine he would at least have some poetic feeling to spare for his native land which he is leaving behind, his chief observations on the districts through which he passed on the Bordeaux diligence consisted of a comparison of the fields, sown as they were with their various crops, with the specimens of trouser and waistcoat patterns, pasted side by side in a tailor's pattern-book. When a man of so artistic a nature as Gautier descends to so ignoble a comparison as this, we may be sure he does it designedly. These kinds of rural views, it seemed to him, might be productive of great pleasure to "farmers, landlords, and such-like worthies," but to the enthusiastic and graphic traveller they were very weak compensation for the toils of a journey. Gautier always required the excitement of a city to feed upon.

Though he hates the country with all its natural verdure, yet he loves a flower. But it must be an exotic, and shed its fragrance over a luxurious drawing-room. Under such circumstances he will write a poem upon it full of a rare and, as it were, exotic imagery and fragrance. Then he will pluck the flower to pieces, shred by shred, petal by petal, and write another poem, full of chill images and desolation, upon its ruins. Later in life, however, his feverous dissatisfaction with the calm and serene elements of nature appears to have vanished. We are even led inevitably to suppose that much of his expressed disgust was assumed and foreign to the feelings lying at the depths of his nature. In 1870 was published a splendid imperial-quarto volume, entitled "La Nature chez elle," full of exquisite engravings of natural beauty of wood and lake and beast and bird. It bears M. Gautier's name as author of the written matter, which is no mere sketch inspired by the blocks of the drawings, and meet for the conventional Christmas book; but an intensely beautiful and poetical essay on the seasons and their varied charms. Though overflowing with references to his favourite lyrists, and with bright sparkles of fancy and wit, the work is a true and lovely idyl. Exquisite metaphors abound, the idea being kept up throughout of a young and spotless maiden; the seasons being represented by her as "En peignoir blanc," "à son réveil," "en toilette d'été," putting off "sa robefeuille morte," and so on. Throughout the volume's pages, partridges alternate with lizards, and wild flowers with toadstools; we have observations on spiders, and a treatise on the uses of snails. Dreams of Robin Hood and his merry rural life are indulged in, and many *paysagistes romantiques* are appreciatively quoted from. We scarcely realise the fact that we are being led through these innocent and sacred groves by the author of "Mademoiselle de Maupin," save by the unforgetable charm of style, and perhaps by the allusions

that few could make so aptly, to Rabelais and Rousseau, to Shakespeare and Scott, to Titian and Rembrandt, to Hugo and De Musset. We feel that this poetry of nature, had it come upon Gautier earlier, might have constituted his purification amid the distracting vices of Paris. In Paris, however, he lived, and he seems indeed at one period to have deemed it his mission to provide distempered palates with new and spicy flavours, with refinements of evil, and poetic poisons. We must always retain in our minds a double sense of Gautier—Gautier young and Gautier old. His "expansive and luxuriant youth," with its "fantastic and charming *laisser-aller*," as one critic puts it; in other words, that gay, reckless time of his life which affronts so much the moral sensibilities of most good people, is not to be confounded with his sager and more generous maturity. Gautier's blood did not grow feeble and thin after he had passed his prime, as that of many too prone to demoralised imaginings and excessive erotics in their youth. Such a man as Gautier would seem rightly destined to live on to years beyond the ordinary span of human existence. On reaching hoary hairs, the fever of his blood would have abated, and he have attained his true maturity. Then from his tree might chance to spring wholesome and lovely fruit, and the old man's life be pure and serene, disturbed only by the thoughts of the noxious growth that his undeveloped and unrestrained youth-tide had put forth. Perhaps in "La Nature chez elle" Gautier is but reverting to the dreams of his youth in the pleasant country regions near to Spain. He says in the work just named, "Man alienates himself each day from Nature, and the sense of Nature seems to become obliterated within him." In "Nature at Home" he shows himself to us as a man who would occupy hours in contemplating a wayside plant, and who leaves with regret the rural asylums of peace and freshness, which form the subject of his idyl. If Gautier only gained or regained late in life this sense of calm and innocent beauty, in it is nevertheless to be found something which divides immeasurably his maturity from the dried and evil old age of the *roué*.

One element of his nature Gautier did not lose on arriving at his full maturity, and that is, caprice. Holding the common-place in horror, he is always striving after the *bizarre*. Hating conventional restraint, he does not, in his writings at least, show any evidence of being a stable law to himself, but flies always in the direction of revolt, and towards anything vagrant and unbridled. Be it civilisation, morals, or religion, he feels himself *encastré* therein; therefore he must escape. In the work last mentioned, we do not find him to be too old to revolt. He describes there the ideal of a garden, having for its distinctive feature the fact that the pruning-knife never enters it. There is to be all liberty there for branches or mosses to grow how and where they like. All licence is to be given for Bohemian hordes of undisciplined plants to increase and multiply. The conventional broken glass may indeed surmount the walls to remove from roving *gamins* any temptation to which they might be subject; but on the unpainted door are to be affixed, in menacing, huge letters, the words, "Défense aux jardiniers d'entrer ici." Our author is nothing but a big boy, even to the last.

Gautier professes the utmost contempt for anything useful or designedly good. From moralists, philanthropists, and all earnest and

enthusiastic people he holds decidedly aloof. To science he holds himself equally antagonistic; physical discoverers, economists, and statisticians may alike be deemed to be at the opposite pole of the world to his. He scorns, very rightly, the mathematically-minded monsters who, if they read a novel, inquire, with calm disdain. "What does the book prove?" His scorn of certain other classes of people may not be so righteous: but it is, we believe, in many instances much more apparent than real. He disdains ostensibly religion, philanthropy, morality; but let him be free to follow his ideal of art, and it will be found to include something of all three. But he will never avow any one of the moral qualities as his aim. Beauty is the only god he worships; if morality and other virtues should chance to be found as ministers in its train, he will not dismiss them; but they are only allowed to come near him on the distinct understanding that they shall be absolutely subservient to art. Beauty, riches, good fortune, gold, marble, purple—without these there is no heaven for M. Gautier—at least so he said; but he spent long hours in the depiction of the lives and personalities of his friends, and would lend his money to the needy, or his experience to the young. With his appreciative, tender nature, his delicate sympathies, his affectionate treatment of all whom he criticised, and his extreme care not to hurt the feelings of others, Gautier cannot be considered to have been basely enslaved by art. But if he scrupulously refrained from wounding, he loved always to startle. Those paradoxes and smart, brilliant sentences of his that were so offensive to many weaker brethren—those epigrams that do so flagrantly transgress the limits of meetness and decency, were, we believe, the offspring of this *bisarre* love of startling, the fruits of a reckless, boyish ambition to say something that should seem dreadful even in *blasé* Paris. With this end in view, in "Mademoiselle de Maupin" he was completely successful. The journalists were taken aback; the book was styled "one of the strongest eccentricities of an epoch fertile in eccentricities." It made "a scandal in an era when people were not scandalised for a trifle." If his sayings can be taken in the spirit in which we imagine he said them, many of them may be rendered harmless. When he tells us that "nothing is more moral and sacred under heaven than kisses of man and woman, when both are beautiful and young," we only feel inclined to smile at a bit of poetical truth, rather absurdly rendered. Careful mothers and celibate priests of Paris, however, might perhaps take it more seriously; and still more so such a saying as the following: "Virginity, mysticism, and melancholy, three unknown words in the ancient world, are three new maladies brought in by Christ." When we come to such sayings as "Qu'on est fidèle avec des régrets de l'être"—"Je regrettai en la voyant ainsi, d'être son amant, et de n'avoir pas à le devenir," as from the mouth of a man, or to such speeches as "Être avec son mari, c'est être seule," from a woman, or when we are told that jealousy on the part of a man is "Gothic prejudice," we feel that we are in the presence of the demoralised, but that the feelings are as likely to be assumed as real." It is not so, however, with all the contents of "Mademoiselle de Maupin." There are therein depictions quite unworthy of Gautier, and suitable only to such grosser natures as Paul de Kock. It was well said in *Fraser* some years ago, with reference to Mr. Swinburne, that on the

physical side of love silence is the safest policy, and that a man is not necessarily an anchoret because he does not babble. Some of Gautier's characters do not only babble; they boast, which is not only puerile, but disgusting. Gautier's belief in art, for art's sake, ran away with him. It is sustainable as a creed up to a certain point, and in a limited sense; but when we come to such sayings as the following: "There is nothing truly beautiful save that which can be of no use; all that is useful is ugly, for it is the expression of some need; and those of man are infirm and disgusting, like his poor and infirm nature," we feel the repulsiveness of the doctrine, in spite of the plausibility of the argument; and we feel at the same time that Gautier, when he made it, was at his lowest depth of moral degradation and want of faith. The argument is as nearly demoniacal as any we have ever seen, and is the worst of Gautier's morbid expressions that we know. How such a doctrine could consist with a jocund Paganism it is difficult to understand; it is merely the evidence of disease. That Gautier's nature was at one period polluted, and deprived of its natural purity, we are convinced. It is one thing to state boldly, and without fear, what is healthful upon subjects even generally tabooed, but quite another thing to put forward wanton evidences of abnormal disorders and unhealthy moods of passion. Gautier appears to have begun his revolt against goodness and order by a reaction against conventional shams. "The goal at which the most monstrously virtuous have arrived," he informs us, "is to think one thing and say another." If he had done nothing beyond reversing this state of things he might have done well. Unfortunately, he went a step farther, and, to show that he was not afraid of speaking out, chose rather, and too often, to speak what was unnecessary, and unworthy of being put into speech. Thus his paradoxes and startling sayings increased and multiplied. Baudelaire, friend of Gautier, and himself one of the most paradoxical and morbid of men, says with truth, "What the mouth becomes accustomed to say, the heart learns to believe." That Gautier, as he grew older, abandoned the vagaries, and to a great extent recovered from the disorders of his youth—that his mouth ceased to say and his heart to believe his evil paradoxes of old, and that, therefore, so great a literary and artistic power as his was finally turned into more healthful channels, all Frenchmen ought to be truly grateful.

Gautier is often spoken of as having conquered "that strange disease of modern life," the deep-rooted *ennui* which seems to have been born in France, but which can be traced in Byron in England, Poe in America, and in many a morbid poetaster in the several countries, and is now reappearing as German Pessimism. Chateaubriand was always feeding his mind upon the study of his soul's anatomy. Baudelaire lived in a sort of hopeless spirituality. These influences may be traced in their action upon Gautier. At one time we find him endeavouring to shake them off. In one of his books ("Fortunio"), he tells us, will be found few wailings over souls not mated, over lost illusions, over soul-melancholies, and other pretentious platitudes, which, produced over and over again to satiety, are a source of enervation. "It is time to have done with literary maladies," says he; "the reign of the phthisical is over." But in the memoir which he wrote upon the death of one of his most intimate friends, even so

lately as 1855, we find him returning to the old strain of despondent weariness and hopeless disgust of life. "The misery of this existence of ours," he observes, "is owing to causes quite foreign to the difficulties inherent in a literary life, and to a vulgar deprivation of cash." Then he endeavours to give a reason for this strange, morbid wretchedness, which he saw infecting so many of his friends. "The progressive invasion of dreams rendered by degrees the life of Gérard de Nerval impossible in the midst of the crowd of moving realities. . . . His spiritual nature predisposed him to illuminism and mystic exaltation. . . . His long, solitary walks, during which his thought grew excited, . . . detached him more and more from the sphere where we remain in durance beneath the heaviness of positivism. A happy or unhappy love . . . carried this exaltation, previously interior and restrained, to the last degree of paroxysm. Gérard no longer had command over his dreams." Here, we think, Gautier has probed the "disease" down to its secret sources. Every possible pleasure of life, instead of being enjoyed in natural fashion and kept wholesome by a contrariety of hard work, was drawn inwards to the dim dream-chambers of the interior life, and there dramatised with all the exaltation of the imagination, with all the allurements of the wanton exercise of the sensitive psychological faculties, until the outer senses were completely demoralised. Thenceforward the simple pleasures of the world seemed gross or heavy, and its simple duties as burdensome as fetters of clay. At the time when there was homely, earthly work to be done, the nerves would be relaxed and weak from their high electric tension, and the imagination, chill and contracted, would be engaged in an endeavour to analyse its hallucinations. What wonder that the details of life seemed dry and oppressive under such conditions as this? Then the victim of overwrought nerves would betake himself to opium or hasheesh to recover the lost exaltation, the fading inspiration, the burnt-out paroxysm, and the last state of that man would be worse than the first.

Such spiritualism of wantonness and degradation, which seems for the most part to be found in those whose minds are not well filled and steadied by experience, or lit by the spiritualism of aspiration, Gautier does indeed appear to have outlived. The *ennui* and morbidness of his earlier years have been attributed to his living in an age when all political experiments had been tried, and blank want of faith was the result. A monotonous reversion to a dead-grey and starless horizon might, indeed, quench the spirits of a too sensitive thinker; but for an artist like Gautier some other cause must be discovered more closely personal, and of some such nature as that abuse of the imagination to which reference has been made.

In spite of Gautier's moral lapses we seem to detect in much of his work a shy, remote purity of spirit. It is as if he were saying to himself sometimes, "There is such a thing as purity, far away and unreached." When we ask why this ideal was not brought closer to his life, we have, by way of answering ourselves, to take circumstances into consideration. In Paris, the true woman's influence was deplorably wanting. Young women there are presumed not to be acquainted with the questionable romances of the other sex; but none the more for their ignorance are they overflowing with the pure feminine virtues. There is little of true marriage in

Parisian society, with much of what must tend to banish the true idea of it. The silly young girl leaves school full of frivolous and idle dreams, and innocent of experience or of the practical and useful; she becomes straightway the unwooed and unloved partner of a man she has not chosen, and whom she may have seen but once. Mutual suitability is not of supreme importance, for the traditions of marriage do not show unlimited faithfulness to be a necessity. Can we say that the idea promulgated by such as Gautier, of a mistress who is the courted companion of a man, were but the idea of constancy included therein, is more depraved than the conventional notion of a wife who is the haphazard allotment of society, and not necessarily either suitable, lovable, or true? Treated as they are, and with society as it is, there are rarely to be found in Paris women able to win and redeem and bind to themselves a man of the calibre of Gautier. In "Mademoiselle de Maupin" there is a sort of mournful appreciation of all this. The heroine, who goes through so many most questionable and unwomanly adventures, takes for her text an idea which we cannot but think it would be good to have promulgated: "Hélas!" she deplores, "les femmes n'ont lu que le roman de l'homme, et jamais son histoire." She proceeds in a very unnatural manner to discover that history; but Gautier does not profess to be a philosopher or utilitarian. He found women grown like very perishable exotics, and always under dim glass; he has depicted one emerging from conventional trammels and plucking for herself the apple of knowledge of good and evil — after a very strange fashion, it is true; but it is something that the idea of the necessity of some knowledge on the part of woman should have been suggested by him. He makes us feel, at least, how much amongst frivolous women, feebly affecting religion, sentimental and unpractical devotees, bread-and-butter girls without ideas, and old women with only vicious ones, Parisian men were to be pitied. With pure women as their companions, men would dream little of morbid Messalinas haunting the chambers of their souls. Whose fault it is that the Parisian social system is as it is, who can tell? It certainly is not wholly Gautier's; he is, at least, in part, a victim, and not wholly "infernal," as some of his critics tell us.

Gautier was an artist, and *mollibus medullis*, yet strong with a beauty that could transform common things and make them glow with a magic life unseen before. He had all the artist's weaknesses. He was weak enough, in his early manhood, to bid for popularity with a public greedy of novelty and seeking the piquant sensationalism of evil. He was weak enough to permit his soul to swoon for a time before the evil allurements which he conjured up. He never attained to the power of obedience, and was a revolter against laws of healthy art, as well as against laws of simple morality. He re-acted against conventionalisms blindly, and without seeing that he was wandering away into a wanton region of capricious and vagrant ideas and false paradoxes. And, lastly, he was not even quite a genuine Pagan, but failed sadly of his religious professions. His want of faith in the beauty of life and of its healthful needs we have shown already. He was not serene before the vision of death; and, worst of all, he was not reverent in the very temple of Nature, where he professed to worship. For the true Pagan there are groves that

ought not to be profaned, and shrines which it is impious to violate. There is a modesty which a boy or a girl learns instinctively on passing out of childhood. This is a natural and not a conventional virtue; and M. Gautier, in failing to respect it, has erred. Had his love for art been single, and his Paganism instinctive, instead of partly affected, he would have learned the true Greek religion, which would at least have preserved him from indecency and from morbid inebriations, and have taught him laws of order and moods of serenity.

With all his faults, Gautier was capable of inspiring true affection in friends. He was unselfish, save for the indulgence of his immoderate passion for art. He would always renounce with contempt a reality of *bourgeois* comfort for an idea of roses.

Dumas, as Gautier's friend, was careful to state over his grave that he was not "an eccentric and disordered character, an incorrigible Bohemian." On the contrary, he was "a family man, as much as any one else," working "patiently, regularly, nobly, silently, for his children." We ought to take this fact into consideration when we are led to estimate him too meanly by the infirmities of his earlier years, or by the character of his imaginative conceptions.

Gautier was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1858. He several times was a candidate for the honour of a place in the Academy, but the ballot was always against him. He is none the less a master of style, both in prose and poetry, and a perfect critic.

The poet, who professed to abjure politics, but is said by his friends to have been a true patriot at heart, is buried at Montmartre, which the allies passed through in 1814, in entering Paris; and the church at Neuilly where his remains rested bore at the time the shotmarks of the more recent strife. That miserable and fratricidal conflict, and the devotion of Gautier—the man who professed to be so careless—to the beautiful, if evil, mother Paris, aggravated, it was said, the disease of which he died.

TWO TRICKS OF AN INDIAN JUGGLER.

By E. Stanley Robertson, late of the Bengal Civil Service.

Early in January, 1877, I was stationed at Moradabad, in Rohilkund. My wife was in England invalided; so instead of living alone I had adopted a common and convenient Indian fashion and was "chumming" with a friend. My chum was Mr. Carmichael-Smyth, acting Superintendent of Police for the district. One day Mr. Smyth told me that he expected to receive a visit from a native, an amateur conjuror, who would perform some amusing tricks. It so happened that on the same day we were waited on by a Parsee pedlar, who wanted to sell us ivory and sandalwood carvings, and such-like knick-knacks which are the usual stock-in-trade of the Parsee travelling merchants. While we were chaffering with this man the conjuror was announced, and was shown into the common sitting room. He was followed by a crowd of our servants —for the native of every rank loves a conjuror, and gazes on a conjuring performance with the simple admiration of a child.

There was nothing very remarkable in the appearance or dress of our conjuror. An elderly man, short and sparely made, dressed in dingy white cotton, with very tight sleeves to his robe and very tight legs to his drawers; he might have been a respectable servant out of place, but actually was a small landowner who had taken to conjuring for his amusement.

When he entered the room he spread a white cloth upon the floor and sat down upon it with his back to the wall, the door of the room being on his right hand. His spectators were disposed in the following fashion: Mr. Smyth sat on a chair nearly in the middle of the room, I was sitting on a sofa near the door, the Parsee merchant stood in the doorway about arm's length from me. The servants stood about in groups, the largest group being between the door and the conjuror. As soon as he had settled himself he turned to the Parsee and asked for the loan of a rupee. The pedlar at first demurred a little, but, on being guaranteed against loss, he produced the coin. He was going to put it into the conjuror's hand, but the latter refused and told the Parsee to hand it to Mr. Smyth's bearer. The bearer took it, and, at the request of the conjuror, looked at it and declared it to be really a rupee. The conjuror then told him to hand it to his master. Mr. Smyth took it, and then followed this dialogue: —Conjuror: Are you sure that is a rupee?—Smyth: Yes.—Conjuror: Close your hand on it and hold it tight. Now think of some country in Europe, but do not tell me your thought (then the conjuror ran over the names of several countries, such as France, Germany, Russia, Turkey, and *America*—for the native of India is under the impression that America is in Europe). After a moment's pause Mr. Smyth said he had thought of a country. "Then open your

hand" said the juggler, "see what you have got, and tell me if it is a coin of the country you thought of." It was a five-franc piece, and Mr. Smyth had thought of France. He was going to hand the coin to the conjuror, but the latter said "No, pass it to the other sahib." Mr. Smyth accordingly put the five-franc piece into my hand; I looked closely at it, then shut my hand and thought of Russia. When I opened it I found, *not* a Russian but a *Turkish* silver piece about the size of the five franc, or of our own crown piece. This I handed to Mr. Smyth, and suggested that he should name America, which he did, and found a Mexican dollar in his hand. The coin, whatever it was, had never been in the conjuror's hand from the time the rupee was borrowed from the Parsee merchant. Mr. Smyth and his bearer had both of them closely examined the rupee, and Mr. Smyth and I turned over several times the five-franc piece, the Turkish coin, and the dollar; so the trick did not depend on a reversible coin. Indeed it could not, for the coin underwent three changes, as has been seen. I need only add, for the information of those readers who know not India, that a rupee is only about the size of a florin, and therefore about half the weight of a five franc piece.

The juggler performed several other tricks that day, but they were of a common-place kind and in no way comparable to the coin trick, which I have never seen rivalled by any other conjuror in India or Europe.

The following evening Mr. Smyth and I were to dine at the mess of the 28th Native Infantry. We told some of our friends in the regiment of the tricks our juggler had shown us; they asked us to invite the man to perform after dinner in the mess drawing room. He came accordingly, and began by showing some very common-place tricks. I wanted him to do the coin trick, but he made some excuse. I should mention that one of the officers was himself an amateur conjuror, and Mr. Smyth introduced him and our juggler to each other as comrades in art magic. Possibly our juggler may have been afraid that the captain would detect his method; or perhaps he only felt nervous about repeating a trick which must have depended very much on mere guesswork. Be that as it may, he would not perform the coin trick at the mess. But he did another almost equally wonderful.

As before, he was seated on a white cloth, which this time I think was a table-cloth, borrowed from the mess sergeant. He asked some one present to produce a rupee, and to lay it down at the remote edge of the cloth. The cloth being three or four yards in length, the conjuror could not have touched the coin without being seen, and, in fact, did not touch it. He then asked for a signet ring. Several were offered him, and he chose out one which had a very large oval seal, projecting well beyond the gold hoop on both sides. This ring he tossed and tumbled several times in his hands, now throwing it into the air and catching it, then shaking it between his clasped hands, all the time mumbling half-articulate words in some Hindostanee patois. Then setting the ring down on the cloth at about half-arm's length in front of him, he said, slowly and distinctly in good Hindostanee, "Ring, rise up and go to the rupee." The ring rose, with the seal uppermost, and resting on the hoop, slowly, with a kind of dancing or jerking motion, it passed over the cloth until it came to where the rupee lay on the remote edge; then it lay down on

the coin. The conjuror then said, "Ring, lay hold of the rupee, and bring it to me." The projecting edge of the seal seemed to grapple the edge of the coin; the ring and the rupee rose into a kind of wrestling attitude, and, with the same dancing or jerking motion, the two returned to within reach of he juggler's hand.

I have no theory of any kind to explain either of these tricks. I should mention, however, that the juggler entirely disclaimed all supernatural power, and alleged that he performed his tricks by mere sleight of hand. It will be observed that he had no preparation of his surroundings, no machinery, and no confederate.

IN THE COLD.

What shall we do for her, our sister?
What can we do for her, you and I?
Oh, the sunshine hath somehow miss'd her;
And the balm of the dew hath left her dry.

Shelter from outside cold and danger
Strength she has none to seek and win;
At the door of our heart she stands a stranger,
Shall we not open and take her in?

Must we not care for her greatly, seeing
How it is given to her to hold
Down in the depths of her inmost being
Love that can never be shown or told?

Somehow she feels that loving is living,
So does her heart at its bonds nigh break;
Sorely she longs for the joy of giving;
None will stoop down unto her and take.

After the years of dull repression
That folded her up in their anguish deep,
Blown on by spring-winds that rouse and freshen,
Will she not think that she walks in sleep?

Opening her eyes she will see around her
Glory and beauty passing bright;
So shall she know that Love has found her,
Love that is surely one with Light.

And it shall be that, a little while hence,
This little sister we care for thus,
Loosing the bands of her veil of silence,
Will lift up her voice and will sing to us.

Sing with us, weep with us, laugh with us, render
Love what is Love's through all calms and stirs;
Cling to our breast as a baby tender,
And, as a mother, clasp us to hers.

E. H. Hickey.

THE AUTHOR'S WISH.

By An Old Contributor.

In a small chamber, far up on the stairway of an old city house, lived an author.

He was young and ardent, living in his work and loving it, as the true artist only can. He was poor, for he was only climbing the ladder of fame—by no means was he at the top. Many a difficult step in that ill-inclined ladder had he to compass, putting forth all his strength for each several exertion. Between these efforts his soul sank exhausted, and life became a cold and arid prospect, filled only with weariness. But rest—even the rest of dejected exhaustion—seemed to bring forth new life within him. From each pause he rose vigorous, and accomplished a fresh step in his career with such genuine force that for the moment men looked towards him and wondered. But it was only for the moment. Soon they turned and went their ways in pursuit of the manifold businesses of the earth; and the author was left alone in his upper chamber, without fame, sympathy, or love. He had not yet sufficiently fixed the attention of men; he had not yet accomplished that great work which should bring to him the appreciation he longed for.

And so in the midst of the surging crowds of the city he passed on alone, unfriended, unsuccessful. And had he not passionately loved his art, and deemed himself not "damned because a writer," but infinitely blessed therein, his endurance must have failed him, and he would have betaken himself to some simpler craft in order to supply his earthly needs.

But no thought of this entered his mind. The good and the beautiful which he saw around him so fascinated his soul that he incessantly endeavoured to accomplish its portraiture. He lived much alone, and seldom spoke to any living being. He visited crowded assemblies that he might study the faces of the people; and the most beautiful face which he saw invariably riveted his attention, and the memory of this outward beauty he would carry home to use as a clothing to his beautiful thought. And in this way he gave forth to the world writings so delicately pure, so tinged and glorified with the colour of his own sweet spirit, that men who read and realised their meanings felt as though the words of an angel had fallen into their soul. But yet the author was poor, miserable, and lonely.

This made him wonder, though he was incapable of complaint. "But," he said, "I must be lacking in knowledge. I understand my art, so men say. What is it that I need? Why can I not deeply stir them as I myself am stirred when these thoughts spring within me?"

He sat alone in his room, and dwelled upon it; he walked through the streets, still endeavouring to discover his lack.

And as he moved down one of

these streets some gift of hearing seemed to descend upon him. He passed out of his abstraction suddenly and became attentive to the fragmentary utterances of the passers-by.

"You'll do it for him, won't you?" said one man anxiously to another; "it's a matter of life and death!"

"Of course, of course," interrupted the other. "Now don't forget that you've a ticket for the theatre to-night."

"Good weather for the washing," said one of two women who brushed past him at the moment somewhat rudely, endangering, by their quick movements, a jug of milk, which a very dirty, pretty little girl was carrying. He paused a second to look at the child ere he turned the corner of the street, for her sweet little face was full of profound abstraction—caused, he soon saw, by the endeavour to carry the milk safely while eating a cake which she held in the other hand. And while he stayed to watch her, he caught some words from a group of gentlemen who had met at the corner of the street.

"We are not alarmed at the size of the undertaking," said one, in a full, comfortable tone, "nor are we anxious to spare outlay."

"But," said another, in a more independent voice, "we must look at the matter in a public sense; how will the general pocket like the expense?"

"Hang the public!" exclaimed a third, with a shrug of the shoulders and a laugh. "Let us keep to business; *we* shall make a good thing out of it."

"And really," said the first voice, with a softness that suggested the portly proportions of its owner, "it is but a trifling matter to the individual members of the community. We don't demand much from each."

He heard no more of what they said, for he was startled by the sound of a very different voice. It was a hoarse, low murmur close beside him.

"Bah!—'twas a dirty job after all! I should have done it thoroughly, and left no trace!"

A miserable man, moving under the shadow of the wall, and muttering to himself with eyes bent upon the ground. The author's startled movement attracted his attention, and, meeting the gaze of interested eyes, he quickly moved on, and vanished into darker shadow.

The author reflected within himself as he went homewards, and his amazement was great. These people! How differently they thought from himself! Upon what different subjects their minds dwelled. They were not absorbed in contemplation of the beautiful in God's universe—they were not following out any idea of loveliness. Each sentence which had caught his ear had carried to him a strange sense of the individual selfhood of each life out of which it had come to him. Those persons whom he had met were passing on their way, unmindful of the glories of the world in which they lived—unmindful of the very sun which rode royally above them, save as it made them hot, or dried their washed linen, or served to save their candles. The man who held the theatre ticket in his hand was full of something which he was urging on his friend; while the friend would think of nothing but the theatre ticket which he had just given away. The women were incapable of considering anything but soapsuds; the pretty child, who was to him a vision of heaven-sent beautifulness, was wholly absorbed by the conflicting thoughts of the cake in one hand—to be eaten—and the milk jug in the other—to

be safely carried. And the grave gentlemen whom he had lingered near as they stood talking at the corner of the street—were they occupied in wonder at the grace which God had exhibited in his creations? No; they spoke of speculations and finance—the soap-suds of their existence.

And the man who skulked in the shadow, and muttered strange incoherencies to himself—what was his thought? Not of the mercy of his Creator in still granting him a sunlit life: his mind wandered into some dim and harassed contemplation of his hidden crime.

The author rushed home, and shut himself within his solitary chamber.

"This, then, is my lack!—I do not understand my fellow men. I have analysed myself, not them. I have taken out of my own soul, and given to them. Perchance if I take from out theirs and give to them, then they will the better appreciate my art; and, surely, this is the noblest part of the task which is mine. The study of man is the grandest study possible to the artist!"

And so, pondering in his room, a passionate desire filled him to understand and reproduce the souls which surged so thickly in the city around his isolated chamber.

"Surely!" he cried aloud, in his ecstacy of desire, "in the contemplation of this greatest creation of God's hand, I shall behold the perfection of His artistic power! This will be the climax of my labours."

And he prayed, with all the wild yearning and enthusiasm of his highly-strung nature, that the voices of men might penetrate his ears—that he might be allowed to hear their speech, and, understanding the meanings of their words, to plunge into the mysterious depths of the human heart.

All through the dark and solitary hours of the night he entreated Heaven for this boon—praying that this experience should be given him, which, as he believed, would enable him to consummate his art and perfect his work.

"I have loved God—I have loved Nature," he murmured to himself, as he sank down at last into a weary slumber. "My life will be complete when I know and love man."

He slept until the dawn arose and with its pale light illuminated his chamber. He awoke when its first rays entered—awoke suddenly, and with a start of fear, for a strange sound entered his ears: a dim, hoarse murmur, as of many voices—voices afar off, yet not altogether indistinct.

He sat, with clasped hands of wonder, and a heavenly smile irradiated his face.

"And my wish is granted me!" he exclaimed. "Then indeed it is to be my happiness to grasp my art utterly, and show to men the beautifulness of life by its means!"

He bowed his head to listen and distinguished the voices; and as the light grew stronger the sounds became more audible, so that he could hear the words which were uttered, and understand their meanings.

The day increased, and men busied themselves with their manifold duties and pleasures; but the author sat still in his room, with hands clasped, and his face filled with continually changing emotion.

For the voices of men who were so busied all around him grew clamorous in his ears and deafened him, not by volume of sound, but by the wonder of their meaning. For, as the speech of the multitude

became intelligible to him, he began to understand its desires and its life.

Whispered words of malice penetrated his ear—private conversations in which evil plottings were divulged—cries of pain and shame from out the seething slums of the city—the shoutings of reckless and ungoverned mobs. These sounds all mingled in his ears, and filled his mind with chaos. Utterances which were elegant in form and happy in expression—yet carried a sting of cruelty and unkindness within them—floated from out of drawing rooms and entered softly into his consciousness; and almost ere he had grasped their meaning they were succeeded by the inarticulate cries of drunken quarrellers or the muffled complaints of prisoners.

And, most horrible of all to the sensitive soul of the author, there came to him now and then a half-familiar voice. The man whom yesterday he had seen giving away the theatre ticket to-day revealed the hideousness of selfish deeds which he masked—to himself as well as to others—by small and showy acts of grace. The women he heard brawling in fierce and unwomanly fashion; the speculators he heard raise their voices in keen altercation or lower them in hypocritical amiability, or in the intensity of the passion of money-getting—mingling with these came the harsh voice of the man who hid himself within the shadow; it rose above the others, and all the hatefulness of his crime was laid bare before the aghast and sickened listener. The foul story was interrupted by a shrill wail of momentary but vivid sorrow: the pretty child, whose voice should have no tones but those of sweetness and delight, lifted up the cry of babyish and passionate grief.

And as the day waned and the twilight descended, bringing with it rest and quiet to the beasts of earth and the flowers of nature, there came no peace to the absorbed listener. Instead of quiet came a more confused noise; and the author's face grew agonised as he heard.

"Oh, Heavens!" he cried out at last, raising his own voice amid the yells and cries and murmurings which ceaselessly sounded around him; "oh, Heavens, in mercy close my ears! No longer can I endure!"

He cast himself upon his couch in a passion of horror, and his wish brought its fulfilment. A great silence fell upon him. The world was still. No longer did the voices from the houses and streets enter his chamber. The silence came but just in time.

"Another moment and I must have gone mad," he said to himself, rising and leaning from the window, that he might again feel the sweet air and reassure himself of the existence of the silent sky. But soon he started back and went to his table.

"I will write," he cried, "while the madness is still on me. Men shall behold the foulness of their own hearts if my pen is strong enough to show it to them."

Through the long night he wrote, words that might have been written in tears or blood for the deep sadness that was in them; for many another night he wrote until at length he had relieved his soul of its horror, and shaken from himself the fever of other men's lives.

He sent out his work to the world, while he himself remained shut in his solitary room.

But not for long. He was visited, aroused, besieged. In a word, he was famous.

"This fanciful author," wrote the critics, "has at last given us something real, strong, and life-like," and they went to see him, and found a man who smiled dimly in answer to their words of congratulation.

No longer was the author lonely, unknown, or poor.

He had succeeded!

ESSENCE OF MEMORY.

A SINGULAR speculation has been opened by a follower in the wake of the recorded observations—not the theories — of Darwin and Carpenter. Knowing nothing, as he avers, of science, he has but allowed his "metaphysic wit" to fly over certain small facts of life; and the result is a cluster of plausible theories and deductions which have at least the merit, if it be in anywise a merit, of novelty.

We can only afford to give in a very sketchy and imperfect manner a chain of reasoning such as the author of "Erewhon" presents to us in his present very *bizarre* work.*

The amœba is about the simplest type of animal known, a minute mass of living jelly; yet the jelly speck can extemporise a stomach by wrapping its soft body round a nutritive particle, and a foot by the projection of its protoplasmic substance. Dr. Carpenter observes as cited in the work before us: "Suppose a human mason to be put down by the side of a pile of stones of various shapes and sizes, and to be told to build a dome of these, smooth on both surfaces, without using more than the least possible quantity of a very tenacious, but very costly, cement, in holding the stones together. If he accomplished this well, he would receive credit for great intelligence and skill. Yet this is exactly what these little 'jelly specks' do on a most minute scale; the 'tests' they construct, when highly magnified, bearing comparison with the most skilful masonry of man. From *the same sandy bottom* one species picks up the *coarser* quartz grains, cements them together with *phosphate of iron* secreted from its own substance" [should not this rather be (says Mr. Butler), "which it has contrived in some way or other to manufacture"?) and thus constructs a flask-shaped 'test,' having a short neck and a large single orifice. Another picks up the *finest* grains, and puts them together, with the same cement, into perfectly spherical 'tests' of the most extraordinary finish, perforated with numerous small pores disposed at pretty regular intervals. Another selects the *minutest* sand grains and the terminal portions of sponge spicules, and works them up together—apparently with no cement at all, by the mere laying of the spicules—into perfect white spheres, like homœopathic globules, each having a single-fissured orifice. And another, which makes a straight, many-chambered 'test,' that resembles in form the chambered shell of an orthoceratite—the conical mouth of each chamber projecting into the cavity of the next—while forming the walls of its chambers of ordinary sand grains rather loosely held together, shapes the conical mouth of the successive chambers by firmly

* Life and Habit. By Samuel Butler. London: Trübner, 1878.

cementing together grains of ferruginous quartz, which it must have picked out from the general mass."

So much for the unconscious and yet wonderful action of this atomy. We human folk act with an apparent unconsciousness in many things—to wit, in those in which we have had most practice, and in which, as Mr. Butler would put it, we have by that means "got past thought." A consummate player on the piano, for instance, in the quasi-unconsciousness of habit resulting from constant practice, will strike four or five thousand notes in four or five minutes. This he will do accurately, and yet think and talk at the same time, his attention being engaged upon thousands of minute points, in any one of which a mistake might be made.

That the faculty is so developed as to have passed into the domain of unconsciousness may be thus proved. If the player be made conscious by anyone's disturbing him and then desiring him to start again, he is put out, and may have to begin a difficult passage, which he was performing swimmingly in his unconsciousness of effort, over again in order to catch the rhythm from the first.

"In fact, it seems as though he knew the piece too well to be able to know that he knows it, and is only conscious of knowing those passages which he does not know so thoroughly."

When the performance is concluded any portion of it may be repeated; but it would require an effort—indeed, would be almost an impossibility—to recall, or rather produce a consciousness of the effort that resulted in the production of any given note.

In writing "the formation of each letter requires attention and volition, yet in a few minutes a practised writer will form several hundred letters, and be able to think and talk of something else all the time he is doing so. He will not probably remember the formation of a single character in any page that he has written; nor will he be able to give more than the substance of his writing if asked to do so. He knows how to form each letter so well, and he knows so well each word that he is about to write, that he has ceased to be conscious of his knowledge or to notice his acts of volition, each one of which is, nevertheless, followed by a corresponding muscular action. Yet the uniformity of our handwriting, and the manner in which we almost invariably adhere to one method of forming the same character, would seem to suggest that during the momentary formation of each letter our memories must revert (with an intensity too rapid for our perception) to many if not to all the occasions on which we have ever written the same letter previously—the memory of these occasions dwelling in our minds as what has been called a residuum—an unconsciously struck balance or average of them all—a fused mass of individual reminiscences of which no trace can be found in our consciousness, and of which the only effect would seem to lie in the gradual changes of handwriting which are perceptible in most people till they have reached middle age, and sometimes even later. So far are we from consciously remembering any one of the occasions on which we have written such and such a letter, that we are not even conscious of exercising our memory at all, any more than we are in health conscious of the action of our heart. But, if we are writing in some unfamiliar way, as when printing our letters instead of writing them in our usual running hand, our

memory is so far awakened that we become conscious of every character we form; sometimes it is even perceptible as memory to ourselves, as when we try to remember how to print some letter, for example a 'g,' and cannot call to mind on which side of the upper half of the letter we ought to put the link which connects it with the lower, and are successful in remembering; but if we become very conscious of remembering, it shows that we are on the brink of only trying to remember—that is to say, of not remembering at all."

Other instances are to be found in reading, walking, swimming, talking, and also in calculation. In the last-named province we can support the theory from experience. Our first additions of long columns were laboriously made, with a consciousness of each figure. After some practice we learned to perform the same process with so little consciousness of it, and so little appreciation of each individual figure, that we could think pleasantly at the time the pencil and the eye were passing up and down the column in the process of addition. A friend whom we consulted as to the metaphysics of such a matter said that the thoughts slipped in between the interstices of the figures. Our own theory was that the practice had helped to form a mechanical part of the brain fit to have a matter like addition relegated to it.

Mr. Butler would have it that the instinctive or mechanical life is the attainment of an aristocratic unconscious ease which far transcends imperfect and conscious effort.

It being proved that constant practice leads to unconsciousness, how long indeed must not have been the practice of the creature of so-called instinct to enable it to perform its almost infallible processes, such as the dome building of the amœba!

The little atomy presumably does its work with such marvellous perfection and unconsciousness of effort, because it knows so well how to do it.

When we do not know well that on which we are engaged, there arrives a painful consciousness of its details. When we are only a growing cell, we are untroubled by such consciousness of effort. "Birth is but the beginning of doubt, the first hankering after scepticism, the dreaming of a dawn of trouble, the end of certainty and of settled convictions. Not but what before birth there have been unsettled convictions (more's the pity) with not a few, and after birth we have still so made up our minds upon many points as to have no further need of reflection concerning them; nevertheless, in the main, birth is the end of that time when we really knew our business, and the beginning of the days wherein we know not what we would do, or do. It is therefore the beginning of consciousness, and infancy is as the dosing of one who turns in his bed on waking, and takes another short sleep before he rises."

Again, "A chicken is never so full of activity, reasoning faculty, and volition as when it is an embryo in the eggshell, making bones, and flesh, and feathers, and eyes, and claws, with nothing but a little warmth and white of egg to make them from. This is indeed to make bricks with but a small modicum of straw. There is no man in the whole world who knows consciously and articulately as much as a half-hatched hen's egg knows unconsciously."

How are we to account for the arrival at such unconsciousness? Where is the primeval repetition of effort? "The embryo chicken would

presumably act as it does, *provided it were always* the *same chicken which made itself over and over again.*" This sounds somewhat absurd, but Mr. Butler means that the knowledge and volition of all chickens would seem to be parts of the knowledge and volition of a primordial cell, which slumbers but never dies.

The argument as to comparative consciousness is summed up in the following statements:

"That we are *most conscious of, and have most control over*, such habits as speech, the upright position, the arts and sciences, which are acquisitions peculiar to the human race, always acquired after birth, and not common to ourselves and any ancestor who had not become entirely human.

"That we are *less conscious of, and have less control over*, eating and drinking, swallowing, breathing, seeing and hearing, which were acquisitions of our prehuman ancestry, and for which we had provided ourselves with all the necessary apparatus before we saw light, but which are still, geologically speaking, recent, or comparatively recent.

"That we are *most unconscious of, and have least control over*, our digestion and circulation, which belonged even to our invertebrate ancestry, and which are habits, geologically speaking, of extreme antiquity."

And again, as we learn from Mr. Butler,

"I wish also to show reason for thinking that this creature, Life, has only come to be what it is, by the same sort of process as that by which any human art or manufacture is developed, *i.e.*, through constantly doing the same thing over and over again, beginning from something which is barely recognisable as faith, or as the desire to know, or do, or live at all, and as to the origin of which we are in utter darkness—and growing till it is first conscious of effort, then conscious of power, then powerful with but little consciousness, and finally, so powerful and so charged with memory as to be absolutely without all self-consciousness whatever, except as regards its latest phases in each of its many differentiations, or when placed in such new circumstances as compel it to choose between death and a reconsideration of its position."

Mr. Butler's conclusion is "*Life, then, is memory.* The life of a creature is the memory of a creature. We are all the same stuff to start with, but we remember different things, and if we did not remember different things we should be absolutely like each other. As for the stuff itself of which we are made, we know nothing save only that it is such as 'dreams are made of.'"

The argument is most plausible, but it is somewhat too novel for us to be wholly converted by it, according to Mr. Butler's own principles, that the best advances are those made slowly.

It would appear reasonable that there are two kinds of consciousness, one (or perhaps many) of the bodily frame, another—in beings of the higher grades—of the unseen nature, which latter may depend upon memory for its life quite as reasonably as may the embryo chicken upon that kind of memory which manifests itself as what we call instinct.

When the mechanical certainty of a creature's life is disturbed, it is by the entrance of a new element, which marks off a new development. From the utmost perfection of the most complicated mechanical creature we see traces of a strange descent, which proves to be but the *reculer pour mieux sauter* of a development on an infinitely

ascending scale. The blind mechanical certainty by which an animal creature of the lower grades seeks its foods, and converts them into movement, is but like the manner of a steam engine, which, by working a coal-heaving apparatus to fill its own furnace, a pump to fill its own boiler, and an apparatus for disposing of its undigested refuse, would (after the fire of life were once set alight) continue its vital movements so long as the supply of inflammable matter and water was unexhausted. That blind mechanical certainty begins to be infringed, very delicately at first, and never, so far as we know it, in any but a partial way, in higher life as compared with lower forms; that certainty begins to be traversed, intersected, and impaired by a new quality that is not mechanical, so far as we know what is mechanical, for it ofttimes acts directly contrary to the course which its action would have taken had it followed the calculable routine of the machine.

We may touch now again upon Mr. Butler's doctrine that the power of the creature lies in its memory, and question whether that memory must not be of two kinds. The machine memory, or the quality by which one machine (even a man-made one) acts like another machine of identical construction; and the memory by which there enters into the mechanical life of an organism a dominating entity furnished with an attribute that in its rudimentary form we may fairly name self-will. This self-will is not a blind calculable thing. If it be memory, it is the memory of former freedom, and therefore has an individuality of its own, and can be included in no class of objects whose course is ascertainable with certainty.

The difference between the machine as we make it and the mechanical organisms of Nature would seem mainly to lie in the fact that we do not know how the unseen Promethean fire is brought down to the latter to start the machinery; and Nature's mechanisms have multiform powers of self-reproduction which no man knows how to include in his mechanical masterpieces.

But this difference would bring no argument against our thesis from Mr. Butler, for in his "Erewhon," where he finds more advanced philosophers than ourselves, he has with admirable humour included among their discoveries that of the progression of machines into enhanced consciousness and power. A later development than man, they were tabooed by the Erewhonian wiseacres on the ground that they would manifest a subservience to man only so long as it might suit them, and would, if unchecked while there was opportunity, eventually take their place as his superiors and masters.

In an ultimate truth of Pantheism, we may agree with Mr. Butler that even the higher memory, or quality, which is life, is the memory of the universal life; but for all practical purposes, and—notwithstanding the apparent paradox—in all practical truth, it is the memory of the particular life.

Perhaps we are rather mistaking his position, and ought to say that the memory of a creature is the memory of its class. This tenet seems to be fairly supported by the instances most ingeniously worked out by our metaphysician of the result of hybridism. The dual inherent memories will sometimes be found to be compatible, and result in a new species; but otherwise it is as if we should try to blend into one a sewing machine and, for instance, the new machine for chiselling blocks of stone. A

sewing machine and a musical box, it is conceivable, might be blended; and the result would be a sewing machine playing as it worked. If, then, this instrument, owing so much to either parent, were married to a phonograph, it would be possible to have the "Song of the Shirt" as an ever-present accompaniment to the stitch, stitch, stitch.

An automatic condition of energy is comparatively not difficult to realise, provided the existence of matter and force and the conversions of them be first allowed for. There would seem no reason why the greater part of the marvel work of the amœba, once the creature is created, should not be as automatic as the routine of the self-feeding printing press that, with steam supplied for life blood, multiplies sheets of writing, and throws them neatly folded into a basket.

The mystery would appear not to lie in the work done by classes of animals with the infallible certainty of instinct, or, in other words, with the regularity of a set of machines constructed on the same model. The mystery of memory would rather seem to begin with the infinitesimal entrance of that wondrous faculty of self-will. We may act on a balance of considerations; but we have the power to tilt the balances for very caprice, if we will, or to refuse to act at all.

The mackerel forms one of a shiny cluster with his brethren, bound to the shoal by mechanical bonds, from which there is no voluntary escape. We who are men and not mackerels, "we mortal millions live alone," and can leave the crowded thoroughfares and sit and think in our loneliness, and be almost emancipated from any mechanical condition whatsoever. This, it might be said, is the prerogative of genius only; but in such a case it is because genius is more in the sphere of the higher laws, while the generality are still addicted to mechanical conditions.

There would seem to be a greater presumption that a quality like genius should be of essence of memory than even the most marvellous constructiveness of the class *amœba*, which may not, after all, so nearly be paralleled by mechanical engines of our own manufacture.

The adverse criticism that we should be disposed to make upon Mr. Butler's present work is one that could be made upon most modern books. Its principles have not been felt long enough to be evolved with the perfection that comes with repetion. The dictum of a mathematical pioneer can never be too fully borne in mind, "Never regard anything as true until you can also see it as beautiful." A book like this should have been perfected into an exquisite prose poem. "Erewhon," by reason of the latitude allowed to a work of imagination, was highly successful in its way. The present work, being philosophic in its aim, is impaired by the reader's frequent dilemma as to whether the ancestry of the motive of certain of its utterances is to be found with such a Butler as that of the "Analogy" or with the Butler of "Hudibras." We hoped that the present literary re-incarnation of the universal or parent Butler-entity (we try to follow the author's doctrines here) had exhausted his faculty of evolving marsh lights and mystification in his preceding work, "The Fair Haven," which was, in truth, no harbour of rest at all, but a bay full of stakes and torpedoes.

Mr. Butler, while alluding to the

complaint of his friends who say they can never tell whether he is in jest or earnest, avows his seriousness. But his fantasy takes such humorous forms that there is always a temptation to regard his books as belonging to the same category as Mark Twain's, rather than to treat him with the respect due to an earnest philosopher. The idiosyncratic oddness, if not the originality and power, of Mr. Butler's books will always, however, command attention.

SPIRIT OF THE UNIVERSITIES.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD,

June 22.

WE are already in full *fête*, and balls, concerts, and other gaieties of Commemoration succeed each other with almost clock-like regularity. One can predict to a nicety twelvemonths beforehand what will take place between Thursday and Thursday under any but very exceptional circumstances, such for example as the tragic occurrence which caused the abandonment of the Pembroke concert, and the low standard of pure scholarship which deprives the Encœnia of two important recitations. As regards the former of these untoward accidents, it is unfortunately by no means a solecism. Ever since the introduction of that most silly as well as dangerous craft, the canoe, upon the Isis, deaths by drowning preserve a fixed average; and it is noteworthy that they mostly happen about Commemoration time. The University, of course, is powerless to prevent its *alumni* from endangering their lives with almost suicidal recklessness; but public opinion ought to pronounce against canoeing as an exercise, since, independent of its peril, it contracts the chest, and, as a form of exercise, is positively mischievous. I have not Mr. McLaren's valuable work at hand to refer to; but I believe I am not incorrect in affirming that the greatest living authority on athletics condemns the paddle unequivocally. The other eventuality which has cast a gloom, though of a different quality of course, on the Commemoration, is the announcement of the judges that two of the Chancellor's prizes have not been awarded. This, it is felt, amounts to a serious reflection on the present of a University, which in the past boasted such giants in scholarship as Gaisford and Cardwell, Conington and Roundell Palmer, with a host of others whose names are written in the Anthologia. It is to be feared that all modern educational tendencies run in the direction of diffuseness, and that in learning more our youth learn less. The fault, however, must be laid at the door, not of Oxford, but of the public schools, which, simultaneously with the establishment of a pedantic system of pronouncing the dead languages, seem to have dispensed with a virtue much regarded in the days of our boyhood, viz., exactitude. The University, I admit, has it in its power to compel the great schools to drill their sixth forms in verse and prose; and I should be glad to hear that Balliol had sent back an entire batch of competitors for her scholarships with a flea in their ear, since the depreciation of Oxford scholarship is tantamount to the degradation of Oxford. Such a drastic remedy, however, is not likely to be applied—*comitatis causâ*; and the only method of elevating the standard of scholarship which suggests itself is by rendering the classes in moderations a trifle less cheap than they have been of late years. I must not forget, in writing

for a magazine, to mention that the winner of the Newdigate, Mr. Wilde of this college, has already shown some promise in magazine literature.

A word concerning the Hertford Fellowship litigation. It seems almost a pity that Mr. Baring's liberality did not assume another form. Parliament has, in the exercise of its discretion, abolished tests, and the principles thus insisted on ought to be respected even by those who regret most deeply the loss to the Church of the great prizes of the University. Parliament, however, has not, so far as I am aware, made an enactment against the establishment of denominational colleges; and it is open for any body of religionists to copy the example of the founders of Keble, and endow a college for their church or sect. Had Mr. Baring constituted himself a Wykeham or a Wadham on a small scale, his munificence would have been an heirloom for the Anglican Church. As it is, Hertford by the Liberal party is felt to be an injurious anomaly, and in all probability when next a Liberal majority is returned to St. Stephen's the test wherewith Mr. Baring has loaded his princely benefaction will be abolished. The intention of the Legislature is plain; so also is that of Mr. Baring. When, however, two wills clash, the weaker is certain to go to the wall.

As I write, the list of degrees to be conferred in the theatre on Wednesday next is stated to include the names of Lords Huntington and Napier of Magdala, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. Pierrepont the ex-American Minister, Sir Fitzjames Stephen, Mr. Talbot the new M.P., Mr. W. Spottiswoode, and Mr. John Hill Burton. It is quite possible that not all of these eminent individuals will be present; but they have accepted the Vice-Chancellor's invitation, and have doubtless fortified their nerves to endure the blatant *badinage* of the gallery, which, however, is much softer-toned than of yore. For my own part, I relish a little of the Terræ-Filius element among the gods, and such happy hits as "Non nobis, domine" in reply to the regulation "Placetne vobis, domini doctores, placetne vobis, magistri?" which is put by the Vice-Chancellor before each degree is voted, have their small merit. Neither do I deprecate hearty applause, such as brought the tears into the eyes of Colin Campbell, and quite overwhelmed the Princess of Wales when she appeared as a bride. *Sit modus*, however, should be the rule, especially in the matter of yelling; and, whilst I should regret an emasculated and Pecksniffian Commemoration, I confess to a hearty dislike of the Zoological style of performance, so suggestive of a cage and feeding time.

The Philharmonic Society have wisely selected Mr. Randegger's "Fridolin" as the *pièce de résistance* of their Commemoration Concert. It is not generally known that Mendelssohn's "Œdipus" and "Antigone" were first produced in this country by Dr. Corfe at Oxford; and, with the splendid material for a chorus which the University possesses, and the ease wherewith an orchestra can be imported from London, it would appear a sound policy to select entirely *new music* for such performances as those of the Philharmonic Society. Since Sir Frederick Ouseley's "St. Polycarp" and Dr. Monk's "Bard" no cantata or oratorio of the highest merit has been evolved from Oxford genius; but there is no necessity to confine the area of selection to native talent, and I am certain that Oxford will welcome the tone-poetry of Mr. Randegger as heartily as that of the Professor, or of the organist of York.

The contest for the presidency of the Union was most exciting, and the number of votes recorded for the losing candidate so large that his defeat may be aptly termed a victory. I am ancient enough to remember the society when its *habitat* was in the rooms over Vincent the *bibliopole's* shop, and when the debates were held in the auction room of a respectable auctioneer, who, if I mistake not, was the sire of a certain historian of pronounced Liberal views. Since those days the germ has fructified enormously, and the institution bids fair in the long run to equal in importance the richest among our colleges. Assuredly the luxury of its library, as contrasted with the supreme discomfort of the British Museum reading room, affords ample ground for an "odorous" contrast between Oxford and London, slightly to the disadvantage of the latter.

The master of Balliol has been acting the part of host and cicerone to the Empress of the French. "Mild-eyed Arius," as I heard him styled the other day, has a passion for celebrities. He has imported Mr. Robert Browning bodily into Balliol, and has extended the ægis of his civility not only as far as George Eliot, but to Miss Braddon. I have not yet heard of his patronising Miss Rhoda Broughton, whose brother is an old Balliol man; but his friendship for Algernon Swinburne is quite an open secret. Whether his nature assimilates quite as easily with the fourteen bishops who at present are sojourning in Oxford, this deponent sayeth not. Possibly he may be of opinion that even in the matter of lawn sleeves it is possible to have too much of a good thing.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

June 15th.

OUR Regius Professor of Modern History, in an introduction which he wrote some years ago for "The Student's Guide to the University of Cambridge," began by saying that "the object of a student at Cambridge is to obtain one of the degrees which are conferred by that University." The words have a strange ring about them, especially as proceeding from a man who might have been credited with the loftiest ideas possible as to University life and aims. And although, perhaps, comparatively few are induced to become students here by the motives which to those who cherish ideals may seem the highest, it may be said that the mere degree is the inducement of yet fewer. At the present moment, when the academical year is just ending, and the forsaken Colleges suggest the thought of (may the Editors of the *Undergraduate's Journal* hold me guiltless of plagiarism) "the abomination of desolation," one's mood is naturally meditative. It has, indeed, been a privilege to spend so many happy months in the midst of scenes which cannot but be cheerful and exhilarating. Who that has had the least experience of either of the elder Universities can have failed to observe that they together present in full Term a phenomenon singular in the world? To share for a time the advantages of the unique life here to be lived would be tempting enough to most, quite apart from any hope of being called hereafter a Bachelor or a Master of Arts. It is probable that the greater part of the very large number of men who are quite content with a second class in one of the "Special" examinations for

the ordinary degree, care for that degree mainly because the world outside, which has superstitious notions of the disgrace of being "plucked" as it calls it (we call it "ploughed"), is apt to say queer things about a man who leaves Cambridge without a degree. No doubt it is a misfortune, a very grave misfortune, if any one makes of this University a mere lounge, loves it only as a pleasant club. There are some of whom this is true, but it is their own loss; and the present writer cannot but believe, founding his belief upon personal observation, that the majority of "pollmen" keep before them, with more or less distinctness, throughout their career at Cambridge the honest purpose of using it as a ladder to a higher kind of being than they feel they could have attained to without it. Amongst our second class "pollmen" there are many ornaments of the *alma mater*—men, who after "going down" do her the greatest credit.

Once upon a time the renown of an eminent teacher could gather students from all parts of Europe to hear him. The presence of such a master was sufficient in itself to create a great school. A John of Salisbury or an Erasmus had such an enthusiasm for learning, that he compassed sea and land to get it at the best fountains. Of course it is trite to say that the development of printing has changed all this. But this is one of those trite remarks that may tend to perpetuate a state of facts which it is not altogether desirable to have perpetuated. No educational machinery has yet been invented which can equal the living voice of a competent and painstaking teacher; and there are not wanting indications that the truth of this is being brought home to our own generation as forcibly as ever in the past. The scheme of University Extension, which has already had such great results in the north of England, is an endeavour to rally learners round working teachers, and thus to do what books could never do. And what is the *raison d'être* of the University Commissions but to remodel the arrangements here and at Oxford, so that we may get rid of the consequences of a long refusal to recognise a very simple truth? We are crying out for a body of persons who shall throw their energies into the personal training of scholars. It is a miserable thing to attend a lecture, one of a Term's course of half-a-dozen perhaps, read for mere form's sake to almost empty benches.

As a matter of fact, indeed, things are far from being in so bad a state in this respect as they are often represented. If the whole truth be told, there is at Cambridge a very great deal of the highest kind of instruction, and (*pace* Professor Seeley) ardour for learning in itself, apart from its academical rewards, is with not a few the "object" of their study at Cambridge. But I must not lay myself open to the charge of wilfully or otherwise misunderstanding the Professor's words. We may be sure that he who is one of the most eminent examples of the true teacher, who labours earnestly to excite in his pupils disinterested love of scholarship, and who has been known to express regret that he sought honours in classics, albeit he was bracketed senior, and owes to that lofty place so many of his after successes; we may be quite sure that he could not have meant to hold up the degree as the one end of University life. And it should be recorded that, in order to come into closer relations with the undergraduates than would be possible in his public lectures alone, he has for some years taken a "conversation class" at his own rooms.

At the concluding lecture of his last public course I was fortunately

able to be present. It was mainly devoted to a masterly analysis of the attitude of the Highland clans in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745. We should beware, he urged, of the mistake of regarding the Highland clansmen of those periods as beings attached by an innate, single-hearted, all-absorbing loyalty to the House of Stuart. Loyal they were, indeed; but the loyalty was to the chiefs of the clans, and these chiefs were loyal to the House of Stuart mostly from selfish motives. They perceived that only by the triumph of the Stuart could their own antiquated patriarchal mode of government remain unmolested; and there constantly floated before the eyes of many of them the prospect, by able and lucky manœuvring, of reaching higher dignities. Thus Lord Lovat dreamed of the Dukedom of Fraser, and along with it of a glory unsurpassed in Scotland. Dwelling with emphasis upon the magnitude of the danger in 1715, the lecturer pointed out that if the leaders had been men of equal calibre to those of 1745, they must have been successful; but the leaders were signally incompetent. In '15 there was plenty of inflammable material, but no fire; whilst in '45 there was plenty of fire but no inflammable material. I hear, by-the-bye, that the Professor is going to take a reading party to some pleasant region in the coming "long," and that Mr. Oscar Browning is to have a share in the conduct of it. The members of the party are to be congratulated.

In an age which goes almost beside itself about memorials of people, it would have been odd, perhaps, if the idea had not been mooted here of a memorial to Kirke White; and it were well to have something to remind us that St. John's College was for a while the abiding place of a gentle and good youth, whose name belongs to the literary history of our country, and as to whom there is no knowing how great he might have been had his life been prolonged. If we are sometimes inclined to close the little volume of his works when we have opened it, displeased at what may strike us as the morbid tendency of his doleful muse, a thorough reading of it will probably win for the poor author our respect, possibly also our affection. In the exquisite "Ode to Disappointment," which, were it his only production, would give him a title to the name of poet, the spirit, though there are some languid passages, is upon the whole manly and vigorous. Disappointment has hurled him "from Hope's summit," but she is forgiven, for in her he has recognised a "nurse," rigid indeed, but "sent from Heaven," and he greets her with the brave words, "My all was not laid here." If the Kirke White memorial should take the form of a bust or a portrait, it might be well to adorn the head with Disappointment's "peaceful cypress" wreath, which he twined round his "brow resign'd."

Of graces which have recently passed the Senate, some of the most noteworthy are those which respectively make radical alterations in the Mathematical Tripos, amalgamate the Local Lectures and Local Examinations Syndicates, and call into existence two additional pro-proctors.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN,

June 21.

I HAVE not yet seen the report of the Commission on the Fellowships. Indeed, I do not know whether the report is to be published or not. I have heard nothing more of any attempt to carry the suggestions into practice, and do not anticipate results of any value from their operation if they were brought into practice. It is no very easy matter to provide for contingencies of this kind, but if petty and merely personal considerations are to take precedence of public objects, there is an end of every attempt to mend matters. It would require much more space than you can afford me to draw out a plan of thorough reform; but such a plan I have no doubt could be constructed if the difficulties were fairly looked in the face. This, however, is what the sitting commission has failed to do.

I have already noted the first appearance of a Roman Catholic professor as an examiner for Scholarship. The examination, which is just over, has been marked by another new feature—the appointment of an alien to a Scholarship. By statute no one can hold this position *nisi subditus coronæ* (what would Cicero or Quintilian have said to that piece of Latinity?) But at this examination the best answerer in mathematics was Mr. Swift Payne Johnston, the son of an emigrant, himself born in the United States, and consequently in the eye of the law an American citizen. The difficulty was solved by his taking out letters of naturalisation, but this had to be done at very short notice. By statute the result of the election of Scholars must be announced on Trinity Monday. The marks were made up and communicated to the Board at about twelve that day, and in ordinary circumstances the result would have been declared at once. But in order to elect Mr. Johnston, who was not only eligible as regards answering, but actually first in order of merit, it was necessary to apply to the proper authorities to naturalise him. Luckily, they were able to do this between noon and four o'clock, after which time the election, if not made public, would have been null. So Mr. Johnston has got his Scholarship.

The annual athletic sports are over. They began in water and ended in fire. The two days originally fixed for the contests were so wet that nobody could stir abroad. So the sports had to be postponed until last Monday and Tuesday. Even then the ground was in very bad condition for foot races. There is always a certain amount of Saturnalia about the "College races," as the public insists on styling the athletic sports. But on Tuesday night the rioting became very serious. The frolicsome undergraduates were, I suppose, reinforced by drunken rowdies from outside; at least, it is charitable to hope so. There is a carpenter's yard at the back of the dining hall, and this was broken into, in search of material for a bonfire. Whether by accident or design, some one set fire to a heap of shavings, and in a moment the whole of the yard was in a blaze. The fire brigade had to be called in, and happily succeeded in subduing the flames before they reached the hall.

The damage done has been estimated at something over four hundred pounds; but the money damage is nothing to the scandal the whole thing has caused. I am told the Board seriously contemplate putting a

stop to the sports; and if they do the public will not strongly disapprove, though Dublin will thereby lose one of its few amusements. But, even if not wholly forbidden, it seems certain that they will be placed under very much more stringent restrictions than hitherto. In particular it seems very desirable that every person who partakes in the management of the sports should be amenable to College discipline. All this will, no doubt, get settled in time; but meanwhile there has been great mischief and sore scandal, and the continuance of the sports is brought into very serious peril.

Trinity Term does not end until the 7th of July, so we have still some days before Long Vacation. I do not know whether it will be worth while writing to you before next term, but if any interesting changes should meanwhile occur in our "skin" or our "spots," I shall not fail to let you know.

TORONTO UNIVERSITY,

June 3rd.

THE building, in which the business of this institution and of University College, Toronto, is conducted, is unusually fine for a colonial, or even an imperial structure. It is situated in a splendid park of more than 100 acres, and approached by beautiful avenues of considerable length, planted with trees on either side. The description given of it by Mr. Black, in his "Green Pastures and Piccadilly," is by no means inappropriate:

"There was one point about Toronto which they did most honestly and warmly admire, and that was the Norman-Gothic University. To tell the truth, we had not seen much that was striking in the way of architecture since we crossed the Atlantic; but the simple grace and beauty of this grey stone building wholly charmed these careless travellers; and again and again they spoke of it in after days when our eyes could get nothing to rest upon but tawdry brick and discoloured wood."

This is not a Government structure; neither the Legislature nor the people gave one cent towards the erection of the edifice, the finishing of the interior, or the purchase of the park. The building was erected, and the library, museum, and lecture room equipped, from the sale of the lands granted originally by his Majesty George III., for the benefit of education in Upper Canada, to the U.E. (United Empire) Memorialists, who first settled in this province. Subsequently these lands were granted, through the advocacy of Archdeacon Strachan (afterwards first Bishop of Toronto, and also first President of King's College, Toronto), by his Majesty George IV., for the foundation of a University at York, now Toronto. But both Government and Legislature have often interfered with this University, and, in the majority of instances, beneficially. At present the former are by statute trustees of the property, appoint the President and other officials of the University College, and exercise control over the statutes enacted by the Council and Senate; whilst, as early as 1837, the latter altered the provisions of the Royal Charter, under which the University of King's College, York, was organised, subsequently repealed the Act of 1837, establishing in 1850 a University of Toronto in lieu of the University of King's College,

and finally, in 1853, divided the institution into two—the University of Toronto, and University College, Toronto, which, it was intended, should be after the model of similar establishments in London, England. From the balance of the purchase of these lands remaining after the erection of the building, the finishing of the interior, and the previous purchase of the park, both the University and College are supported; and so anxious have been the officials that the people at large should derive the benefit of the endowment, that the following scale of fees has been adopted:

UNIVERSITY.—For Matriculation, 5 dollars (or about twenty shillings sterling); for each examination after matriculation, 2 dollars; for charge of Faculty, 4 dollars; for admission *ad eundem statum*, 6 dollars; for the first degree in University, 6 dollars; for every subsequent degree, 8 dollars; for admission *ad eundem gradum*, 10 dollars.

COLLEGE.—For admission as a Matriculated Student to all the required lectures, 10 dollars (or about 2*l.* sterling) *per* academic year.

In addition to this unprecedented lowness of fees, forty-five scholarships, of the value each of about 120.00 dollars, are annually offered for competition. Of the course of examination required in the University, and of study pursued in the College, it is sufficient at present to state that it is throughout divided into Pass and Honour subjects; and that, at the final examination for B.A., there are five departments of honour, or triposes, viz.: Classics (including Greek and Latin), Mathematics, Modern Languages (including English, French, German, and Italian), Natural Sciences (including Chemistry, Zoology and Botany, Mineralogy, and Geology), and Metaphysics and Ethics; whilst Oriental languages (including Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac) constitute an Optional Department, and may be accepted as an alternative for French and German.

Although the charter was given in 1827, the establishment was not opened for the admission of students until 1843, when His Excellency Sir Charles Bagot was Chancellor, and Rev. John M'Caul, LL.D., was Vice-President, by whom the arrangements were made, and the *curricula* were prepared. That for Arts was for a three years' course previously to taking the degree of B.A. This remained until 1853, when the Faculties of Medicine and Law were abolished as parts of University instruction, in addition to that of Divinity, which was removed in 1850. Then the *curriculum* for undergraduates in Arts was extended to four years, at which it still remains.

It may be useful, to prevent useless applications, to state that this University confers no honorary degrees. All such distinctions are to be acquired only by proficiency tested by examination.

This first contribution being occupied with explanatory details, I hope to write further to convey a more interior picture of our life and aims here. I retain an old affection for your Magazine, as it was originated in my time, and I was familiar with the original editors.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Studies in Literature, 1789-1877. By Edward Dowden, LL.D., Professor of English Literature in the University of Dublin, author of "Shakspeare—His Mind and Art," "Poems," &c. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co., 1878.

"Upon the whole, I have cared more to understand than to object; I have tried rather to interpret than to judge." So the author prefaces these Studies, and to this liberal principle of criticism he has faithfully adhered, taking broad and generous views of epochs of literature and the men that have made or filled them. These views are expressed in simple, vigorous, and at times even eloquent language.

In the first essay Professor Dowden examines into the chief tendencies of the literature of this century, and defines them as (1) Revolutionary or Democratic Movement, (2) Scientific Movement, (3) Mediæval Revival, (4) Transcendental Movement; and proceeds to further analyse the first of these movements and its effects on literature. The second and third essays are devoted respectively to the "Transcendental Movement and Literature" and the "Scientific Movement and Literature." To these the author had intended to add a fourth on the "Mediæval Revival," but he abandoned the idea, concluding that he could not do justice to the subject within the brief limits of an essay. This is to be regretted, as it detracts somewhat from the completeness of the work, unless he contemplates treating of the Mediæval Revival and its literature and literary representatives as a companion volume to the present one. The first three essays may be regarded as introductory to the rest. They mark out in broad lines the characteristics of the age, which are afterwards expanded into greater detail in the studies of the individual writers of the period. We quote the following passage from the "Transcendental Movement and its Literature," as illustrative of the style, though it is difficult to detach a small portion from the context without injustice:

"If ever our democratic age be organised, the organisation will be not for a class but for the entire society—for workman as well as capitalist, for peasant as well as proprietor, for woman as well as man; and such a complex organisation cannot be the product of one day, nor of one century. We accept courageously the rudeness of our vast industrial civilisation. The results of that other movement also, the scientific, which Mr. Ruskin passionately reproaches or regards with smiling disdain, we accept with gratitude. And yet were these our sole sources of hope, to some of us the burden of life would seem to be hardly worth taking up. Accumulated materials, whether materials for food, fire, and clothing, or materials of knowledge to feed the intellect, do not satisfy the soul. Are we tempted to enter the fierce struggle for material success? Are we tempted to forfeit our highest powers in the mere collection and systematising

of knowledge? Let us pause; if our utmost ambition were gratified, how barren a failure would be such success? Nay, even in duties, in the items of a laborious morality, we may cease to possess that life which is also light and incommunicable peace. Surrounded with possessions of wealth, of state, of splendour, or of culture, of erudition, of knowledge, or even of the dutiful works of a servant who is not a son, the inmost self may be poor, shrunken, starved, miserable, dead. What shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

"And what shall it profit an age, a generation of men, if it lose its own soul? We accept joyfully the facts of material progress. Tons of iron, tons of coal, corn, and wine, cotton and hemp, firkins of the best butter, barrels of salted pork; let these have their praises, and be chanted in the hymns of our poets of democracy. Knowledge about the brains of an ape, knowledge about the coprolites of an extinct brute, the dust of stars, the spawn of frogs, the vibrations of a nerve; to such knowledge we cry hail, and give it joyous welcome. Then, none the less, we ask, 'But the soul—what of it? What of the most divine portion of the life of a man, and of a society of men?'"

To these essays succeed a study on "The Prose Works of Wordsworth," one on "Walter Savage Landor," distinguished for the even justice with which the balance is held between the greatness of the man and his defects; another on "Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning," in which the antitheses between the two are well worked out. But to our thinking the finest essays in the book are those on George Eliot and her work, in which Dr. Dowden has brought both head and heart to his task.

Of French writers, Lammenais, Edgar Quinet, and Victor Hugo are the chief ones selected. There is also an interesting study of the minor writers of verse of the period 1830-1877, as representing the various features of the age.

The concluding essay is devoted to the Poetry of Democracy, with which is coupled the name of Walt Whitman. Whitman's work has met with much misrepresentation and ridicule from English, and perhaps even more from American critics. Dr. Dowden interprets him in a spirit of candour and fairness, and of large tolerance of his freedom of speech, regarding it as the natural reaction from the unhealthy asceticism of the past. He makes us feel the freedom and lovingness and simple greatness of the man who is the outcome and truest representative of his age and nation, the "representative in art of American democracy."

"He delights in men, and neither approaches deferentially those who are above him, nor condescendingly gazes upon those who are beneath. He is the comrade of every man, high and low. His admiration of a strong, healthy, and beautiful body, or a strong, healthy, and beautiful soul, is great when he sees it in a statesman or a savant; it is precisely as great when he sees it in the ploughman or the smith. Every variety of race and nation, every condition in society, every degree of culture, every season of human life, is accepted by Whitman as admirable and best, each in its own place. Working men of every name—all who engage in field-work, all who toil upon the sea, the city artisan, the woodsman and the trapper, fill him with pleasure by their presence; and that they are interesting to him not in a general way of theory or doctrine (a piece of the abstract democratic creed), but in the way of close, vital

human sympathy, appears from the power he possesses of bringing before us with strange precision, vividness and nearness in a few decisive strokes the essential characteristics of their respective modes of living. If the strong, full-grown working man wants a lover and comrade, he will think Walt Whitman especially made for him. If the young man wants one, he will think him especially the poet of young men. Yet a rarer and finer spell than that of the lusty vitality of youth, or the trained activity of manhood, is exercised over the poet by the beautiful repose or unsubdued energy of old age."

A few other writers are briefly noticed, as being "indigenous growths of the New World in American literature. Among these we look in vain for the name of Thoreau. Surely he too may be counted worthy to rank among the "indigenous growths of American literature."

Studies in Spectrum Analysis. By J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S. Second edition. London: C. Kegan, Paul, and Co. 1878.

This is in some respects a most fascinating, in others a most provoking, book. It is to be inferred from the well-known name on the title page that the author can, when he choses, express himself with the utmost lucidity; and this is the case during the first thirty or forty pages of the book—indeed, many pages can be regarded as models of scientific exposition, especially in the way in which it is put in the reader's own power to perform a simple experiment by the aid of a diagram (p. 13).

But afterwards, except when some point or difficulty seems to attract the author's attention, we should imagine that it had been written to his dictation, when he would rather have been otherwise employed. It apparently consists of short extracts from lecture note books, which are accurate and to the point, *because* the author is a scientific man, but are neither pleasantly written nor easily to be understood. Occasionally, as if remembering that he is writing for the general public, the author introduces what he has got to say with some phrase, which may cheer, he hopes, the despondent reader along. For instance, on page 136, a sentence runs: "It is well to see if one can group facts together. That is the first business of a man of science," and there follows a classification of the behaviour of substances of different specific gravity under the spectroscope. Does one not seem to hear an acrobat or a rope walker come forward on the boards and say, "It is the business of an acrobat to fly through the air," or of a tight rope walker to walk on the tight rope, and then to proceed to do so.

Again, on page 139, the author probably thinks that a little talk about what he is talking about will be of service, and so he introduces a theory with the interesting but somewhat puzzling dictum that he is afraid that not to say what he is going to say would be scientific cowardice. But whenever the author does not try to appeal to our somewhat well-worn sense of what it is a scientific man's vocation to do, or suggest such ideas as that there is a science of running away as well as of fighting, when he feels called upon to really grapple with the difficulties of exposition, the result is a conviction on the reader's part that he is amongst most fascinating discoveries and immeasurable possibilities of future discoveries. And, indeed, although the reader may not be able to

collect his ideas sufficiently to see the drift of twenty-one observations each with a long commentary, of which the following is a fair specimen: "On the whole, certain kinds of particles affect certain parts of the spectrum;" and, although he will infallibly give up his attempt to understand what definite light spectroscopic researches throw on atoms and molecules, and fail to participate in the author's sense of the beautiful, which is much gratified every here and there by some intricate experimental arrangement, yet he will be rewarded by many curious facts, and amused also in many places. For instance, he will learn that it is almost certain that since the year 1860 a new metal has either made its appearance in the sun, or at any rate exists now in enormously greater quantities in the sun's atmosphere than it did eighteen years ago. This metal is one which gives a brilliant red colour to flame when heated, and is called Strontium.

He will learn also the surprising fact that the greatest modern improvement in telescopes is the production of one through which it is impossible to see anything; indeed, that this is the "telescope of the future," as far as spectroscopy is concerned.

The fact is that the rays that are most effective in producing a photographic image are not those which, when they impinge on the retina, produce the sensation of light, but ones which lie beyond the last visible rays towards the violet end of the spectrum. They can only be brought to a focus so as to give a clear image available for photographing, by grinding a lens purposely adapted for this one object; and the other rays of light are therefore left out of consideration altogether.

The latter part of the book is taken up with an account of experiments on the more obscure parts of this new science, and, if more difficult in itself, is written with more interest. The whole work is most instructive, not only to those who have an interest in the subject itself, but to those also who feel an interest in tracing the progress of a science. Perpetual illustrations will be found in it of how facts run counter to expectations; and yet how essential the habit of forming and testing expectations is to the advance of knowledge.

The sentence with which the work opens we question in several points, though it expresses quite the ordinary view:

"The work of the true man of Science is a perpetual striving after a better and closer knowledge of the planet on which his lot is cast, and of the universe in the vastness of which that planet is lost. The only way of doing this effectually is to proceed as gradually, and therefore as surely as possible, along the dim untrodden ground lying beyond the known. Such is scientific work. There is no magic, no fetish in it. There is no special class of men to whom it is given to become more familiar with the beauties and secrets of nature than another. Each of us by his own work and thought, if he so choose, may enlarge the circle of his own knowledge at least, and thus make the universe more and more beautiful, to himself at all events, if not to others."

By science we understand studied and proven knowledge of facts, but can see no reason why the "true man" should be confined to the study of what is external to himself, that is, of what is but his dwelling-place. "The proper study of mankind is man," was said long ago: there is no reason, so far as we can see, why psychic anthropology

should not be included among the objects of scientific study. Furthermore, it is stated by Mr. Lockyer that there is no class of men to whom more than another it is given to become familiar with the beauties and secrets of nature. This is inaccurate. As, with regard to the psychic and artistic revelations which the world possesses, they are invariably due to persons of rare and unusual temperament; so it is with the discoveries known as science. The discoverers are men of refined faculty, rare patience, and accurate habit quite beyond the average qualities of men. No set of boors, no barbarian race, no crowd of heavy bucolic louts, no men of unopened and untrained minds would be at all competent to perform the delicate processes of scientific investigation. Because a gaping crowd will laugh at an explosion produced by a popularising lecturer, it would be altogether idle to affirm that they are capable of "scientific work." There is magic in science as much as in any other way into the unknown. And there is fetish in it, inasmuch as a scientific worker would find it as hopeless to put average stupidity into an appreciative position like his own, as a priest or seer of the old days found it to communicate to undeveloped minds a consciousness of the depth and greatness of truths that became manifest to himself.

The Cultivation of the Imagination. By the Right Hon. George J. Goschen, M.P. London: Effingham Wilson. 1878.

The imagination of Lord Beaconsfield is a very different entity from that of Mr. Goschen, and perhaps nearer in fact to the popular conception of the word. Lord Beaconsfield's imagination it is that enables him to tell the Academicians that imagination is a distinctive quality in English art. But the imaginative faculty of the Prime Minister is not that which Mr. Goschen would have us cultivate.

To Johnson's Dictionary we are referred for the true meaning of imagination. The first definition given Mr. Goschen is quite willing to uphold: Imagination is "the power of forming ideal pictures." With the second he also agrees; but with a little ironic intensification of accent on one word this definition might suit Lord Beaconsfield's academic imagination as well: Imagination is "the power of representing *absent* things to ourselves and to others."

Imagination is image-forming, and to be truly imaginative is to form honest images of what we see. There is historic imagination by which we call up pictures of great epochs, moving dramas of men. There is the imagination of memory, by which we recall scenes that we have visited, and regild them with the sunshine in which we saw them. There is poetic imagination unto which thoughts and feelings come, not as abstract and remote, but instinct with life and firm in ideal form and beauty. There is spiritual imagination, through which the things not seen crowd upon the mirror of the inner eye.

Mr. Goschen, a successful business man, strives to open out the vistas of imagination to such as have narrow careers and stunted lives. He seeks to enlarge sympathy, and to expand the untrained mind into the faculty of deriving pleasure from mental change of scene. The business man of the smaller order is apt to deride all but the strictly utilitarian, because he thinks he would lose money by dreaming. Probably he would, but he would as probably gain by a controlled faculty of dream, a

power of rapid review, and clear marshalling of circumstances in their varied aspects. When a shopkeeper sees a picture of himself grown poor and gentlemanly through growth of ideal power and diminution of the hard grip upon solid realities, he is then indulging in imagination of a fervid kind. We all possess imagination in different degree; with some, however, the faculty, if we may coin an ugly word, should rather be described as imagunculation.

Mr. Goschen does not decline the challenge of the nature to whom the cultivation of the "main chance" is the sole imaginable heaven. But he first enters a protest against the over-estimation of that which claims the name of "practical." He says, "Its marketable use is not the only test, or even the chief test, to which we ought to look in education; and I decline to have these courses of studies simply tried by the bearing they may have on the means of gaining a livelihood." Mr. Goschen, it should be named, is addressing the Liverpool Institute. In responding to the practicalist's challenge, his main point is as follows:

"Do not believe for one moment —I am rather anxious on this point —that the cultivation of this faculty will disgust you or disqualify you for your daily tasks. I hold a very contrary view. I spoke just now of mental change of scene, and as the body is better for a change of scene and a change of air, so I believe that the mind is also better for occasional changes of mental atmosphere. I do not believe that it is good either for men or women always to be breathing the atmosphere of the business in which they are themselves engaged. You know how a visit to the seaside sometimes brings colour to the cheeks and braces the limbs. Well, so I believe that that mental change of scene which I recommend will bring colour into your minds, will brace you to greater activity, and will in every way strengthen both your intellectual and your moral faculties. I want you—if I may use the phrase—to breathe the bracing ozone of the imagination."

A very happy instance, too, is the following:

"Some eight years ago I met a distinguished modern poet, calling at the same house where I was calling, and he asked, 'What becomes of all the Senior Wranglers and of all the Oxford first-class men? One does not hear of them in after-life.' I ventured very modestly to say in reply that, not being a Cambridge man, I could not speak on behalf of Cambridge men; but as to Oxford I was able to inform him that eight of her first-class men were at that moment in Her Majesty's Cabinet."

Turning to the "general rough-and-tumble of business life," Mr. Goschen instances the case of his own father, who came to England saturated with German literature, and with very little money; yet he founded a firm whose business Mr. Goschen has reason to appreciate highly.

There are many points in this brief and terse essay that we have not space to touch upon. One is the necessity in this important little island of political responsibility and capable public opinion. We turn away with regret from Mr. Goschen's excellent counterblast to narrow-mindedness.

Tent Work in Palestine: a record of discovery and adventure. By Claude Regnier Conder, R.E., officer in command of the Survey Expedition. Published by the Committee of the Palestine Ex-

ploration Fund. 2 vols. London: Bentley, 1878.

This modest title hardly does justice to the book; for, though intended as a popular account of the Palestine Exploration Survey, it is a not inadequate instalment of the record itself, and is certainly a very competent account of its results. The Survey, now in preparation, will be given in twenty-six sheets of map, on a scale one inch to the mile, with memoirs, one to every sheet; showing "towns, villages, ruins, roads, tombs, caves, cisterns, well springs, rock-cut winepresses;" as well as "cultivation and wild growth;" every relic of antiquity, the heights of the hills, and the levels of the two seas, fixed to within a foot. For the first time then, and as the reward of these efforts, Palestine is brought home to England. The committee, while preserving to themselves in their preface the disclaimer of their chairman as to responsibility for his conclusions, commissioned Lieutenant Conder to write this account of the work carried out by him, and of the results which to him seemed of most general interest. This is the book now before us. Topography, archæology, and the study of the people may be considered as the three heads under which its subject is treated. The author's remarks on identification apply to all new discoveries in an ancient country, but are in an especial manner applicable to Palestine, and yet more to what is put forward as the main object of the Survey—Biblical elucidation. "Identification," that is, the recovery of an ancient historic site, "requires," says Lieutenant Conder, "first, the suitability of the position to all the known accounts of the place," itself a large requirement; "second, the preservation of all the radical parts of the name"; "third, in case of the loss of the name, definite indications," such as measured distances, or some connection with existing buildings or relative position to known sites; still, further, "the site," we afterwards find, "must show traces of antiquity, and the name must be placed beyond suspicion of being of recent or spurious origin: the correspondence of modern and ancient titles must be not merely apparent, but radically exact." It is a well-defined rule; and, "failing these requirements, no identification will stand" is the rigorous penalty of its infringement. From this we may judge the standard applied by Lieutenant Conder to his own work of discovery, and the challenge he offers to his critics. Another point of great importance is the application of tradition, and in particular of Christian tradition, to identification, especially as affecting the authenticity of the Holy Places. Except as to the Grotto of Bethlehem, no Christian tradition can be traced to a period earlier than the fourth century. and, even with that restriction, though offering valuable indications, can hardly be taken as authoritative at that date; but Christian sites are often fixed, or at least corroborated, by Jewish tradition, and in such a case as these history is thus carried back to an earlier source, and the character of the tradition is enhanced. Another source of corroboration is to be found in the Moslem tradition. Of this, indeed, Mr Conder does not seem to have made much use; but, when Jewish, Christian, and Moslem tradition, and veneration also, as evidenced by pilgrimage, concur, authenticity may well be considered as presumptively established. The site of the sepulchres of the Patriarchs, for instance, pointed out by Jew, Christian, and Moslem, may reasonably be taken as agreeable to very ancient tradi-

tion. If the space at our disposal had allowed, we should gladly have here added a quotation of exceeding pertinence on this subject from M. Renan, who will at least be allowed to be an unexceptionable witness in favour of traditions. We should have done so all the more readily that his name is not among the list of writers Mr. Conder gives as those whom he quotes or to whom he refers. The wild theories of the mediæval chroniclers—contradictions alike of Biblical accounts and of the earlier Pilgrims—very properly find scant notice in these volumes. Tobler's "Palestrinæ Descriptiones" is the repertory for everything in the way of information upon everything of early date relative to the subject. We are fairly told, at p. xxi. of the preface, that "the main object of the Survey of Palestine may be said to have been to collect materials in illustration of the Bible." This no doubt is so, and very properly; none the less has that been kept in view by Mr. Conder himself, while at the same time allied subjects have been duly investigated and carried forward.

One of the most generally interesting parts of the work is the 8th chapter, p. 204, vol. ii., on the origin of the Fellahin; and this should be read in conjunction with the second and third chapters on the Samaritans and the Survey of Samaria. The result of Mr. Conder's investigation is shortly this: that the Fellahin are the descendants of the old inhabitants of Palestine, and that those are the natives of the land. He terms them "the Syrians, for want of a better title." They are, in fact, the present peasantry of the land, forming, with Jews and Arabs, the inhabitants of the country *plus* the admixture of foreign residents, the German, the Turk, and the mongrel Levantine. Mr. Conder's opportunities for observations on the Fellahin were peculiar, for he lived amongst them. His "Tent Work" was a tent life amidst them; and he has in his 9th chapter amply described their way of life and habits, with due discrimination as with a view to elucidate the problem of their origin. We think he has quite established his position that the Fellahin of to-day are the actual descendants and the real representatives of the ancient inhabitants of the land, and that they carry with them evidence of this in their character, their language, and their religion, the three fundamental characteristics of nationality from which their origin may be rightly conjectured, and their peculiarities accounted for. We refer to Mr. Conder's pages for details, only remarking that he gives quite examples enough to connect the present peasant dialect with the old Aramaic, which St. Jerome tells us was the language of the natives of Palestine in the fourth century. In regard to the other subjects of comparison—character and religion—it is to be borne in mind that this is a Semitic and not an Aryan people that is treated of, and that the investigation is to be dealt with from a Semitic point of view. This settled population of the villages in Palestine is nowise to be confounded with the nomadic tribes, the Bedouin, as they term themselves, the Arabs as they are called by the Fellahin. We cannot but notice too, while speaking of the inhabitants, the accidental testimony to the tolerance of the Turkish rule, which again receives testimony in an unexpected manner at p. 139, vol. i: "Twenty years ago Nazareth was a poor village; now it is a flourishing town. The freedom given to religious worship by the Turks has been remarkable

two Latin churches, a Latin hospice, the English church, and many fine houses have been built within the last dozen years; hence the very white and new appearance of the town."

Mr. Conder's conclusions with regard to the Samaritans, founded partly on his own personal inquiry, partly based upon authority, and reinforced by reference to the history and customs of the people, lead him to the belief that they are the only true descendants of Israel, "the only remnant of the Ten Tribes," with the exception, perhaps, of those still dispersed in Assyria, who have, however, deserted their original faith. This is their own belief as to their origin; that they are of the same stock with the Jews is confirmed by their physiognomy, notwithstanding that there have been no intermarriages for certainly more than two thousand years, as well as by the fact that their sacred book is a version of the Pentateuch, and their religion a form of Judaism. Before the time of Ezra their religious standard was fixed, and their doctrines are in the main identical with the most ancient Jewish party, the Karaite or Sadducean; and, as Mr. Conder pertinently puts it (vol. 1, p. 60), "It is inconceivable that they should have adopted Jewish dogmas at a period when they were distinguished by their hatred of that nation." Dean Stanley's visit to the Samaritans is well known, and has been told pictorially in his most charming manner; the account (vol. 1, p. 50) of the opening the roll of Abishuah may be taken as a fitting pendant, coupled with the further account of the so-called "Fire-tried Manuscript," inferior, indeed, in importance to the Abishuah roll which Mr. Conder allowably calls the Samaritan Fetish, but still of great interest. It has, we hear, been photographed for the Exploration Fund.

In conclusion, we heartily congratulate the society on having so good a result to show as these two volumes—the forerunner of their great work—and on having found one so competent to describe as well as to organise and carry on the Survey as Lieutenant Conder. They have done wisely in sending them forth as a popular account of what has been done; and Mr. Conder has given to this record of his professional operations the vivacity of personal adventure, as well as placed Palestine vividly before the reader. The hamlets, representing sites older than the time of Joshua, with their deserted appearance in keeping with the antiquity of their history, owing mainly to the absence of the glazed windows of Europe, and of contrast between roof and wall, are for instance thus faithfully described: "The peasant hut is in Palestine merely four walls of mud, with a roof of boughs covered also with mud; hence the village, which consists perhaps of fifty or sixty such cabins, huddled together without plan or order, and gradually climbing the slope so that the floor of one is level with the roof of another, has an uniform grey colour, only broken by the whitewashed dome of the little chapel dedicated to the patron prophet or Sheikh." Nor is it merely in the actual appearance of the country, the stony colourless land, that the descriptions of these volumes excel, but in the illustrations we may gather from them of other matters or that are brought from elsewhere in explanation of themselves. A mosque, for instance, the second mosque in the middle of the town of Ramleh was visited by Mr. Conder on the road to Jerusalem and found to be probably "the most perfect

specimen of a fine twelfth-century church in Palestine, unchanged, except that the beautiful western doorway is closed, a prayer recess scooped in the southern wall, and the delicate tracery of the columns defaced in whitewash and plaster"—a vandalism not peculiar to Moslem restorers. There is in Ramleh a fine old ruined building, the White Mosque, with its beautiful tower of "The Forty"—according to the Moslems, companions of the prophet, according to Christian tradition the forty martyrs of Cappadocia. This has attracted all visitors, and the second church or mosque has till now been overlooked; and very probably, as he says, Mr. Conder has been the first to visit it since Sir John Maundeville. It is the church described by him as dedicated to the Virgin, "where our Lord appeared to our Lady in the likeness which betokeneth the Trinity." We adduce this as an instance of the many points of interest in these volumes subordinate to the main subject. Palestine was, for instance, emphatically the country of the Crusades; and many a light on the European history of those ages may be thrown by these incidental notices. The magnificent church mentioned p. 19 remains almost intact as erected by the Crusaders over the spring of Ananoth: "on its walls dim shadows of frescoed paintings can be traced, and over these names of pilgrims rudely scrawled."

Something like a commentary on the pretext of protectorate for the Holy Places in the Muscovite Tsar, as a mask for his own inroads, or a plausible pretension that he alone of all men is vindicating at once the rights and liberties of Christians and preserving the actual sepulchre of Christ, and restoring it to its true place, which has been usurped as a privilege by others, is the significant paragraph (p. 27), "Standing on the approximate site of the old Tower of Psephinus, the Russian Hospice commands the whole town of Jerusalem, and is thought by many to be in a position designedly of military strength."

The Gold Mines of Midian and the Ruined Midianite Cities: A Fortnight's Tour in North-Western Arabia. By Richard F. Burton. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co. 1878.

Captain Burton gives us in this book an account of the pioneering expedition undertaken, at the instance of the Viceroy of Egypt, to verify a supposed discovery of gold made by him a quarter of a century ago in the land of Midian. A larger expedition has lately returned to Cairo bringing with it, as the first fruits of success, some five and twenty tons' weight of valuable minerals, and announcing discovery of numerous ruined cities and half-worked gold mines. If all that is reported be true, the sorrow of the Egyptian bondholders will at length be turned into frantic joy, and Ismail may indulge in his enlightened but very expensive tastes without the dread of immediate bankruptcy. Captain Burton has done great things in his time, and attempted more. He has travelled over many lands, he has helped to explore the Equatorial lakes, he has joined as a Moslem worshipper with true believers in the temple of Mecca, and he was once ready to enrich his country with the produce of some West African mines if it had not been for the stupidity of a Secretary of State. It appears that when he first attempted to push his Midiantish find he called upon the English Consul—whose name he mercifully withholds—who brusquely repulsed

him, saying that, in his opinion, "Gold was becoming too common." Upon this Captain Burton remarks, "Marvellous to relate, the same answer was made to me by a Secretary of State when I offered to open up some most valuable diggings on the West Coast of Africa, *if he would appoint me Governor, assist me with half a West India regiment, and not inquire too curiously into local matters.* It is impossible to understand such men: they go back to the childhood of our race." Captain Burton does not seem to have felt the *naïveté* of the conditions, nor to have suspected that he was, peradventure, being bantered by the men in authority! (p. 247.)

Mrs. Burton, who has seen her husband's volume through the press, tells us in her preface that twenty-five years ago he was a romantic youth, and only thought of winning his spurs, with a chivalrous contempt for filthy lucre; and so he kept his golden secret until he saw Egypt in distress for gold. This is wifely and becoming on Mrs. Burton's part; but it cannot well be reconciled with his attempt to interest Abbas Pacha in his discovery through the medium of the stolid or facetious consul.

The actual finder of the auriferous sand was not, however, Captain Burton, but one Haji Wali, an old acquaintance of the traveller. Rather ungenerously, Mrs. Burton tries to filch his fame from the poor old Arab, though nothing can be clearer from the narrative than that he and nobody else scooped up the sand which has led to such happy results. It is the old story of *sic vos non vobis.* The name of the Arab will be forgotten, and that of Burton will go down the ages as the restorer of prosperity to that most ancient land. The glories of the most glorious Pharaohs are to be revived, or rather transcended. "It is hard indeed," says the enthusiastic captain, "to see any limit to her career." All that is wanted for this colossal future is the gold, which is now to be had without stint from this first, and—thanks to modern quartz crushers—latest of Dorados.

Whatever may be the value of the discoveries—and we hope they may turn out all that is expected, hoping also that the over-lord at Stamboul may not be able to make any valid claim upon the treasures—the narrative is interesting, particularly to naturalists and geographers. Of personal incident there is but little, and therefore the book will be rapidly skimmed by the general reader, who will, however, be amused occasionally by characteristic specimens of encyclopædic ostentation. What Captain Burton believes he states strongly; and he believes much which many will question, and questions much which many have good reasons for believing.

The first two chapters are taken up with a comparison of the Egypt of five-and-twenty years ago and the Egypt of our own day. Incidentally an account of good old Shepheard—known favourably to so many travellers to and from India—will be read by all who knew him with very agreeable feelings.

Those who wish to pronounce accurately words in common use will be glad to learn that Khediv is a dissyllable, and not, as the French make it, Khedivé. Captain Burton is scrupulous in showing, by his manner of spelling, how the Arabic names should be sounded, although it is not easy to see what advantage is gained by writing the familiar Bedouin "Bedawin," and so in similar cases. It is much to be wished that there were some simple recognised code of spelling Oriental

words. We believe that there are at least a dozen ways of spelling the word which the traveller hears first and last in Eastern climes—Backsheesh.

The Economy of Consumption. By R. S. Moffat. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co. 1878.

Only the irony of fate could have produced a contrast so amusing as that to which the dull world of economics has lately been treated. Almostly simultaneously with Professor Jevons's admirable little "Primer of Political Economy," appeared Mr. Moffat's "Economy of Consumption," a bulky volume of nearly 700 pages, entitled "An Omitted Chapter in Political Economy." Thus, while Professor Jevons considers it possible to state the leading doctrines of science in 134 pages, Mr. Moffat, were his other chapters on the same scale as this, in order to develop his theory would require the space of Custodi's fifty octavos, so lamented as waste paper by Gioja.

Mr. Moffat has really two recommendations fitting him for the task he has undertaken: he is earnest, and he has found a serious flaw in the accepted systems of economics. No juster accusation can be brought against modern English teaching of political economy than that it bestows too much attention on production and too little on consumption. The neglect of consumption was the grand error of Ricardo, led to a dilemma in Stuart Mill's doctrine, and still confounds those who deny the existence of a wages fund. To speak of relative values, rates of wages, rates of profits, is to speak of ripples on the stream: the stream itself remains to be considered. What is its apparent source? Supply. In what does it end? Consumption, or demand. But demand replenishes supply as the sea replenishes the fountain in the hills. It would almost appear that those who deny the existence of a wages fund puzzle themselves over the single question—one that might be relegated to the metaphysician — whether demand or supply confers the name of wealth on external nature. This question once at rest, surely it is as undeniable that supply and demand support each other, as it is that the egg produces the hen, and the hen the egg. The same partiality of view is entertained with regard to capital. The capitalist's demand for labour is dependent on the consumer. The capitalist demands only for the consumer. Any argument that even for a moment lays production at the door of capital is short-sighted; for the capitalist not only sells, but buys. He is an exchanger, and the old quibble applies to him, "How can I pay you except you lend to me?" God created male and female, but not producers and consumers, distinct from each other.

Let us enlarge a little. The single inducement, economically, which leads a man to convert any part of his possessions into capital is the demand of others for commodities. If the demand be small, with little prospect of considerable profit, the man of wealth spends unproductively what might otherwise have been spent productively. But all that is needed to convert a great part of wealth into capital —even if the wealth be that of a duke—is a sufficiently keen demand upon production. It is demand, rather than production, that determines the quantity of market commodities. Everything a man produces he may not sell; but everything he creates an effective demand for—that is, everything he desires and can pay for—he is pretty sure of obtaining. If it be demand, then, that limits profitable production,

it must be demand that limits the source of production—capital. What the capitalist pays for is labour. If it be he, and not the consumer, who stands in need of the labour, he will buy it so long as he has any wealth. But no. It appears that the manufacturer gives up his mill, dismisses his hands, and stays at home whenever demand for his article ceases. Yet he has plenty wherewith to pay labour. But not capital. It would seem that ultimately the capitalist is the only member of society who does *not* buy labour for itself. As a man of wealth he keeps a retinue of servants, pays Salvini to act for him, and Patti to sing for him, and Joachim to play for him, and Millais to paint for him; but he tells his workpeople that neither to oblige them nor to oblige the public will he lay out capital, unless with the help of, and under inducement from, demand; and even when demand continues, he is often glad to cease being a manufacturer, so soon as he has earned what is called a competency. Here lies the weak point in the argument of such as deny that a demand for commodities is a demand for labour. They do not distinguish sufficiently between demand in the primary sense of the word and demand in its economical sense—effective demand. Effectively to demand is to produce; and to produce is to call into existence effective demand. Anticipation, indeed, may obscure the fact somewhat; but anticipation is a difference of time, not of cause.

Supply—what does it mean? A filling up—of desire. Want first taught man to use his hands. The true solution of the problem here touched upon is probably to be found in the consideration of man's illimitable wants. Labour alone satisfies these wants. On the sea, crest comes after trough, and trough after crest. Does the crest cause the trough, or the trough cause the crest? The wind causes both. The sea is life, and the wind desire. Desire raised the first ripple; the last ripple will die with it.

A Parisian produces some "novelty"—to use a draper's word. None has seen the like before. It is impossible that a special demand existed for it, when itself it did not exist. Someone may say that I, who buy this novelty, do not demand labour, since I had no conception of the article until I saw it in the shop window. There is a truer view of the case than that. Everyone is pleased with a novelty. The Parisian knew this. Many novelties had he produced before; and they sold till they became as common as dust. His reputation was established. Buyers came yearly from various countries to see what he had to show them. As often as they came, they filled his order-book, and through it his purse. At the approach of last season he said to himself: "These buyers will shortly be here; I must invent something for them." It was all a tacit agreement. The Parisian was virtually engaged to produce a novelty; the buyers were virtually engaged to purchase it. He produced it; they bought it. Now, it was not that special article they gave an order for, but labour. He was to labour till he produced something good, and they would pay him. So much for the manufacturer and his wholesale customers. But I—did I, in buying the novelty, purchase the Parisian's labour? There is no need for saying so, though it might truly be admitted. Why did those firms send buyers to buy of the Parisian? I and a thousand others patronize a certain firm in the City. We are all known in the shop, and those behind the counter have

ascertained exactly what takes our fancy. Whenever they had a tasteful novelty to show, we were eager to buy it. If I lounged into the shop, my looks may have said quite plainly, "Show me anything very smart and good, and I will buy it." If they had nothing particular to show, they would say, "The season is not yet begun; our buyer is just leaving for Paris." And the buyer buys to suit our taste. Now the buyer, it is already agreed, in buying the novelty, bought labour. When we buy the same article, we buy over from him what he obtained from the Parisian, and pay an additional price for *his* labour in placing this within our reach. The shopkeepers would not exist without us; the buyers could not exist without employers; the Parisian, without the buyers, would be without a market. But my desire for a novelty was the cause of the shopkeeper's desire; the shopkeeper's was the cause of the buyer's; the buyer's was the cause of the manufacturer's. Of all these, I alone wanted the article.

This way of looking at economical problems from the side of demand, is certainly as safe as to look at them from the side of supply. Demand is surer of meeting production than production is of meeting demand. Berkeley would have no world but what we see; there is practically no world for man but what he desires. Beauty, value, interest, are all relative terms. We apply them to nature; they exist only in ourselves.

To advocate this study of consumption as over against production, is what many are doing now; but only Mr. Moffat has devoted an immense volume to the cause. One may be quite sure that, within the compass of so large a book, the subject could have been exhausted. But Mr. Moffat has not exhausted the subject. He criticises, and scarcely can win our attention; he theorises, but does not gain our assent to his theories; he ends his book without having begun to convince. He insists on the claims of Consumption to study; that is what is valuable in his work. The question to those attempting this study is, Must consumption be regarded as the great cause of economics, or as a branch of the subject? Mr. Moffat inclines to the latter view. He would not consult consumption, but command it. He disbelieves, to a certain extent, in free production, and also in free consumption. Consumption is to be watched, guided, educated. By whom? Not by the consumers themselves, but by the producers! It will be seen that Mr. Moffat's views have the merit of novelty.

In the critical part of this book, there are several strictures on Adam Smith's way of putting propositions which are just; here and there the systems of other economists are shown to have actual, though unimportant, flaws; but most of the writing is devoid of any point save that of abuse. Were Mr. Moffat surer of his case, he would be more sparing of hard words for the great names he summons up. One or two specimens may show the peculiarity of this author's views:

"The work of Malthus on 'Population' is a contribution to economy intrinsically more valuable, in my opinion, even than 'The Wealth of Nations,' the theory of Malthus being the true foundation of the science" (p. 4).

On the next page we find, *apropos* of Free Trade principles: "But a merely historical and dead science cannot, without injury, occupy the place of a living one; and this is the posi-

tion to which orthodox Political Economy is reduced. In the face of industrial facts—I should rather say of industrial revolutions of the most momentous character—Political Economy is dumb, or speaks without authority and without effect."

To this the reader will immediately rejoin,—Were the Malthusian theory of population to supply the orthodoxy of Free Trade, would it have any voice whatever in affairs of practical life —business and government?

"The general doctrines of this school are, that the interests of society are best served by leaving to industry a wide field, entirely unrestricted, and that the interests of industry are promoted by being left under the sole control of individual interest, which is deified as a supreme power of industry, under the name of competition. . . . . This school, as I have said, does not number among its strict adherents any great authorities, or any men of much depth of thought, who have given serious consideration to social subjects."

"Mill's proposals are unscientific, being impracticable as well as morally outrageous."

"John Stuart Mill is, however, deeper in the mire of economical fallacies in regard to land than Ricardo. His whole treatment of the question . . . besides being without theoretical foundation, is deeply tainted with practical fallacies, especially with an utterly inadequate, superficial, and short-sighted view of motives."

"Mr. Fawcett, who is by no means an uncompromising enemy of strikes, mentions some advice which he gave to the operative builders of London about a strike on which he seems to believe they had injudiciously entered. I have no means of knowing whether his advice was practically sound or not; but it was founded on some very loose and inaccurate theoretical reasoning about a natural rate of wages, and profits, and a wages fund (things which have no existence); which, if it had any effect in the minds of the labourers at all, could only mislead them," &c.

This last sentence is quoted, in order to show a favourite device of the author's; when a difficulty lurks in the way, he fires at it with blank cartridge, to frighten it off. The reader, after reading the clause in brackets, is to trouble his head no more about a wages fund, and is to imagine it proved a non-existent. Occasionally this bold method is varied by the promises of arguments further on; but these arguments are like Mr. Jingle's luggage, which could never overtake the brown-paper parcel.

We have yet to look at the most important section of the book under notice, that which puts forth positive doctrine. Having discussed and discarded competition, trades unions, and arbitration, as regulators of consumption, Mr. Moffat propounds the theory of a time policy.

"The nature and development of this doctrine as embodying a policy may be thus stated. When the labourer, unprovided with necessaries, has his whole time at his command, he is absolutely constrained to dispose of some of it in order to supply his wants. The price obtainable for his labour, provided it is sufficient to meet his pressing wants, cannot and ought not to be at this step a consideration with him. Being in want, he must work to supply his wants at whatever price his labour will bring. But when by an instalment of his labour, provided he is able to do this without exhausting his whole labouring capacity, he has met his most pressing wants, the value of his remaining labour

ought to rise. He is no longer in absolute want, and can afford to wait and bargain before he disposes of a larger amount of his time. If he deems the price formerly obtained for his labour inadequate, he is now in a position to demand more. If the second instalment procures him an advance in material comfort, he can be still more stringent in his demands in disposing of a third . . . . Any employment, then, at any remuneration which enables him to live, and leaves him a few moments to breathe and say, 'I am a man,' is preferable to the state of idleness and dependence or want. But when a labourer has provided for his pressing wants, any leisure that is left to him becomes valuable in proportion to its scarcity. By this natural principle of graduation the dignity of the labourer as a man is vindicated; as, although he may surrender a part of his time on very easy terms, he does so expressly in order that he may redeem the rest, and raise it above all pecuniary price."

Thus a combination of workmen could endeavour to regulate, not wages, but hours of labour. Whenever a tendency to over-production was observed, a reduction of working time would be effected. The labour within this working time, as far as one can make out, would be open to competition. Most workmen would look upon this policy as ingenious—that it really is—and as also satisfactory. The time being shortened, the rate of wages would rise; and once the rate of wages had risen, it would be within the option of the workmen to add the hour again, at the increased rate.

But in this scheme Mr. Moffat neglects that very consumption he writes about. When there is a tendency to over-production, the operative cannot choose whether or not he will reduce his time. It is demand or consumption that refuses to take his work, and forces him to lessen production. Thus, far from its being the case that the labourer puts the pressure on those for whom he labours, the reverse is the truth.

It need only be added that, as this substitute for competition is thoroughly impracticable, so the blows dealt at competition in its defence produce scarcely any effect. What Mr. Moffat's policy aims at is the maximum of effect, with the minimum of effort. Competition solves this problem better every day. It enlarges the bounds of the useful, by economising what before was wasted; it increases the value of articles, by creating speciality of trades, and producing more perfect work; it equalises prices, by extending the market. Competition puts good horses in our cabs; it transports us by train at the rate of sixty miles an hour; it sends our messages to America in a few minutes; it puts the classics in the hands of poor students, and newspapers upon the workman's breakfast table; that breakfast table it furnishes with tea, coffee, and other luxuries; it insures cheap bread and good bread; if we find Sheffield tools too dear, it brings us cheaper tools from America; it fetches wire from Germany and Belgium at this present moment, and will continue so to do until our own prices fall; it transports raw cotton from India to England, and sends it back woven for less than the cost of native weaving; it brings us timber from Canada, from Norway, from the Baltic, and gives us our choice at the same price; it gives us Veuve Cliquot in the Trossachs, and Bass on the Righi; it enables a man to live comfortably for twelve shillings a day in any town of Europe. It is the sworn enemy of

all lazy workmen. In the open market it proclaims the price of an article, without question regarding time spent in its production. Yet it searches into the very roots of this production. It demands of the workman how much of the result falls to his share—of the seller, how much he paid for the raw material, how much profit he takes over all. Here is a selection of the fittest! Mr. Moffat might as soon attempt to fit a regulator on the revolving world as try to modify competition by his time policy.

George Moore. By S. Smiles. London: Routledge and Co. 1878.

While George Moore of Bow Churchyard was alive, it probably did not seriously occur to any of his friends that his life would ever be written. He was a great-hearted merchant prince. His name was a synonym for pluck and sagacity and uprightness in the business world. In the larger world he was known as a munificent host and an unfailing source of charity. But, to be worthy of a biography now-a-days, a man must have been in something different from others who have been before him. Even after Mr. Moore's death, when Mr. Smiles talked to friends of a biography, they said, "What *can* you make out of the life of a London Warehouseman?" However, the short space of time since Mr. Moore's death has sufficed to show that even in London his position was unique, and not easy to fill again. Jean Paul remarks that it is not until they make their *exit* that we applaud men and actors. Here, then, we have the "Life of George Moore," a thick octavo of 530 pages, with Watts's portrait, etched by Rajon. The thing has been thoroughly done.

We feel bound to say for Mr. Smiles that, with perhaps the exception of the first chapter, which describes ancient Cumberland scenes and manners, there is scarcely a word of his work superfluous or uninteresting. We have accounts of George's father, the "Statesman;"* of his own apprenticeship under Messenger, the drunken Wigton draper; of his falling into bad company, and gambling at such a rate that even his master read him sermons; of his reforming and winning the respect of the whole town. He was on one occasion sent to Dumfries with several hundred pounds for a cattle dealer. The dealer engaged him to help in herding the cattle home, and the two resolved to take a short cut across the Solway Sands. Here is a picturesque situation, with a hairbreadth escape:

"It was gloaming by this time, and the line of English coast—about five miles distant—looked like a fog bank. Night came on. It was too dark to cross then. They must wait till the moon rose. It was midnight before its glitter shone upon the placid bosom of the Firth. The cattle dealer then rose, drew his beasts together, and drove them in upon the sands. They had proceeded but a short way when they observed that the tide had turned. They pushed the beasts on with as much speed as they could. The sands were becoming softer. They crossed numberless pools of water. Then they saw the sea waves coming upon them. On! On! It was too late. The waves, which sometimes rush up the Solway three feet

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* "Statesman" is the Cumberland name for anyone who farms his own land: the *Estate-man.*

abreast, were driving in amongst the cattle. They were carried off their feet, and took to swimming. The horses upon which George Moore and his companion were mounted also took to swimming. They found it difficult to keep the cattle together—one at one side and one at the other. Yet they pushed on as well as they could. It was a swim for life. The cattle became separated, and were seen in the moonlight swimming in all directions. At last they reached firmer ground, pushed on, and landed near Bowness. But many of the cattle had been swept away."

It will be observed that the sentences of Mr. Smiles are very short. They are not always as graceful or as correct as might be, but somehow they suit the man he writes about, and seem like echoes of Moore's quick business step.

Having exhausted the teaching Wigton tradesmen could give him, the draper's apprentice pushed on for London, where we find him, on the first day after arrival, winning a prize in a great wrestling match. His ways and looks were against him in all applications for employment. Meeking, of Holborn, asked him if he wanted a *porter's* situation. This took the last bit of conceit out of the sturdy Cumberland lad, but it did not diminish his pluck. One of the plucky things he did was to march right into the House of Commons.

"I got a half holiday for the purpose. I did not think of getting an order from an M.P. Indeed, I had not the slightest doubt of getting into the House. I first tried to get into the Strangers' Gallery, but failed. I then hung about the entrance to see whether I could find some opportunity. I saw three or four members hurrying in, and I hurried in with them. The doorkeepers had not noticed me. I walked into the middle of the House. When I got in I almost fainted with fear lest I should be discovered. I first got into a seat with the name of "Canning" written upon it. I then proceeded to a seat behind, and sat there all the evening. I then heard Mr. Canning bring forward his motion to reduce the duty on corn. He made a brilliant speech. He was followed by many other speakers. I sat out the whole debate."

How George fell in love with his master's tiny daughter (afterwards marrying her), how he rose to be the prince of commercial travellers, "The Napoleon of Watling-street," how he entered the firm of Groucock and Copestake, and how in this position he made himself known over the land as a really great and a good man, Mr. Smiles must tell in his own pages. Mr. Moore was fond of distributing large quantities of improving books among his employés and friends. Any merchant wishing to follow his example in this habit could find no better book to begin with than this same "Life of George Moore, Merchant and Philanthropist."

An Inland Voyage. By Robert Louis Stevenson, in 1 vol.: C. Kegan Paul and Co. 1878.

The pretty little picture on the cover of this volume, in which the gilded river seems flooded with sunshine, is a pleasantly fulfilled augury of its pages. Mr. Stevenson's style is full of a gentle humour and bright with the peculiar charm which a scholar alone can impart. It belongs to a certain fashion of writing, and can hardly be called original, for it often recalls, by the very freshness of its simplicity, Thoreau and other quaint authors. But, however much Mr.

Stevenson may bear the impress of predecessors, there is a sunniness in this little volume which is all its own; and which makes the few hours spent in its company refreshing and delightful. In spirit we pass over the quiet river penetrating the simple country life; we revel in the deliciously humorous picture of the *Royal Nauticals* who "are all employed in commerce during the day; but in the evening, *voyez vous, nous sommes serieux.*"

Having got thus far it is impossible not to read the volume tenderly to the end, rejoicing that there is yet an author who can view life with such delicate and philosophic merriment. And in the end when the voyagers come "back to the world" we cannot but regret that the spell is broken, that we too must come back to the world from our brief holiday of the spirit and say farewell to the joyous *Cigarette* and *Arethusa.*

Life in the Mofussil: or the Civilian in Lower Bengal. By an ex-Civilian. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co. 1878.

This is a record of a few years passed in the Indian Civil Service in Lower Bengal. It is written pleasantly enough, though perhaps a little superficially. It abounds in amusing anecdotes, some of which strikingly exemplify the absurdity of engrafting European manners and customs on an Eastern population. For instance, there is a long account of the difficulty attending the introduction of a uniform suit of clothing into a convict prison. The Hindoo inmates protested against it on the ground that they were forbidden by their religion to eat in a garment with a seam in it; and the Mohamedans on the ground that they were commanded by theirs to cover their heels with their garment when they prayed, and the jacket was not long enough for the purpose. Possibly our English prisoners would not calmly acquiesce if they were ordered to assume the "dhotee" of the Hindoo, or the flowing robe of the Mohamedan. Trial by jury does not seem to have been more successful.

"There is a story that on the occasion of the first trial by jury in the Patna district, the judge, who was somewhat proud of his fluency in the vernacular, made a long and elaborate charge to the jury of seven members, pointing out that the decision rested with them, and that it was only his business to explain the law, ending up with the usual form, 'And now, gentlemen of the jury, what is your verdict?' The seven jurymen all stood up, put their hands palm to palm, the attitude of respect assumed by natives in the presence of a superior, and replied with one voice, 'Jaise huzoor ke rai,' which is, when interpreted, 'Whatever your highness thinks right!' Somewhat discouraging this."

The long descriptions of the business transacted in the law courts become very wearisome. Much of this might with advantage have been omitted from such a work as the present.

THE

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1878.

CHRISTIANITY IN FACE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

It is now, according to the only extant narrative, 1837 years since certain Cypriot and Cyrenian Jews, involved in some unexplained manner in the troubles that arose as to the lapidation of Stephen, arriving at Antioch, addressed their arguments to the Hellenising Jews resident in that Syrian city. The small church at Jerusalem that held to the doctrine of the Apostles sent the Levite Barnabas to instruct new disciples. Barnabas called in Paul of Tarsus, who had himself become a sudden convert to the new opinions which he had been commissioned by the Sanhedrim to extirpate. In the ancient capital of the Greek Kings, amid a small knot of foreign Jews, was first uttered that word which has been adopted as a title of common brotherhood by great part of the Aryan race. The whole hierarchy of the Catholic Church, its purple-clad cardinals, its royal and apostolic Emperors and Kings, its infallible Vicar, have been developed from the disciples who were first called Christians at Antioch.

It is important, alike to those who hold that Christianity is a religion, not only of Divine origin, but founded on and permeated by direct Divine revelation, and to those who hold that in every form of faith there is a blending of error with truth, and a reflection of the social and tribal instincts of race and of age, to inquire gravely into the position which this faith of eighteen centuries' growth occupies in face of the positive knowledge attained by civilised Europe in this nineteenth century. The inquiry proposed is not one into the spiritual nature of the religion. It is not one as to the historic basis, as regards any evidence producible as to the facts relied on as fundamental to its doctrines. It is not even one as to its moral influence on those who profess, and on those whose oppose, its dogmas. On each of these momentous questions impartial statement of what is actually known is a desideratum. It is the aim of the following pages to inquire into the philosophy, rather than into the religion of the Christian faith; to examine the form, and the influence of the form, rather than the intimate nature and Divine doctrine, of Christianity; to search what changes have occurred in that form, tending

to bring it more thoroughly into unison into the progress of scientific truth, or the reverse; and to inquire how far the mental proportions of a group of Hellenistic Jews can adequately occupy the vast canvas of human faith and morals.

It would betray an uneasy consciousness of a conclusion disproportionate to its premises to shun such an inquiry. The truth of Christianity is not to be dissevered from its history. To trace the origin of its cardinal formulæ must be of essential service to any one who inquires into their authority and weight. That statement of the problem which derives the great Aryan creed of modern times, in its full integrity, from the teaching of a small band of brethren, the first of whom were provincial, and the later associates foreign, or Hellenising, Jews, involves difficulties well nigh insuperable to the candid student. And the more deep may be the conviction that the Divine or supernatural element has to be appealed to, in order to solve the problem, the more fundamental is the necessity to show the ground on which such an appeal is based. To say that the failure to trace any main feature of the system to its human and natural source is a proof of its Divine origin, is to negative the highest functions of human intelligence. Whatever be the profound truth or absolute wisdom that has become concrete in the formulæ we may investigate, it can only become intelligible and authoritative by being faithfully traced to its source. On that foundation rests the claim to human acceptance of every form of monotheistic religion.

By tracing a doctrine to its source is not to be understood the mere citation of details which, on sufficient or insufficient evidence, are asserted to be historic. It is possible to admit all the positive statements of the narrative of the New Testament, and yet to fail to trace the connection between the occurrence, as set forth, and the formal dogmas associated with the statement. What is desired is to trace, not the tradition of belief in facts, but the origin and interdependence of positive dogma.

It is of course impossible, within the limits of anything but a work of considerable magnitude, to investigate the *corpus* of the formal teaching of modern Christianity, and to refer the several elements to their respective cradles. All that can be now attempted is to inquire into a few of the main positions on which the entirety of the case ordinarily presented by the theologian depends. An inquiry of this nature, if impartially conducted, ought to be hailed with equal sympathy by the honest apologist and by the honest assailant of theological dogma.

In the minds of the earliest Christians, according to the brief account given by the historian of the apostles, two main elements, or classes of opinion, must have been present. Of these, the first was the Semitic element; which is most distinctly apparent in the first and in the third Gospel, and in the epistles bearing the names of Peter and of James. The second is the Aryan or Pagan element, which is implied by the use of the term Hellenist, which so often becomes apparent in the epistles of Paul, and which, under the well-known form of Alexandrian Judaism, is so fully and so eloquently manifest in the Epistle to the Hebrews. Of the existence of these two strands of thought, as distinct as are those of the warp and the woof of a woven fabric, there can be no question. And the inquiry now before us may be said to consist in the tracing of any particular strand to its original spindle. Is any

dogma, couched in language taken from Semitic doctors, so purely Aryan in its essence that error and confusion must arise from attributing it to a Jewish origin? Is any dogma, essentially Aryan or Pagan in its origin, now a portion of formal Christianity? And, if so, how was it imported into a faith professedly founded by Jews?

Questions of this nature bristle beneath the feet of the student. They may be divided into two great groups — those of doctrine, and those of rite. In each of these the task of tracing the descent of Catholic orthodoxy from the teaching and the witness of the twelve chosen apostles at Jerusalem, is one that encounters difficulties of a very formidable nature. And it cannot be denied that the general failure to acknowledge the existence of these difficulties, and the consequent ignoring of the necessity of any attempt to explain them, is due to the prevailing ignorance, at once absolute and contemptuous, of the habits of thought of those people of whom the apostles formed a part, whom they directly addressed, and whose modes of language they exclusively employed.

If we look, for example, at the very form of a Christian church, with its altar tomb, or its several altars, standing in a cemetery, and paved with the memorials of the departed, we have a type, not only directly opposed to that of a Jewish temple or synagogue, but of the most offensively and sacrilegiously hostile aspect, from a Semitic point of view. No feature of the ancient law is more distinct than the horror it inculcates of defilement by contact, even the most remote, with the relics of mortality. To touch a bier, a tomb, a fragment of human bone of the size of an olive, involved a defilement, which it required a special purification, and the lapse of a definite period of time, to remove. The sacrifice of the red heifer is commanded, in the Pentateuch itself, as preparatory to the purification of those defiled by contact with the dead; and the special rules by which the oral law designated the details of the preparation of the water of separation, and the whole ritual of defilement of this nature, show how deeply this part of the law of Moses entered into the very life of the Jew.

Had the apostles, or their Master, taught that the purity thus enjoined by the law of Moses was a matter of idle ceremony not thereafter to be regarded, it might have been difficult to understand how such an innovation could have been proposed or tolerated by any pious Jew; but a sequence of doctrines, now absent, would have existed. From the commencement to the close of the New Testament not a hint occurs of the possibility of so tremendous a revolution as this must have appeared to the Jew. On the other hand, the most recent investigations of the catacombs at Rome not only enable us to trace the normal type of the Christian church to that of these subterraneous sepulchral recesses, but show how a species of legal organisation was permissible to the early Christians (even when the open observance of their faith was prohibited) as forming associates in those existing confraternities which were held in honour in ancient Rome, and which still exist in every Italian city. The Pagan origin of the whole altar rite of Christianity is patent; but the connection of that rite with the teaching or the practice of any writers of the New Testament is more than obscure. Down to the close of the Acts of the Apostles, Paul is represented as declaring his adherence to "the customs of the

fathers," and the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews prohibits the abandonment of the synagogue, though the sense of the Greek is, no doubt purposely, obscured by the translators. There can be no reasonable doubt that neither Peter, nor John, nor Paul would have willingly entered a basilica such as Constantine erected, even to shun the pain of martyrdom.

A reference to such a total and unexplained contrast between the Christianity of the New Testament and that which emerged from the persecutions of the Roman emperors under the fostering care of Constantine, should be enough to show that the mere arbitrary reference of a rite or of a doctrine to a Jewish law or custom cannot be satisfactory, except to those who will be satisfied with anything they wish to hear. In times when ignorance was profound, any opinion that could be supported by citation from some father of the Church was held to be adequately proved. As the study of history has advanced, and as we have become aware, not only of the profound ignorance of the early theological writers, but of much of the laws, customs, and popular life with which they were unacquainted, it becomes evident that the basis of the entire *corpus* of formal Christianity has to undergo a searching revision. Not, by any means, that it is to be assumed to be false; but in order that that assumption, either for or against, should be replaced by critical and honest investigation. Unless this is done the endurance of the superstructure is a question only of time, and apparently of no long time.

The first question that arises as to the genesis of Christian dogma is as to the real relation which it bears to the law of Moses. As to this, it is to be observed that the usual assumption is not *primâ facie* probable. The filiation of the Christianity of the fourth century with that of the twelve apostles is, to say the least, obscure. Judaism has no representative, such as was the early Essene, in the Aryan churches. And yet the primary, sweeping, unhesitating assertion that the Jews misunderstood their own Law and sacred books, and that the Christian doctors, few of whom could even read the Hebrew character, or knew the number of the tractates comprising the Oral Law, thoroughly comprehended the books of which they had translations, underlies every attempt at theological argument. A *petitio principii* so universal is probably without a parallel. Nor is it only on men such as the second Moses (Ben Maimon) that the reproach of ignorance as to the main study of a life is so readily levelled. The first and the third Evangelist, in those passages in which they represent their master as insisting on the immutability of the Law, must be expurgated or explained away, before the assumption of the Catholic theologian as to his own true reading of the ancient Scripture can have elbow room or breathing space.

The first point to which we have to call attention as an instance of the opposite meanings attached by Christian and by Jewish doctors to a Jewish book is one which might *à priori* have been thought of little importance as a religious question. In a certain state of ignorance it is a matter which might be regarded as historically obscure. With the advance of our knowledge of written history, and of existing monuments, as well as of the natural history of our planet, it becomes obscure no longer. It is a matter as to which no doubt is possible, except in the wholly

uninstructed mind. The most venerable of the Hebrew scriptures, the Law, or Pentateuch, is proved to have existed substantially in its present form for 2150 years by the Greek translation known by the name of the Septuagint. It is shown, with extreme probability, to have undergone but little alteration for a further and more remote period of 680 years by the existence of the Samaritan version. Its authorship is attributed, in the Mishna, to the Prophet Moses, which would bring back its date to 3580 years from the present time. It includes portions of earlier documents, on the nature of some of which extraordinary light has been recently thrown by the discovery of corresponding legends, written from a polytheistic point of view, in the burnt clay records of Assyria. In the earliest, or at all events the second of these canonical sections, the pedigree of the Hebrew people is traced to an ancestor in the nineteenth generation before Abraham, the common progenitor of the Jews and of certain other Semitic tribes. The attached chronology attributes extraordinary longevity to the first ten patriarchs of this line. The Chinese records, indeed, attribute a reign of 100 years to Yu (the contemporary of Noah), and we are not in a position to deny the possibility of a very great length of life at a remote period of the history of man. But, allowing the full measure, not by the ordinary length of generations, but according to the chronological statements of the Book of Genesis, we arrive at an epoch only about 350 years before the founding of Memphis, for the date of the proto-patriarch of the Semitic people. The date of Menes, the founder of Memphis, is not only matter of monumental inscription, and of dynastic calculations, many of which have been verified in an absolute manner by the inscriptions on the Apis tombs, but is also verified by the rate of the slow secular formation of the delta of the Nile, to the north of the ancient port of Memphis.

This exact determination of dates encounters no difficulty according to the traditional sense attributed to the second section of Genesis by the natural guardians of the sacred law. Nor can it be denied that the simple grammatical sense of the whole passage is fully accordant with the Jewish creeds; while it presents an insuperable difficulty to those of their opponents. The Jewish doctors hold that this book traces the descent of their nation from its first progenitor. The Christian doctors insist on the tracing to this progenitor the pedigree of the whole human race. Not only the utterers of the hundred tongues of Aryan speech, those of the two hundred Turanian languages, the black, woolly negro, the long-eyed Egyptian, the squat Esquimaux, the yellow Calmuck, with all other varieties of mankind, presenting differences which in other parts of the animal kingdom are termed specific, are asserted to be the progeny of one pair, but that of a pair who lived 6660 years ago. It is not too much to say that such a supposition is absolutely inadmissible. Not only was Egypt a mighty empire at the time when this peopling of the whole earth from one centre is said to have commenced; but we have proof that it must even then have been a very ancient people. As to the Assyrian races, their written records are not as yet deciphered to a date much anterior to that of Abraham; but mighty nations at that period made war with one another, and each new discovery rolls back the curtain that hangs over the history

of the past. Geology lifts a yet more impenetrable veil, and shows that human footsteps are to be traced on the surface of our planet for hundreds of thousands, and probably for millions of years.

All this material evidence is perfectly consistent with the Jewish interpretation of the Book of Genesis. We omit, at present, the discussion of the question of the mode of the creation or birth of Adam. The passage was forbidden to be studied by the Jews, except under special conditions; and the idea that it was a simple bit of literal history, intelligible to any reader, is one of the last that could have occurred to any student of the law of Moses. The point to remark is, that while the Jewish explanation of the Jewish Scripture, to the effect that it traces the history of the Jewish people to its first ancestor, is uncontradicted by any facts of history or of science, either ethnological or chronological, the assumption that the whole race of man descended from the nineteenth progenitor of Abraham, or from a human pair who lived 6660 years ago, is utterly, demonstratively, and ridiculously false.

Nor is it any escape from this conclusion to endeavour to fritter away the difficulty by quibbling as to details. The position at which history and science have enabled us to arrive is this: The definite interpretation of a Jewish book to which Christian theologians have pinned their general scheme of theology is demonstrably false. Whether the Jewish interpretation be right or wrong is beside the question. It is, at all events, free from the unsurmountable difficulties that accompany the Christian interpretation; and it must be remembered that the doctrine must be taken in its entirety, or not at all. It is no reply to say that, although either the lapse of nineteen generations, or that of 2800 years, or the determination of a period contemporary with the building of Memphis, gives an impossible date for the origin of the Aryan, Turanian, and African races from a Semitic stock, that at ten times or a hundred times that distance of times such a descent might have commenced. And what if so? It is of the parents of Seth, the eighteenth progenitor of Abraham, that the incidents relied on for theological argument are related. Destroy the individual identity, and the question of common ancestorship becomes entirely irrelevant.

The question, indeed, is one within much narrower limits than above stated, although it has been thus brought forward in anticipation of the abandonment of a position, if possible, yet more untenable. Not only does the formalisation of Christian dogma demand the acceptance of the belief of the descent of the human races from the nineteenth ancestor of Abraham, but it brings down the period of primary division for ten more generations. The whole earth, theology asserts, was submerged by a flood in the time of Noah; a date which the chronology of the Hebrew Scriptures shows to have been a thousand years later than the building of the pyramid of Cheops. The accumulated impossibilities attending on any attempt at a literal interpretation of the ancient allegory of the flood—an allegory told in cuneiform legends to the worshippers of Bel and of Ishtar, in language appropriate to their different mode of faith and of worship—are so great, that the attempt to maintain the orthodox view of the subject is becoming tacitly abandoned. But it should be remembered that it is this exaggerated impossibility which is consecrated by dogmatic teaching, and that, although the consequence

drawn from the assumption is not so fundamental as that with regard to the original pedigree, it yet plays an important part in the formalisation of dogma.

On this purely ethnological and chronological question, as to the decision of which there can be no more doubt, in the present state of human knowledge, than as to the solution of a rule of three sum, the entire scheme of formal dogma has been made to depend. The scheme of Christianity is based on the doctrine of original sin and vicarious sacrifice. "Original sin," says the Church of England (and in this respect she is at one with Rome and with Geneva), "standeth not in the following of Adam (as the *Pelagians* do vainly talk); but it is the fault and corruption of the nature of every man, that naturally is engendered of the offspring of Adam." It is needless to enter into the inventions with which Calvin and his followers have embellished a theory, the very basis of which, in the face of history, entirely evaporates. Grant the literal meaning, and the historic truth, of the account of the garden and the apple—what interest has the record to any man of non-Semitic blood? It is no question of the infirmity of human nature, of man's proneness to error, or even to guilt. These are matters on which all philosophers and all religions are much at one. The point to keep in view is, that the stain of evil which, in theologic formula, renders man liable to eternal punishment, and demands a vicarious sacrifice, descends by natural generation in a certain human family, with which ninety-seven per cent. of the tribes of mankind have no blood relation whatever. So precise and authoritative has theology been in laying this first stone of the edifice, that when that stone crumbles before honest investigation the whole edifice remains "in the air."

It is not impossible to ascertain how, in a period of great ignorance, an assumption so wild as that of the derivation of all the families and dialects of mankind from a single stem within the historic period originated. It sprang, like so many other assumptions to which it will be necessary to give some attention, from ignorance of the full meaning attached to the Pentateuch by the Oral Law, and by the Synhedral legislation; although this was the only meaning which could have been familiar to the Evangelists or their contemporaries. The Oral Law declares, in the plainest language, that every Israelite (with certain specified exceptions) was an heir of eternal life. This assertion, like the greater part of the dogmas of the Mishna, is only a development of the doctrine literally to be deduced from the Pentateuch. The expression that the Lord God breathed life into the father of Seth, and that he became a living soul, was held to mark the great distinction between the Jew and the other races of mankind, such as those whose daughters were married by Cain, and were the fair Mothers of the Giants. And the remarkable distinction made in the Pentateuch, and more elaborately specified in the Mishna, as to the defilement from the corpse of a Jew or of a Gentile, was held to be grounded on this essential difference. According to the fixed rules of interpretation, the ascription of immortality to every Israelite involves the denial of that gift to the non-Israelite. Hence arose the wonder with which the early disciples are represented as saying, "Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life."

How far certain expressions in the Epistles of Paul may be held to have any genealogical meaning may be matter of doubt. But the Jewish doctrine that immortality was confined to the children of Adam, blended with the Pauline doctrine that immortality was attainable by the Gentiles, led to the explanation that the Gentiles were the descendants of Adam. It was useless for Jewish doctors to protest that this was not the meaning of their Law. They were allowed no voice in the matter. Science had not then spoken with a certain utterance, and the science of the day was contemned by the early doctors of the church. Thus it came to pass that, for the very foundation stone of dogmatic Christianity, an error of the gravest historic magnitude was lightly and ignorantly adopted.

It is hardly necessary to proceed beyond these two cardinal instances of the adoption of a rite, and the enunciation of a dogma, contemptuously opposed the one to the direct institution of Moses, and the other to the only interpretation of the Book of Genesis which is consistent with historic truth. But, in order to prove that the dogmatic system of theology requires some re-consideration, it may be well to glance at one or two other points of primary doctrinal importance, in which the attribution of an Aryan sense to Semitic language veils the existence of the profound and unbridged gulf that lies between the teachings of the Synoptic Evangelists and the Twelve Apostles on the one side, and the Christianity of Constantine and of Sylvester on the other.

No conceptions can be more opposed than the two ideas of the Divine Unity, the one expressed by the formulæ framed by Moses, and the other by the writer who assumed the name of Athanasius. "Hear, oh Israel, the Lord thy God is one God," was held to express the absolute unity of God, "not one in genus, nor one in species, nor as one individual which is divided into many unities, nor one as an extended body, which is one in number, and can be divided to infinity; but the Blessed God is one in simple unity, so that there is no unity but His." To this idea that contained in the words, "the whole three persons are co-eternal together and co-equal," is as formal a contradiction as can be predicated. The question is not to whether of the two creeds we may hold it fit to adhere. Neither is it how far either of them may be an inadequate expression of a truth beyond human conception, or without the pale of human knowledge. The point to grasp is that the two conceptions are so opposed that the first cannot have been the parent of the second. To the Semitic mind the Trinitarian doctrine is not simply heretical, it is inconceivable. To the Aryan mind it is familiar, in many forms well known in the temple worship of India, and shadowed forth in the mysteries of the triple Hecate. The Aryan idea prevailed in the Aryan Church, and the reading of the Hebrew Scriptures in that light was as natural as it was erroneous.

So again, with regard to the attempt to explain away the whole vigour and energy of the Law by describing it as allegorical, symbolic, or prophetic. Nothing is more emphatically condemned in the Oral Law than this method. The invention of what is called the "type" (a figure of thought at once more specific and more arbitrary than poetic metaphor or parabolic, or mythic symbol) may be traced to the Alexandrian Jews; who sought, by interpreting the law in a non-natural sense, to excuse their permanent residence out of

the Holy Land, and other heresies of their community. The evasion, though pardonable in its origin, was condemned by the Sanhedrim, and, according to the Judaic standard, justly. Its own eternal permanence was the very marrow of the law. As such it was accepted and declared by Jesus in plain words, if in an extended or heightened meaning. Even assignment of reasons for an injunction—such as that not to take the bird with the young — was peremptorily forbidden. The literal law, not the intent or the philosophy of the law, was the study of the Jews of Palestine in the time of the writers of the New Testament. The Philonic language of the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews is as opposed to Jewish orthodoxy as it is possible to conceive. The question is not, again, whether of the two views is the nearest to the truth. It is the representation of the second as the development, instead of as the mortal antagonist of the first, that is plainly impossible; and that has yet been taken as a standpoint of dogma.

The same change of standpoint has to be remarked with reference to prophecy. Prediction plays a very different part in the Aryan mind from that assigned to it in the Law of Moses. There, two kinds of prediction only are to be found. One is the alternative or conditional prediction, which is that of a promise or of a threat. It is nothing absolute. This do, and thou shalt live, and it shall be well with thee all the days of thy life. Thus not do, and the evil that has befallen other nations shall overtake thee. The other kind of prediction is that which was mentioned by the Law as the authorisation of the message of a prophet. His word was not to be obeyed, unless it was avouched by a sign, and of all signs the greatest was the prediction of a future event which fell out as predicted. This very test limited the time of the fulfilment. It must be within the life of the prophet—within the time during which the choice to obey or to disobey his counsel were possible. Otherwise this crucial test of the value of his words would have no value. The contrast between either of these kinds of prediction and the idea that events in the long distant future were clearly indicated by prophetic vision is palpable. The latter view is Aryan. The imposition of such an interpretation on strained passages of the ancient law is as contrary to the letter and to the spirit of the injunctions of Moses, as is the explanation of the reference to the temporal welfare of the Jews, and the maintenance of the daily sacrifices of the Temple, as being of what is called a spiritual purport.

The undated, and so far as the literature of the subject goes, unauthorised, misapplication of the word Sabbath is another instance of the break of the tradition of the apostles. The Church of Rome, indeed, has not gone to the extent of that of Geneva, and does not apply the Jewish name of the seventh day of the week to the first. Easter Eve in the Italian Church is called by its appropriate historic name of *Sabato Santo*. It is remarkable that the passages on which Calvin and his followers rely as showing that at all events Paul had established a religious veneration for the first day of the week among his converts, show exactly the reverse. In the first epistle to the Corinthians, the writer plainly recommends his readers to make the first day of the week a day of reckoning accounts, and of "laying by in store" charitable offerings for the relief of the poor. The latter, if it involved carrying money, would have been a direct violation

of the law of the Sabbath. When this is coupled with the injunction in the Epistle to the Hebrews not to forsake the synagogues, and with the reference in the Acts of the Apostles to the observance of the Sabbath, it is plain that the use of the fourth commandment in our churches as a command to venerate the Lord's day is liable to very serious question.

So long as the theologian confines himself to the position—to which in this country the clergy are in the main retreating—"this is what the Church teaches," there may perhaps be but little call for the philosophic moralist or historian to endeavour to interpose between the teacher and those who are content to accept his teaching. Nor is the mere failure to trace the phases of a transition of which but little of the history is understood, a fair ground of accusation against the divines of to-day. But it is quite otherwise when, for the formula "Hear the Church" is substituted the far more tremendous preface, "*In Nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti.*" The awakening of the echoes of that ancient form of exorcism in our churches has something more than an æsthetic significance. Above all, it is undeniable that what is historically false cannot be theologically true. To bind up Christian dogma with false ideas of natural history or of ethnology is to repeat the error of the Church of Rome with regard to the discoveries of Galileo. Were the discrepancies that now more and more portentously yawn in the foundations of dogmas confined to one branch of study—such, for example, as geology—there might be a sort of short-sighted wisdom in the attempts of Yorkshire deans or supporters of Christian Knowledge Societies to turn away attention from their existence. But such is very far from being the case. The education of mankind, slow though its advance, has yet made enormous progress since the third and fourth centuries of the vulgar era. Hypotheses which were tenable in the days of Origen and of Cyprian are now utterly inadmissible. The horizon of human thought has been widely enlarged. The whole conception of the relation of man to the universe has been profoundly modified. In the patristic cosmology the whole magnificent drama of the universe was made to revolve round a centre of narrow insignificance; and the doctrine of the immobility of the earth itself was only a consistent portion of the general scheme. The belief in the position of the *Eben Schatiych*, or "stone of foundation," on which the ark was placed in the Temple, and which was the centre of the world, was in full accordance with the narrow philosophy which the early fathers borrowed from the Jews. A conception of that non-progressive nation—described even by their own sacred writers as notorious for stiffness of neck and hardness of heart—as a chosen race, destined to hold forth a lamp of divine teaching in the midst of a dark world, was one of which the absolute justice was long unquestioned. But the more profound is our study of what Judaism really was, and the fuller our advancing knowledge of the contemporary condition of other nations, the less are we able to accept this idea, borrowed from the rabbis, whom yet the borrowers despised. One of the most learned of recent Hebrew scholars, the Abbé Chiarini, has been so penetrated by a sense of the anti-human spirit of Judaism, which finally raised every hand against a fierce, intolerant, and intractable race, that he has drawn an imaginary contrast between Mosaism,

or what he holds to be the teaching of the Pentateuch, and Judaism, or the fuller doctrine of the Mishna. The distinction is unfounded. The national exclusive pride, and the unsparing ferocity which were a feature of the latter, are no less present in the former. The extirpation by the Israelites of the entire race whose land they stole was the direct command of the early prophets. Moses, Joshua, Samuel were as unsparing as Herod or as the Asmonean princes. The laws which regulated the relation of the sexes were discussed with a repellant coarseness of nature, and utter absence of modesty, which made Grecian vice less odious than Jewish virtue. It is sufficient to refer to the tracts Niddah and Sotah to justify this appreciation. The most savage mutilations which excite horror on the Assyrian bas-reliefs were practised by no less important a Jewish king than David. The attempt to represent the Jewish character as something notably in harmony with the divine nature has involved theologians in a network of sophisms, from which few consciences can escape unscathed.

Such a view of the Jewish nation can be consistently held only as a consequence of two profound ignorances. One of these is ignorance of Judaism, the other is ignorance of the sacred books and national history of the surrounding nations. The former has been fostered by the exclusive study of certain portions of Hebrew literature, to the exclusion of a wider range of documents, many of which are of far more importance, both legislatively and historically, than portions of the Hagiographa. No one who has read the works can hesitate as to the much higher importance of the treatise Sanhedrin than of the Book of Esther. While the meaning of the Law and the Prophets, at least as it was universally held by the Jews contemporary with the writers of the New Testament, has been thus obscured by ignorance of the Oral Law, the general tone of early religions is now for the first time being recovered from the long buried descriptions of Assyria and of Egypt. The language of devout faith was not confined to the Hebrew tribes. It was not the kings and leaders of the Israelites alone who regarded themselves as the chosen servants of Heaven, executing the wrath of the divinity on the opponents of their rule. Omit only the designation of the Deity, and it is difficult to distinguish a Babylonian hymn from a Hebrew psalm: "O, Lord of the earth, of mankind, and of spirits, speak good! Who is there whose mouth does not praise thy might, and speak of thy law, and glorify thy dominion? O, Lord of the earth, dwelling in the temple, take hold of the hands that are lifted to thee. To thy city grant favours. To the temple, even thy temple, incline thy face, to the sons of thy city grant blessings." These are not the words of David, but are taken from a tablet in a Babylonian library. For Zion and Jerusalem it contains the names Babylon and Borsippa. The difference is rather a local than a moral one. If the idea of the essential wickedness of our national or personal enemies inspires all the religious writing of the period, what can be the character of the deity invoked by the worshipper? And yet this is an idea that flourishes greenly even to the present day among not a few members of European nations.

The wholly unexpected increase of our knowledge of the language and history of Assyria and of Egypt is only one of those changes in human thought which are incompatible with the maintenance of

narrow dogmas, framed in times of comparative ignorance. The genuine spirit of religion is something apart from ecclesiastical dogmas. It is too often perverted by the association. But when dogma is based on premises that are shown to be absolutely false, it is only by shaking herself free of such entanglement that any form of religion can maintain a true vitality.

The case is not one of hasty inference, or of evenly-balanced opinion. The tradition that traces ecclesiastical dogma to its source is, as we have seen, interrupted at the most critical period of its existence. The filiation between the twelve chosen witnesses and the church that emerged from the catacombs is one that it is difficult to trace or even to imagine. It is rather to the personal opinions of certain patristic writers than to any other source, that the *corpus* of dogma is attributable. True, these writers propose to support their views by the Bible or by the Gospels. How far they were competent to understand the former has been intimated above. Nor are the latter intelligible, as they were intended to be understood by their writers, by those who are ignorant of the law, customs, and habits of thought of those writers and of those whom they addressed. For literary authority as to text, nothing conclusive ascends beyond the time of Constantine. Of the Egyptian, Accadian, and Babylonian records, on the contrary, we have the original inscriptions on baked clay, on marble, or on papyrus. With regard to all those considerations which are drawn from the advance of positive science, natural history, ethnology, palæontology, philology, lithology — whatever is gained to science is all on one side of the balance. These pursuits were positively closed to the patristic writers. The spirit of honest criticism, and the application of sound method to the investigation of truth, were equally unknown. Literary fidelity was supposed to consist in the alteration, by a copyist, of those phrases in a manuscript with which he did not agree. The Gospel which has most literary form, and of which the writer has more distinctly intimated the sources of his information than had been done by any other Evangelist, is a collection of *memorabilia*, taken avowedly not from personal witnesses alone. The ὑπηρέται may have been zealous missionaries, but of their sources of information we are told absolutely nothing. Positive, definite, personal testimony is sought in vain; and when we abandon the field of the emotional, of the influence on the heart and life of certain belief and certain forms of worship, and attempt direct logical appeal to the intelligence, we pass from the field of practical religion to that of barren and endless logomachy.

As long as discrepancies, such as are invariably caused by the survival of the older forms dictated by imperfect knowledge, side by side with the clearer utterances of more cultivated intelligence, affect matters subsidiary alone, we may trust to the gradual process by which the old forms become obsolete, or come to be held to express a meaning in some way accordant with truth. But when positive error is taken as a foundation stone, the case is altogether different. The choice then becomes imperative, whether the error shall be openly and candidly acknowledged, and the corrections, whatever they may be, due to such acknowledgment, honestly and authoritatively made, or whether the taint of dishonesty shall be allowed to remain, to spread, and to vitiate the entire system of teaching. The man who now, in a

pulpit or in a Sunday-school, bases his exhortations to his hearers on the assumption of their Semitic origin, must be either a man whose ignorance is such as to unfit him for the post of a teacher, or who is something far worse than ignorant. What Cicero said of the augurs of his day applies with full force to those who base their teaching on the doctrine of original sin, as set forth in unmistakeable terms in the IXth Article of the Church. And yet, without this basis, how are the successive steps of formal doctrine to be taken? How is the preacher justified in thundering forth those menaces of eternal torment, to which so much more efficacy appears to be attached by the speaker than by the hearers, when he knows (as he ought to know) that no such idea formed any portion of the Semitic faith, and that it was the idea that the peculiar gift of immortality, special to the Jew, was extensible to men not of Jewish blood, that caused the first fierce contest in the Christian Church, and that was the first missionary message to the world?

That the education of the more cultivated part of mankind has advanced to a stage at which it becomes imperative to reconsider the teaching of the Church on points of history and of physical science, which have been, unfortunately for the permanence of doctrine, embodied in her teaching, can hardly be denied by any educated man. How far the religious part of any dogma may be affected by the correction of false historical assumption, is of course an inquiry of no light importance. Those who fear the result, fear to come face to face with the truth. Those who hope to stave off the inquiry by hurling anathemas at those who propose it, are like the old woman who tried to keep out the sea with her mop. There is, perhaps, more danger to be feared from an attempt to meet the difficulty by subterfuge than from the resolution to ignore it as long as possible. Unless the guidance of the Spirit of Truth be in very reality invoked, unless the conscientious and patient method of historic, literary, and critical inquiry be at once humbly and persistently pursued, the chief danger of the Christian creed will not come from the efforts of its assailants. It will be those who, in the chairs and pulpits of theology, continue to teach without discrimination what they know, or might know, to be false, and what they think to be true; who are striving to involve, not the Church of England alone, but Christianity itself, in a fatal discredit, which fifteen centuries of assault from without have not been able to compass.

F. R. Conder.

IN THIS WORLD:

A NOVEL.

By Mabel Collins, Author of "An Innocent Sinner," &c.

Continued from page 49.

Chapter XXIX.

Yriarte and his Friends.

That evening Mr. Lingen called upon Yriarte personally, for the amount at stake was considerable. The interview was a peculiar one, each giving the other a sort of semi-confidence, and treating him half as a friend and half as an enemy. If Ernestine could have overheard what took place, Mr. Lingen would have seemed to her almost a creature of a diabolic realm; and, had Laura overheard it, she, on the contrary, would probably have entertained a higher opinion of both men than before, for both exhibited those peculiar talents which had made each remarkable in his own line. Yriarte was distinguished for the breadth and depth of his scoundrelism and the extreme smallness of his character in every other direction. Lingen was remarkable for tact, audacity, and a knowledge of human nature, so easy and large as to appear instinctive.

The result of the meeting was moderately satisfactory. Yriarte was abjectly horrified at the idea, suggested by Lingen rather than decisively foretold, of his danger under the law; he was aghast when he found that Dr. Doldy and Laura were quite determined to prosecute him. He had never supposed Laura's spirit to be so indomitable, while his knowledge was somewhat hazy on that wide province of crime, the obtaining of money through conspiracy. It was rather a new experience for him. He had never driven an Englishwoman quite so hard as he had driven this one; and his horror of physical discomfort was so intense that no revenge on Laura, by revealing her secrets, would afford him any consolation if he were condemned to vulgar punishment. So that when Lingen suggested that if he could bring forward a defence which would be likely to lighten his sentence, it should be accepted by the prosecution on condition that he kept his tongue from evil speaking, lying, and slander with regard to Laura, he was delighted, and very speedily agreed to the arrangement. He was immediately afterwards arrested by a man in plain clothes, who had been quietly sitting in the hall until Mr. Lingen had done his business. Another man was also, with equal unobtrusiveness, taking an inventory of the contents of the house for Mr. Lingen. That gentleman himself, leaving Yriarte to the society of the officer, started off to have a hurried search for Laura's letters. He entirely believed them to be in Yriarte's own possession, notwithstanding the assertion that his

creditor "Anton" had seized them. Taking the opportunity of a few undisturbed moments which lay before him, he went straight to Yriarte's bed room, and looked around him. There was a writing table with a half-open drawer full of notes and letters—some not opened—that was not the place. Turning from that, his eye fell upon the old black cabinet, where Yriarte kept his religion. He smiled a peculiar subdued smile of intense amusement as he crossed the room to look at it. He opened the doors of the shrine—yes, there was a light burning before the Virgin and Child. He wondered to himself how long the slender taper would last, for, thought he, when that candle is exhausted, the shrine will be left desolate; and, doubtless, its desolation will be less of an insult and a mockery to the Catholic Church than its perpetual illumination has been.

This thought passed quickly through his mind, and almost simultaneously he was engaged in examining the cleverly contrived drawers and recesses of the quaint old cabinet. Secret springs—whether of human character, or of mechanism—offered little perplexity to him. But there was a difference in his mode of approach. To closely examine the secret springs of mechanism he dropped his eye-glass, and directed the unveiled glance of those keen eyes upon them. He was not so much of a Berkeleyan as to be afraid of scaring into reticence the spirit of matter.

In this case he conquered—the cabinet yielded its secrets to him. He left the room—after a parting glance at the shrine which had a strange psychological attraction for him as the visible outcome of a part of the Spaniard's character—with a box containing Laura's letters. There were quantities of letters written by other infatuated women. Most of these he threw back into the cabinet: Laura's were in a bundle by themselves; their preservation was evidently due to some special value set upon them.

Mr. Lingen went triumphantly home with his spoil, satisfied that so far he had done the utmost to further Laura's plans.

Yriarte meanwhile was busily engaged in despatching messengers to his friends.

The result of this was that the next day—when the case was almost due to be called on at Bow-street; when the defendant was taking his ease in a cell at Newgate, and the prosecutrix was growing handsomer than ever in the sunshine of Sir Percy Flaxen's attentions—Dr. Doldy received a caller. His acquaintance was a wide one; but he was surprised when he looked at the card handed to him:

"Why, this is a grandee in the Spanish diplomatic service!" he exclaimed. "What on earth can he want with me? I have no Spanish connection."

Laura was in the drawing-room, as it happened. She was still staying with Mrs. Honiton, but her visits to her uncle had become much more frequent. The necessity for joint action with regard to Yriarte had suddenly reawakened the distinctness of their long-standing partnership of interest. Dr. Doldy was relieved, also, to find Laura making a reasonable marriage; he was far too genuine a lover of comfortable living to feel anything but genuine anxiety that Laura's fortune should follow its proper course, and avert the ruin which must otherwise fall upon him. Circumstances thus brought Laura into much more intimate and sympathetic relations with him than she had held since

his marriage—or, indeed, since his engagement.

Ernestine meanwhile had become almost invisible. He scarcely ever saw her, and, as nothing further had passed between them since the interview which Laura had interrupted, he scarcely knew how to approach her. It was one of those temporary dumbnesses of the heart which most lovers experience at some period or other of their histories. In Dr. Doldy's present state the emotions had neither changed nor lost their innate vigour; but they were paralysed by the perplexities of the mind. He needed time to think his way through the difficulties which presented themselves to his intellect; and he entered the more warmly into Laura's affairs because they occupied him and granted him an excuse for taking this time.

Thus it happened that Laura found him a more ready counsellor and support than she anticipated.

And so it was Laura who was sitting beside him in the drawing-room when the name of the Spanish dignitary was announced.

"I can't imagine what he can want of me, if he does not come for physic. Shall I receive him here, Laura?"

"If I didn't know you of old, I should hardly understand that to mean 'go away,'" replied Laura. She rose, and passed through into the small drawing-room, which opened out of the one in which they had been sitting. Dr. Doldy shut the door behind her;—which, as it seemed to her, unnecessary act of politeness, made her close her fan with a sudden snap of vexation. She had an idea that the visit of this Spaniard must have some connection with her affairs; but how, was the puzzle.

She could hear a little—enough to excite her curiosity powerfully; and the moment the visitor had gone, she opened the door and came in, flushed and eager. At the same moment Ernestine, who had just entered the house, and had met the portly Spaniard on the stairs, paused at the open drawing-room door as if hesitating whether to enter, or pass on. A thirst for loneliness had come upon her as it comes upon a wounded animal; but she doubted whether she were wise in yielding to it. She paused, and then went in and sat down quietly. The others hardly noticed her presence, they were absorbed in their own affairs. Laura was excited—Dr. Doldy grave and angry.

"*Was* it really Don Gonzales himself?" exclaimed Laura, in a low eager voice.

"Yes," said her uncle.

"And was it about that little wretch that he came?" she went on, her hands clasped, and her eyes fixed intently upon Dr. Doldy's face.

"He came to entreat me not to prosecute," said Dr. Doldy, angrily. "He talks about the cur's connections—I don't believe they care about his punishment; but it seems they have been putting pressure on this old fool to come to me about it because they want to avoid the scandal."

He began to walk irritably up and down, evidently full of annoyance; and he was arrested by simple surprise when Laura burst out laughing.

"I had no idea little Jose was such an important person," she exclaimed, gleefully, "Oh! this is grand, uncle, really grand! Fancy the whole Spanish Embassy trying to beg him off!"

"I would not withdraw from the prosecution," exclaimed Dr. Doldy, pursuing his own vein of thought, "if the Queen herself came to ask me."

Ernestine, finding herself un-

noticed, went quietly away to her own room, and left them to finish their conversation. These things disturbed her less to-day, for she had planned her own course of action, and had but to carry it out.

Chapter XXX.

A BIRD ESCAPED.

"Coventry, I must be dreaming, or else I am mad," said Mrs. Silburn, very soberly. She was interrupting her husband in the throes of composition. At first he looked up at her blankly; but, after a moment's vacant contemplation of her face, he became aware of its unwonted seriousness.

"My dear little woman, what is the matter?" he exclaimed, throwing down his pen so suddenly as to startle one of his pet kittens who had curled herself among his papers.

"I have been round to see Ernestine—the servants told me he was not at home; I was coming a way when the man ran after me:—Dr. Doldy had heard my voice, and would like to speak to me."

She paused. "Do go on!" cried Coventry, full of consternation at her manner.

"Well, he said he thought I ought to be told at once——."

"My dear little woman, I never knew you so slow over a piece of news before!"

"Ernestine has left him; she went away last night: there, now you've got it." And Dorothy flung herself into a chair, and fell into a passion of tears.

Coventry went round to console her, with rather a bewildered expression on his face; it was not often that Dorothy was overcome like this by the feminine weakness of tears.

"Did she leave no letter for you?" he asked.

"No," sobbed Dorothy; "that's the worst of it."

"Oh, she'll come to us," said Coventry; "I daresay we shall see her to-day."

Dorothy swallowed a sob, wiped her eyes, and answered irrelevantly:

"I am quite sure Nature is a woman: I always thought so, because she is cruel and sulky, as well as beautiful. Now I know it; because after a good cry I feel so exactly like the sky when it's done raining—cleared and ready for action. Miss Armine is ill, I hear; Ernestine will not neglect her patient, you may be sure. I'll just go and see if I can hear anything of her there."

"I'll come with you," said Coventry; "you've chased every productive power out of my brain. Why has she done this?"

"Dr. Doldy wishes us to understand that their disagreement was solely upon medical matters: they have clashed professionally."

Coventry burst out laughing, and continued to laugh for some moments, notwithstanding the scared and horrified gaze which Dorothy fixed upon him.

"We're in for a comedy," he said at last; "I thought it was a tragedy."

"And so it is," said Dorothy. "I wish you could have seen Dr. Doldy's face. It would have cured you of laughing for a while."

"My dear little woman, who ever heard of husband and wife separating for such a cause? The thing is absurd, viewed as a tragedy; as a comedy, it is lovely."

"Well," said Dorothy indignantly, "you'll not find much of comedy about either of the principals in this case. You can stop at home and laugh; I'm going to Miss Armine's."

Coventry took her advice, and stayed at home to laugh: he could

not regard the matter seriously. With a face of amusement, he walked about his study, full of conjecture. He could not take up the disturbed track of thought; he must speculate about this quaint affair.

A hesitating knock came to his door while he was thus perambulating. His writing room was held sacred; when the door was closed none but Dorothy dared approach it. Therefore he much wondered what the new interruption might be.

He went to the door—and there stood Ernestine.

"They told me Dorothy had gone out, and you were not to be disturbed," she said timidly; "and I have been waiting in the drawing-room. But I ventured to knock. If you are busy, I will come in this evening."

He had never seen Ernestine like this. She was pale, trembling, with dark lines beneath her eyes. He took her hand, and drew her into the room. This was not comedy to him now. Looking into her face, he saw that not only were there dark lines under her eyes, but the lower lids were twice their wonted size. She had been crying all night—that was very plain to him. And this was the cold Ernestine, whom people called hard, stern, unapproachable.

"Don't let me disturb you," she repeated; "I only wanted to leave a message for Dorothy, which I couldn't quite leave with the servant."

For answer he drew her to a low chair, and made her sit down.

"What does it all mean?" he said.

"Has Dorothy heard, then?" said she, putting her hand to her side. The long hours of the past night had made havoc of her strength. "I thought I should tell her first."

"She went round to you this morning and saw Dr. Doldy," said Coventry quietly.

"Did he tell her," said Ernestine, with sudden calmness, "that I had left the house yesterday, not to return?"

"Yes; and he also told her he wished us to know that the cause of the disagreement between you was a professional one."

Coventry got up, walked round the room, and came back to her side. She watched him in silence.

"Surely," he said, "you don't love medicine more than your husband?"

Ernestine's hand, which lay on the arm of her chair, began to tremble violently.

"No," she answered, "but I have annoyed him by following the course which seemed to me right. I am sorry for that—I am indeed; but we could never carry on our double practice under one roof. I should sin again, I fear."

"It seems strange," said Coventry, in a perplexed voice, "that such a union as yours should be affected by mere professional jealousy."

The words stung Ernestine.

"That is not all," she cried passionately; "I have not left my home and my husband because I am an interfering woman, and cannot leave his patients alone. Don't think that of me!"

Coventry looked at her in surprise.

"*He* thinks it is all," she went on; "but it is not, and I must let him think so. I must bear that; only don't you think so!"

She had buried her face in her hands, and Coventry only just heard these words. He left her side and sat down in his writing chair, looking at her in wonder. What did all this mean? He tried to look at the matter from each side, and all manner of fancies

passed through his brain. He at once rejected the idea that Ernestine had left her husband from any cause in her own heart; no one could hear her speak of him and look in her face without knowing that her love was still absolutely his. Was it, then, the old story of a high-spirited woman's jealousy?

Ernestine looked up into his face, and her quick intuitions told her something of his thoughts.

"Now you are drawing conclusions in your own mind," she exclaimed; "don't do that! You will be wrong. You will think I am jealous, or some such thing; and you will be wrong. No! my tongue is tied—to him, to everyone—but my soul revolted against the position I was placed in. I could not endure it, and so I left it; that is all."

At this moment the door was opened unceremoniously, and a second after Dorothy was on her knees at Ernestine's side, crying again. Coventry got up and shut the door, and then turned and looked at the two women. It was a sight fit for a poet's eyes.

Dorothy's first articulate utterance was a very decided one.

"You must come and live here—you must and you shall. You shall not go into lodgings all alone."

"I have got lodgings close by," said Ernestine; "I could not go far away from you. But I should worry you out of your two dear lives if I came here. Why, I mean to set up a night bell!"

"It should ring into your room," persisted Dorothy. But Ernestine only smiled and shook her head, and thanked her.

"My lodgings are taken," she said; "I shall be very near you."

Dorothy rose slowly to her feet, and stood by Ernestine's side, looking very seriously at her.

"Don't make yourself ill," she said.

"No, I shall not do that," answered Ernestine, confidently. "I am nervous this morning, I know, but I have work before me which will not allow of nervousness; so I am sure to be all right before the day is out. I shall have my hands full with little Miss Armine soon, I fear."

"Miss Armine!" cried Dorothy; "I saw her just now; surely she is not going to be seriously ill again?"

"I hope not; but her eyes are too bright, and she looks as if she had rouged inartistically. I have persuaded her to leave the rooms she is in. The landlord has no respect for sanitary laws. I want her to leave at once."

"Do you?" cried Dorothy. "Has she anywhere to go? Shall I look for some rooms for her? Poor child, she can't afford to be ill so often."

Chapter XXXI.

The Police Court.

When Laura found that she would have to appear in the police court and give her evidence against Yriarte, she immediately paid a private visit to Mr. Lingen, and asked him to advise her as to how much and how little she was to say. He had made her mind easy as to the task before her, and she arose as fresh as a daisy on the morning of the day which was to see Yriarte in the prisoner's dock.

She dressed herself with skill, and put on a veil which seemed intended to conceal her face, but really only set off its especial charms; and then, accompanied by her maid—Mrs. Honiton being altogether unable to endure the sights and odours of a police court—drove to Bow-street.

She had never been there before; the horrible aspect of that thoroughfare was new to her, and she looked

around with some consternation at the ugly crowd which gathered about her carriage.

Dr. Doldy was waiting for her just inside the gloomy passage to the court. He came out and helped her from the carriage. He did not speak to her, and, without any word passing between them, uncle and niece passively submitted to the guidance of a burly policeman, who ushered them through a dingy passage, and then, opening a door, led them into the murky little court. Laura was requested to sit down upon a narrow bench. She glanced around, and was at first taken aback by the mass of ugly, interested faces which gazed on her from the partitioned space devoted to the public. But her eye, travelling on, immediately fell upon Lewis Lingen, who sat just below her. The sight refreshed her beyond measure. The coolness and elegant languor of his bearing gave her a sense of rock-like strength. She observed his delicate-coloured gloves, which no dusty papers ever seemed to soil. She drew auguries of triumph from the rich-hearted rose in his button-hole. And a sense of amusement came over her as she watched him; for she saw that in one hand he held a scent bottle, which, in the intervals of looking over his papers or of speaking to those around him, he used delicately. Laura smiled to herself; she had not thought of bringing her own vinaigrette, but, she supposed, Mr. Lingen's experience of police-court odours had taught him more forethought. Certainly the atmosphere was abominable, she realised, now that her attention was attracted to it, and the excitement of her first entrance was wearing off. Surely the magistrate must get a headache, she thought; and can a man judge impartially with a headache?

She caught, just then, a rustling of dresses, and, looking round, saw that near to her was a group of ladies and a few gentlemen, whose faces were full of curiosity. But they were not looking at her; and, following their eyes, she saw in a moment by the stir at the door that the prisoners must be coming in. She closed her eyes an instant and drew a long breath, and then looked to see the first scene of her triumph — Yriarte entering the dock.

Yes, he was mounting the steps which led to that lofty position. He was the same José Yriarte that Laura had once assured herself she loved; extravagantly well-dressed, a small cane in his gloved hand, a smile on his thinly-mustachioed lips. Laura's little boot-heel ground the board beneath her foot. This moment had an ecstacy of its own for her.

He was followed by the other prisoner, Anton, whose supremely handsome face elicited a subdued murmur of admiration from the ladies of the "people," who struggled forward, reckless of the physical sufferings of others, to catch a better view of him.

When he first appeared, a low exclamation of surprise in a familiar voice startled Laura. She looked, and saw that Dorothy Silburn stood close beside her. She must have just come in; but she took no notice of Laura—her eyes were fixed upon Anton.

Laura also looked again at the prisoners; but hurriedly dropped her eyes, for Yriarte, leaning jauntily upon the edge of the dock, was smiling at her and trying to attract her attention, as if they were at the opera instead of in a police court. Laura was intensely indignant—did he expect to carry off his humiliation so insolently? She looked covertly up through her eyelashes after a second, to see

whether he was still watching her. No; he had turned, and, with that sickly peculiar leer which distinguishes the man of low and selfish amours, was scrutinising the faces of the ladies who stood near—looking either for the recognition of an acquaintance, or for some response to his general admiration.

Dorothy had been watching him. She suddenly turned and looked at Laura; and then took out her handkerchief and put it to her lips, as if to hide their expression. Laura now dropped her eyes and sat motionless, for she had become aware that Mr. Lingen was speaking; that he was giving an outline of the case; that he was mentioning her name. He was then just introducing her, as it were, and expressing his confidence that the public sympathies would be given to a young lady who had the courage to come forward in such a painful case. She heard him describe José Yriarte as a Spaniard of good birth and high connections.

"And his accomplice in this disgraceful case?" said the magistrate with dignity and contempt; "who and what is he?"

"He is said to be a merchant, by himself and the other defendant," answered Mr. Lingen, turning his eyeglass upon the handsome gentleman referred to; "but no traces of any such occupation can be discovered."

"Is he a Spaniard also?"

"He appears to be Italian," replied Mr. Lingen, "and professes to be unable to speak English. But we have an interpreter in court."

At this moment there was a little stir among the well-dressed spectators, and a little consultation among the authorities of the court. And then, to Laura's great surprise, Dorothy Silburn, journalist, was announced, and stepped into the witness-box and was sworn by the clerk of the court. She kissed the Bible with a little shudder, caused by its greasiness and an involuntary thought of all the lips which had pressed it before hers. The element of the ridiculous had an annoying way of presenting itself before Dorothy's mental eye at the most inopportune moment.

"I had no intention of acting as witness in this case," said she; "but, as you seem in doubt with regard to this Italian gentleman's employment, may I be allowed to state that I have seen him recently acting in the capacity of model at the Atlas School of Art, and also in a private studio."

"What an extraordinary occupation for a merchant!" remarked the magistrate. "Can you tell us anything further?" to Dorothy.

"Nothing," she said, "except this, that the models at the Atlas School are paid half-a-crown an hour, and, by private students, even less; so that, as it seems to me, this gentleman can hardly have been in a position to act as a merchant or to lend money in the manner named:" with which Dorothy withdrew, followed by a buzz of applause, while curious glances were turned upon Anton.

"A very shrewd conclusion," said the magistrate to himself as he made a note of her evidence.

Dorothy, her mind relieved, sat down on the bench in Laura's place; for that young lady was now called into the witness-box. Her appearance there arrested a conversation which had been going on between Yriarte and Anton since Dorothy's statement. Yriarte had been leaning towards him, and had apparently been questioning him in an under-tone; but he turned at once on hearing Laura's voice, and fixed his eyes on her with his habitual bold stare. This did not appear to disconcert Laura, who made her statements with great

composure, and quietly met his gaze several times when referring to him. She drew the line so clearly, representing herself as so innocent and injured a being, and with such apparent unconsciousness, that Lingen smiled within himself, and, looking up from his abstracted gaze upon his papers, he met Yriarte's eyes, so full of evident admiration of the lady's cleverness, that the lawyer himself hastily put up his eyeglass, in order to conceal his own expression.

"I first met Mr. Yriarte," said Laura, "at a ball given by some Spaniards of distinction in London. He afterwards obtained introductions to my aunt, Mrs. Honiton, and to my uncle, Dr. Doldy, and called frequently at both houses. He proposed marriage to me, and, as he was highly connected, my uncle made no objection, and we became engaged. Afterwards we met frequently, and, on more intimate acquaintance, decided to break off the engagement. We had frequently corresponded during the engagement; and when it was broken off I returned the letters which I had of his, and asked for my own. At first he said he had burned them; afterwards he told me he had kept a few. A short time ago I met him in Rotten Row, and he told me that he owed a man some money; and that, my letters having been in a box which contained jewelry, his creditor had seized the box, and, discovering the contents, refused to return them until the debt was paid."

She then went into some particulars of the different interviews with Yriarte, stating that he attempted to get money from her by threats and menaces. Mr. Lingen also read aloud some of Yriarte's letters, asking for money, and saying that Anton would wait no longer, and that her letters would either be published or handed over to certain persons whom he would not name.

"And these letters of Miss Doldy's," said the magistrate; "have they been inspected? These threats are of course groundless?"

Mr. Lingen dropped his eyeglass, and turned a perfectly blank and expressionless countenance upon the magistrate.

"I have looked at them," he said, "and they are such as any engaged lady might write—such as any engaged lady might write," he repeated with emphasis.

Yriarte pulled his mustachios, and looked across at Laura. She was as imperturbable as if carved out of stone.

"That makes it a very serious case," said the magistrate gravely.

The prisoners' advocate now spoke. He said that the prisoners allowed themselves to have acted wrongly; but he represented that their punishment should be something nominal. The principal defendant's circumstances had altered for the worse. Moreover, he had no doubt expended large sums of money during his connection with the plaintiff; and, in fine, neither of the defendants could fairly be expected to manifest the same high order of morality as an Englishman. Anton was unable to speak English, and knew nothing of the laws of the country. He had adopted a simple if rough expedient for obtaining money owed to him, and which he much needed. Yriarte was young, had not been long in England, and knew little of the social customs of the English. He had considered himself seriously ill-used by Miss Doldy, and, as some of his relations had refused to believe that the lady —who was known to be beautiful and an heiress—had accepted him in marriage, he had retained some letters as a protection against their insinuations. The fate of these

letters was a natural though very unfortunate one. The learned gentleman spoke at considerable length, and drew a most touching picture of Yriarte as a forlorn and ill-used foreigner. The hero of the story preserved his composure admirably, and the prosecution maintained the silence which they had bound themselves to.

But the magistrate, who much mistrusted the appearance of the prisoners, asked so many questions that the fabric so carefully built by their counsel soon vanished. It was impossible to conceal Yriarte's character, and Anton was too plainly his tool.

The result was that the prisoners were committed for trial by jury, as the magistrate considered the case too serious, and the necessary punishment too heavy, for it to be decided in a police court. As soon as this was known, Dorothy went straight away to her home and hurried to her drawing-room. There she found Ernestine walking up and down in a state of suppressed excitement, her face pale, her hands clasped tight together.

"Is it over?" she exclaimed, as Dorothy entered.

"Yes," said Dorothy, sinking into a chair, quite exhausted with her rapid walk.

"Is he found guilty?"

"He is to be tried by jury; and it is expected, I heard, that he will get penal servitude for life."

"What!" cried Ernestine, in a tone of voice that electrified Dorothy; "No—surely you don't mean it?"

"Indeed I do."

"Penal servitude for life!" repeated Ernestine; "Oh, how shocking—how shocking! How wicked she is—how cruel! when she—oh, it is too terrible to think of." And, quite overcome with agitation, Ernestine covered her face with trembling hands. Dorothy looked at her keenly, then rose, and brought her a glass of wine.

"Drink it," she said; "you will make yourself ill, and you cannot afford to do so. These people can take care of themselves."

"Yes, I suppose so; I don't understand them. But, Dorothy, think of it—a man whom she has loved! Thank Heaven, I am not in that house now."

"But she did not love him," replied Dorothy contemptuously.

"Oh yes, she did," said Ernestine; "with her sort of love she did. But I never dreamed till now how near a neighbour such love is to hate."

"Have you met him?" asked Dorothy, with a look of suppressed curiosity. She was intensely puzzled by the depth of Ernestine's agitation, and the knowledge she seemed to possess of Laura's relations with Yriarte.

"Never," answered Ernestine.

"Well, I recognised him, and his accomplice too; oddly enough, I had seen them both before without being aware of it. I have a tenacious memory for faces. Do you remember one evening long ago, when you were coming here with me from Mrs. Vavasour's, we met a little dandy who you said had followed you from the hospital? He admired your personal appearance, and you did not return the compliment; I remember you said he ought to be put under sanitary regimen. He remarked that you were a deuced fine woman as we passed him in the street. Do you recall the man I mean?"

"I think so," said Ernestine. "Yes; I remember the man who said that as we passed, just under a lamp-post. And that was Yriarte! I wish I had not seen him! I wish I had never heard of him! Oh, Dorothy, it is making a weak fool of me, this helpless position in the midst of such a hateful tragedy."

"Dear Ernestine, I think you are nervous, and exaggerate the horrors of the affair. Yriarte richly deserves his punishment, and Laura is quite proud of having accomplished the duty of punishing him."

"But she—how dare she take up such a task? I wonder the heavens did not fall on her. Dorothy, don't talk to me; I am provoked into saying foolish things. I begin to see that this world is a mystery to me."

"You are in it, but not of it," said Dorothy; "you are the most unworldly person I know, and I am quite glad you recognise the fact at last. Don't put on your hat in such a hurry—you are not fit to run away to your work yet. And you have not heard about my recognising Yriarte's fellow-prisoner."

"Well?" said Ernestine, wearily.

"I knew him at once; I have seen him sitting as a model at half-a-crown an hour many a time. A splendidly handsome fellow; all body, and no brains—regularly run to beauty as a plant runs to seed. A mere tool in Yriarte's hands, evidently—he had never had any money to lend Yriarte, it was perfectly plain on the face of it. The whole thing was so easily seen to have been got up to frighten Laura, that I don't at all wonder at the talk I heard about a heavy sentence."

"Dorothy, don't tell me any more; I am sated with horrors."

Dorothy opened her eyes very wide indeed. "Horrors?" she repeated; "why, this is not so dreadful."

"Oh, it is, it is," said Ernestine, passionately; "why, the world is heartless—cold, cruel—yes, heartless."

She dropped her face upon her hands, which were clasped on the table before her.

When, after some moments of a sad silence, she raised her head again, Coventry stood opposite her, his eyes fixed upon her with a strange expression in them which deeply moved her. They were full of love and a yearning desire to help her.

Dorothy was not in the room.

There is something priestly in the poetic character. Poets are truly the elder brothers of the race, and the younger members of that great family are penetrated by their insight and aided by their spiritual experience. The true ghostly father is he who can breathe the rarified air of those heights of the spirit where poetry finds her home.

Ernestine, looking up into his eyes, recognised in Coventry the ideal father confessor. This unworldly being would read rightly an opened heart, and was incapable of any of the pettinesses of ordinary human nature which make confession unsafe.

"He ought not to be so heavily punished," she said, full of excitement, and seeming not to remember that Coventry had only just come into the room, and had not been present during her talk with Dorothy. "He does not deserve it, and it is wicked that she should be able to crush him merely for her own selfish ends—that his whole life should be sacrificed so cruelly in order that she may be rich. Now I can believe in the accusations of cruelty which are made against women—I never could before. But what can be more hideous than for a woman to condemn a man to the life of a convict because he is in her way? Why could she not stab him, or pay an assassin? Such a deed would have been angelic by the side of this, which civilisation permits and justice shields. I understand now how vivisection can exist; there

are natures to whom the occupation is natural and easy. It is the injustice of the thing that hurts me."

"I have often thought," remarked Coventry reflectively, "that I ought rather to have christened you Themis than Minerva, you have such an instinctive love of justice in your character."

"But," said Ernestine, "there is such a crying lack of justice here, that one who knew all the circumstances must perceive it."

"You know too much for your peace of mind," said Coventry, looking at her with that expression in his eyes which seemed to draw out her soul.

"And too little to be of any real use," she answered; "but I am so thankful I had the courage to come away before this was done. If I were with Arthur now, I think I could not hold my tongue, and let Laura get all she wishes by just putting her foot upon her lover. The cold and bloodless cruelty of this is to me intolerable. I could not have borne to see him sink into this degradation of selfishness with her—I should have betrayed her."

She was talking to herself all this while, only feeling an intense relief in the sense that there was someone in the same room with her whom she could trust utterly. Coventry asked no questions; he let her talk on and ease her heart, and when she paused he turned to her and said, "Laura has come between you two, and spoiled the harmony of your lives. But why let her spoil them altogether? Why not let Dr. Doldy at least understand the motives of your actions?"

He had touched, as he well knew, upon a tender spot. Ernestine would have given ten years of life to have Dr. Doldy understand her conduct aright.

"No, she said, starting to her feet; "that may not be. I have tried to see the right, and will try to follow it. I have a secret to keep, and I will keep it; but I will not be paid for keeping it."

With which enigmatical speech she departed, forgetting to say good-bye. Coventry was too absorbed himself to notice her rudeness.

(To be continued.)

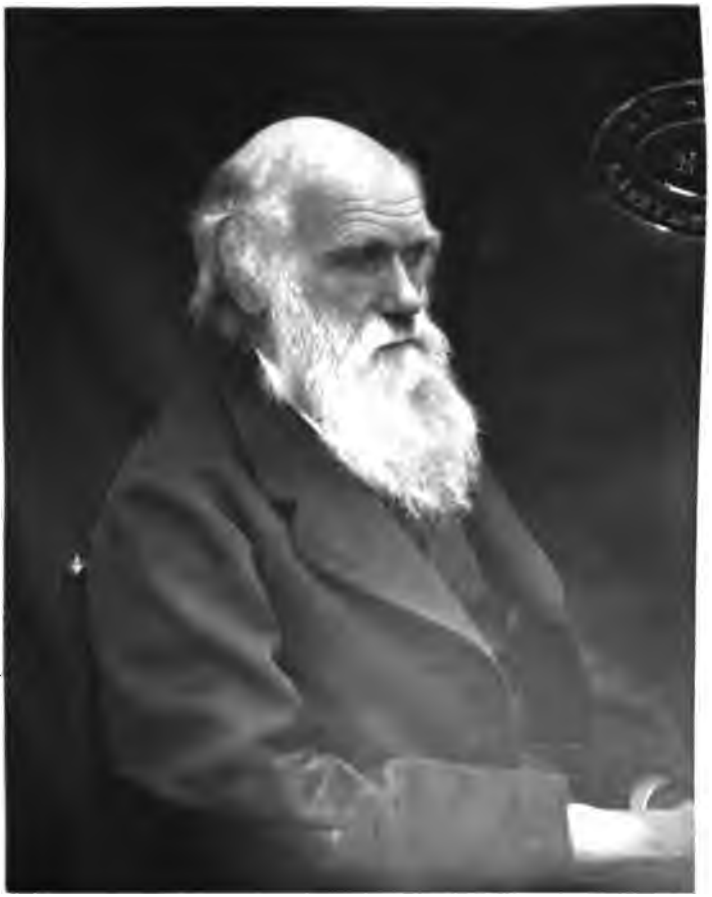
CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS.

NEW SERIES.—No. 8.

CHARLES DARWIN, F.R.S.

Charles Robert Darwin was born on the 12th of February, 1809, at Shrewsbury. His father was Dr. Robert Waring Darwin, F.R.S., his grandfather the celebrated Dr. Erasmus Darwin, and his maternal grandfather Josiah Wedgwood, F.R.S., the well-known potter. He was educated at Shrewsbury, under Dr. Butler, from whence he proceeded to the University of Edinburgh; there he stayed two years, and then entered Christ's College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In 1831 he sailed with Captain Fitzroy in the "Beagle," on her voyage round the world, returning at the close of 1836. In 1839 he married his cousin, Miss Emma Wedgwood, and ever since 1842 he has lived at Down, near Bromley, in Kent.

Mr. Darwin's journal of researches into the natural history and geology of the countries visited by H.M.S. "Beagle" is universally admitted to be one of the most instructive and most charming books of travel in the English language. During his voyage he paid much attention to the interesting problem presented by the peculiar conformation of coral islands, and in the year 1842 he published his celebrated work on this subject. The circular or oval shape of so many reefs, each having a lagoon in the centre closely surrounded by a deep ocean, and rising but a few feet above the sea level, had long been a puzzle to the physical geographer. The favourite theory was that these were the summits of submarine volcanoes, on which the coral had grown. The great size of some of these "atolls" was, however, a serious difficulty. Again, as coral does not grow at greater depths than about twenty-five fathoms, the immense number of these reefs formed an almost insuperable objection to this theory. The Laccadives and Maldives, for instance, meaning literally the "lac of islands" and the "thousand islands," are a series of such atolls; and it was really impossible to imagine so great a number of craters, all so nearly of the same altitude. Mr. Darwin showed, however, that so far from the ring of coral resting on a corresponding ridge of rock, the lagoons on



UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, 1878 WOODBURY MECHANICAL PROCESS

Charles Darwin

the contrary now occupy the place which was once the highest land. He pointed out that some lagoons, as for instance, that of Vanikoro, contain an island in the middle; while other islands, such as Tahiti, are surrounded by a margin of smooth water, separated from the ocean by a coral reef. Now, if we suppose that Tahiti were to sink slowly, it would gradually approximate to the condition of Vanikoro; and if Vanikoro gradually sank, the central island would disappear, while on the contrary the growth of the coral would neutralise the subsidence of the reef, so that we should have simply an atoll, with its lagoon. The same considerations explain the origin of the "barrier reefs," such as that which runs, for nearly one thousand miles, along the north-east coast of Australia. Thus, Mr. Darwin's theory explained the form and the approximate identity of altitude of these coral islands. But it did more than this; because it showed us that there were great areas in process of a subsidence, which, though slow, was of great importance in physical geography.

His monograph of the Cirripedia or barnacles, a curious group of abnormal crustacea, long supposed to belong to the class of molluscs; and even by the older naturalists imagined, probably from their feathery legs, to stand in a mysterious connection with the barnacle-geese, is universally admitted amongst naturalists to be a most masterly work, but is, of course, of a special character. Perhaps the most interesting point is the discovery that certain minute creatures, found adhering to the female barnacles, are really the males. They are, in some species, almost rudimentary, and very short lived, being, indeed, incapable of taking any food. For these little creatures he proposed the term "complemental males."

In the year 1858, Mr. Darwin communicated to the Linnean Society a short, but most important memoir, "On the Variation of Organic Beings in a State of Nature," in which he briefly indicated the views which, under his name, have since become so famous. Mr. Wallace, also, simultaneously and independently arrived at similar results. Mr Darwin's great work "On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life," in which these views were developed with masterly ability, appeared in the following year, and may truly be said to have constituted an epoch in natural history.

The conclusions to which he arrived were as follows: "That the theory of descent with modification embraces all the members of the same class. I believe that animals have descended from at most only four or five progenitors, and plants from an equal or lesser number." . . . "Therefore, on the principle of natural selection with divergence of character, it does not seem incredible that, from some such low and intermediate form, both animals and plants may have been developed.

And, if we admit this, we must admit that all the organic beings which have ever lived on this earth may have descended from some one primordial form." . . . . . "There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed laws of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being, evolved."

These views were supported by close reasoning, and an immense array of facts. Mr. Darwin commenced by discussing the variability of animals under domestication and nature, showing the difficulty of distinguishing between varieties and species; and the differences which man had been able to produce in such cases as that, for instance, of our domestic pigeons, all unquestionably descended from a common ancestor. He then referred to the doubtful species, showing that wide ranging, much diffused, and common species vary the most, and that species of the larger genera in each country vary more than those of the smaller. He then called attention to the effect of the struggle for existence, a phrase which has since become an household word, in killing out the individuals less perfectly adapted to their environment, thus exercising in fact a true, though unconscious selection, comparable in its effect to that exercised by man on domesticated animals and plants. He then proceeded to discuss the laws of variation, and to point out, with characteristic candour, the difficulties of his theory. The absence of intermediate varieties between species, he accounted for by the imperfection of the geological record; and he then proceeded to show that the geographical distribution of animals and plants, the fauna and flora, for instance, of oceanic islands, the absence of batrachians and terrestrial mammals, the relation of the inhabitants of islands to those of the nearest mainland, afforded powerful arguments in support of his views. The remarkable facts presented by embryology, and the existence of rudimentary organs, were also shown to point clearly in the same direction.

No one could read this work without admiration, but, although Mr. Darwin's views from the first received the adhesion of some of the most eminent naturalists, they were so much opposed to generally-received opinions, that they naturally aroused much opposition. It is, however, not going too far to say that they have gradually gained ground, not only amongst professed naturalists, but with all those who have taken the trouble carefully to weigh the evidence. Almost all, now, would probably admit that natural selection has greatly influenced the present forms of organised life, though there would still be much difference of opinion as to how far the results have been modified by other causes. Mr. Darwin's views would probably have attracted less opposition had it not been for their obvious bearing on the origin of the human race. Mankind,

indeed, is scarcely mentioned in the "Origin," but Mr. Darwin has dealt with this subject in a subsequent work, the "Descent of Man." In this he has boldly grappled with the question. He points out that man is constructed on the same type or model as other mammals—the bones in his skeleton, as well as his muscles, nerves, blood-vessels, and internal viscera, following the same law. Even his brain, as shown by Huxley and other naturalists, so closely resembles that of the quadrumana, that, as Bischoff, who is a hostile witness, admits, every chief fissure and fold in the brain of man has its analogy in that of the orang, though it is no doubt true that at no period of development do their brains perfectly agree.

Mr. Darwin points out that, even on minor points, the similarities are very striking; such, for instance, as the arrangement of the hair on the arms. In the case of the orang, this serves to throw off the rain, when, as is the custom of this animal, the arms are bent, with the hands clasped round a branch or over its own head. If the above explanation be correct, the hair on the human forearm assumes an unexpected significance, and offers a curious record of our former state, since, as Mr. Darwin observes, no one supposes that is now of any use in throwing off the rain, nor, in our present erect condition, is it properly directed for this purpose. Again, in every large collection of human skulls some may be found with the canine teeth projecting beyond the others, in the same manner as, though to a less degree than, in the anthropomorphous apes. "He," urges Mr. Darwin, "who regards with scorn the belief that the shape of his own canines, and their occasional great development in other men, are due to our early progenitors having been provided with those formidable weapons, will probably reveal by sneering the line of his descent. For though he no longer intends, nor has the power, to use these teeth as weapons, he will unconsciously retract his 'snarling muscle' (thus named by Sir C. Bell) so as to expose them ready for action, like a dog prepared to fight."

The main result at which Mr. Darwin arrives is that man is descended from some more lowly form, though he warns his readers not to suppose that our early progenitors were identical with, or even closely resembled, any existing ape or monkey. Such conclusions are, no doubt, highly distasteful to many minds, but, as Mr. Darwin points out, "we are not here concerned with hopes or fears, but only with the truth as far as our reason allows us to discover it. I have given," he adds, "the evidence to the best of my ability:" and, whatever the ultimate verdict may be, no one will deny that he has treated this question with the greatest ability, and most laudable candour.

In the "Origin of Species," Mr. Darwin derived a strong argument from the changes which had been produced by man in domesticated animals and plants. For if considerable modifications had been thus

produced during a comparatively short period, it was the less improbable that still greater alterations might have been produced by natural causes, acting through the far longer periods of geological time. In the year 1868, he published a special work on the "Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication." In it he gave, under the head of each species, the facts which he had been able to collect, showing the amount and nature of the changes which animals and plants had undergone whilst under the dominion of man.

At the conclusion of the work Mr. Darwin set forth his "provisional hypothesis," as he calls it, of Pan-Genesis, namely, that "the whole organisation, in the sense of every separate atom or unit, reproduces itself. Hence ovules, or pollen grains, the fertilised seed or egg, as well as buds, include and consist of a multitude of gemmules thrown off from each separate atom of the organism." It is universally admitted that cells propagate themselves by self-division, and Mr. Darwin assumes that, besides this means of increase, they throw off minute gemms or atoms, which circulate freely throughout the system, and multiply by self-division, subsequently becoming developed into cells like those from which they were derived. He supposes that these gemmules are transmitted from the parents to their offspring, and are generally developed in the succeeding generation; but are sometimes transmitted in a dormant state during many generations.

At the close of the last century, Sprengel, a German naturalist, published a most suggestive work on flowers, in which he pointed out the curious relations existing between these and insects, and showed that the latter carry the pollen from flower to flower. Sprengel's observations, however, attracted little notice, until Mr. Darwin called attention to the subject.

The first of Mr. Darwin's important contributions to Botanical Science was his "Memoir on the Genus Primula," published in the *Linnean Journal* for 1862. It had long been known, not only to botanists, but even to village children, that the cowslip and primrose exist under two forms, about equally numerous, and differing from one another in the arrangement of their stamens and pistils; the one form having the stamens at the summit of the flower, and the stigma half-way down; while in the other the relative positions are reversed, the stigma being at the summit of the tube, and the stamens half-way down. This difference had, however, been regarded as a case of mere variability; but Mr. Darwin showed it to be a beautiful provision, by means of which insects unconsciously fertilise each flower with pollen brought from a different plant.

These two forms of Primula differ not only in the above points, but in several others, and especially in the form and size of the pollen-grains. By a series of most careful and elaborate observations and experiments,

Mr. Darwin showed that flowers fertilised with pollen from the other form yield more seed than if fertilised by pollen of the same form, even if taken from a different plant.

This paper led to more extended researches on the subject, collected in his work on "The Different Forms of Flowers on Plants of the same Species;" for "dimorphism," as he proposed to call it, turned out to be by no means confined to primulas, but to exist in many other genera—nay, in the case of *Lythrum salicaria*, the facts are even more complex, there being three distinct forms. It must not, however, be supposed that in all cases where a species has two distinct forms of flowers, the relation is always that which exists between the two forms of primula. On the contrary, in many cases, the one form is specially adapted to be fertilised by the agency of insects; while the other is so constituted as to be self-fertile. The latter type of flower is generally smaller than the former, and indeed in some cases, to which attention was first called by Kuhn, and which he appropriately named cleistogamic, they are so much reduced that they would scarcely be recognised as flowers at all. The complexity introduced by these interesting adaptations seems to reach its climax in *Oxalis sensitiva*, which bears no less than six kinds of flowers.

Self-fertilising flowers have, of course, the great advantage that in them fertilisation is more probable, and may even be rendered practically certain. This is necessarily a great benefit; but, on the other hand, it is counterbalanced by the fact that, as Mr. Darwin showed in a subsequent work, to which we shall immediately refer, cross-fertilised plants are more vigorous and healthy. Indeed, though we know of many cases in which self-fertilisation is impossible, there is not one of which the opposite can be predicated.

No group of plants present more complex and beautiful contrivances than the Orchids, to which Mr. Darwin devoted a special work, "On the various Contrivances by which British and Foreign Orchids are Fertilised by Insects." Many of these are very singular. In *Listera ovata*, for instance, the moment the insect touches a particular part of the flower, a drop of fluid is instantaneously secreted, which glues the pollen to the head of the insect. In *Cypripedium* the flower is so arranged that any bee which is once tempted into the hollow, shoe-like receptacle, from which the flower derives its name, is compelled to make its exit by a narrow passage, in passing through which it first of all rubs its head against a sticky surface, which renders it adhesive, and then against the stamen, from which it thus carries off a certain quantity of pollen. In *Cephalanthera*, when the flower is mature, the terminal portion of the labellum turns downwards, so as to form a sort of doorway through which insects can obtain access, and thus fertilise the flower. As soon as this object is effected the labellum rises again and shuts the triangular

door, thus completely closing the flower, and preventing the access of insects, which would then be useless or even mischievous. In *Catasetum*, one of the large tropical species, the flower is very large; one portion of it is highly sensitive, and as soon as it is touched by an insect the flower literally throws its pollen with unerring aim at the visitor. With such force is this effected, that the pollen may be thrown three or four feet.

It would be impossible, of course, within the limits of the present article, to allude, however briefly, to all of these beautiful cases.

But though Mr. Darwin and other botanists have succeeded in throwing much light on the peculiar and beautiful structures presented by orchids and other flowers, there are still many problems which remain to be solved, even amongst our English species. The Bee Ophrys, for instance, seems to be specially adapted for self-fertilisation, and insects very rarely visit the flowers. Mr. Darwin himself has never seen such a case. Robert Brown even supposed that the flowers resembled bees, in order to deter insects from visiting them. But though the conclusion arrived at by Mr. Darwin is probably the safest, that under unknown circumstances, and perhaps at very long intervals of time, one individual Bee Ophrys is crossed by another, still the case seems to be very puzzling.

Malaxis paludosa seems to offer strong evidence in favour of Mr. Darwin's general views as to the origin of species by natural selection. In the normal flower, from which the Orchids may be assumed to have descended, the part which is known as the labellum is properly directed upwards; but in the majority of the Orchids, it has become desirable that it should be at the lower side of the flower, and this is effected by a partial twisting of the ovary. In *Malaxis paludosa*, on the contrary, the labellum is directed upwards, and this is effected by an additional twist being given to the ovary; whereas, if the plant had been directly created, one can see no reason why the ovary should be twisted at all. It would, of course, be a much simpler arrangement that each flower should be fertilised by its own pollen. These arrangements, however, presuppose that "cross-fertilisation" is an advantage, and Mr. Darwin's work, "The Effect of Cross and Self Fertilisation in the Vegetable Kingdom," is devoted to showing, which he does by the most careful and conclusive experiments, that plants produced from cross-fertilised flowers are really more vigorous than those from self-fertilised ones. In *Ipomœa*, for instance, the general average of a number of experiments gives the size of the crossed as compared with that of the self-fertilised plants as 100 to 77, and in fertility as 100 to 51. If an equal number of both were grown together in a pot, where there was not room for all, the cross-fertilised plants tended to crowd out and smother the others. The cross-fertilised plants also seemed to be more capable of resisting cold. The action of insects, therefore, not only renders our flowers beautiful, but more fertile, vigorous, and healthy likewise.

It is very curious that crosses between flowers grown on cuttings from the same plant, do not give any beneficial result.

In by far the majority of cases, the relation between flowers and insects is one of mutual advantage. In his work, however, on "Insectivorous Plants," Mr. Darwin deals with a variety of interesting species, in which we meet with a very different state of things. The first observation on insect-eating flowers was made about the year 1768, by our countryman Ellis, in *Dionœa*, a North American plant, the leaves of which have a joint in the middle, and thus close over, seize, and actually digest any insect which may alight on them. The plant has recently been studied by an American botanist, Mr. Canby, who fed it with various substances, with different results. He found that cheese, for instance, disagrees horribly with the leaves, turning them black, and finally killing them.

In the summer of 1860, Mr. Darwin's attention was attracted by the large number of insects caught on the leaves of our common sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*), which are covered with glutinous glandular hairs or tentacles—on an average about two hundred on a full-sized leaf. The glands are each surrounded by a drop of an exceedingly viscid solution, which, glittering in the sun, has given rise to the name of the plant. If any object be placed on the leaf, these glandular hairs slowly fold over it, but if it be inorganic, they soon unfold again. On the other hand, if any small insect alights on the leaf, it becomes entangled in the glutinous secretion, the glands close over it, their secretion is increased, and they literally digest their prey. Mr. Francis Darwin has recently shown that plants supplied with insects grow more vigorously than those not so fed. It is very curious, that while the glands are so sensitive, that even an object weighing only $\frac{1}{7840}$th of a grain placed on them is sufficient to cause motion, yet they are "insensible to the weight and repeated blows of drops" of even heavy rain.

Another genus of insect-eating plants is *Pinguicula*, which frequents moist places, generally on mountains. The leaves are concave, with incurved margins, and the upper surfaces are covered with two sets of glandular hairs. In this case, the naturally incurved edges curve over still more, if a fly or other insect be placed on the leaf.

Another English insectivorous plant is *Utricularia*, an aquatic species, bearing a number of small bladders or sacs, which have been supposed to act as floats. Branches, however, which bear no bladders, float just as well as the others, and there seems no doubt that their real use is to capture small aquatic animals, which they do on a large scale. The bladders, in fact, are on the principle of an eel-trap, having an entrance closed with a flap, which permits an easy entrance, but effectually prevents the exit of the unfortunate victim.

We have not space to refer to Mr. Darwin's other works, such as

"The Expression of the Emotions," and "Climbing Plants," or his numerous scientific memoirs; but we append a list of them, taken from *Nature* of June 4, 1874.

It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Darwin has received many scientific honours. He is an honorary member of various foreign scientific societies; he has received the Wollaston Medal from the Geological Society; and from the Royal Society, in 1853, one of the Royal Medals; and, in 1864, the Copley Medal. No man living has exercised so great an influence on biological science. In German scientific catalogues "Der Darwinismus" is a recognised heading; and indeed, there is scarcely one of Mr. Darwin's works which may not be said not only to have been a valuable contribution to our knowledge, but to have pointed out relations hitherto unsuspected, and to have opened up new lines of thought. A list of Mr. Darwin's works may be found useful for the student, and is appended below. We are glad to be able to add that more than one of Mr. Darwin's sons has already made valuable contributions to science.

Although Mr. Darwin has done so great an amount of scientific work of the very highest class, he has for many years past been in very delicate health. This has prevented him from taking any active part in the management of our scientific bodies, and from mixing much in general society. No man, however, is more beloved by those who have the privilege of his friendship.

General Works.

"Journal of Researches into the Natural History and Geology of the Countries visited by H.M.S. Beagle." 1845.

"On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection." 1859.

This was preceded by a sketch, entitled, "On the Variation of Organic Beings in a State of Nature." Published in the *Journal of the Linnean Society*, vol. 3 (Zool.) 1859, p. 46.

"The Variation of Plants and Animals under Domestication." 2 vols. 1868.

"The Descent of Man and Selection in Relation to Sex." 2 vols. 1871.

"The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals." 1872.

Zoological Works.

"The Zoology of the Voyage of H.M.S. Beagle." Edited and superintended by C. Darwin. 1840. Consisting of five parts.

"A Monograph of the Cirripedia: Part I., Lepadidæ." Ray Soc. 1851, pp. 400.

"A Monograph of the Cirripedia: Part II., the Balanidæ." Ray Soc., 1854, pp. 684.

"A Monograph of the Fossil Lepadidæ." Pal. Soc. 1851, pp. 86.

"A Monograph of the Fossil Balanidæ and Verrucidæ." Pal. Soc. 1854, pp. 44.

"Observations on the Structure of the genus Sagitta." Ann. Nat. Hist., vol. xiii., 1844.

"Brief Description of Several Terrestrial Phanariæ and of some Marine Species." Ann. Nat. Hist., vol. xiv., 1844, p. 241.

Botanical Works.

"On the Various Contrivances by which British and Foreign Orchids are Fertilised." 1862. Second edition, 1877.

"The Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants." 1875. (Bot.), p. 1.—This paper has also been published as a separate work.

"On the Action of Sea Water on the Germination of Seeds." Jour. Linn. Soc., vol., i., 1857 (Bot.), p. 130.

"On the Agency of Bees in the Fertilisation of Papilionaceous Flowers." Ann. Nat. Hist., vol. ii., 1858, p. 459.

"Insectivorous Plants." 1875.

"The Effects of Cross and Self Fertilisation in the Vegetable Kingdom." Second edition. 1878.

"The Different Forms of Flowers on Plants of the same Species." 1877.

Geological Works.

"The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs." 1842, pp. 214.

"Geological Observations on Volcanic Islands." 1844, pp. 175.

"Geological Observations on South America." 1846, pp. 279.

"On the Connection of the Volcanic Phenomena in South America, &c." Trans. Geol. Soc., vol. v.; read March, 1838.

"On the Distribution of the Erratic Boulders in South America." Journ. Geol. Soc. vol. vi.; read April, 1841.

"On the Transportal of Erratic Boulders from a lower to a higher level." Journ. Geol. Soc., 1848, p. 315.

"Notes on the Ancient Glaciers of Carnarvonshire." Phil. Mag., vol. xxi. 1842, p. 180

"On the Geology of the Falkland Islands." Journ. Geol. Soc., 1846, pp. 267.

"On a Remarkable Bar of Sandstone off Pernambuco." Phil. Mag., Oct. 1841, pp. 257.

"On the Formation of Mould." Trans. Geol. Soc., vol. v., p. 505; read Nov. 1837.

"On the Parallel Roads of Glen Roy." Trans. Phil. Soc., 1839, p. 39.

"On the Power of Icebergs to make Grooves on a Submarine Surface." Phil. Mag., Aug. 1855.

"An Account of the Fine Dust which often Falls on Vessels in the Atlantic Ocean." Proc. Geol. Soc., 1845, p. 26.

"Origin of the Saliferous Deposits of Patagonia." Journ. Geol. Soc., vol. ii., 1838, p. 127.

Part "Geology," in the Admiralty Manual of Scientific Inquiry, 1849; third edition, 1859.

HISTORICAL CREDIBILITY.

By an Ex-Scholar of Oxford.

Two familiar cautions will best introduce this very practical and important subject:—

"There is a great deal of human nature in man;"

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

For angels let us read logicians, and for fools substitute that class of persons who of all others indulge most, and succeed least, in ratiocination—persons who dip into history for the first and only time with a determination that it shall supply some final solution, or, worse still, that it shall confirm their own preconceived solution of some exciting problem or controversy, be it the truth of their religion or the character of Mary Queen of Scots.

And why is such an enterprise almost certain to fail, and worthy therefore to be denounced as foolish? Because no one could imagine beforehand, no one without *wide* and *unprejudiced* research could believe, the weakness and foolishness of us mortals in furnishing and in using the materials of history.

Yet we must needs expect something of the kind, far as our expectations are surpassed by the reality. Historical evidence, in matters of detail, is merely legal evidence of a very weak sort. Was Mary an accomplice in the murder of Darnley? Did the Persian Xerxes cut a canal through the isthmus of Mount Athos? These and very many other historical problems could have been investigated at the time, as some of them were investigated, in courts of law. The lapse of years cannot render the conditions of certainty or probability any less stringent. We cannot acquit or condemn Mary now on evidence that made "not proven" the only just verdict three centuries ago. The same narrative is not any more credible in itself as "History of the Crimean Campaign" than as "Letters to the *Times* from the Seat of War."

A professed historian is a person whose capacities and motives for telling the truth we have not yet discussed. We may provisionally assume that all men tell the truth if they can, if they take the trouble, and if they have no interest the other way. As the basis of the labours of the historian, we have to deal with certain kinds of "real" evidence, as coins and inscriptions; and long unquestioned notoriety claims a considerable weight with practical men. We ask no other proof that Mahomet fled from Mecca to Medina A.D. 622; and let it not be thought that there is here any contradiction of the protest just launched against conniving at weaker evidence on account of remoteness of date. We refer here to broad, general facts, and not to details, such as the question whether the Prophet was saved from his pursuers by the spider's web and the pigeon's nest in his cave.

Moreover, the great principle to be borne in mind while we proceed to distinguish historical problems from law suits and criminals trials is this: Usually these problems are merely speculative. It makes no difference to our peace of mind or our manner of life whether there were seven kings of Rome or none at all. It is for this reason that we are prone so readily to adopt either the traditional account of the matter in hand, however slender its supports, or else the hypothesis suggested by the best and latest authorities, however slight the preponderance of evidence in its favour. But, assail the truth of our religion or the honour of our country, and our attitude is wholly different. We insist on maintaining any theory we like, unless it is upset by more than the full amount of proof which the ideal court of law would require in a case that rested merely on hearsay. We are as assured as if we possessed documentary and "real" evidence, and held a dispensation to ignore the priceless privilege of oral cross-examination.

And here the student may once more be reminded that there are two tests of truth of fact which supersede all others: verification—*i.e.*, the verdict, when it is attainable, of our own (undeluded) bodily senses—seeing is believing; and consistency, wanting which, we are at least certain that one of the two conflicting accounts is, in this item, false.

Nor should he for a moment forget that, while inconsistency is conclusive as to the presence of error, consistency is only a condition, not a guarantee, of truth. An inference *deduced* from admitted premises is irresistible only when the assumption of its contradictory leads to a *reductio ad absurdum*. No *induction* is correct unless we can retrace our steps deductively (by the rules of the Syllogism), and thus arrive again at all the particulars from which we started, and under similar conditions (if any) at similar particulars; while under no conditions must we thus infallibly reach any wrong conclusion. Our hypothesis must be adequate, must (if possible) predict, and must on no account prove too much. And, further, no rival hypothesis must do equally well.

We must expect, then, to find great difficulty in establishing Canons of Historical Credibility, more lax than those of Law Courts, yet so axiomatic that we may denounce as unreasonable and illogical anyone who refuses to credit a historical event which satisfies those canons.

They must rest, of course, upon experience. They will not be self-evident. A denial of them can never involve a contradiction in terms, a refusal to think on the subject, like a denial of the canons of causation. At best our ground for asserting that they never will fail will be the fact that they never have failed, and even this involves a kind of *argumentum ad hominem i.e.*, if you do not feel obliged to believe *this* narrative, you cannot feel *obliged* to believe any similar narrative, for the evidence is as complete as (in such a case) historical evidence can be.

What, then, does experience tell us as to the separate and combined value of the various sources of historical information—*i.e.*, notoriety, books of history (including biographies, autobiographies, and historical allusions in letters, treatises, and other compositions), monuments (including coins, inscriptions, and ceremonies), institutions, language, and undisputed subsequent events?

It tells us this: Every one of them that involves any *conscious* effort to be historical may lead us

into the grossest error. The last three give *unconscious*, and therefore unerring, testimony; but they say little, and that little hard to interpret aright. Taken all together, they are outweighed by a single grain of verifiable fact or demonstrable truth. The mention of an eclipse in ancient history enables modern astronomers to fix a date infallibly, though in the teeth, it may be, of all received chronology. "Mons. Thiers himself and a host of French historians may repeat the anecdote of Le Vengeur refusing to strike her flag in the action of June 1, 1794, and going down into the depths of the ocean, while her crew shouted '*Vive la Republique.*' But Admiral Griffiths *saw* Le Vengeur taken possession of by the boats of the Culloden; *saw* the Frenchmen trying to save themselves; *heard* their outcries, which were merely those of horror and despair."*

Nor would any impartial person hesitate to treat great intrinsic improbability and inconsistency with all analogies drawn from what is verifiable, as counteracting even seemingly flawless testimony. For instance (though neither the narrative nor the objection is unexceptionable), belief in the Seven Kings of Rome (B.C. 754-510) till A.D. 1624 was as universal as belief in the Twelve Cæsars (B.C. 50 to A.D. 100); but is almost overthrown by the one circumstance that an average duration of thirty-five years to a reign in such times is unheard of and perhaps morally impossible.

As the chief object of this paper is to impress upon the student of logic that in this field of controversy, as in all others, "because and therefore are edged tools not to be played with except by experts," we will exhibit some further difficulties to be found in arriving at historical truth.

There is of course a broad line of demarcation in this respect, nay, an immeasurable gap, between the long ages before the birth of historical criticism and the two centuries that have since elapsed. No so-called history is now received as such unless it satisfies all that we have learnt to demand in the way of care and research; while universal education, and all our modern means for the publication, transmission, and correction of news are sufficient guarantees that no broad or general historical facts of these and future times will ever be involved in the mists of doubt.

As to details, on the other hand, *errare est humanum* must always hold good. Lord Russell was unable to keep his "Recollections" free from such a gross blunder as transposing the chief diplomatic events of two consecutive years, and thus "inverting the true relations of the persons most concerned." All Mr. Kinglake's laboriousness could not produce a really accurate account of the battle of Inkermann.

But enough has been said about details already. The following are some instances of signal failure in the various kinds of historical evidence with regard to general facts.

It is admitted that *all* Roman History before the war with Pyrrhus (*i.e.*, for the first 472 years from the era of the foundation of the city) must always be mere guesswork. And the records of every ancient nation include a period of mythology and vague tradition, a period so obscure that,

* We are indebted for many suggestions in this article to a paper on "The Rules of Evidence as Applicable to the Credibility of History," read before the Victoria Institute, March 2, 1874, by William Forsyth, Q.C., LL.D., M.P.

though it is important to have a thorough conviction and appreciation of the worthlessness of *narratives* about remote and marvellous events when utterly unsupported by contemporary evidence, the investigation of them is best left entirely to scholars and antiquaries. The only possible arguments are, we would not say imponderable—they are of value in evoking the sympathies of those who study them, but they are such as cannot be weighed in the historical balance.

New tests of historical certa nty may soon be established in the case of the two ancient nations which have bequeathed us ample contemporary records in the shape of *sculptures* and *inscriptions*. We are all familiar, however, with two plain proofs that their value, and that of *coins* also, may be reduced to a minimum at any time by imperial or national vanity or prejudice.

Domitian celebrated a triumph over Britain when his army had merely picked up shells upon the opposite coast of Gaul. And our own London Monument, "like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies" (did so at least till 1810), asserting that the great fire of 1666 was a plot of the Papists.

Let us come down as far as to A.D. 1307. Some of us have title deeds and letters in our family chests of this and earlier dates. Yet it is impossible to be sure of anything about William Tell except that the story of the apple is untrue, and was borrowed from a Scandinavian legend, popular in many countries, about a hero named Toke, *alias* Eigil, *alias* &c., &c. The first history that contained his famous adventures was published 140 years after the current date of his death. Serious discrepancies exist between different versions of the story as told by the Swiss chroniclers. He was nowhere so much as mentioned in contemporary records. No trace of his descendants or connections could be found at the end of the 16th century The list of bailiffs of Kussnacht during the 14th century does not show the name of Gessler. Had not early treatises discrediting the legend been burnt by the common hangman, and their authors been threatened with a similar fate, we might have known more—that is, less. As it is, the Antiquarian Society of Lausanne seems to doubt Tell's very existence. However, from the early foundation of Tell's Chapel on the banks of Lake Lucerne in 1387—only forty years after his death—and from the institution in the previous year of a religious service to commemorate how he lost his life during a flood in the attempt to save a friend, we may venture to infer—what? "that an obscure peasant of this name did shoot an Austrian bailiff on the banks of Lake Lucerne, thereby causing a revolt; and that he was afterwards drowned, as stated above."

The case is most instructive, as showing how far down in European history the legendary elements have survived, and also how necessary it is to reject the dilemma, "take all or none," and to maintain that something happened, though we cannot know exactly what, only being assured that it is not always what is told in the story that is oldest, most famous, most interesting, most edifying.

So much for notoriety. Equally remarkable and discouraging are the phenomena to be met with in historical writings taken by themselves.

It is marvellous that the model historian Thucydides should have had for his contemporary (though senior) such an inveterate legend-monger as Herodotus, and that

Tacitus (born A.D. 61) should have been as immeasurably superior in discrimination to Livy (died A.D. 7).

Then we must be prepared for such startling *omissions* as that of the "rise of Methodism, from a history of the reign of George II., and of allusion to the Chinese wall from the travels of Marco Polo," and for such *discrepancies* as between Clarendon's statement that the Earl of Argyle was hung (in 1661) and Burnet's (another contemporary) that he was beheaded.

Again, the indirect and therefore (if genuine) invaluable evidence derivable from the autobiographies and correspondence of distinguished men can only be received subject to one caution: "To forge and counterfeit books, and father them upon great names, has been a practice almost as old as literature." Thus did Dr. Gauden publish "Eikon Basilikè" as the composition of Charles I. Hence the least *anachronism* in personal or political or geographical allusions, or in the use of words or idioms, outweighs all notoriety in the matter of authorship; and every allegation of a radical *difference in style* between the disputed and the recognised compositions of the same author must be treated with respect.

Once more. Not only are medals coined, trophies set up, inscriptions engraved, and public buildings erected, in honour of events that never took place, but a religious ceremony is often the "circumstance" to a "lie," *e.g.*, the annual pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial. And while the names of places are often "fossil history"—as when Camargue is traced to *Caii Marii ager*—they still more often give rise to legends which have actually no foundation in fact, as when Mons Pil*e*atus, the cloud-*capped* peak of Lucerne, was transformed into the scene of the banishment and suicide of Pontius Pilatus.

To complete the discomfiture of the controversialist who appeals to history and insists on everybody taking his view, we have also to consider how little is to be learnt from the three witnesses who do always tell the truth; how seldom they speak, or else how enigmatically.

A people's *institutions*, as distinguished from a code of laws invented for them by a native genius, or imposed upon them by a foreign conqueror, are the fruits of their past history, and the tree may be known by its fruits.

Thus, supposing the authentic period of Roman history to commence at a time when there was already in force a law that one of the consuls must be a plebeian, it is an almost inevitable inference that at a previous period both were patricians.

Our English law that we may not be taxed without our own consent proves that taxation in old times was both arbitrary and oppressive.

But a student as far removed from ourselves as we are from the Romans of B.C. 366 would never be able to guess from such a sketch of our institutions as we possess of theirs, "how different was the exercise of nearly the same nominal legislative functions by Queen Victoria and Queen Elizabeth." (Sir G. Cornwall Lewis).

The *language* of many mixed nations at many periods has told as clear a tale as Wamba read in the words calf and veal, swine and pork. But philologists are not always unanimous, and history written solely by their aid is very sketchy, and seldom invites or settles any important dispute.

Alleged events, unsupported otherwise, may be strongly confirmed when *subsequent undisputed events* can be represented as effects which, according to established

physical and moral possibilities, and setting aside gratuitous suppositions, could have had no other cause. This is merely the circumstantial evidence of law courts on a large scale, sharing all its strength—as when the murder of Bishop Patteson by certain Polynesians proved their previous ill-treatment by white men—and all its weakness, as when the murder of Mungo Park merely indicated the brutal cupidity or ferocity of other barbarians.

Enough has now been said on the destructive side.

The reader will now accept as *possibly* applicable to the historical problem which he himself may most desire to solve the following *dictum* of Fitzjames Stephen: "Unless by some unforeseen accident new materials should come to light, any doubts about this subject—whether they arise from inherent improbabilities in the story itself, from differences of detail in the different narratives, or from general considerations as to the untrustworthiness of historians writing on hearsay, and at a considerable distance from the events which they relate—are, and must remain for ever, unsolved and insoluble."

> How many names in the long sweep of time,
> That so foreshortens greatness, may but hang
> On the choice mention of some fool that once
> Brake bread with us, perhaps.
>
> TENNYSON, Queen Mary, act iii., sc. 1.

It is a relief to turn to the bright side of the picture. A writer in the *Journal de Genève* thus recalls it to our view: "Relevons encore un merite, assez rare aujourd'hui, chez l'historien de Voltaire: il raconte les faits; les historiens récents n'écrivent guère plus que les contester; s'ils vont longtemps—encore de ce train, nous arriverons à cette triste conclusion, qu'il ne s'est rien passé depuis la création du monde. Ce n'est pas que je méprise la critique; au contraire, et je la préfere de beaucoup à l'éloquence chez ceux qui me racontent le passé, mais encore faut-il qu'ils me racontent. Je demande à l'histoire de rentrer dans le genre narratif."

What then can we do towards constructing the wished-for canons of historical credibility?

We begin, of course, with careful definitions.

Historical events, as distinguished from personal details, are such as concern a whole nation, and (except secret treaties and the like) are notorious throughout the country, and usually also in neighbouring countries.

Credible means probable, *i.e.*, resting on evidence which in the majority of similar cases has been verified, or at least is accepted as true.

It must be noted that, as in matters of "probability," so here also, antecedent likelihood must be allowed to strengthen or weaken the chances made out by evidence; and moreover, when our conviction that a certain alleged event is true would drive us into a change of conduct or of sentiment, we require the odds in its favour to be very great. The foundations must correspond to the superstructure.

Next to definitions come axioms; only, in this inexact science, we must use the less forcible Latin-derived equivalent,—assumptions. In historical as in legal investigations we assume.

To resume, men tell the truth if they know it, and take the trouble, and have no interest the other way. Events admitted to have happened must have been caused by previous events; and if history (not mythology) mentions a *vera causa*, *i.e.*, previous events such as might very

well have happened, any other hypothesis is gratuitous.

The undesigned *consensus* of independent authorities is convincing and conclusive *as far as it goes* (of this proviso more hereafter), whether the authorities (*i.e.*, persons who *knew*) are authors of books, inscriptions, coins, &c., in which case facts may be established "out of the mouth of two or three witnesses," or are merely "folks," in which case they must be very numerous, for only so is the "vox populi vox Dei" — only so may *constat* be translated "it is well known."

It is interesting to note how our definitions bear upon our assumptions. The *public* importance of historical events leads us to expect that many contemporaries did *know* the truth about them, so that what was uncontradicted at the time ought not to be lightly discredited, while what was omitted at the time ought not to be easily accepted.

The *magnitude* of historical events forbids us to put aside alleged causes of admitted effects on the plea (which is, however, a sceptical man's only safeguard in the face of well-substantiated ghost stories and the like) that we "cannot be expected to account for everything."

The great number of circumstances, important or unimportant, surrounding a historical event, offer additional scope for undesigned coincidences, while it is also impossible to suppose—as may happen in the subjects of lawsuits and trials—that a false account is due to a *conspiracy* either of historians or of multitudinous rumour-mongers.

Next, to examine more closely some expressions that have just been employed.

What kind of persons "know the truth" about historical events?

Experience must furnish the answer. Sometimes it is experience of the particular authority we are valuing. If we have found him evidently as well-informed as he professes to be on all points which we can test by other authorities, we shall esteem him as well-informed as he professes to be on other *similar* points.

Thus, Herodotus's statement that Xerxes made a canal on the isthmus behind Mount Athos having been verified by the discovery of its channel, we have a reasonable presumption that he has correctly described the whole route of the Persian fleet and army.

But, unfortunately, it too often happens that we have only one authority for certain events, and that it relates no other events, or at least no other similar events, which we can test, and so estimate its trustworthiness.

Thus it is only in Herodotus that we can find a record of, or even an allusion to, the remarkable conversations which he tells us Xerxes held with Demaratus, the exiled king of Sparta. In such cases our resource is to consider what proportion of such conversations are usually reported so eagerly and faithfully as to reach a foreigner fifty years afterwards; and, when other writers give similar conversations which can be verified, what proportion of them are found to be substantially correct.

In like manner we calculate the probability that a writer has "taken the trouble" to ascertain the truth, and that the evidence before us is not biassed by personal prejudice or national vanity.

It is needless to point out how great is the credibility of, say, a democratical writer who records democratical excesses and failures, and of national chronicles or monuments which publish national crimes or disasters.

So far we have been speaking of writers (including authors of inscriptions, monuments, and superscriptions on coins) who could have known the truth, the only question being whether they have the requisite discrimination and research, and were free from bias — a question decided partly by comparison with other authorities, partly by the writer's own statements about the means he employed to ascertain the truth, partly by the internal evidence of style and sentiments.

By the expression "the question is decided" is meant that, after examination, we can reckon our authority among those which are always, or usually, or as often as not, or sometimes, or very seldom, or never, to be trusted for such and such a kind of event. We can take the evidence as worth, say, $\frac{19}{20}$, $\frac{15}{20}$, $\frac{10}{20}$, $\frac{7}{20}$, $\frac{3}{20}$, or $\frac{1}{20}$, the simple fact being (suppose) that fifteen out of twenty contemporary inscriptions record historical events as they really happened.

As to persons who *could not have known* the truth there is a great controversy. Is contemporary evidence indispensable? *i.e.*, evidence derived from what was reported or recorded in some way by persons who had arrived at years of discretion when the event took place?

We must beware of taking as an axiom either this favourite assumption (so dear to Sir G. Cornwall Lewis), or another antagonistic to it, namely, "There must be some foundation in fact for the current account, even though quite mythological, when any other account is confessedly mere guesswork." For, on the one hand, the accurate preservation of historical events by tradition is not only quite conceivable, but has been proved in some instances by the unexpected discovery of confirmatory records. Thus the traditional site of a battle has been verified by excavations.

On the other hand, though the existence of any current account must have had a definite cause, that cause may easily be conceived to be *for ever undiscoverable;* nor can we recount any instance in which a history has been successfully built up out of the ruins of a "pure and simple" mythology.

It is easy enough to omit or explain away the miraculous or superhuman details when they do not interfere with the sequence of events. Thus the credibility of Livy's history after the war with Pyrrhus is not at all impaired by a paragraph here and there about a rain of drops of blood, or an ox speaking with human voice. Thus, too, we may quite believe Xenophon's assertion that he won such and such a battle after waiting several hours for favourable omens, without agreeing with him as to the prophetic value of the entrails inspected by his priests. But when discarding the "marvellous element" obliges us to reconstruct the whole narrative, as we must do when we seek the foundation in fact for a genuine myth, then the result has no claims to be accepted. So it is with the Trojan war, and with what happened when "good King Arthur ruled this land."

On the whole it is established by experience that wherever the historical faculty of a nation was too undeveloped to produce among them *authentic* books, monuments, coins, or other records of public events, their *un*historical instinct was so active, or their "talent for silence" so great, that their traditions, historically speaking, are worth little or nothing at all. Nor must there be any appeal to the assumption of undesigned *consensus*. Such tales are not supported by the undesigned coinci-

dence of independent authorities. People who repeat a myth about what took place "a long time ago" are not *authorities*, since they had no means themselves of ascertaining the truth; and they are not *independent*, because the narrative probably sprang first from some professed "maker" (poet) in prose or verse, instead of flowing from a great number of different sources like the authentic tradition of a national migration or an important battle.

Investigators may therefore take this as a canon of historical credibility:—

A current narrative not founded on contemporary evidence cannot be maintained against objections from intrinsic improbability, or from discrepancies and variations. But if its items are such as might very well have happened, and are an adequate explanation of subsequent facts, and if it cannot be traced to individual invention, but seems to have grown up naturally as a genuine tradition; and, further, if it stands alone without a rival narrative, then scepticism is uncalled for.

Next let us suppose ourselves dealing with authorities who were within reach of the truth, and were independent of one another, but liable, of course, to error.

What is the precise importance of coincidence between them, or between different passages in the same authority? And what is the importance of discrepancy, whether in the way of variation or omission?

The favourite and well-deserved epithet for coincidences is *striking*. Here is a phenomenon which, once noticed, cannot be neglected. A cause for it must exist, and is readily found in the reality of the event recorded by one writer, but merely alluded to or implied by the others.

Is this the only cause? We must be on our guard here.

Certainly the phenomenon is one that cannot be accidental and meaningless, and its importance has been fully recognised ever since the publication of Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*. Only one inference, however, is quite safe—the rule will cover the rare cases of its introduction into fictitious narratives by ingenious authors—namely, that the thing which forms the subject of the "undesigned coincidence" was very deeply impressed upon the mind of each writer who "undesignedly" alludes to it or implies it—so deeply as to influence his thoughts and language whenever he touched upon it. More briefly, *we cannot doubt that he had got the thing thoroughly into his head.* "How he could have got it into his head if it is not true" is, therefore, the point to be cleared up by those who wish to deny it.

We have to note one comprehensive explanation and one caution.

The character of a hero, and the date and locality of his chief (supposed) adventures, become exceeding familiar to his countrymen and admirers. Hence we find very subtle coincidences in early Greek authors concerning the famous Hercules and Achilles.

The caution is, to limit the proving power of coincidences to the one fact in which the authorities concur, with, of course, its necessary antecedents and consequents. We must not pledge ourselves to any separable surroundings or avoidable inferences. Here is an instance:—

The details of the visit paid to Spires by St. Bernard of Clairvaux, while he was preaching up the Second Crusade, are related in two independent narratives, both composed by persons who were there at the time and had the fullest means of information. By a sudden

enthusiastic appeal he had prevailed upon the reluctant Emperor Conrad to become a Crusader. One of the writers, Godfrey, in his "Life of Bernard," tells us that *while the saint was being escorted by Conrad to his lodging*, the people brought him a *lame boy*, whom he cured instantaneously, and that while he was at mass in the *chapel near the canon's apartments* he restored sight to a blind *woman*. Our other authority, one Philip (in a diary kept by himself and nine others for the express purpose of recording the exact truth), states that Bernard, in his own presence, healed a *lame boy*, on the same day as he made his speech to the Emperor, *while at mass in the bishop's chapel*, and afterwards restored sight to a blind *man*. Both historians lay much stress on the cure of the lame boy; and as Godfrey wrote his biography some ten years later—so that mistakes in details do not impair his authority—we cannot but be struck by the coincidences of the two narratives in this material point, and we are bound to believe that St. Bernard went through some public performance with a (professedly) lame boy, in or near a chapel, on the day that Conrad took the cross.

Next as to discrepancies.

First from Omission. No omission is of any importance unless the author must have been acquainted with the event if it had really happened; unless also the design of his work made it absolutely necessary for him to mention such an event if he did know of it; and, further, unless the omission cannot possibly be considered a mere slip or accident.

Thus Livy does not tell us of the commercial treaty made between Rome and Carthage B.C. 509; but he may not have had access to the archives in which Polybius discovered it;* while, on the other hand, if Belisarius had ever really become a blind beggar, Procopius, his companion and a contemporary historian, must have known it; and, having known it, Procopius must have mentioned it in his account of that famous general's life and misfortunes, or else must be condemned as a feeble, stupid biographer. Though a historian of the war between the Northern and Southern American States might know, but need not inform the world, that one of the most famous of the Northern generals is now manager of a dry-goods store.

It was by a mere slip that Marco Polo omitted from his narrative of travel all notice of the Chinese Wall, the design of the work requiring its insertion; but the silence of Josephus with regard to the Christian Church warrants the strongest suspicion that, like the Pharisees with regard to the baptism of John, he could not and would not tell "whether it was from heaven or of men." *The omission is a proof of disingenuousness;* while a silence on the same subject in the philosophical works of Seneca, who flourished in the reign of Nero, proves him strangely unacquainted with the noblest moral system of his time—*the omission is a proof of ignorance.*

Omissions are highly significant if they occur in the earlier as compared with the later versions of a story intrinsically improbable. Montaigne (quoted by Bentham) shrewdly observes: "When men repeat an improbable story, they find out its weak points, and supplement it by inventions," neces-

* Sir G. C. Lewis, "Credibility of Early Roman History," Vol. I., p. 144.

sarily true, they perceive, if the story itself is true. Thus, if Belisarius, after his disgrace, was reduced to the last degree of pauperism, he *must* have taken to begging—therefore the great general became a *beggar*. But he would not have condescended to beg if he could have worked—therefore he was incapacitated for work by *blindness*. And if he begged he must have been glad of the smallest coins—therefore he used to say *Date obolum*, "Please a penny for Belisarius."

(*To be continued.*)

ON A BED OF MOSS

I LAY and dreamed, all yestereve,
A dream of deep delight;
For a charm about my couch did weave
Visions surpassing sight.
My bed was moss and violets sweet,
Shaded by forest boughs,
Whither faeries came with dancing feet,
And aureoles on their brows.

They told me mysteries magical,
Strange unto ears terrene,
How, circling in their flower-sweet hall,
They need no moon-ray sheen;
For the king's eyes fill that faery part
With the light that makes their day,
And the glowing of his radiant heart
Surrounds each dancing fay.

I asked for one I loved and lost,
Whom long ago they stole;
She was, said they, all clad in frost,
Till the king drew forth her soul.
He drew it towards his glowing breast,
And made her all his own;
Still must she dwell within that rest;
She dares not walk alone.

"And why with her should this be so,—
Her, pure as any fay?"
"Ay," said they, "pure as mountain snow,
And cold as arctic day:
You could not make her love you then,
But she is learning now;
You'll meet her yet in faery glen,
An aureole on her brow!"

"Oh, tell me," then I cried in tears,
"For my slow heart she waits?"
"Nay," said they, "calm such feverish fears,
Ye are true faery mates."
The merry elves thus hushed my cry,
Singing a lulling song;
Yet still to her I strove to fly,
The heart's pull was so strong.

"Not so!" cried they, and, pacing round,
They wrought a glamour deep,
So that I lay upon the ground
In a wondrous happy sleep;
And I saw my love in the glowing light
That flashed from the faery king;
And while I gazed on that far-off sight
I could hear the faeries sing:—

"Gather thou strength from the world of sin,
Find wisdom on thy way,
While she a luminous love shall win
From the warmth of the faeries' day:
Conquer the dragons of sloth and death
By grip of the spear of truth!—
And she, when age quiets thy mortal breath,
Shall give thee the faeries' youth!"

And then I waked from my gentle dream,
While the sweet song died away:
'Twas gone, the rapture of that gleam!
I saw no form of fay.
And yet round my couch the violets sweet,
And the forest boughs above,
Seemed to move, as to music of dancing feet,
And to whispers of faery love.

A. L. K.

AN ARYAN ANCESTOR.

At first sight it would seem that to dwell upon the final or resurrection condition of the Zoroastrian Adam would be to turn away from the consideration of his genesis, and to be regarding the creation legend of the Parsis through lenses that invert.

But if we follow the Aryan belief that earth life, when spiritually regarded, is related to eternal life as but an episode of sleep or dream, then either side of that shadowy period must equally be the fringe of the true state from which all our so-called protoplasm draws its essential vitality. Under such an aspect, birth and death alike are rifts in the veil which covers us; and the difference between them is only in the direction of the soul's passage—whether into or out from the umbrageous avenue of mortality.

If, notwithstanding our very natural and wholesome prejudices in favour of the existence in which we are called to manifest ourselves in the all-important present, the now hidden life be the sphere from which proceeds that magic quality which bids chemical atoms uprise in organic force and beauty; and if, as contradistinguished from the seventy years journey in the caravan whose protection we have found temporarily serviceable, the unrealised dream state be the abiding and virtual life; then the ideal or standard man of any complete philosophy of creation, whether entering upon his perigee or apogee, must represent the strength and character of that more truly substantial life, in archetypal mintage undefaced, or as near thereto as may be attained, and he must be pre-eminent in earthly uses as well.

Kaiômart, or the pure man, as manifested in the Aryan books, is represented as the summit of the animal creation, differentiated from the lower degrees by his upright carriage, his articulate speech, his response to the mind of the Heavenly Supreme. He retains his hold upon essential life, perhaps in the continued consciousness of relation to his angelic counterpart. His pre-eminence of type is declared by his being described as the white man *par excellence*. This attribute of the arch-natural man was, no doubt, a mark of high distinction in the days when the myth of creation was embodied. The tribes among whom the Aryans made their way were probably for the most part dark and degraded aborigines of a lower race than themselves. But Kaiômart, or the ideal man, was not only white and radiant; he is represented as by origin an immortal being, with eyes looking up to heaven. The liquid of life had been applied to him in creation which rendered him ever beautiful and radiant, as a spiritual being would be who could dominate this body of mortality. The prophet Zoroaster is represented in the paintings and sculptures as endowed with a nimbus, a glory or crown of radiance, which is meant to typify the shining forth of the

atmosphere that fills the world of light.

We may assume that Kaiômart was understood never to have lost the consciousness of the unity of the two worlds. That oneness, Persian writers have said, even distinguished ascetics may comprehend. To understand the theory of resurrection, as it chimes in with such views as these, and to make an intelligent analysis of the word itself as we find it in the philosophical language of Greece, it will be necessary to bear in mind a matter that is considered in Persian books as belonging to ancient lore; a doctrine, moreover, that is revived by new believers in every age. This is the belief, as summarised by the authors of the Synopsis of the Dabistan, "that a man may attain the faculty to quit and reassume his body, or to consider it as a loose garment, which he may put off at pleasure, for ascending to the world of light, and on his return be reunited with the material elements."

It is logically manifest that these mystic passages must in a partial way be in themselves a resurrection and a new birth. If birth and death are entrances and exits in due form and ceremony with all one's belongings through the great portals of our mortal career, in which we are come to stay; these other movements are like unencumbered and hasty errands, to execute which one steps out unnoticed through a private door, which is either left open or the master carries the key.

There is no double evolution necessary for this, for the physical frame is quiescent, held only by life's cord of ductile gold; but the processes by which the spirit adapts itself to the degrees of the spheres or transcends from rarer to denser atmospheres, are told of only in the mazy utterances of seers themselves.

This kind of occultism is very mischief of moonshine unto the modern mind, well swaddled as it is by that most useful mother, the physically real; but whatever may be the right and wholesome way of practical life, philosophically we have no right to ignore the bridges by men in every age held to exist between the present "solid unreality" and the regions where are—

> "trodden upon by noiseless angels,
> Long mysterious reaches fed with moonlight."

Such questions must rest upon their merits. Though speaking philosophically, an earth life may be but episodical; yet it is, at least, a considerable episode and the real business during its progress. To fill out one's existence from a plane, however superior, to which one is not adjusted at the time, instead of expanding into the best capacities of the life that is present, would indeed be to turn what may be truest sunshine on its own plane into merest moonshine on another. The materialistic mind in its own purblind fashion is no doubt conscious of this truth, but forgets the fact that morbid cravings after the life withdrawn, while they may be an infringement of a true and wholesome balance, are no more so than is the equally morbid resort to a hoodwink of false science and a puerile arrogance of certainty, assumed in order that all beyond a defined horizon can be ignored.

If, by reason of our having journeyed "further from the east" to learn the mighty mechanics of the physical plane, we fail to sympathise with the dreams of our Aryan cousins, we may test the breadth of our own philosophic standing according as we fling away those beliefs as worthless with the feeble ridicule of ignorance, or accept them as contribu-

tion to the large history and knowledge of man.

With this apology to the modern mind, the recital may be resumed of the Aryan theory of mortal life as contained in the sacred assurances of their ancient religion.

Kaiômart we may take to represent man in a state midway between the corporeal and the spiritual, with vision extending into both worlds. Meschia and Meschiana are drawn down more fully into matter, and are thus subjected to what may be called the Fall. In a Phœnician myth which has passed through Grecian hands a somewhat similar gradation may be found. Aiōn and Protogonos are the first that enter mortal life. Aiōn discovers the art of nutriment from fruit trees, and the offspring of the pair, apparently representing ordinary mortals, are Genos and Genea. These names are but philosophic expressions. Aiōn is Æon, or Time; Protogonos, first born, or first parent; Genos and Genea equally denote race, family, offspring.

Kaiômart having departed this life before the production of beings of separate sex, it might naturally be supposed that he returned forthwith to his spiritual state. It is probable enough that the cycle of existence was originally understood to denote the regular course of individual life made typical; but in the development of the theory it must have become doctrinally necessary to account for the close of an epoch as well as for its beginning. Artistically speaking, the idea of a general and specific blossoming of creation, and a simultaneous resurrection into superior opportunity of life, is more pleasant and picturesque than that of the same results produced, so to speak, insensibly, by the unostentatious coming and going of individuals. And indeed that there are cycles of human development, history tells us; therefore it is not surprising that a doctrine should have established itself of a cyclic period bounded by a creation and a resurrection of man.

Geology would lead us to believe that our earth as a continuous abode of man is indefinitely older than is necessary far to outstretch even a number of cycles, regarded as periods between which Mother Nature was believed to pause to refresh herself, as it were, between throe and throe, each the creative act which peopled a world. Nevertheless, we shall find it easy to respect the cyclical conception of the history of man, and that without adopting literally the notion that men die out of the world at zodiacal intervals and are succeeded by a brand new race. How great civilisations fade out and are replaced by young and vigorous developments is a matter beyond the scope of the present paper.

As, in accordance with the cyclic creed, the day of resurrection approaches, the evil-doer, presumably the personification of the evil principle, is challenged to effect it. He will strive in vain; it is not in his province. But, nevertheless, the process begins. The various members which are to form man's supernal body are not drawn from earth as in the creation—they come one and all from the celestial land. It will be remembered that humanity has been regarded as moving towards the spiritual confines by the reverse process in respect of nutriment to that of creation. After abandoning, degree by degree, the diet of flesh, of milk, of fruit, and of water, man ceases to eat, and yet he does not die.

One part of the light which is with the sun will enlighten Kaiômart, the other will enlighten the rest of men. Perhaps we may read this as a poetic expression that the

spiritual ray reaches first the spiritual man. The spiritual entities now recognise the substantial forms that are the fit expression of each individual, and all the immortal denizens of the world assemble together with man, who is about to assume the final body, and return to the weightiest life.

As Kaiômart was the spiritual agent of creation, so Saoshyos fulfils the corresponding function in resurrection; he is the rekindler. There are also a number of other-world beings who assist: "the Increasers of the Days, who step forward to the maintenance of the pure world." (Yaçna XLV. 3.)

The perishable world has been a protection to the evil and the good, and, however inferior in itself, has become in its maternal office the very creation of the Supreme. But when the dividing comes, the state of the wicked, as their souls, becomes hard. But they are not like the demons, without spiritual counterparts (Fravashis); their affinity is about to appear to them in uncomely form, the very image of their souls. The true followers of Ahura-Mazda comfort themselves during the trying process—the separation of the vital powers and consciousness—by the prayers that are themselves "the creations of the first world;" that is to say, of the world they are on the way towards, designated in the same Gâthâs as "the next world." The picture given is of the whole creation, "bodies together with bones, vital power and form, strength and consciousness, soul and Fravashi," subjected to the dread process, through which into the after-death state the soul's progress is pourtrayed. In the account itself it is impossible to distinguish the doctrine of a postponed and general, or simultaneous, resurrection, which nevertheless is spoken of as taking place after "the long time" and being "the perfect resurrection." The soul is finding its proper food and raiment in the truths of the religious hymns; and passages which we will shortly cite will instance how the journey is understood to begin immediately.

There is a cyclic account, however, according to which the dead are resuscitated by an elixir which proceeds from the Bull and from the White Man (Kaiômart). Saoshyos gives of this elixir to all mankind, and they enter upon their immortality in a world without stain. There is some contradiction in the different developments of the legend, for it is otherwise given (Bundaheshn): "First will the bodily form of Kaiômart uprise, then that of Mashia and Mashiana, afterwards that of the rest of mankind."

The confusion between the Parsi doctrines of immediate entrance after death into the life of the spiritual world, and of a resuscitation postponed until the expiration of a cycle, which requires for its completion the decrepitude of the physical world, is particularly noteworthy for us, seeing that the same dilemma has come down into our Christian ritual. In the Order for the Burial of the Dead there is the old mistranslation of Job, "in my flesh" for "out from my flesh;" there confronts it the beautiful account of a sowing in corruption, an uprising in incorruption; there is a pæan on the delivery from the burden of the body, and on the decarnate condition which ensues, as a state in which spirits or souls "live," and not only live, but live "in joy and felicity." And yet, as if the actual possession of life, and that a life of joy and of consciousness of the indwelling of God, were not enough to satisfy reasonable expectation, there is a superadded affirmation

of a general resurrection at the last day—a moment which, however intelligible in the primal meaning of the phrase, is traditionally regarded as marking a remote future period following upon the wreck of the globe.

But large doctrines like these which sway great portions of humanity for thousands of years ought to be treated with respect rather than with a too hasty and merely intellectual criticism. Our forefathers the Druids, as Julius Cæsar records, wished to convince men of this as a primary truth, that souls do not die, but from one set of conditions pass after death to others; and they were confident, he says, that in this was the greatest excitation to virtue, by the lapsing of the terror of death. For those, then, whose lack of development prevents their attaining "anastasy" in the true sense of the word; for persons who departing this life would fail of a better resurrection and, cowering back again (*ab aliis transeuntes ad alios*), pass into lower elements, it is perhaps well and hopeful that a belief should continue in a real spiritual consummation, postponed, but somewhile to be reached. Moreover, though humanity, being inharmonious, moves with the irregularities of individualism or at most in a partial national progress, spiritual spheres having the unity of their harmony, must consummate periods of development by a movement into fuller light of God in wholeness and simultaneity; and who can tell how far the great doctrine of a specific earthly resurrection, with its general enhancement of life, may not be due to a confused spiritual memory stirring in humanity? Why there should be a favourite expectation of rejoining a body composed of a familiar material substance is easily made intelligible by the consideration how difficult it is for the terrestrial mind to appreciate the vigour of transcorporeal substance, or to realise how, if the life further on appears dim and phantom-like to us, we ourselves may probably appear still more frail and clad in a ghost-like mist, in the eyes of those who live and upstand in the terrible strength of angelhood.

The following will exemplify the religious belief of the Aryans on the immediate future of the departing soul, as it concludes its own last earthly day, and enters upon its own resurrection, and its own judgment.

"Where are those tribunals, where do they assemble, where do they come together, at which a man of the corporeal world gives account for his soul? Then answered Ahura-Mazda, After the man is dead, after the man is departed, after his going, the wicked evil-knowing Daevas do work. In the third night, after the coming and lightning of the dawn." (Avesta, Vendidad, XIX., 89—91.)

"Zarathustra asked Ahura-Mazda, O Ahura-Mazda, most munificent spirit, creator of the settlements supplied with creatures, holy one! when a pious man passes away, where remains his soul that night? Then said Ahura-Mazda, It sits down near the head, chanting the Gâtha Ustavaiti, imploring blessedness. . . . On this night the soul has as much joyfulness as his whole living existence comprised. Where dwells his soul the second night? [The second and third night are described as the first.] On the lapse of the third night, when the dawn appears, the soul of the pious man goes forward, recollecting itself at the perfume of plants. To him there seems a wind blowing

from the more southern side, from the more southern quarters, a sweet scent more sweet-scented than other winds. Then inhaling that wind with the nose, the soul of the pious man considers, Whence blows the wind, the most sweet-scented wind that I have ever inhaled with the nostrils? Advancing with this wind, there appears to him what is his own religion [or law, the rule of life to which he has conformed] in the figure of a beautiful maiden . . . with a dazzling face. . . . Then the soul of the pious man speaks to her, asking, What virgin art thou, whom I have seen here as the most beautiful of virgins in form? Then answers him his own law, I am, O youth, thy good thoughts, good words, good deeds, and good religion, on account of which good religion in thy own possession everyone has loved thee for such greatness, and goodness, and beauty, and perfume, and victoriousness, which overcomes enemies, as thou appearest to me. . . The soul of the pious man first advanced with a footstep placed upon good thought; secondly, upon good word; thirdly, upon good action; fourthly, upon the eternal lights. To him spoke a pious one, previously deceased, asking, How, O pious one, didst thou die? how come away from the fleshly dwellings, . . . from the corporeal world, to the spiritual life, from the perishable to the imperishable? how long will have been thy blessing? Then said Ahura-Mazda, Ask not him whom thou askest, who is come along the fearful, terrible, tremendous path, the separation of body and soul." (Hadokht Nask II.; cf. Arda Viraf IV., 8—35; Mainyo-i-Khard II., 110—157.)

In the Pazand, *sadis* or *sēdish* is the term for this period of three days, or nights, that the soul remains near the body after death. The Sanscrit equivalent is *trirâtrin*. In the book of the *Mainyo-i-Khard* (Spirit of Wisdom) it is written:

"He who is a world-adorning and spirit-destroying man is so destroyed, in a single punishment of the three days, as a raging fire when water comes upon it." (*ib.* XXI., 10.)

"Which is the good work . . . ? To wish good for everyone . . . and to be undoubting about the existence of God, and the religion, and the soul, and heaven, and the account that is in the three days, and the reality of the resurrection of the dead and the final body." (*ib.* LXIII., 1—7.)

"Be not reliant on life; since death occurs at last, and dogs and birds destroy the corpse, and the bones fall to the ground; and during three days (and) nights, the soul sits on the top of the head of the body." (*ib.* II., 110—114.)

In the former part of this paper reference was made to the traces of relationship and similarity existing between the Aryan doctrines and those which belong to what Christendom has accepted as its own religious traditions.

The Aryan approaches the question of the birth-process of death in a detailed and picturesque, we had almost said matter-of-fact, way. The following passage will exemplify the deeper intensity of religious feeling in the Hebrew.

"Come and let us return unto the Lord; for He hath torn, and He will heal us; He hath smitten, and he will bind us up. After two days will He revive us; in the third day he will raise us up, and we shall live in His sight. Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord; His going forth is prepared as the morning, and He shall come unto us as the rain, as

the latter and former rain unto the earth."

This singular fragment appears in the book of Hosea (vi. 1, 3) quite detached from any context. If we analyse the passage it will be difficult to see what it means if it does not belong to the same kind of prophetic or visionary depiction of after-death experience as we have cited from the Zoroastrian books.

By the loose manner of Hebrew speech the phrase "after two days" is apparently reckoned as equivalent to "after three days" and also to "on the third day," as may be seen from what is quoted above when compared with Esther iv. 16, and v. 1, and also with the following:

"Come again unto me after three days. . . . They came on the third day, as the king bade, saying, 'come again on the third day.'" (2 Chron. x. 5 and 12.)

The confusion is caused by fractions of days being counted as wholes. From a few moments before a particular day begins to a moment after it is passed, the period is one of three days, for it breaks into three separate days.

We will refer presently to the Hebrew word used in Hosea to denote resurrection, and dwell for a moment here on its Greek equivalent in the Septuagint. The Greek verb is ἐξανίστημι, literally forth-up-stand, using the English verb both transitively and intransitively; and the construction differs slightly from that of the Hebrew original, being in place of "in the third day he will make us upstand," "in the third day we shall forth-upstand," or, to paraphrase the compound, "emerge on a higher plane erect." By a comparison of words the English reader may find the pith of the meaning of this one. We have two well-known words compounded of the Greek verb signifying to stand, apostasy and ecstasy, and may transliterate others from the compound verb above cited, viz., anastasy and exanastasy. A common measure is manifest in these words. Apostasy is offstanding in the sense of defection; ecstasy is outstanding in the sense in which (in the Persian passage already quoted) the spirit is described as finding its body a loose garment, which, under certain conditions, it is possible to stand out of. Anastasy is upstanding used in many senses, and is the well-known word which is usually and inaccurately translated resurrection. The invariable German rendering of the word is *auferstehung*, to which our Anglo-Saxon "upstanding" is the exact equivalent. The word ex-ana-stasy or out-up-standing combines the notion of ecstasy, or the spirit's freedom, with that of anastasy or its elevation. Whoever originally applied this Greek term to the subject of what is denominated resurrection, had evidently the clearest understanding of the metaphysics of the expression.

The word resurrection is confusing, for it implies re-rising, or rising *again*, which is a thought quite compatible with the Parsi conception of a primal state of existence to which the spirit returns at death; but that is not what is intended by those who currently use the word. If it is designed to mean a re-establishment of the physical organism, that sense is not to be found in the Greek term as originally employed.

The Aryan influences acting upon the Hebrews evidently tended to relax in some degree the reverential intensity with which the Hebrew mind had been wont to regard the mysteries of life. The following passage from the Talmud represents the mood of the Jewish

Rabbis of Pumbadita,* and shows us how they regarded the process of death as any other of nature's processes might have been regarded. There is no lack of reverence, but less of the strained hush of awe than accompanies the utterances of their older prophets:—

"Rabba, assisting at the agony of Rab Nachman, said to him, Master, I would that thou would'st appear to me after thy death. Rab Nachman appeared unto him. Rabba asked of him, Hast thou suffered much?—As a hair that one should draw out of a cup of milk." (Moed Katan, 28a.)

It is naturally to be expected that ancient Rabbinical literature will show definite traces of the Mazdayasnian lore relative to the threefold period of death's gestation of the soul. The following may serve as instances:

"Tradition of the son (disciple) of Caphra:—The utmost force of woe continues not, save unto the third day; for, during a three-days' space, the soul wanders around its sepulchre, expecting to return into the body. When it sees that the aspect of the countenance is become fixed, it recedes and relinquishes the body." (Bereschith R. c. 7.)

"For the entire space of three days the soul flies above the body, expecting to return." (Vajikra R. XVIII.)

"For three days there is vehemence of woe, because up to this point the form of the face is recognised." (Koheleth R. XII. 5.)

"Why, after a three-days' space, can the poor creature lay aside woe? After a three-days' space the flesh corrupts, and its looks are changed." (Tanchuma, f. 47, 1;" compare also Job xiv. 22).

"They make no attestation respecting a dead person except within three days after his death. After the three days' time they do not attest concerning him, inasmuch as the aspect of his face is altered." (Jebamoth f, 120, 1.)

In the Johannine story of Lazarus (John xi. 17, 39) the fourth day is adduced as affording conclusive evidence of death.

The myth of Jonah, probably disfigured as it is from its original, may occur to us as having been cited in relation to this doctrine of the triple period occupied by the death process. The interior of the whale as a residence affords a somewhat powerful metaphor for three days of death, for there would indeed be there neither good seafaring nor good dry land, but a veritable suspension of realisable existence.

According to such studious Rabbis among the modern Jews as are conversant with Bible, Talmud, and Gospels alike, and hold out yearning and sadly unregarded hands towards their Christian fellows, the expression "the son of man" denotes man in general, but as viewed in his immortal aspect; and so comes to signify a man docile to the inspiration of the soul, and superior to the suggestions of matter.

In this general sense, or rather in a particular sense typifying the general sense, would by them be understood such expressions as these: "As Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly; so will the son of man be three days and three nights

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* Pum-Bedaitha, mouth of the Bedaitha, a canal sometime joining the Euphrates and the Tigris, and perhaps one day to be reopened. In referring to the destiny of the Euphrates valley, in the former part of this paper, we were not anticipating the announcement of the British Government that so soon followed its publication.

in the heart of the earth." (Matt. xiii. 40.)

"Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up [literally awaken it] . . . . . He spoke of the temple of his body." (John ii. 19, 21, cf. Matt. xxvi. 61).

"The Son of Man is about to be delivered up into the hands of men, and they will kill him, and the third day he will be raised [literally, awakened]." (Matt. xvii. 22.)

"We remember that that deceiver said, while he was yet alive, after three days I am raised [literally, am awakened]." (Matt. xxvii. 63.)

"He used to teach his disciples and say to them, The Son of Man is delivered up into the hands of man, and they will kill him, and though killed, after three days he will raise himself up [literally, upstand himself. Here we find the word used for resurrection which was examined above in its form anastasy]. But they understood not the saying, and were afraid to ask him." (Mark ix. 31.)

These mystical passages we leave as we find them; if there be a triplicity in the process of death as the mature soul traverses and solidifies the essence of its experience of childhood, youth, and full age, it would be as true to the Aryan as to the Jew; and any obscurity with regard to it would arise only in the mode of apprehension of so recondite a nativity.

The haze to which we have pointed as floating for so long a time over the subject of an epochal, general, and remote resurrection, as distinguished from the continuance of the soul's existence in immediate vigorous life, may be found in the story of Lazarus, which is no doubt an expansion of some incidents in the life of Jesus. Referring to the brother who is apparently departed, the Master says, He will rise again [literally, upstand himself]. The sister replies, "I know that he will in the upstanding (*anastasis, auferstehung*) in the uttermost day." The final day to the sages meant probably the mortal life's final day—the uttermost hour of each individual on earth; but in the popular view this idea would seem to have brought a spiritual fact into too near and familiar relations for it to be welcomed. A lesson we may safely draw from the life of Jesus is that while standing on this plane he also stood, and stood *consciously* and with open eyes, on the grander interior plane of spirit. He responds in splendid and majestic utterance: I am, embodied here before you, the upstanding and the life [an idiomatic expression, presumably meaning by its conjunction of substantives, the same as I am, or represent, the anastatic or upstanding life]. He that confides in me [and realises this fact of the higher life], though he die [which is a temporal fact only], yet will he live, and everyone that lives and confides in me will never die." In other words, everyone who attains to the realisation of the spiritual fact as it is, will know that death is nothing and life is everything. The day he dies he will begin to awaken in the fitting paradise of his state.

We have brought forward this familiar account not only because it sheds light through the haze that lies upon the Aryan, and also upon the Jewish and Christian doctrines, but because of a somewhat fanciful relation which it contains to our Aryan ancestor.

Kaiômart, as we have found him in the Zoroastrian books, is regarded as "the first fruits of them that slept"—Kaiômart shall rise first [*auferstehen*, or upstand, as the Germans render the original text], afterwards the rest of mankind.

The reported words of Jesus, "I am the resurrection" (upstanding), we have only in the Greek language. If we had the veritable Aramaic in which he is presumed to have spoken, the expression would have been something like

Anna hou Kaiáhmat.

If one of the mages, then, who are related to have discovered by astromancy the cradle of his birth, had been among the auditors of Jesus, it would have sounded to his ears very much as if the mysterious Rabbi of Galilee were identifying himself with the Aryan representative of the life that upstands and vanquishes death. He might have thought that he heard a voice, I am Kaiômart.

This seems to be a curious fancy, and nothing more, though it is not absolutely certain that the Aryan word Kaiômart and the Semitic word Kaiáhmat have no root affinity.

We will give, by the way, an interesting piece of evidence that the word Jesus did use for resurrection was virtually *Kaiáhmat.* The word to rise, which forms its root, is used in many senses, as indeed is the Greek word *anastasis*, which signifies insurrection, and even the rising to one's feet from a chair, as well as upstanding in the sense of reaching the life after death. The Hebrew word employed in the same sense in the passage we have quoted from Hosea is *choomun*, containing the same root *Km* with *Kaiáhmat.* This root *Km*, *Kŭm*, means also to establish, to set upright, to rise, to raise. In Mark v. 41, we find a record of the power of Jesus in restoring a poor girl who was nearly dead. He says, according to the English translation, "Maiden, arise," and by a very rare chance the Aramaic words of this encouraging address are given us, transliterated into Greek: *Talitha kum* [or κουμι]. This is the identical root of *Kaiáhmat.**

Kaiômart is a word variously spelled by foreign writers, and very variously derived. We find Kaiomorts, Kehomorts, Kajumert, Kayomers, Kaiomurs, Kajomorts, Kayūmart, Gayômard, Gayomars, Gaiomard, Gayomart, Gayô-mareta, Gayômaratan, Gaya-maretan, Gayomarathno, Gaiumardda, Gueiché-mereté, Giomert, &c. It has been said to mean mortal life, because *Khai* in Hebrew signifies living. (*Nephesh khayá*, a living

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* The word shows but slight variation through a number of dialects. In Syriac it is *nou-chachma* or *nu-choma*; Hebraic, *kouhma*; Peshito and old Chaldee, *chiamta*, *chaiman*; Chaldee and Arabic, *kaimna* and *kaem*, to raise; kaiâmat, one who raises up the people. Arabic *kiyâm*, standing upright, rising up, making an insurrection; *kimat*, plural *kiyam*, stature (kayyām, subsisting, eternal; kayyimat, straightness, orthodoxy); kiyāmat, the resurrection, last day, last judgment. There is a modern Persian work entitled "Kiamat Nama," or Resurrection-Compendium. The word in late Persian or Arabic will bear a trace of its popular Jewish signification, through Mohammedan influences.

The root *kum* may be seen in our own language in ac-cum-ulate, where it signifies rising, swelling, and so, mound or heap. It comes to us through Greek κύστις, κύμβος, κῦμα; Latin, *cumulus*, *tumeo*, *tumulus* (tomb), *cyma*; French, *comble*, *cime*. A swelling with the idea of ripeness (found in the uses of *tumeo*) associates it with κύω, κύημα. The sanscrit is *cvayâmi*; Pazand, *kâma*, lust; *keym*, womb, old Bactrian *cagemâ*; Pali *kāmo*, wish, desire, lust; Tibetan, *kampa*, to long for.

The Hebrew or Chaldee root is thus traceable into the Aryan tongues: The Pahlvi kîmunistan, to wish, to desire, to ask (Sanscrit kâma, a desire), has its substantive kâmeh, for which the corresponding Pazand word is khâstan, which also means to rise, get up; so that it is considered by philologists that the verb is in affinity with the Chaldee *kum*, *kim*, *koum*, *kaem*.

animal-soul, is the term applied to Adam in Genesis.) It has been also derived from Sanscrit, *kaya*, body, form, and *mrita*, earth; and from Syriac words signifying the Living Word. On the other hand, it might as probably be Zend *gâo*, bull, and *mard*, man. As expressing their earliest mythical hero, it is possible that the word Kaiômart may be archaic in the language of the Zoroastrians, and that its authentic roots may be difficult to find. In spite of the singular similarity between Kaiômart and Kaiâhmat, as well as between a hero who is the first fruits of terrestrial and then of resurrection life, and resurrection itself regarded as personified; in spite, moreover, of the fact that a common root is found to join the Hebrew and Aryan words signifying to rise, we cannot convince ourselves that there is anything more in what we have brought forward than one of those singular appearances of identity such as are wont to lead too enthusiastic philologists astray.

In the clearness of their avowal that the truest image and ideal of man is to be found in his spiritual rather than in his corporeal principle, the Christian Scriptures transcend the notion of Kaiômart as the typical man, represented though he be as essentially an immortal being. We may sum his attributes as follows: He is amphibious, by reason of being a heavenly creature and yet approaching earth, not sundered into sex, radiant, white, with eyes looking up to heaven. He is the first-born of pure creatures and the closest to the Heavenly Understanding, the first recipient of the commands of the Deity, the first who heard His mind, the Son of the Spirit of Life, and the first step from spirit in the direction of the production of the corporeal world, and, as the herald of men, the first to return by resurrection to "the pure world," "the wise realm," "the truthful kingdom," "the best place."

We have referred to the doctrine of the entrance of man into the terrestrial sphere by a gradual corporealisation, and of his return to the primary existence by a reverse process until such food as we know of is untasted and yet man dies not. We have referred to the apparently disarranged or intervolved myth of the Hebrew Scripture, and to the interpretation of it by the Rabbins in a Kabbalistic sense not unlike the doctrine of the Zoroastrians.

The Pauline writings, by which we conclude our illustrations of the parable of creation, still further develop the subject, and convey a double conception including at once both mortal and spiritual life, the latter as the triumphant element. The Adam is taken as representative of man in his materialising or falling state—that is, as an unspiritual, soulic (psychic), and preeminently terrestrial being; he is the living animal-soul. The Christ-idea (the word having apparently a developed sense from the early conception of a Messiah or anointed king) is of man on his upward journey—man the spiritual, as represented by the standard uplifted by Jesus, which harmonised with a long-reverenced ideal.

The notion is of man weighed down by corporeal sluggishness until awakened by the advent and the upleading of a messenger from the bright glad heavenly state, and thus raised from a circle of depressed existence, from which without help he was slow to emerge. A string of familiar passages will best convey the sentiment:

"If there is no upstanding of the dead, Christ even has not been awakened. . . . . If it were in this life only we had hope in Christ, we are more to be pitied than all

men. But now Christ has been raised from the dead, the prime* of them who have fallen asleep. For since through man is death, so through man is upstanding of dead. For *as in the Adam all die, so also in the Christ will all be quickened* (made live creatures). . . . . The last enemy that is to be brought to nought is death. . . . . And when the all things shall be subjected to him, then also will the Son himself be made subject unto Him that subjected the all things unto him, that God may be the all in all. . . . An unspiritual (animal-soulic) body is sown, a spiritual body is upwakened. If there is an unspiritual body, there is also a spiritual. So also it is written, '*The first man Adam became a living animal soul; the last Adam a life-giving spirit.*' Howbeit the spiritual is not first, but the animal-soulic, afterwards the spiritual. *The first man is of earth, earthy; the second man is from heaven.*" (1 Cor. xv.)

In the following "ye died" seems to represent the Adam state, and the word Christ the quality of supernal life, as well as the person typifying it: "Ye died, and your life has been hidden with Christ in God: when Christ, your life, is manifested, then will ye also be manifested with him in glory." . . . Deaden earth-qualities and evils, "seeing that ye have stript off the *old man* with his deeds, and have put on the *new man*, which is being renewed unto full knowledge after the image of Him that created him; where there is no such thing as Greek and Jew, circumcision and uncircumcision, non-Greek, Scythian, bond, free; but Christ is all and in all." (Col. iii.)

"The son of His love . . . who is an image of the invisible God, first-born of all creation . . . original, first-born from among the dead." (Col. i.)

"The man Christ Jesus . . . . manifested in flesh, justified in spirit, seen by angels, preached among gentiles, believed on in the world, received up in glory" * * * "who brought death to nought, but brought life and incorruption to light through the good tidings." Some "saying that the upstanding has already befallen," turn aside. (1 & 2 Tim.)

"Being put to death in the flesh, but quickened in the spirit, in which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison . . . good tidings preached to dead men also." (1 Pet.)

"The power of his upstanding . . . . if by any means I may reach to the upstanding from the dead. Not that I did attain or am already perfected. . . . I reckon not myself to have yet laid hold. . . . The state we belong to is in the heavens." (Phil. iii.)

"Ye have a chrism (Christ-quality) from the Holy One. . . . We have passed over out of death into life, because we love. . . . Let us love, because He first loved us." (1 John iv.)

These passages are mixed with much mystical matter of various kinds and value, generated as they were when there was a spiritual stir beyond what is wonted, and consequently a consciousness apt to over-stimulate; but the quotations are clear enough to show a complete theory of an amphibious constitution of man, represented by "an old man," a typical or

* Ἀπαρχη has a double sense as first both in time and quality; it is commonly used metaphorically, as in "the very prime of wisdom," "of philosophy." In Plato (Prot. 343, XXVIII.) certain maxims are recorded as being inscribed on the temple at Delphi, and dedicated to Apollo as "the first fruits of wisdom."

primal representative of bodily life, and a "new man," the type, herald, and kindler of the supernal life. They show, too, creation and resurrection as forming a cycle, and even evince a tendency to shift the simple cycle from each individual to whom it belongs to a composite cyclical idea. The conception which they contain of a double Adam or of man in polar opposite attitudes, we shall illustrate from Talmudic lore.

The orthodox Rabbinical views, as given in the Talmud, being fairly attributable in part to the new lights let in upon the Hebrews through their intercourse with the Median sages, will complete for us the not inharmonious chain of the myths of the ancestry of man, both Aryan and Semitic.

Mr. Taylor, the editor of the excellent edition of the *Pirqe Aboth*, refers to the double idea of Adam or man, constituting "the doctrine that there is a correspondence in all respects between the upper world and the lower: 'Whatever exists above, exists also below.' Thus there is an archetypal and celestial Adam analogous to the lower Adam, and made literally in the *image of God*. There is also a *familia* above corresponding to the human *familia* below, with respect to which it is said: 'May it be Thy pleasure, O Lord our God, to make peace in the family above and in the family below:' (Berakoth, 16b, 17a.) The condition or action of either of these communities must have its analogue in the other. 'He who occupies himself in Thorah for its own sake makes peace in the family above and in the family below. . . . Rab said, It is as if he built a palace above and below. . . . Moreover he protects the whole world, &c., and brings the redemption nigh.' (Sanhedr. 99b.)"

Again, "a conception which pervades the Midrash literature is that there is an 'upper' and a 'lower' Adam: a celestial man, made strictly in the image of God, and a terrestrial man corresponding in detail to his archetype, of which he is the material adumbration. This two-fold conception makes it difficult at times to estimate the precise value of the brief enigmatical sayings of the Rabbis on the Creation and the Fall. The matter is further complicated by their tendency to ignore the distinction between the potential and the actual; between the embryo and its development; between the 'idea' and its temporal manifestation.

"There are two aspects of the statement that man was made in the *çelem*, or image, of God, according as we regard the resemblance to God as predicated of the actual man or of his archetype; and, as a consequence of this, there are also two ways of regarding the Fall, viz. (1), as a loss of the Divine image in which man was actually created, and (2) as a falling away of the terrestrial Adam from his archetype. In the 'Book of the Generations of Adam,' the Divine likeness is described as not wholly lost but perpetuated: 'God created man in the LIKENESS of God . . . Adam begat a son in his own LIKENESS, after his image' (Gen. v. 1, 3); on which Ramban remarks: 'It is known that all that are born of living beings are in the likeness and image of their parents; but because Adam was exalted in his likeness and his image, for it is said of him that 'In the likeness of God made He him,' it says expressly here that his offspring likewise were in that exalted likeness, but it does not say this of Cain and Abel, not wishing to dilate upon them, &c.'

This agrees with the Targum of Jonathan, which introduces the remark that 'before this Eve bare Cain, who was not like him (Adam),' &c." This idea of an earthward development will remind us of the Zoroastrian beliefs, and especially of the conception of Kaiômart as the being responsive to the mind of the Divinity, while Maschia and Maschiana typify human beings who are not on the prophetic heights of humanity, but are of its animal plane; and we may be reminded of the beautiful counterblast to unhealthy asceticism which we have quoted, that man the spiritual must, as things are, succeed rather than precede man the unspiritual. Man the spiritual, we may say, is built up or strengthened from man the corporeal; large and healthy root (postulating due openness to the Divine sunlight) makes large and wholesome flower.

The superficially opposite views which we have instanced can all be reconciled in the paradox that the Fall of man is his Rise; the earthward pilgrimage well pursued is the way of heavenly strength.

Creation, according to the Talmud, is not to be regarded as complete in Adam, or, as we should say, in the protoplastic state: "Everything that was created in the six days of Bereschith needs 'making' (*i.e.*, preparation or concoction). The mustard, for example, needs sweetening; lupines need sweetening; wheat needs to be ground; even man needs amendment:" (Bereschith Rabbah XI.) "According to this view," says Mr. Taylor, "the 'image' and 'likeness' is that to which man *approximates*." So we logically come to this as the outcome of the old philosophic myths when brought together. Resurrection and creation are complemental; the spirit leaves its primary state, but by a fall which should inspire no hyperascetic horror; and it returns with a fresh armful, so to speak, of life and experience, to a state nigher than before to the Divine likeness of its origin. To infringe the laws of the lower Adam is to be a starveling in life, and miss the way that leads up to the true upstanding. "The first Adam extended from the earth to the firmament, for it is said that he was created *upon* or *above* the earth" (Chagiga 12a): "Twice didst thou form me (writes the commentator, as cited by Mr. Taylor) at first high, then low." But the regeneration is the old spiritual generation more fully realised.

"The sonship of Israel," says Mr. Taylor, "implies their possession of the Divine likeness in a higher degree than Adam, or man in general . . . . . The primal man, the embryo of the race, is created an adumbration of Elohim; Israel is singled out for the distinction of sonship to IHVH." We who are of Aryan origin may not claim to any special distinction over Gentile humanity, but prefer to rank according as we are found. The less intensely Judaic of the Rabbis, moreover, would appear to have preferred the general to the special ground. "R. Obadiah of Sforno dilates upon man's faculty of acquiring a perfection with which he was not specifically created. He remarks . . . . that '*In imagine*' implies the twofold possibility, first, of rising to perfection by means of wisdom through which the love and fear of God are acquired, and, secondly, of lapsing into chaos and perishing, according to the words of the Psalmist (xlix. 21), 'If he will not understand, he will be like the beasts that perish. ['Man that is in honour (his heavenly birthright and spiritual state) and under-

standeth not, is like the beasts that perish']; for if man had been wholly spiritual he might have been called actually *Elohim*, a word which is applied not only to God but to intellectual and incorporeal beings, as angels, and also to judges, in respect of the *mind* . . . which properly belongs to them; but since he is in part material he is described, not as *Elohim*, but in lower terms, as '*in the image of Elohim.*'"

These Hebrew subtleties may prove tedious, but we must not forget that the sages had to work out their thoughts in a narrow and constraining epoch. We who have the privilege of expanding our lungs in a freer air may treat Aryan and Semite as brothers, and make harmonious philosophy of our own from the best we can find of philosophic suggestiveness, whether of lore or of life.

The gathered fragments of this paper, if scarcely enough to afford a feast, will at least help to show that a true reconciliation of the world's faiths is possible; and afford evidence that, as we speak now words of the Aryan language, and, owing to the Aryans something of physical heredity, are historically their relations as well as linked with them in the common brotherhood of humanity, so also we may be at least cousins with them in religious ideas. There is, verily, no Divine enforcement, nor even have we aught of spontaneous intuition, that in religion any the more than in science or art, there should be the least withdrawal from Catholicity. Stages of development and differences of character may surely be fraternally allowed for in the religious endeavours of humanity, without too severe a strain being put upon the charity that thinks no evil and is not puffed up, but rejoices with the truth.

EPIGRAM.—THE PANCRATIUM.

Fled calm idyllic, gone days free from trouble!—
The big slave Steam is bought, yet man slaves double.
  Success's handicap draws all: who knows
  Simplicity's contemplative repose?—
Fever of vying is our choice instead.
  Place for the strong! the gentle may knock under;
  The fretful modern man, athletic wonder,
Somehow gets on, and so gets off his head.

MUSIC HALLS.

THE stranger of culture noticing the combination of the word Music with the word Hall among the public advertisements of an accurate-minded race would naturally form the æsthetic conception of a noble building devoted to the most tender of the arts. And an unsophisticated mind might find some difficulty in realising the facts of the grandest civilisation in the world as they are.

A dazzling blaze of gas; the sharp clink of pewter pots and glasses; an incessant babel of voices, male and female, talking, shouting, and laughing, blended with the loud din of a stringed and brazen band; an army of hot, perspiring waiters, napkin on arm, and laden with bottles and glasses, perpetually running to and fro between a liquor bar and an audience of impatient tipplers; an insignificant-looking creature standing in the centre of a large stage and lustily stretching his lungs in the somewhat vain endeavour to make himself audible above the general clamour;—such is the appearance presented by the interior of a Music hall at the moment of entering.

On looking round after the first general impression we see that the hall is long, wide, and lofty. Running round the greater part of it is a spacious gallery, on a level with which, and immediately overlooking the stage, are several private boxes. The upper portion of the auditorium is occupied by long, velvet-covered, high-backed seats, called upon the programme fauteuils; the remainder of the hall being crowded with small marble-topped tables, surrounded by cane chairs, and provided with sugar-bowls and match boxes. Down the whole length of the room great gaudy mirrors reflect the diverse physiognomies of a curiously miscellaneous audience. The brightly polished "bar" glitters with many-coloured bottles, cut-glass decanters, pewters, mugs, and flagons, from the tiny liqueur glass to the substantial quart pot. Behind the bar showy-looking damsels, whose natural charms the constant application of pearl powders, rouge, and blue pencil has pretty effectually destroyed, are busily engaged in ministering to the thirst of the audience. In the place usually appropriated to them, just below the stage, sit the members of the orchestra, and behind them, generally on a revolving seat, and with a tube of communication between himself and the prompter, sits the president or chairman. His business is to announce the performers by name in their order of appearance.

Meanwhile, the hall is filling rapidly. Let us take a hurried survey of those already present, who are enjoying their ease, pipe or cigar in mouth, liquor glass before them, and we shall see who are the main supporters of this establishment.

The earliest arrivals are chiefly of a humble order—small tradesmen and shopkeepers, who come

here, perhaps two or three times a week, often bringing their wives and daughters with them, and who spend the evening chatting politics with their friends, and reading the newspaper; country folk, up to town for a holiday, who take the music hall in their allotted round of sights, and seem to enjoy themselves considerably in a dazed, bewildered sort of way. These latter hold the waiter in great awe, addressing him as "Sir," and taking any casual information he may choose to offer on the names and merits of the performers, with respectful gratitude. Linen drapers' assistants of the order meek and quiet, who, with their sweethearts, come very early—before the doors are opened—so as to enjoy as much as possible of each other's society, for they must be home and in their respective beds before the performance is over. They take one glass of small beer between them, which lasts, in little alternate sips, throughout the evening. There is a goodly sprinkling of mechanics; of skilled and unskilled labourers; a miscellaneous lot of soldiers, sailors, grooms, jockeys, theatrical "supers" out of work, and the odd-looking rakings of the streets and public-houses who crowd the back of the gallery for the sake of a few hours' warmth and light.

Now let us take this humbler portion of the audience *en masse*, and ask, in a general way, what they are doing here? Wherein lies the attraction of the music hall for the great body of our lower classes?

The reason seems to consist mainly in that love of partaking in any showy or exciting spectacle, simply *as* a spectacle, which is so distinctive a characteristic of the lower British orders. The people are blest with a remarkable faculty for *gaping;* they like to get together in a crowd, and stare at something. It is impossible to walk for half an hour through a crowded thoroughfare of London and fail to be struck, possibly half-a-dozen times, with this popular propensity. Anything resembling a show collects a crowd in a moment. A man in a fit or a fallen cab-horse is sufficient excuse for the immediate assembling of a little mob, which congregates with no other purpose than to get a front place and gaze open-mouthed. No one is in any hurry to assist the policeman; but there is considerable excitement in standing around with your hands in your pockets, and treading on your neighbour's toes. The same crowd which follows, in a spirit of morbid speculation, the hearse in a funeral procession, pursues with equal excitement a wedding coach and a prison van.

A street artist, kneeling on a scrap of matting, with his little bag of coloured chalks, tracing figures of birds and fishes on the pavement; a juggler balancing knives and balls; a mountebank wriggling himself out of a knotted rope; a party of negro minstrels, or a Savoyard with a dancing bear; a German band, or the soloist on a coffee-pot—for each and all someone has invariably a spare moment. There is nothing in the shape of a spectacle, from a procession of royalty to an organ-man with a monkey, which does not successfully appeal to the gaping element in the British constitution.

We need probe the physiology of lower humanity no deeper than this to appreciate the popularity of the music hall with the masses. A large proportion of the audience are attracted here solely by love of lazily contemplating the performance, whilst drinking and smoking, and gossiping with their friends. The music hall is nothing if not a show; the people are nothing if

not show-loving. The difference between the music-hall show and the street sight is that for the former a trifle is paid for the privilege of sitting down and being free of the "move on" of the policeman.

Lolling in the fauteuils are numerous representatives of the order "swell." One is struck, indeed, by the number of pseudo-fashionable young men who appear to be regular *habitués* of the music hall. There is significance in the fact; and were anyone to ask why, seeing there are good theatres, good operas, good concerts, good lectures, in London, do these youths seek their pleasure here, one would be compelled to answer that they either do not care for the "good" of amusement, or, being sated with brighter pleasures, take the music hall as a sort of makeshift, a convenient lounge where one may sip brandy and smoke cigars for an hour or two before seeking those more exciting haunts known only to the votaries of midnight pleasure. Without the means of amusement in themselves, and having exhausted all legitimate sources, they find a certain sympathetic pleasure in contemplating the antics of the Lion Comique.

But neither the middle and lower classes, nor the swells, are the real supporters of the music hall. The true backbone of the establishment is that peculiar specimen of London society who, in manners, habits, and dress, may honestly boast, with Richard the Third, that he is "himself alone." The intelligent readers will perceive that the London snob is referred to. The snob, or the cad, is in a great degree the outcome of cheapness. Cheap ready-made clothes, cheap hats, cheap neckties of a very bright colour, cheap patent boots, cheap canes with blue silk tassels, and an unlimited quantity of remarkably cheap manners, have contributed to produce this feeble copy of the "Swell," who is otherwise familiar to Londoners as the "irrepressible 'Arry."

Standing here at the top of the hall, and looking round, we may perceive that he greatly outnumbers the two other classes we have noticed put together. By the easy familiarity of his bearing it is manifest that he is no stranger. Take the specimen close beside us. His hat is very much on one side, and his hair is tightly plastered down underneath it. Wrapped about him from head to foot is an Ulster overcoat, at least one size too large about the chest. He has just smoked a large cigar which must have cost him at least twopence, and he is at this moment serenely sucking the knob of his cane. This gentleman and his brethren represent and uphold the music hall. Its gilded panels, its painted pillars, its illuminated ceiling appeal to his innermost love of all that glitters and glares. The full-length mirrors reflect to a nicety every turn of his back. The sparkling gas shows to advantage the large check pattern of his coat. He calls for another glass of what he genially terms "the old thing," he beams upon the barmaid who draws it, and, lighting another cigar he nudges a friend with the remark that he "just about means to go it to-night, old pal." He is the despair of civilisation, and offers no loophole even to the parson.

So much for the audience; let us turn to the stage.

In criticising a dramatic performance, we have to consider the positions in regard to it occupied relatively by author, actors, and audience. But in the miscellaneous items which form the entertainment of a music hall, the literary composition is so entirely a secondary matter that, excepting in one

or two instances, reserved for future notice, we are justified in leaving it altogether out of the question.

For the rest, we have a company of performers with but little real talent, and an audience who are here as much for purposes of smoking and drinking as of taking any serious part in an entertainment. When people are united in the common desire for something bright and clever, they generally succeed in obtaining it; and when people don't care a grain of mustard seed whether their entertainment is good or bad, they usually arrive at something which is neither one thing nor the other, but for the most part a hotch-potch of stupidity and vulgarity.

The first part of the programme is devoted to the lesser stars. There is a nigger interlude, consisting of some rather coarse dialogue, songs, and dances. One little fat man, with a very ragged coat, and a dilapidated carpet-bag, bangs upon a table with a bulgy umbrella, and says, "By golly." This is the London edition of a negro. After him comes some one in a hat without a rim, swallow-tail coat, and knee breeches. He sings a song in which shillelaghs, shamrocks, and "praties" are confusedly mixed, says "Arrah bedad," calls the audience collectively "mee buoy," and assures us that "divil take him, but he *is* a raal tight gossoon." This is an ideal Irishman. Then there is a gentleman who sings patriotic songs, and who alternates between a lugubrious fear that "the glory of England has departed," and a manly assurance that the roar of the British Lion shall soon be heard

> From Greenland's icy mountains
> To India's coral strand.

This performer is chiefly remarkable for the care he bestows upon his gloves. He comes out in a dress coat, which does not fit him very well, and begins to put a glove on his left hand. After drawing it on with a tender care, which experience has taught him is necessary, he keeps it well in view of the audience, holding the other tightly clasped in his hand. On retiring at the conclusion of his song, there is loud applause.

Coming on again to repeat the verses, we observe that he has put both gloves on in recognition of the honour. But to wear two gloves at once is extravagance; and before the first verse is over one is removed, the same reverential process being gone through as in the putting on. Another verse, and the unused glove is getting limp and uncomfortable. One more, and the second glove is removed; and now, both being neatly smoothed out are carefully returned to the tail coat pocket of the owner, who pats them occasionally to be sure that they are quite safe. A plump lady and her slim daughter are the next performers. They treat us to a pretty little love song, in which the daughter, with much sly ogling of the audience, and many little giggles and rouged-capped blushes, relates to her mother, the capture of her (the slim daughter's) heart by a certain tall young gentleman, with fair hair and a beautiful moustache. To her the mother, in maternal reproof, replies that it is all very wrong, and that she (the slim daughter) is a very naughty girl, she is. But in another stanza the naughty girl discloses how that, though love alone incited her to pledge her plighted troth, the tall young man has whole drawers full of bank notes, and a house in Eaton-square, of which the mother shall have the second floor all to herself. On this, mamma not

only relents, but proceeds also, with some matronly ogling of the audience, to school her artless offspring in the wiles of love, enforcing her precepts by apt illustrations of the admirable manner in which she enticed and trapped her (the slim daughter's) dear departed father. Then they sing a final verse together, in which the slim daughter urges all other slim daughters present to follow her example, and secure without delay tall young men with beautiful moustaches and rolls of bank notes; and the plump mother expatiates on the delights of second floors in Eaton-square. After this there are a few steps of a dance, in which the matron joins, with an elasticity surprising for her (apparent) years, and finally the two sidle off together, highly contented with themselves and their performance. What is technically known as the female interest is remarkably strong at the music hall. There are young girls and elderly mothers, like the above, who, in low dresses, singly and in couples, sing so-called "society" songs, serio-comic songs, sentimental songs, and love songs.

There are others, again, who take male parts; so that, when a young girl appears in ordinary burlesque costume of short silk jacket, satin tights, and pink or mauve boots, you know that she is a village swain, roaming (in satin tights) through the meadows at even to meet his loved one under a hawthorn hedge. And when another damsel, with a profusion of yellow ringlets, trips on to the stage, in scarlet cloak, short petticoats, and grey stockings, you may lay odds with yourself, even before her song commences, that this is an Irish Maiden. Many of these girls are really pretty, but very few of them can sing. From what vast source the music hall manager recruits his fair supporters I do not know; but, if one might venture a conjecture, the general run of barmaids, milliners' assistants, and the "young ladies" of large wholesale establishments, would seem to offer a wide field for his choice. A girl has a pretty or a saucy face, a trim or a plump figure, an easy unconventionality of manner with the other sex, and, preferring the collective admiration of an entire audience to the homage of half-a-dozen danglers, calls upon a manager. The manager asks her if she can sing, and being, of course, answered in the affirmative, sends her to the leader of the orchestra for trial. This would seem to be by no means a difficult ordeal, judging, at least, from the number of voiceless ladies who grace the music-hall stage.

Once through her examination, however, the aspirant, if she be ordinarily "smart," makes rapid progress in the good favour of her audience. She quickly learns their requirements, and the experience of a few weeks is sufficient to perfect her in the rather pronounced little winks, nods, and eyebrow gestures which give emphasis to the words of her song. The female singers, indeed, quickly fall into the manner of their male brethren, and acquire that unpleasant slangy drawl and general looseness of attitude which prevail so largely just now on the burlesque stage of the theatre.

Now they are slinging across the stage a slack rope, upon which, when fastened, there mounts a very corpulent man in the dress of a French soldier. Standing on one leg upon the cord, he goes through a pantomime engagement with an invisible German; presents arms, lowers to the charge, fires, receives an invisible wound, falls, springs up again suddenly, flings off his coat, waistcoat, and trousers, reveal-

ing underneath the white dress and linen cap of a professional cook. The cook is in like manner transformed into a boy with a red nose; the boy with a red nose into an old woman in petticoats and a coal-scuttle bonnet; and, after some half-dozen transformations, a thin, wiry man springs down from the rope, bowing and smiling profusely, and hurries off behind the scenes.

Then there is a lady with a double voice, one a very high one, and the other very low, reminding us of the fat gentleman with two voices who fell down a well, and who couldn't get anyone to help him out, because everyone who passed by declared "Why, there are two of you; help yourselves out."

Next comes an Italian, with his hair cropped closely and bristling all over his head, who sings passionate love songs from popular operas, walking uneasily backwards and forwards the whole time, like a caged lion in the Zoological Gardens half an hour before feeding time. He is followed by a muscular Frenchman in the conventional dress of an acrobat, who does wonderful things with a large wooden tub. Catching it firmly with his teeth, he makes three good-sized boys seat themselves upon it, and actually carries the whole thing round the stage. After this, his wife in costume very *decolletée* mounts the tub, holding one of equal size between her own teeth, when the husband grips tub, wife, and second tub, raises himself, staggers for a moment, and, recovering his balance, walks quietly down to the footlights and back again.

But at this moment the faces of the audience wear an expression of eagerness. A buzz of pleased expectancy goes round, as the chairman in a louder tone than usual announces that "the great ——— will now appear." Those who do not know who this gentleman is had better not expose their ignorance by asking, on pain of being regarded as a just released convict or an escaped lunatic. But indeed there is no need of inquiry. The general air of excitement which almost for the first time during the performance pervades the audience, sufficiently denotes that we are waiting for the bright particular star of the evening —the idol of the music-hall *habitués*, the snob's supremest notion of a man; in a word, the Lion Comique. Whence he derives his name—whether he christened himself, or whether his admirers conferred it upon him to signify that he is comic above all other animals, it must be left to anthropologists to discover. One thing alone is certain: the Comique believes that he represents *the* popular institution of the day, and that he is consequently entitled to hold his head higher than the rest of mortality. To say that he has no mean opinion of himself would be feeble and inadequate. Confident in the notion that he is the beloved of the people, that himself and the music hall are one and indivisible, he dresses as beseems a prominent public man. His watch-chain is of solid gold, and resembles a miniature cable; at its extremity dangles a bunch of seals, which must add something to his walking weight. In the button-hole of his Ulster, whose pattern, to speak mildly, is prominent, is fixed a bouquet—to be accurate—of geraniums. His cutaway coat, his waistcoat, and his trousers are evidently of most expensive cloth, and, peeping from his outside pocket is the suspicion of a blue silk handkerchief. But his dress varies with his song. Habited as above, he warbles of Rotten Row, of Lord's, of Tattersall's, of Piccadilly, and of those choice haunts where he would persuade us that "swells" and Lion Comiques do congregate to-

gether. Leaving aside what Artemus Ward would call his "store close," he appears before us next in the full splendour of swelling shirt-front, dainty "choker," and dress coat. Now he is fresh from the opera or Cremorne, where numberless damsels fell love-sick at sight of him. But he was cruel to them all, for "he is not a marrying man." Yet again is he transformed. This time the change is startling. He appears "in character." Nimbly has he clapt his nether limbs into a pair of bright green, red, or yellow pantaloons. Tightly has he buttoned round his shapely form a coat of many hues, beside which Joseph's would have turned pale. Deftly has he set upon his head, sideways, waggishly, a thing of marvellous structure—we will not name it "hat." Give him now his cane with the silken tassel, and is he not ready? Ah, no! A moment—he has forgotten something. Quick! the rouge pot and the puff. And now, with cheeks besmeared and tip of nose beraddled, let him stand before his delighted audience, a many-coloured bundle of shreds and patches. Fearfully, indeed, and wonderfully is he adorned. Truly Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. And now his song. He generally has a large repertory. There is his song bacchanalian, his song amorous, his song sentimental, his song funny, and his song patriotic. In the first of these he deifies all wines in general, and champagne, hock, moselle, and Clicquot in particular. He takes a pride in confidentially informing the audience what price he pays for his "fiz," and how many bottles he can "knock off" without the spirits mounting to his brain. Not that he exhibits in his song any foolish prudery on the question of tippling to excess. On the contrary, he does not hesitate to tell us that after "getting merry as the night goes on," he usually finishes up the orgy in a condition which he delicately describes as "tight," and is then picked up by a benevolent policeman, who, recognising him for a lord at once, puts him gently into a hansom, and bids the driver carry him home. This is the song bacchanalian. It is foolish, but that is the worst we shall say of it. When, however, the Comique approaches the topic of love, and proceeds to sing of

> Woman and wine,
> Woman and wine,

blending in the same breath a tipsy panegyric upon "sparkling 'ock," and an idle criticism upon womankind, we are inclined to pull him up short. Serious consideration seems almost wasted upon such a subject, and the general verdict would probably be that the performance of one who sets women just a little higher than his bottle might be suffered to pass unnoticed. But there is a somewhat deeper cause for fault. The wine songs of the Comique are stupid, his love songs are coarse. It is possible to go to great lengths in a stage play or a song without being legally indecent, and there is no exaggeration in saying that the music-hall Comique sails as close to the wind of decency as the law will allow. We have heard songs charged with inuendoes of the broadest and coarsest nature, and jests that were thoroughly low, spoken lines whose suggestions were unmistakeable, and yet in all this there might be no single syllable on which anyone could lay his finger and say "this is absolutely indecent." The *double entendre* is there, the point aimed at, the evident intention; but because no individual word is distinctly unclean, not only does the singer escape the censure of the law, but he obtains the periodical sanction of that law as a person

eminently fit and proper to administer to the amusements of the people. The Comique does not, with the boldness of downright vice, call a spade a spade; therefore his performance is blameless and wholesome. It must be blameless and wholesome, because the magistrates renew the licence of the music hall from year to year, and of course magistrates would not licence an improper place of entertainment.

It must be added that the coarseness of some of his songs does not in any way detract from the popularity of the Comique, with the larger proportion, at least, of his audience. Far from this, it may be noticed that the man whose jokes are broadest generally secures the largest meed of applause, and the most decidedly unwholesome song it was ever our fortune to listen to received three encores.

The song funny calls for slight comment. But here let us say that where such an amount of pretension is made as the Lion Comique makes for himself and his performance, we have a right to expect something more than mere tasteless noise. We look, if not for first-class vocal power, at least for melody—and verily there is none. We look, if not for wit, at least for humour—there is no spark of it. We look, if not for first-rate talent, at least for some artistic ability—there is none whatever. There are, it is true, tuneful catches in plenty of the jingling, "taking," order that may be quickly picked up and joined in by the audience; but of those bright simple *airs*—such, for instance, as one hears at a Parisian *café chantant*—there are none, nor do they seem to be wanted. "Never mind your melody," say the music hall patrons; "give us a good rousing chorus that we can all sing together, and we'll encore you as long as you like." There is *fun*, too, of the kind that is best fitted by the term "horse play," which finds its physical outlet in stampings and bangings, its vocal expression in puns with double meanings, but we scarcely call this "humour." "Artistic ability" there certainly is not, if by "artistic" we mean something that endows the possessor with a sense of refinement or taste; but there is a certain amount of flashy smartness, the faculty of giving and taking horsey repartee, and the knowledge of "handling" an audience. Occasionally the favourite has to submit to a little gallery chaff, and he would be simply "nowhere" in the opinion of his patrons unless he could pay the quizzer back in his own coin. But for the most the Comique has it all his own way, and carries the audience with him. As he stands in the centre of the stage, his hands thrust deep into his trousers pockets, his hat on the back of his head, guiding by the swing of his body the audience as they follow his lead in the chorus, he rules them with a nod. There is cleverness in this: the quick, clever tact by which one vulgar mind places itself *en rapport* with a number of other vulgar minds; and the vulgar mind on the stage having the gift of expressing itself more boisterously and confidently than the vulgar minds below, naturally takes the lead. If anyone should please to call this artistic ability, perhaps only a select few, besides the pure spirit of Art herself, would feel outraged. The coarser the song the more popular with some at least of the auditors. There is no need for the lines to be too explicit; if there is a hidden meaning it will not be lost upon the hearers. This craving—it has no other name—for the unwholesome element in amusement finds satisfaction in various ways outside the music hall. It

fills the benches of the Divorce Court during the trial of a *cause célèbre;* it crowds the stalls of a theatre now and then, when a certain official has been caught napping; it sold a good many spurious copies of the "Priest in Absolution" and the "Fruits of Philosophy." The "funny" portion of the Comique's entertainment, if it calls for any notice, is remarkable not so much for its vulgarity as for its stupidity; and yet, on second thoughts, neither stupidity nor density is the best word; nothingness is a more accurate term than either. The comic song of the music hall, in short, is nothing if not "nothing"—a somewhat curious phrase, perhaps, but a little quotation may justify it. A song which enjoyed for a time a larger share of popularity than was ever claimed for one of the dainty melodies of Mr. Sullivan or Mr. Hatton was Mr. Fred Coyne's "Wo Emma!" It had a longer run on the music-hall stage than is secured by many a first-rate play on the stage of a popular theatre. The title became a catch-phrase in the mouths of all men and boys, from the 'bus conductor to the shoeblack. Did an errand boy run against us on turning the corner of a street, he saluted us with "Wo Emma!" and passed on. Did the wheel of an omnibus catch in the wheel of a Hansom cab, for a moment the preliminary oaths usual on such occasions were forgotten in an angry interchange of "Wo Emmas!" It was the common form of greeting between "Charlie" and "'Arry," and superseded for a time all the slang phrases of the day. Here is the chorus of this famous ditty (quoted from memory):—

Wo Emma! Wo Emma!
Emma she puts me in such a dilemma,
Wo Emma! Wo Emma!
That's wot I 'eard from Putney to Kew.

We may defy the sternest moralist to say that there is anything improper in these words, we fail even to recognise a meaning between the lines; but, on the other hand, can anyone discover in them the faintest apology for wit or humour? The chorus as it stands may fairly be said to constitute a fair definition of "nothing;" so far as regards any kind of sense or meaning. Nor does it gain or lose in significance by being placed between the verses of the song. Verses innumerable might be quoted to show that where the comic song of the Lion is not coarse or vulgar, it is, with rare exceptions, absolutely barren of sense. But it would not be worth the while, nor need we waste time over the qualities of the sentimental or patriotic songs further than is needed to remark that they, together with all other classes of music-hall songs, seem respectively to have had one original copy, upon the leading idea of which, changes of more or less ingenuity are everlastingly sung. There is in fact a general cookery recipe for each style of song.

So is it with the gestures and pantomimic action with which the Comique illustrates the sentiments of the composer. For instance—he tips his hat knowingly over his left eye, shuts that optic tightly, and makes a playful lunge with his tasselled cane at the audience; he is cunning, he has outwitted his tailor, "such a dawg!" Again, he curves his arm as though placing it around the waist of a barmaid, uplifts his eyes in the direction of the ceiling, smiles a wide smile, and chuckles softly—he is in love, she has met him alone by moonlight. Anon, he runs all his fingers through what hair he has, thumps his shirt-front, and rolls both eyes wildly; he is jealous, she has flirted with another comique. Now he thrusts his right foot forward

and stamps at short intervals with his left, beats his breast harder than before, and glares fiercely at the smallest boy in the gallery; he is patriotic, his country is in danger, never shall the Russian (or any other) Bear tread on the tail of the British Lion whilst the manly arm of the Comique can wield a tasselled cane!

Such is the Lion Comique, the recognised channel for the introduction of the loose jests, nonsense songs, and clownish buffoonery, which constitute the chief features of a music-hall programme. He is in a great degree responsible for the love of horseplay and coarse practical joking which characterise the London snob and the British rough on all public occasions. His influence for evil is wide and penetrates deep. In his professional capacity he is a model of bad manners, bad dressing, vulgarity, and sometimes even of indecency. We have wasted too much time over him already. He has long since finished his song, made his bow, and left the stage, and is at this moment being whirled through the streets in his own private brougham to fulfil his next engagements.

A popular Comique attends some three or four music halls in the course of an evening, singing two or three songs at each, and driving over half London in the course of his rounds.

His departure leaves us in a condition of generous warmth. We have laughed and sung and applauded ourselves into a state of considerable excitement, and desire to be pleasantly relaxed. Could there be a better time than this for the ballet? Bring them forth, those painted nymphs with skirts of such bewitching brevity; let them dance before our eyes, that our souls may be merry within us. They come. There is a fluttering and a rustling behind the scenes, a sound of suppressed titterings and simperings, and they are here—the whole bevy of them—with their bare arms and stockinged legs, well-favoured and fat, ill-favoured and lean; the latter for the most part predominating. Fine dancing is one of the fine arts, but this before us is tedious work, for there is no individual dancer of merit, and the spectacle of a number of girls, many of whom are imperfectly trained, and most of whom are plain-featured, turning, leaping, and posturing for half an hour, is neither interesting nor edifying. Nevertheless, in uproarious popularity the ballet is scarcely second to the song and breakdown of the Lion Comique. Jigs and hornpipes are all encored, mazy twistings are followed with eager eyes, and the highest kickers of course carry the honours. Not indeed until they have danced themselves pretty well off their legs, and are decidedly limp, can we suffer the coryphées to depart, and even then the curtain must rise upon them again, that we may take a last look.

We have reached a period of the evening when it may be not unprofitable to stroll round the hall, and note how the performance is telling upon the audience. This promenade is, however, not easy of accomplishment just now. The tables are crowded, every seat is filled, and more than this, every inch of ground not occupied by tables and chairs, is blocked and packed and choked with a mass of human beings of all sizes and ages, very hot, very jovial, very noisy, and evidently in no way inclined to grumble at the quality of their entertainment. The high pressure state of the atmosphere, combined with the narcotic influence of beer and tobacco smoke, has overcome anything of chilliness or reserve which may have existed between

strangers at an earlier stage of the carousal.

Warmth of surroundings breeds warmth of manners, and the grocer, who was smoking his pipe in silence an hour ago, has borrowed the evening paper from his neighbour, an undoubted tailor; and now, with one quart pot between them, they are bewailing to each other the dulness of trade. At a table in front of us are seated an odd quartet. Two old country folk have brought up to town an angular red-cheeked daughter, who is seeing a little of London life for the first time in her existence. The old father has fallen fast asleep with his back against a pillar, a long clay pipe clutched in one hand, the other buried in his breeches pocket. The daughter and her mother are uncommonly wide awake, and staring blandly at a fast young man on the opposite side of the table, who is telling them something with a solemn countenance. We naturally find that he is imposing on their credulity. He relates how the Lion Comique, who was singing a while ago, is a bosom friend of the Prince of Wales, and that the nosegay he wore in his button-hole was a gift from a Duchess, who is dying for him.

Beer and spirits are flowing fast and freely now. Waiters are literally laden with bottles and glasses, and the Virgils and Dantes who are traversing this circle of Christians can only be advised to stand quickly aside when these emblems are bearing down upon them, for at 10.30 p.m. life is a burden to the waiter, and if anyone stumbles against him he will not take it kindly.

The chairman, who, at the commencement of the evening, was a very stern-looking personage, has succumbed to the geniality around him, and, surrounded by a little clique of friends, has accepted a large cigar from one and a glass of whisky from another, and is pretty successfully drowning care in the flowing bowl. On all sides corks are popping, and released fluid of a more or less alcoholic nature is fizzing. Fine specimens of the genus snob are leaning over the liquor bar, enjoying what the Yankees call a "high old time" with the young ladies behind it. Walking unconcernedly up and down, with a cigarette between his lips, is a person who, despite his well-assumed air of interest in the proceedings, is evidently not here altogether for amusement. He is a tall, well-shaped man, with whiskers neatly trimmed, and clothes of unobtrusive cut; and he seems to take a quiet interest in the flashy gentleman who, in fashionable coat and prominent breast pin, is drinking with a female at the bar. Our silent friend is a detective officer from Scotland Yard, and when the performance is over he will gently tap on the shoulder the gentleman in the fashionable coat, a swindler of some note, and, whispering only that he is "wanted," will bear him swiftly away in the arms of the law. Lounging near the stage entrance are one or two Lions who are either waiting to "go on," or have finished for the evening. It is needless to say that they are objects of universal admiration. A real live comique in his private clothes! Tippling and joking "quite affable," too! The writer was at some pains to inquire into the origin of the Lion Comique, becoming to this end very confidential with several waiters, but for such trouble there was little reward; the information of the bottle-washers being as a rule confined to a general statement that the gentlemen in question were all "real right uns; out and out gents and no mistake!" which

opinions were of themselves satisfactory, and would have been entitled to unreserved acceptance did they not seem to have been inspired by the vivid recollections of favours past and to come on the part of the Comiques. Nevertheless, one waiter informed us confidently, and the statement has since appeared in print, that one of the most popular of the music-hall singers is son of a peer of the realm. What judgment is there in store for us who shall henceforth call the music hall a low place! It is asserted, moreover, that the long list of comic performers on this stage embraces more than one young man of respectable birth and family, someone who in youth possessing a sturdy voice and a smart figure, was urged by sympathetic friends to take to the boards of the music hall, and discover his real vocation as a Lion Comique. These things, there is no reason to doubt, are so; and accepting them as facts, can we not make cheerful answer to the anxious question of the father, "What shall I do with my son?" Send him to the music hall; let him be duly apprenticed, let him learn to laugh loudly, to talk loudly, to dress loudly, and in the course of human things he will become a ticketed and labelled funny dog. He will buy an Ulster and a cane, and a pair of gloves with large stripes down the back, and a very large watch chain, and he will part his hair down the middle, and walk behind a gigantic cigar, and the barmaids will ogle him, and men will say of him: "Thet's 'im, there 'e goes, 'eard 'im sing thet little thing about Peepin' through the key-'ole? 'e *can* just run it out, I *tell* ya." It will pay him; oh! it will fill his pockets; why it may be doubted whether there are six actors in all London who could show such a banker's account as several of our friends at the top of the music-hall tree.

Here now comes tripping from her dressing-room behind the scenes the damsel who figured so daintily in silk fleshings and satin doublet as a shepherd swain. Under her arm she carries a small bundle which bears suspicious resemblance to the above-mentioned tights. Her cheeks are not quite so rosy as they where a while ago; her eyes have lost a little of their bewitching sparkle, and altogether, in conventional walking dress, she is a somewhat unfairy-like, rather washed-out young woman of twenty-eight or thereabouts. She, too, has her little clique of familiar friends, very proud of running up to shake hands with her, and inquiring easily "how goes it, Polly?" Bestowing a nod all round, and resisting sundry entreaties to 'ave a little something warm, she skips off to tend an aged grandmother at home, or—to meet a "friend" at Piccadilly Circus.

Let us make our way to the rear. Take care! Give this gentleman, whose steps are somewhat uncertain, a wide berth. He has been making "merry as the night goes on" to some purpose, for at this moment he needs his sea-legs sadly; and without the aid of that friendly pillar he would have sat down in the lap of our venerable bucolic friend, who is still snoring peacefully. The potent spirit has worked well, and has made him somewhat bellicose withal, for he angrily inquires of the waiter who offers assistance whether he "wantsh kckn t' midl' unnex wik?" Here, lazily leaning over a table, a half-smoked cigarette beside him, and *Le Figaro* before him, is a rotund Frenchman, with waxed moustache, whose interest in the proceedings has evidently waned since the curtain fell upon the

ballet. Does he ever exert his thinking powers so far as to draw a mental comparison between the entertainment before him, and that of his favourite *café chantant* in Paris, where he used to sit and sip *café* or *eau sucré*, and listen to the lively Julie, the comely Schneider? He was in better company there, though there was no Lion Comique. Here is a pale-faced, shock-headed, spectacled German, moodily contemplating the dregs in his beer glass between vigorous puffs at a well-coloured meerschaum. The throng at the back has increased since we glanced in this direction two hours and a half ago. Rollicking jollity is the order of the night here. If there is one feature more striking than another in the general attitude of the tag-rag and bobtail crowding the back of the hall, it is the total absence of ceremony. Long-legged guardsmen, cap off and stock unbuttoned, are amorously chaffing sundry highly-painted girls in sham sealskin jackets, who are a match at low repartee for the tallest guardsmen. This fellow, whose low forehead, battered face, and closely-cropped hair bear ugly testimony to the truth of certain whispered rumours that the noble art of the "P. R." still lives in the by-ways of the metropolis, surely we have seen him before! Was it not in the dock of Bow-street Police Court, where he stood to answer a charge of robbery with violence? What thought he of the songs about lonely meetings by moonlight? Here is another man sitting by himself, placidly tipsy. In his maudlin condition he is sentimental, and appropriates *Hamlet* to himself in this fashion,—"There is a tide in the affairs of man which, taken at the flood, leads on to—drunkenness!" Swells, snobs, swindlers, blacklegs, pick-pockets, prize-fighters, prostitutes, gutter snipes, flash and respectable, swell mobsmen and honest tradesmen, brandy and cigars, liqueur and cigarettes, beer and tobacco! The spectacle cannot be called a curious one, save for the stranger, for it is a scene of every night.

Let us turn for one other moment to the performance.

Curiosity once more animates all faces. We have roared at the Comique, we have winked at the ballet, now are we to be affrighted by the sensational. We have alluded to an unpleasant craving after the "equivocal" in amusement; second only to this is that love of the "sensational" which has given rise in the past year to the spectacles of men walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours, of young girls shot from the mouths of cannon, of men swallowing sword-blades, with much uncomfortable panting and gasping during the process. The music-hall manager, wise in his generation, has not been slow to appreciate the duties of his position as a people's caterer in relation to this appetite of the masses. Accordingly, at many halls, one of the chief features of the entertainment is a highly-spiced and dangerous performance upon the high trapeze, in which male and female acrobats apparently vie with one another in attempts to break their respective necks. Such a spectacle we are evidently about to witness. Our excitement is keenly stimulated by the very nature of the precautions taken to insure the lives of the gymnasts. Several supers and waiters are busy dragging a huge net across the length of the hall above the heads of the audience, which is made fast with much unnecessary bustling and tying of ropes. When all is ready we are bidden by the chairman to "look out for the flying comet," and sud-

denly, before, in homely parlance, we know where we are, a man comes crashing through a paper-covered hole in the ceiling, down on to the net below, bounds up again from the very shock of his descent, and catching the trapeze with one hand, swings himself on to the bar, and perched there, bows his smiling acknowledgments of the plaudits of the astonished audience. We need not detail the performance, but it is one of the most remarkable of its kind ever witnessed, for trapeze successes have become more and more arduous. Two features especially—one in which the chief gymnast hanging from the trapeze head downwards by a pair of hooks in the heels of his boots, catches by the hands a female who swings to meet him across the length of the hall, when the two almost dangle in mid-air; and another in which the same performer catches in like manner a youth, who leaps sheer down to him from the ceiling—are as astonishing as they are hardening to the sensibilities. There is danger in every bound, for a fall on the head from the roof of a house, into even the most yielding of nets, would be likely to entail serious consequences. Nevertheless, we can urge one plea in extenuation of this painful exhibition. It is more than unpleasant to witness; it appeals to the animal appetites of the audience; it is unhealthy and degrading; but it shows *work*. Every movement of the supple limbs tells of years of tedious training, the most painstaking and incessant that can be imagined; and whilst we condemn the result as we should condemn no wholesome and natural gymnastics, we can honestly admire the skill and patience of the process which produced it.

The curtain has not yet fallen; there are more attractions to come. We may still dip into the bag and draw thereout prizes scarcely less curious than any we have had. There is, for instance, an "eccentric comic," a "big comic," a "serio-comic," an "original Lancashire Lad," a "characteristic vocalist," an "acknowledged Premier Stump Orator," a "man with a voice that can let you hear what he is singing about," an "infant wonder," a "perturbed flutterer," a "contortionist," and an "unrivalled buffo vocalist," with other and sundry such like. But possibly, unlike the majority of the audience, the reader thinks he has already had his money's worth, and is anxious to be away. We will only detain him an instant. We have spent a long evening in a queer place, and have seen and heard much which, perhaps, we knew not of before. We have followed the performance carefully, we have watched the audience closely, there remains but one feature more which should be noticed before leaving. We have seen nothing absolutely harmful in the influence exerted by the entertainment upon the spectators themselves. It seems to correspond to them only too closely. Were any philanthropist, with his best efforts to interest, to appeal to them as they are—developed products of modern life—he might frighten some for a brief moment, but he could not draw or allure them; he could not afford them the congenial recreation of their own haunts. Look at that youth leaning against the pillar in front of us, who is just preparing to go. He can hardly be out of his teens—certainly he is not more than one and twenty, but so far as utter vapidity of expression is concerned his face might be that of an old man in second childhood. The features have lost every trace of intellect. The forehead is blotchy, the eyes are dull and vacant, the mouth is weak and uncertain. The youth is dressed

in faint imitation of the out-door costume of a Lion Comique—that is to say, he is vulgarly and flashily attired. He is smoking a bad cigar, and he is more than half tipsy. Now, probably there is no exaggeration in saying that this boy spends five out of every seven nights of the week at a music hall. Possibly, this is his favourite one, in which case he undoubtedly holds a season ticket of admission, and lounges in and out during the whole evening. Look at him closely—he is a confirmed *habitué*, and a good customer, of such establishments. We have no desire to read a homily upon the morality or the immorality of the rising generation, but it would not be difficult to conjure up a prophetic career for such a youth. The annals of degradation are extensive, and the police reports do not give the tenth of them; the true records are graven in homes of squalor and pauperism; and upon the unwholesome bodies of weaklings yet unborn. The specimen before us is a city product; our huge cities extend themselves daily. What should we answer to the distinguished stranger were he to fall into the absurd mistake of inquiring if this be a typical Englishman?

TIGHE HOPKINS.

UNE NEIGE D'ANTAN.

Sweetheart and wife and darling my queen,
What have you done with the last year's time?
Your beauty is bright in the joy of its prime;
But where is the maiden of mad nineteen?

Love of our love-time! what may this mean?
Like a child you dance toward me with effortless grace,—
Just my old days' dream with the same pure face;
But where is the maiden of mad nineteen?

The shy sweet traits of a maidenly mien,
Unmerged in the matron's soberer pride,
Are like unspoiled bloom of a peach's side;
But where is the maiden of mad nineteen?

Wise witch, with a pout hiding smiles unseen,
At your feet would I lay whatsoe'er things you ask,
But prithee for one do not take me to task,—
To give you the maiden of mad nineteen!

Sweet complice, dear playfellow, though you should glean
All meadows and fields for flowers of all kind,
One blossom I swear that you never may find,
For I stole the maiden of mad nineteen!

ALPHONSE KARR, GOSSIP AND GARDENER.

WHAT is the difference between a gardener and a horticulturist it might be difficult scientifically to determine. But among amateurs there probably lingers about the more old-fashioned word of gardener something of rustic poetry, something of the tranquil and meditative side of life; while to the horticulturist proper there appertains rather the notion of a struggle after a new variety than of the enjoyment of a familiar beauty, and the excitement of scientific competition rather than the old contemplative ideal.

That even rare types reproduce themselves, and that there are successors to men of the honest quietude of John Evelyn, or Isaac Walton, or Adam before he left gardening for agriculture, we might be inclined to allow; but that any such should be found to spring out of journalistic circles in Paris, it is difficult to realise.

Feeling the fever of the age, M. Alphonse Karr may be pardoned for claiming for himself the proud position of being the last of the gardeners. For the times are indeed changed from the day when Evelyn, a member of Balliol and of the Middle Temple, and a master of a fine estate in Kent, wrote at the ripe age of forty years save one, to his friend Boyle, the founder of the institution that developed into the Royal Society, to propose the establishment of a college of retirement. In such a philosophical retreat studious persons were to pass their days without care or interruption from the turbulence and confusion of politics, and enjoy at once their favourite pursuits and the society of their friends.

Although we should be sorry to see the salt of the earth withdrawn from the world it seasons, and gathered into the narrow limits of a philosophic convent by way of salt-cellar, yet it would be a most delightful thing if there were a college in the country where men of thought might resort for temporary quiet, and, while evolving a *magnum opus*, be able to sport their oak during hours of work, and refresh themselves in the society of kindred spirits in their hours of recreation.

No doubt some very thorough work would be done, and not only good work, but work impregnated with the generous spirit of affectionate tranquillity and the sweetness of nature's genial breathings.

There is something here that is lacking to most nineteenth century work, and if a man would escape from the pettiness and fret of conventional life, he can only find refuge in isolation or in that most difficult of regions to discover, whose name is variously spelled Arcadia, Bohemia, Eden, Avilion, Atlantis, Utopia.

Of the good resulting from the return of man into the garden we have evidence in the quality of work produced by the author of "Lorna Doone," who, like the author of "*Autour de mon Jardin*," is at once novelist and gardener. To the home of the English author one

approaches by a path through an orchard, a path thickly bordered by masses of the tiny flowers of London Pride. In entering his field of romance, which enlarges itself year by year during the time when fruits and flowers require least of the fostering hand, we are sensible of having come far away from the dusty road of the ordinary purveyor of circulating literature. His flowers and his fields are of nature's own hue, and when there comes a storm it is not of stage thunder and lightning, but serious as storms are when faced from the moor or the forest.

We cannot say so much as this for the author whose roses exhale their perfumes in the Parisian *salons;* he is more showy, with less of the deep instinct and appreciation of nature than the English novelist we have named.

Karr is now a septuagenarian, having been born in 1808; his baptismal names are Jean-Baptiste-Alphonse, by the last of which he is generally known. His father, Henri Karr, was a German, a distinguished musician and composer, who settled in Paris in 1802. Henri Karr's father had been the chapel-master and friend of a prince, at a time when the German manners were simple and patriarchal. A pacific man by nature, he undertook some diplomatic mission for his patron, got into trouble, and died, almost of fright, a veritable fish out of water. His grandson, in whom the tranquil and patriarchal habit appears to have been resumed, was born at Munich, whither his parents had gone on a matter of business. Henri Karr, in order to support his widowed mother, had left Germany some years after his father's death in order to establish himself in Paris. He began by taking a situation in the house of Erard, the pianoforte manufacturer, where his duty was to show off the merits of the instruments before the crowd that filled the rooms. He soon acquired a renown as a composer of morceaux for the piano; his son gives him the credit of being one of the five or six Germans who, from the spinet and the harpsichord, have made the piano. Balzac, in "Les Parents Pauvres," places him among the great German masters. For twenty years Henri Karr shared public favour with Thalberg, and his melodies had an immense circulation. There he was once engaged at some exhibition, in a contest not of music but of pianofortes, MM. Erard having responded to the challenge of all other manufacturers. Thalberg was the executant chosen by the adverse party; but Karr, by his special knowledge of the capacities of the very perfect piano which was submitted for experiment, and by a skilful adaptation to it of the most suitable theme, won the day for MM. Erard. In recognition of his abilities he was promised the cross by Marie Louise in the name of her imperial spouse, but St. Helena cut fulfilment short. In 1842 Alphonse was told that he was on the list for the ribbon of the legion of honour. "After my father, please," he said; and his father received the red ribbon, and died the year following. Henri Karr was a true German, with blond hair, and calm and benevolent figure.

It is well to show forth Alphonse Karr's parentage, for, although born in France and of a French mother, he has proved through life how very different he is by nature from the pure French stock. It will be interesting to speculate, as we review his books and himself, how far he is German and how far French.

Karr's father taught him angling, and probably instilled the love of

the country at the same time. Alphonse and his brother Eugène were much petted by the old musician, who used to take them while schoolboys on happy fishing excursions to St. Maur during the Saturday holiday.

Alphonse Karr was an intelligent boy, bestowing during the early period of youth more attention upon gymnastics than study. As he drew older he took freely to classic literature, ignoring the school curriculum; earning a bad character from his masters thereby, but startling them once in a while by exceptional performance. A story is told of his endeavouring to surprise his classical master, and being most ignominiously disappointed therein. The lesson set was a translation of thirty lines of Lucan, which was to be done on paper. Alphonse knew something of Lucan, and amused and exercised himself by translating his author not into prose but into verse, and to an extent half as much again as the task. The youth naturally looked forward to a glorious *dénouement* when the order of merit was read out. The dread professor read through the names. Karr was not first, neither was he second; in fine, he did not appear in the list at all. "Oh," said he to himself, "my exercise must have got mislaid." At this moment the professor assumed a severer tone, and proclaimed, "Out of the competition student Karr, convicted of having servilely copied some verse translation or other. Adding folly to his impudence, he has not even perceived the place where the Latin text came to a termination, and has handed me an exercise half as long again as required."

Henri Karr destined his son for the scholastic profession, and Alphonse became a tutor at the College Bourbon. We may imagine that his irregular mode of study, however beneficial in its results from certain ideal aspects, would hardly fit him for his position under a conventional educational régime. So it turned out. The inspector found that Karr's class was scandalously managed; regular lessons were few, the set themes were neglected, and, worst of all, there were no punishments heard of; besides, the teacher's words were attended with perfect silence, which was so unusual a circumstance that the good inspector felt sure something was wrong; that there was some enigmatic abomination going on, in which master and pupils were accomplices. He thought he could do nothing better than listen at the door. The young tutor was drawing a most ingenious parallel between a classical author and a modern French writer, not from the grammatical or schoolboy point of view, but with reference to irony, elegance, idea. "You are too young, however, to have read Voltaire, of whom I speak," observed Karr to his class. Dissentient gestures were manifested. "To convince you of the truth of the parallel I am establishing," resumed the tutor, "we will read together one of the prettiest tales of the mighty literature of the eighteenth century." "This is too much," thought the inspector; and our young professor was overwhelmed by epithets of "Republican!" "Atheist!" for having so disgracefully stepped out of the official programme as to read to his pupils stories of Voltaire. The time was 1830, and Karr was officially informed that he must renounce his eccentric method of instruction. He was recalcitrant, and declared that it was absurd to leave the students in crass ignorance upon all subjects on which those outside the college walls had opportunity of instruction. The matter ended in

Karr's resignation. His father did not like his giving up an assured position, and Karr left the paternal roof without an allowance. He went to dwell in a garret, small and barely furnished; and turned to literature. He began by verse, and succeeded in getting one of two manuscripts printed in the *Figaro*. The other he turned into a romance in prose, which also he managed to get published. This work brought him into notice, being favourably criticised as a gay and poetic effort with all the faults, fevers, and frailties of youth. Certain critics, however, attacked the book with virulence, and declared that nothing in it was of any value with the exception of the epigraphs at the head of the chapters, which were signed Goethe or Schiller, and appeared to be translations. These verses were the pick of Karr's despised poem, and he had made them pass current under the cloak of his illustrious German friends, by way of innocent imposition, and as an English author might say "old play." This early work, "Sur les Tilleuls," is still kept on the list in the revised collection of Karr's works. It was first published when its author was only twenty-three, and the two passions said to have inspired it are the romanticism which about 1830 was beginning to grow up, and an unfortunate first love passion. The old happy fishing days were over, at least for a time, and Karr's books bore evidence thereto by their sombre sentiments. "Fa Dièze," published in 1834, was written at St. Maur, where the author lived for some time; but, instead of being the joyous schoolboy angler of yore, the positions were now reversed, and he was the disillusioned fish that had experienced the pain of the tempting baited hook. "Fa Dièze," when he looks back upon it though the vista of twenty years, he calls his saddest and most discouraging book. It is a fantastic and formless dream, over which flit melancholy voices, and innocent souvenirs, and plaintive, musical notes. The book is stigmatised by a dignified critic, who is evidently a stickler for the lofty position of literature, as "a work more akin to the sensuous art of the musician than to the abstract and severe art of the writer." Karr tells something of the story of these days in his "Roses Black and Roses Blue." After a lapse of years he seems to have taken pleasure in dwelling upon them, for he refers to them again in a little work of his on the art of fishing, besides making slight allusions of a similar nature elsewhere.

After Saint Maur, Karr took up his abode at Saint Ouen, an island in the Seine, which he claims to have discovered, and of which he took possession. He felt the joy of Robinson Crusoe for a time, but, alas! the footmark on the shore was soon brought before his eyes, and he discovered that some hundred persons were wont to resort to the little inn there for their Sunday out. Afterwards Karr made choice of Etretat and other quiet spots, then of Saint Adresse; in all he seems to have dipped deep into the natural life of the place, and the names of his various habitats occur over and over again in his books, amongst many pleasant reminiscences and rural dreams.

Karr was eccentric in dress in this earlier period of his life; sometimes he would appear in something like Turkish splendour; sometimes he would be seen in the garb of a Mandarin. Out of doors he had the appearance of an equestrian, with long coat, much leather, and many buttons. For a time he is reported to have kept a

tame hyena, but it is found in history or in *canards* that the printer's men could not be got to carry his proofs to and fro; so the hyena had to be dismissed. He then obtained a very black negro and a magnificent Newfoundland dog, which he used to send on long walks, with, as is wickedly said, instructions that all inquirers were to be promptly informed that the dog belonged to M. Alphonse Karr.

In 1835 Karr took the editorship of the *Figaro*, and lodged in Paris. At the same time he married. The union was not a happy one, and before the end of the first year a judicial separation took place. The issue was a daughter, who has produced several literary works.

In 1836 Karr brought out a work, entitled "Le Chemin le plus court," a romance of lost illusions, which is considered to be a sort of autobiography. It contains descriptions of a poet who is too lazy to write, but leaves his verse in the puffs of his tobacco smoke and the calices of flowers; and glorifies his own indulgence of poetic but intelligent idleness. Karr has these epicurean qualities, it may be allowed, but he has managed to stimulate himself into a fair amount of work; the list of his books is sufficient warrant that he has not been an idle man. He has but been a lover of idleness; and such men are those who do not always do the least work. The theory on this point is well expressed by a late English novelist, in a charming essay, "The Secret of Long Life."

In the last-named romance Karr draws a portrait of his father, and a sketch of a mother-in-law — horrible, plebeian, ugly—which was said to be meant for his own relative. The son-in-law gained much sympathetic pity thereby.

Karr's next work was a series of romances, which bear the collective title of "Ce qu'il y a dans une bouteille d'encre," a title which, we believe, is due to the liberal brain of Victor Hugo, who bought a new bottle of ink at the beginning of a novel, and drained it dry with the last chapter. The four volumes comprising the Ink-bottle series are "Geneviève," "Clothilde," "Hortense," and "Am Rauchen." They appeared at intervals during a period of four or five years.

Before the publication of these romances was completed, Karr had embarked on a new venture, a monthly periodical written wholly by himself. It was styled *Les Guêpes*, and was abandoned and resumed from time to time, each series consisting of several years.

On account of the stings inflicted by this waspish publication, Karr was liable to *tomber dans un guêpier* himself. He made some sarcastic remarks upon a lady addicted to literature, who resented his impertinences so strongly, and so brooded over what she deemed to be an insult offered to her, that her mind became almost turned. She took a kitchen knife, and waited on her male injurer at his own door. He managed to get off with a scratch, seized the knife, and kept it as a trophy, publishing an account of the affair in his periodical. The lady, too, published her own narrative in a pamphlet boiling over with feverish and morbid indignation.

Karr is said once to have killed himself for a time. The story is probably a journalistic invention to fill a newsless moment, but is to the effect that, finding that the circulation of his *Guêpes* was falling off, he spread the report of its editor's death, and allowed the rumour to remain uncontradicted until his books were sold out under

the popular excitement caused by the news.

Karr has professed to be engaged upon a work which ought to be a monumental one; it is a "History of the Rose." He has amassed so many materials, he has informed the public, that he has enough to blacken paper with on this sole subject for the remainder of his life. He takes the rose under all its aspects, and in all its history — whether in poetry, romance, philosophy, or in the lives of celebrated men and women. The subject viewed under this aspect may be made as extensive as any other; and Karr's book will doubtless be charming, should it ever appear.

Karr is of such an affectionate nature that he always takes it for granted that the world is much interested in what he does. He chronicles the smallest actions of his life in almost every book he publishes, as if he were preparing the way for a monster biography to come. Ought his faithful biographer to deem himself in duty bound to record that Karr went out one day with his brother Eugène, his friend Leon Gatayes, and his dog Freyschütz, and had a bout at fishing, which resulted in so large a number of carp and barbel being taken that the three could not carry the weight of fish home, and had to employ a waterman to assist them? Anecdotes of this kind occur again and again, and often the same one is repeated in different volumes. Dumas the elder was given to such autobiographical minutiæ; but he generally managed to make his anecdotes amusing. In Karr, when he is not either engaged in the satiric criticism of people around him who are known to him under the term "humbug" employed as a noun of multitude, or talking poetry and flowers, wherein he is at his best and sweetest, there is a trace of the true German heaviness. His jokes have not the crystalline sparkle. The following freak, however, is amusing. Karr went to visit a literary friend, a lady. She was not at home when he arrived; so, to while away the time, he set himself to catch a gold fish that was in a globe in the room. He got a cane, a piece of string, a pin, and a bit of bread, and fished. The piscine pet took the bait, and was soon rolled on the carpet. Karr quickly put it back, and left off fishing. Some days afterwards the fish died—suddenly, and for no ascertainable cause. Karr wrote the following lines, and addressed them to his hostess:

Aucun sujet ne bouge
Sous ton aimable loi;
Même ton poisson rouge
Est mort d'amour pour toi.

The story is better than the verses. The writer seems to follow only a madcap will in the composition of some of his books. The verses just quoted are perhaps suitable to the place where they are found—a preface to a treatise on fishing—but the author mixes up with his angling stories all kinds of irrelevant details about himself; and, for some unknown reason, he thinks fit to sow the book with an aphorism here and there, such for instance as "Man's best nourishment is what he digests best, and gets with least toil, trouble, and care." This apophthegm is not referred to in any way; can it be meant to indicate a fish diet? or is it merely inserted to give the work a slightly practical tendency? It is Karr's manner; that is all the explanation that can be discovered.

Les Guêpes, the publication of which was continued for many years, was the true offspring of Karr's style; it contains critical chit-chat

upon everything. We are told in one paragraph that a workman went into the garden of the Tuileries one Sunday afternoon, to listen to the concert, and that he was requested to depart by the keeper, his costume not permitting him *entrée* into the privileged place; on the next page is a reproof to Eugène Sue for going too far in his love for the people in the hot zeal of a new convert; and close by are sage observations on the subject of the police regulations with regard to mad bulldogs.

Les Guêpes was practically a newspaper, critical, literary, and social, with Karr for editor and sole contributor.

His critical remarks were rather effective than painstaking, as befitted a man who had to make his journal pay. His analysis of a drama of Madame Sand's is as follows, and exhibits all his peculiarities. "The subject of Madame Sand's drama singularly resembles the subject of 'Clotilde'—a romance which I published last summer. A married woman says to her lover, 'I will never belong to two men at once.' The lover naturally takes up the task of assassinating the husband. By an out-of-the-way mistake, he kills a person unknown; but, by a clever stroke, accuses the husband of the murder he himself has committed. The wife finds the matter rather serious, returns to her husband the love which she no longer has for her lover, sees the judges, prays them, and saves her husband. The husband, scarcely out of prison, demands satisfaction of the lover. The heroine knows the day and hour of the duel. She writes to the young man, fascinates him by her coquetries, resists a little, and succumbs. Then she says to him: 'It is eleven o'clock, The hour of the duel is past; you are dishonoured!' N.B.—As there are women to-day who model themselves upon Madame Sand's heroines, I deem it my duty to warn them that, if one were found by chance who thought to embarrass me thus, I have my answer quite ready. At the moment when she would tell me, 'You are dishonoured,' I should reply, 'And how about yourself? . . . For me, I am going to tell your husband what has delayed me, and he will excuse me.'"

How vastly does English criticism differ from French! We rarely confuse our own personalities with dramatic characters, as is done in the above extract. The stage and the romance seem to come much more intimately into the life of a Parisian than to ours. We have too much dignity to be so closely associated ourselves with fictitious personages. But since the rise, within the last few years, of certain journals of scandal and society, the element of personal impudence is extending itself quite in the French fashion.

Karr earned a wide-spread notoriety by entering as a free lance into the question of capital punishment. His argument proceeds in a very round-about manner, but is rather effective in its way. He appears to be endeavouring to imitate the manner of Socrates. He argues that the system of applying the punishment of banishment only to murderers really increases the number of punishments of death. "Thanks to extenuating circumstances," says he, "one can kill one's father, one's mother, husband, wife, mistress, children . . . . and you don't find that the punishment of death is sufficiently got rid of that way." It is the premeditated pity of the jury that he deems renders the idea of capital punishment inefficacious upon criminals. "'Tis a singular epoch wherein we hear the

sheep bleating, 'It appears that our dogs strangle a wolf from time to time. . . . Alas, poor wolves!' And we hear the flies buzzing, ''Tis said the servant's broom destroys on this side and that a spider's web . . . . Alas for the poor spiders!'" So we must muzzle the dogs, and burn the broom, and dismiss the servant. Karr concludes his argument as follows: "Abolissons la peine de mort, mais que messieurs les assassins commencent." These words were accepted by Paris as a *bon-mot*. The argument is certainly dexterously managed and brilliantly effective; it is, too, as good an argument as can be framed from its particular point of view. Karr would doubtless say that its point of view is merely that of common sense.

A very usual way with Karr of filling up a book is to write long letters to two or three friends, and then quote them entire. He is thus enabled to supply biographical particulars of himself, which might otherwise appear even more out of place than they do. He gives one of his friends a description of his mode of life at Nice: "I garden, I fish, I lounge, I dream, I read, I recollect, I write; and in this happy country, where I have resided for fourteen years"—this was in 1868—"I live mostly in shirt sleeves, and do not put on a paletot or a coat six times a year." He describes what princes and great folk have been to see his garden, and how he used to sell strawberries to the Empress of Russia, but afterwards refused to sell, and obtained her permission to present her with a basket every morning during her stay.

One of Karr's books, "La Maison Close," takes its title from the name of his house. It is naturally even fuller than usual of himself. There is some truth in the allegation of one of its critics: "Let me speak candidly; Karr is a very ordinary man of much wit. He is a bourgeois turned journalist." But he is something more than that; he is a teacher of natural religion when in his highest moods, and for that reason he is a great rarity among writers in the French language. In that charming work, "A Tour round my Garden," he makes a most exquisite comparison between what the rich are and what the poor might be. He looks upon a rich man first with envy and jealousy, and then with a feeling that for him most things must bear a worn-out look, and inspire him with only a wretched disdain; and he moralises thus: "I thought of all the riches which God has given to the poor: of the earth, with its mossy and verdant carpets, its trees and flowers, its perfumes; of the heavens, with aspects so various and so magnificent; and of all those eternal splendours which the rich man has no power to augment, and which so far transcend all he is able to buy. I thought of the exquisite delicacy of my senses, which enable me to enjoy those noble and pure delights in all their plenitude. I also remembered how few and simple were my wants and desires, the richest, most secure, and most independent of fortunes; and with joined and clasped hands, with eyes raised towards the gradually darkening heavens, with a heart filled with joy, serenity, and thankfulness, I implored pardon of God for my murmurings and my ingratitude, and offered up my grateful thanks for all the enjoyments He had lavished upon me; and as I sank to sleep that night my spirit was filled with pity for those *poor rich*." Karr's satire upon the *nouveau riche*, too, is not without its point. "Does not the woodman live up yonder now?" he asks of his servant. "'No, sir;

he has been gone nearly two months. He has become rich; he has inherited a property of 600 livres a year, and is gone to live in town.' He is, become rich! That is to say, that with his 600 livres a year, he is gone to live in a little suite of rooms in the city, without air and without sun, where he can neither see the heavens, nor the trees, nor the verdure; where he will breathe unwholesome air; where his prospect will be confined to a paper of a dirty yellow, embellished with chocolate arabesques. . . . He is not allowed to keep his dog, because it annoys the other lodgers of the house. He lodges in a sort of square box; he has people on the right hand and on the left, above him and below him. He has left his beautiful cottage and his beautiful trees, and his sun, and his grass carpet so green, and the song of the birds, and the odour of the oaks. He is become rich! He is become rich! —Poor man!"

Karr is a man of many crotchets, some of them excellent ones. Besides being a practical gardener, he is a theoretic agriculturist, and writes very sensibly and suggestively on the question of rendering to agriculture its due place and rank. He is one of those who believe that France could produce, even in moderate years, more cereals than she could consume. He would establish a rural code, "Laws of the Land;" and would have councils of scientific and practical men upon the disposition of each territory. He would have a certain division of crops obligatory, and make every farm of a certain size support its due live stock. These matters will occupy more attention before long than they do now. We shall find out the application of the proverb "He that wastes not wants not" to lands some day. Karr says, very truly, "Europe is rather hungry, and the value of salaries tends to diminish concurrently with a constant rise in the price of provisions." The above quotation comes from the volume entitled "Roses Black and Roses Blue." Karr's titles are not always representative of the works; but in this case there is some suitability, for the true application of science to social matters is yet a "blue rose." Karr's social science is very simple and very practical. Here is an example: "At the time of the Universal Exhibition prices for embroidery went lower than ever before. There is no interest in objects of mere luxury being cheap; rather the reverse. There is a degree of cheapness that it is sad to see attained; 'tis that when the work stands the chance of no longer supporting those who do it. . . . First we get perfection in the means of execution; well. Then we perfect the production in lowering the price of staple material; well. But, arrived at this point, dealers look at one another and say, 'The thing to do now is to get the lead and undersell our competitors.'" Then come frauds and dodges, which, however, are soon universalised and exhausted, and the dealers are just where they were with regard to their rivals.

As Karr busied himself with so many crotchets, originalities, and eccentricities, we should be disposed to regard him as a mere Jack of all trades, or dilettante, were it not for the fact that in his most out-of-the-way studies he always manifests a certain thoroughness. He heartily despises the amateur. On the subject of flowers he has a right to look down upon amateur efforts, being a recognised master in the garden. But in matters floral he does more than satirise the amateur, he flagellates the scientific botanist.

"There are many ways of loving flowers," he says. "The *savants* flatten them, dry them, and inter them in cemeteries called herbariums; then they fit them out with pretentious epitaphs in barbarous language." In another place he grumbles at the botanical dictionaries. If you look out "oak" therein, you are referred to "quercus," whereas the system ought to be reversed, and "quercus" referred to "oak." The public has been sacrificed to the *savants*, who are not even content with one ponderous piece of Latinity as the name of a well-known humble flower, but invent a new and equally extraordinary one at discretion, apparently desirous that people should be always learning. The bindweed, with its lovely bells of white, violet, and rose, was once given the name of *ipomée;* not content with that, science has now dubbed it *pharbitis.* Karr has sworn he will never sow *pharbitis;* when he was twenty he made verses upon bindweeds, but who can make verses on *pharbitis?* He once tore his fingers on the hawthorn; is he to blame a *Cratægus oxycantha* for the accident? Poetry, in Alphonse Karr, retains its due dominance over science. The story of the last-named accident is told by our romantic gardener in another volume, with the addition, which surely he never forgot, that the wound was doctored first by a lady's rosy lips. "Amateurs," says Karr, "love only rare flowers, and their love is not to see and breathe them, but to exhibit them; their delights consist much less in possessing certain flowers than in knowing that other people have not got them. So they make no account of all those rich and happy flowers that the goodwill of God has made common, as he has made common the sky and the sun." Amateurs never have the true floral dreams, the joy of the shades and the bird songs, of spring's smiles and sweet tranquillity. These young and true sentiments are dubbed illusions; and people think they have become wise when, as says Karr, they have only begun to become dead. Flowers have many lessons for Karr; he discovers that "all the riches of the rich are a more or less imperfect imitation of the riches of the poor." The costliest diamonds that excite so much pride are but a poor copy of dawn-lighted dewdrops. Flowers are living and perfumed jewels. A picture which represents as well as it can three trees and a lawn, is reckoned at a hundred times the value of the lawn and the three trees themselves. If an artist wishes to imitate a beech tree, a half-league of beeches must be cut down to pay for the imitation of one. Seeing these things, "one learns that God loves the poor, and that, like little children, he lets them draw nigh to him." It is a treat to find a man who is half a Gaul so wholesome-minded as Karr; natural religion is rare in France, and exotics are mostly what the Parisian cares for. From his monotonous white-faced street he sneers at the lovely, simple colours of the country.

Karr does not believe in the streets; he is of the *rus*, not the *rue*, and all the essentials of the country he finds in a garden. "'Tis a piece of luck," he says, "to be born and grow up in a garden; 'tis almost a necessity and a duty towards oneself to grow old and die in one. One grows old in happiness and dignity only by drawing close to nature . . . . instead of fastening oneself with cramps in *salons* that one adorns no longer, that one enlivens no longer, and where one is no longer tolerated save by way of hangings that the dancers are not slow to find too

thick." M. Karr in his latter years has proved his views to be the opposite of amateur dreams, by living in a garden himself. He dwells at Nice, and supplies flowers for the Paris balls. What they used to call gardening they now term horticulture, he says. He has even heard of an individual who styled himself a phytopedist. He is content to live and die "gardener."

Karr may claim the title of novelist; but it is not as a novelist proper that he is at his best. It is for what he has to say that he is worth reading, not for any excellence in his plots or any special power in his depiction of character. He prefers to write upon living men rather than to make them. When we go through the long list of his books, we find very few that in strictness may be called novels. There are short stories, lively *mélanges*, in abundance; but romances, sustained and supporting a connected drama, are but sparsely scattered among them; and what there are do not show Karr's best work. He is most at home in his desultory writing; it is his true style, and cannot be despised, for it affords much very pleasant and agreeable reading, far more pleasant and lively than many books duly furnished with hero, heroine, and all dramatic and sensational accessories. Karr's writings are a pleasant mixture of criticism and humour, of cynicism and gay simplicity; he is a prose rhapsodist and thinker in one; a many-sided and irregular individual, but a charming combination as a result, although it is difficult to label him with any of the recognised titles of authorship. He cares little for form, and probably would not care for the formal title of poet, philosopher, or novelist. "I am happy," he tells us, "in the fact that nearly all my souvenirs, even the most fugitive, attach themselves to eternal things—to trees, to flowers, to certain banks, to particular airs of music."

Karr is a specialist of many specialties. At one time we find him engaged with a number of other gentlemen in a little work on Boating in France. He interweaves his essay of "Life on the Water" with all the dreams of his love for the country. He takes occasion to laugh at the new idea of "the country's" having grown "fashionable"—"the country" that he had loved for thirty years. He recognises the presence of the amateur, the amateur whom he so abhors. He is quite sincere in his satires, and there is one key that unlocks the meaning of them all: he is a born hater of humbug. He loves people to be as they seem, and to be what they want to be. In the meadows, the woods, on the water and the river banks, one plays no *rôle*—one is oneself, and gives up oneself to all good instincts, without restrictions and without constraint. There is doubtless a little of Watteau and of the ideal in Karr's rural pictures, but there is some truth in them as well. He is almost right in saying that in the fields the distinctions of force, of address, and of courage, have the advantage over those of money; but to say that there one is necessarily truly young and truly good is going beyond the fact, which is but that one might be.

These praises of the country are by no means new, but they are pleasant to hear over again. It is society (where it is not the necessity of living) that makes people reside in cities. The country is slow, because it is so difficult to find there a full circle of congenial friends. Perhaps in the ideal future there will be villages of bourgeois and villages of artists,

hamlets devoted to naturalists, and hillsides where poet can meet poet. And of course there is no reason, save in people themselves, why life is not arranged to suit every idiosyncracy, when the Golden Age would begin again at once.

The first qualification is to be natural; and, if one be selfish, not to hide it. Our rose-growing gossip shows the pleasantest side of plebeianism, a state whose merits, being overshadowed by patrician cloudy dreams, have never been sufficiently sung. Karr, for instance, was wont to make real friendships among the sailors at the seaside places he lived at. He has a real appreciation of the nobility of simple life, and does not make friends merely to write about them. He showed early in life his appreciation of the latent power of the peasantry by publishing a work, "Les Paysans Illustres," containing pleasant biographies of a large number who have risen from the ranks to eminence. Proudhon, peasant-born, was proud of his long line of peasant ancestors, and of remaining a peasant even whilst a philosopher, and in the vortex of Paris. Karr, too, respects his friends none the less when, if they are peasants, they are content to remain so naturally. He does not see why, *per se*, a poor peasant is not as good as a rich merchant. He describes his meeting one day, at a dinner at Havre, with a lady who looked upon him as a curiosity, and entered into conversation with him. After a time she ventured the remark, "My husband was telling me yesterday that he did not understand how you went about with everybody. He met you the other day, walking arm-in-arm with Lefèvre, the pilot." From his own account Karr seems to have replied with more candour and honest indignation than politeness, "Madam, is not your husband that fat man?" "He is." "Then you will do me the pleasure to tell him that I do not go about with everybody; for instance, no one has ever seen or will ever see me with him." Karr compares the two men very fairly: "The fat man in question was a rich merchant, whose fortune passed as only moderately innocent, and was notoriously attributed to not very honourable successes, while the pilot is an accomplished and skilful mariner, who on *fête* days bears upon his breast two medals of silver and one of gold, on which it is inscribed that he has saved seven-and-twenty men at the peril of his life." "Well," concludes Karr, "it is in perfect good faith that the fat man deemed himself very superior to Lefèvre; and, on the other hand, he believed himself the inferior of the fat man." The foregoing episode is to be found in an essay on "Equality," which, strangely enough—but Karr's arrangements are inscrutable—finds a place in a volume entitled "Les Gaietés Romaines," the greater portion of which is occupied with an abstract of the proceedings at various ecclesiastical councils.

Karr is remorselessly German in his criticisms of ancient Catholic rites and systems. He devotes many a page to a consideration of popular claims to sainthood. He belongs essentially to the party of common sense.

At the time of the Revolution of 1848 a newspaper was issued under his editorship, *Le Journal*. In spite of its sensible motto, "Bonne foi: bon sens," and contributions signed by Méry, Théophile Gautier, and Léon Gozlan, it soon died a natural death. It was a beautiful dream that Karr came out of his tranquil everyday existence to found—"the party of probity, of patriotism, of good sense and good faith." It is to be feared these expressions of

quiet goodness were not exciting enough for revolution time; and Karr returned to his retirement, having doubtless learned the sad fact that if a party of probity has not already founded itself *ab infra*, it is quite impossible to establish it *ab extra*, especially in time of revolution; unless indeed there come a rare other-world personage, able to burn through the popular crust by the powers of a transcendent life. Karr, though doubtless a very good fellow, has no daimon to whisper to him, like Socrates or Swedenborg. He is a good-natured and ingenious Frenchman, softened by gardening and Germany; but not the genius of a new party in Revolution time.

Karr in his early days was not very well handled by English critics. A writer in *Fraser's Magazine* described him in 1847. "The next person of distinction I happened to be introduced to was Alphonse Karr, who is not much handsomer than De Balzac. Karr was formerly a professor in a college, and began his literary career by writing articles for a Sunday paper, called *Figaro*. He likes to be considered eccentric, and takes the most scrupulous care to distinguish himself by everything that is odd and original, to excite public attention. Notoriety is to him one of the staple articles of existence. He used to dress in a suit of black velvet for winter, and in nankeen for summer; but though the materials and colours of his vestments were very opposite, his fashion never varied. His mode of living is entirely Turkish. He has no chairs in his rooms, only cushions; and sleeps on a sofa without taking off his body clothes. He generally writes lying down on the ground—a somewhat singular way of collecting his cogitations. From everything you see and hear of him, he seems to have adopted the opinion of Alcibiades, that anything is better for an ambitious man than not to be spoken of. He has a negro servant, whom he dresses in scarlet, and sends out to walk with a very fine Newfoundland dog, named Freyschütz, whom he introduces into all his writings as his only faithful friend. This dog and the servant add mightily to his popular notoriety; for he is, without doubt, the most perfect personification of French literary vanity in Paris. The walls of the city are covered in all directions with his name, for he never publishes anything without puffing it off, with all the ingenuity and indefatigable pertinacity of a London tradesmen. Two or three years ago he saved a man from drowning, and according to the custom of the Continent, a silver medal was given to him on the occasion by the government. This memorial he has the silly and childish vanity to wear always at his buttonhole."

Amongst other occasional works of Karr's—and his *forte* appears to lie in the occasional—we have an introduction to Brillat Savarin's "Physiologie du Goût," which is a piece of interesting writing. Karr candidly acknowledges having never spoken without contempt of *gourmandise* before reading this book. After the reading, he finds himself ashamed of not being a *gourmand*, or rather *gourmet*. He regrets not having the necessary number of faculties, and deems himself, like blind or deaf people, to be a sense short. Then he turns to the *gourmandises* which he is possessed of—of colours and of perfumes, of the sense of the splendour of the setting sun, the passion for music; reminding us of Anacreon's "of odours, of music, I wish to be mad." After being drunken with these, too often he finds "human ways too strait, too

strait the paths of the possible, the roads of reality."

In spite of his affectations, and his rather German gaiety, like that of the Baron who took to jumping on tables to prove himself lively, in spite of many offences against style and all the virtues the finished critic would extol, one cherishes a certain affection for Karr as bearing about him some of the fragrance of a fresh and homely garden.

NOTES AND REMINISCENCES.

By the late W. H. Harrison.

(*Continued from page* 67.)

OXFORD.

I should not think much of a man whose first visit to Oxford is not one of the foremost among the recollections of his after life. I shall never forget mine. I was the guest of a Christchurch Don, who made my brief sojourn of four days among the brightest of my life. It was a raw November day, with a fog which wrapped one like a wet blanket partially frozen. The transition from the outer air to the blazing hearth of the hall of Christchurch was almost heaven. The grace was pronounced by an undergraduate whom I remembered as one of the *dramatis personæ* of a Westminster play. I dined at the Don's table, of course, with my friend. I was charmed with the beer, and was asked to take the best. A pint of it was placed before me, but it was hinted to me that if I wished to *walk* out of the hall, I had better restrict myself to half of it. The common room to which we adjourned was a vaulted chamber with a curtain drawn across it, and reminded one of a scene in "The Duenna" representing the refectory of a convent, with the monks over their wine.

The next morning my friend entertained a large party at breakfast. College breakfasts are indescribable—they are *sui generis*. In the course of it inquiry was made after a certain student—a student of Christchurch being analogous to a Fellow of another college—when someone said he had "come to grief"—in equivalent terms, he was married. Our informant said he was passing through a provincial town when he saw the truant student standing in front of the principal hotel. After they had exchanged greetings his friend took from his waistcoat pocket the cutting from the *Times* of the announcement of his marriage; and, pointing upwards with his thumb, said, "Got her up there." They were on their wedding-tour, which was to terminate at a pretty cottage belonging either to him or to his lady. On their arrival there they found that the house had been attempted by burglars, who, however, were alarmed before they could effect an entrance, and decamped. This naturally suggested precautions against a repetition of the visit; and, arming his gardener with a fowling-piece, he gave him strict injunctions to watch throughout the night, and, if he saw anyone on the premises, to fire, and "he would bear him harmless"—which shows that the bridegroom had his own opinions on the law of the case. The "happy pair" were sitting after dinner, when the gentleman, taking up a small pocket pistol, playfully presented it at his wife, saying "Now, my dear, if you were a

robber, I should just—." At that moment the weapon exploded, wounding the lady—happily, very slightly—in the arm. Almost frantic, the husband rushed out of the house in quest of the village doctor, and in crossing the garden was descried by the faithful watchman, who, as in duty bound, and supposing it was a burglar, sent a charge of small shot after the fugitive with a precision which would have gained him a prize at a rifle match. Fortunately, however, the wound was not dangerous, although an extremely inconvenient one, the gardener having aimed at the centre of his target.

On the following day I lunched with my dear old friend Dr. Bliss, Principal of St. Mary Hall, and for many years the most efficient registrar of the university, and by him was taken to witness the examination for degrees. To my surprise, the first face I saw was that of a young friend who was then under torture. I was much struck by the gentleness of the examiners, whose desire it seemed to pull the candidates through. One of the latter was so fearfully nervous that when his examination was over, he rushed to the door and fainted on the threshold. My host had procured me an invitation to dine with the Principal and Fellows of Brasenose. As we were proceeding to that college I met my undergraduate acquaintance, who flourished his just-acquired *testamur* in my face. "I plucked him last time," said my host, quietly.

It was a *gaudy day* at Brasenose, and the fare was sumptuous. I shall not soon forget the noble figure of the handsome, genial-looking Principal, Dr. Harrington, as he presided over the feast, nor his gracious reception of me. As the loving cup circulated, I was told by the Dean—I think it was—who sat next to me, that the custom of the guest next to the one drinking rising at the same time, was to protect the drinker from being stabbed, a not unfrequent contingency in primitive times, when knives were used at table for other purposes than carving.

They had a pleasant arrangement of the Common Room at Brasenose: small tables — one beside each of the company—were arranged in a semicircle before the fire, a tramway for the decanters being made on the mantelshelf. On the following day my friend, the newly-made B.A., invited me to lunch and dine at Wadham College, having previously shown me the library at Queen's, where an undergraduate made it almost a *casus belli* that we would not lunch with him, our only purpose in calling on him being to obtain the library key. The great charm of both universities is their hospitality, which follows them from their college rooms to their chambers in the Temple and elsewhere, as I have had, and now have, frequent occasions to know.

On the morning of my last day, the newly-fledged B.A. took me to witness the conferring of degrees. Dr. Bliss, who was present, and very busy in his capacity of Registrar, called me to his side and desired me to ask of him an explanation of anything I might not comprehend; putting me at the same time in charge of certain printed papers which I was to hand out to applicants. He was beset on all sides by applications for papers and information; and, although at that time much advanced in years, the method, self-possession, and perfect impartiality with which he discharged his many functions were very wonderful.

I observed that one of the proctors, who sat by the Vice-Chan-

cellor, when a passed undergraduate was proposed for his degree, left the side of the Vice-Chancellor, and walked down the line formed by the "heads of the houses," and then, returning, resumed his seat. Dr. Bliss explained this by saying that in former times, if any one of the "heads of houses" plucked the gown of the proctor, it barred the degree. And this he might do without assigning any reason; but if he did so a second time, his reason was challenged. And this is the origin of the term *plucking*, in modern times changed into *ploughing*; if the candidate go in for *honours* and fail, he is said to be *gulphed*.

During my stay, I visited the Radcliffe Library, and had a view of Oxford from outside, my cicerone pointing out to me the particular colleges which brewed the best beer. He seemed to like the flavour of that of Magdalen best.

I was at Oxford on a fifth of November, a day memorable for "Town and Gown Rows." As I was leaving Brasenose, after the gaudy banquet, one of the Fellows —a proctor I think—advised me, if I met with a crowd, to give it a "wide berth:" counsel which I most implicitly followed, although, as it happened, it was an exceptionally quiet Guy Fawkes' Day.

I heard an anecdote of a proctor encountering on his rounds two undergraduates, who were without their gowns, or out of bounds, or out of hours. He challenged one: "Your name and college?" They were given. Turning to the other: "And pray, sir, what might your name be?" "Julius Cæsar," was the reply. "What, sir! Do you mean to say that your name is Julius Cæsar?" "Sir, you did not ask me what it is, but what it *might* be." The proctor, repressing a smile, turned away.

As in athletics, so in intellectual contests, life is often the price of the prize. Here is a poem from the pen of an undergraduate, who has since achieved a world-wide fame. It was published without the name of the author, and I dare not add it.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

NIGHT.

Faint from the bell the ghastly echoes fall;
That grates within the grey cathedral's tower;—
Let me not enter through the portal tall,
Lest the strange spirit of the moonless hour
Should give a life to those pale people, who
Lie on their fretted niches, two and two—
Each with his head on pillowy stone reposed,
And his hands lifted, and his eyelids closed.

From many a mouldering oriel, as to flout
Its pale grave brow of ivy-tressèd stone,
Comes the incongruous laugh, and revel shout—
Above, some solitary casement thrown
Wide open to the wavering night wind,
Admits its chill—so deathful, yet so kind—
Unto the fevered brow and fiery eye
Of one whose night-hour passeth sleeplessly.

Ye melancholy chambers! I could shun
The darkness of your silence, with such fear
As places where slow murder had been done.
How many noble spirits have died here,
Withering away in yearnings to aspire,
Gnawed by mocked hope—devoured by their own fire!
Methinks the grave must feel a colder bed
To spirits such as these, than unto common dead.*

* Without violating the confidence which Mr. Harrison was evidently bound to keep, we may add to his revealments the fact that the poem was written forty-one years ago, when the age of its author (who happily is still left to us) was eighteen.

It happens that we can add a stanza—apparently by the same hand, but probably

There was a remarkable person in the lower part of Oxford—on the way to the rail I think—who united the callings of publican and dog-dealer. I need not say that it was the latter vocation which brought him into contact with undergraduates, notwithstanding that the article is contraband in colleges. His name was Looker—hence his sobriquet of "Filthy Lucre." I was walking one morning in the cloisters of the cathedral with one of the students and tutor, when I remarked a person, apparently dodging us behind a pillar. We approached the hiding place, and there, with a "varmint" puppy under each arm, "Filthy Lucre" stood confessed. If a flash from human eye could have blasted him on the spot, he had been then and there annihilated. He was sternly told never, under penalties too horrible to mention, to pollute the precincts of the college by his presence again.

I left Oxford with much regret that I had not more time to explore its treasures, and deeply grateful to my host of Christchurch, himself a fine scholar and a most original thinker. I would I could remember half the brilliant things I have heard him say. One occurs to me: "It does not signify how much you have to do, if you do not do it."

G. P. R. JAMES.

My acquaintance with Mr. James extended over a period of some years; but I forget the origin of it. When I first knew him he lived at Blackheath. Afterwards he had a place at Walmer, and subsequently one somewhere, I think, in Surrey, to both of which I received many warm invitations. He was a man of a very graceful manner and accomplished mind. His father was a physician, who left him a fortune, while his literary income must have been considerable. His novels rank next in order and merit—*longo intervallo* some will say—to Sir Walter Scott's, to whose works, however, they do not yield in soundness of moral or purity of language; while his contributions to historical literature have been many and important. For many years he led the life of a country gentleman, which he was well fitted to adorn. What was the reverse of fortune which led to its abandonment, and to his acceptance of the appointment to the consulate at Venice, I know not! but I suspect that he had many *pulls* upon him, and that he was not a man who could withstand an appeal to his sympathy. I know of one instance in which he acted most generously, and helped continuously, and to a large extent, a family whose only stay he was, and who have often spoken to me most gratefully of his kindness.

He is not known at all as a poet; indeed, I never saw anything of his in verse, except a poem which he contributed kindly, at my request,

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written some years later—which was meant to take the place of the second stanza, as given above:—

"A cold and starless vapour, through the night,
Moves as the paleness of corruption passes
Over a corpse's features, like a light
That half illumines what it most effaces;
The calm round water gazes on the sky,
Like the reflection of the lifeless eye
Of one who sleeps and dreams of being slain,
Struggling in frozen frenzy, and in vain."

This has not before been printed.—Ed.

to the work which I edited. It is very fresh and sparkling, and in broad contrast to the mystified verses of the present day, which, as a dear and gifted friend of mine was wont to say, you must read over half-a-dozen times before you find out a meaning, and when you have found it, you are by no means sure that it is the author's. Here it is:

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

I wish I could as merry be
As when I set out this world to see,
Like a boat filled with good company
On some gay voyage sent;
There youth spread forth the broad white sail,
Sure of fair weather and full gale,
Confiding life would never fail
Nor time be ever spent.

And Fancy whistled for the wind,
And if e'er Memory looked behind,
'Twas but some friendly sight to find,
And, gladsome, wave her hand;
And Hope kept whispering in Youth's ear
To spread more sail, and never fear,
For the same sky would still be clear,
Until they reached the land.

Health, too, and Strength tugged at the oar,
Mirth mocked the passing billows' roar,
And Joy, with goblet running o'er,
Drank draughts of deep delight;
And Judgment at the helm they set,
But Judgment was a child as yet,
And, lack a day! was all unfit
To guide the boat aright.

Babble did half her thoughts employ,
Hope she believed, she played with Joy,
And Passion bribed her with a toy
To steer which way she chose;
But still they were a merry crew,
And laughed at dangers as untrue,
Till the dim sky tempestuous grew,
And sobbing south-winds rose.

Then Prudence told them all she feared,
But Youth awhile his messmates cheered,
Until at length he disappeared,
Though none knew how he went.
Joy hung his head, and Mirth grew dull,
Health faltered, Strength refused to pull,
And Memory with her soft eyes full,
Backward her glance still bent

To where, upon the distant sea,
Bursting the storm's dark canopy,
Light from the sun none now could see
Still touched the whirling wave;
And though Hope, gazing from the bow
Turns oft—she sees the shore, to vow—
Judgment, grown older now, I trow,
Is silent, stern, and grave.

And though she steers with better skill,
And makes her fellows do her will,
Fear says the storm is rising still,
And day is almost spent;
Oh! that I could as merry be,
As when I set out this world to see,
Like a boat filled with good company,
On some gay voyage sent.

THOMAS GASPEY.

Jerdan told me that when Gaspey made his first appearance in the Reporters' Gallery at the House of Commons, his diminutive stature and somewhat eccentric manners created a feeling not at all favourable to the *débutant*. He had not been long in harness, however, before they discovered in him a mine of wit and intelligence which made him quite a popular character among his compeers of the gallery. Among other attractive qualities he had wonderful powers of mimicry, not only of voice and gesture, but of style of oratory, of which he frequently gave specimens in the reporters' room, a circular window in which opened on the stairs used by the members in their passage to and from the House. It happened that on one occasion Canning was the subject of his imitative powers; and he was in the midst of his exhibition, encouraged by the plaudits and laughter of his co-mates, when, raising his eyes to the circular window, he beheld Canning himself an amused spectator of the exhibition.

If Gaspey had had the advantages of education, he would have been a brilliant man. As it was, he distinguished himself in his day by three novels, "The Lollards," "George Godfrey," and the "Witchfinder." Although wanting in refinement, and often running into caricature, they were so graphi-

cally true to nature, so abounding in passages of humour and pathos, as to throw utterly into shade three-fourths of the works of their class which inundate the circulating libraries of the present day. In the "Witchfinder" there is a scene of the trial of a suspected witch, by immersion, under the direction of the notorious Hopkins, of which Anthony Trollope, one of the truest, healthiest, and purest novelists of the day, need not have been ashamed.

Gaspey was for many years the editor, and part, if not entire, proprietor of the *Sunday Times*, a paper which had at the time a distinctive notoriety as the medium of matrimonial negotiations,

He had a singularly soft and agreeable voice, and, though when roused he was not wanting in either eloquence or energy, was very mild and gentle in manner; and my experience has always shown him to be a kind-hearted and most obliging man. He had a very lovely daughter, who sang superbly, and was married to a young man who rapidly and honourably attained to one of the highest posts on the staff of the greatest financial corporation in the city of London, and who himself was a diligent labourer in the field of literature.

Gaspey was connected with some India company, which I was given to understand was a success; and I suspect that by means of that or some other speculation he must have saved money, inasmuch as during the latter years of his life he lived in retirement from business at Shooter's-hill, where he died, at the beginning of the year 1872, at the great age of eighty-four. It was not long before his death that I met him, accidentally, apparently in full possession of his mental faculties, and not betraying any great physical infirmity.

In reference to the multitude of novels, I may add that a gentleman once informed me, quoting the authority of a great librarian who had the means of knowing, that in one year, 1870 I think, novels were published at the rate of one *per diem*, Sundays included, and seven over!

THE LITERARY FUND CLUB.

This club, now long since extinct, was established by some members of the committee of the Literary Fund, who thought that dining together at the close of their monthly sittings might be an agreeable sequent to the labours of the day. The subscription was, I think, 3*l.* 3*s.* a year, and each paid 9*s.* for his dinner, and the like sum for any friend whom he chose to introduce. I do not know the date of its establishment, but it must have been of some antiquity, it having frequently been presided over by Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, the father of Sir John Cam Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton, who took a deep interest in the corporation, and was a munificent contributor to its funds. The clerk of the corporation—the office had not until of late years been dignified into a secretaryship—was the secretary of the club, and at first had his dinner sent to him at a side table, until Sir Benjamin, much to his honour, insisted upon his taking his place at the same board as the members. The first toast was always "The Queen, our munificent patron," and after that the healths of such of the members as in their acknowledgments were likely to contribute to the mirth of the evening. It was a sort of "high jinks," and the fun, though "within the limits of becoming mirth," was immense, and thoroughly entered into by every member of the company, among whom were frequently

seen the late Mr. John Murray, a very genial man, and of great readiness, and humour; Lord Mountmorris; Sir John Cam Hobhouse; Charles Dickens; Samuel Lover, Mr. Charles Wentworth Dilke (of the *Athenæum*, and grandfather of the President Designate of these realms); Jerdan, seldom absent; Mr. Hopkinson, a solicitor of Red Lion-square, who sang exquisitely, and threw such wonderful pathos into Dibdin's nautical songs as I have never known surpassed on or off the stage; John Britton, who, though, to his honour be it recorded, originally a cellarman to a wine merchant, had attained to no mean rank as an archæologist, and whose numerous architectural publications, some of them on a most splendid scale, have a world-wide reputation. Among the occasional guests were Sir Emerson Tennent; Sir Lytton Bulwer, now Lord Lytton; Robert Montgomery, the author of "Satan," whence, by way of distinction from the Sheffield poet, James, he acquired the *soubriquet* of "Robert the Devil;" Lord Canterbury, once speaker of the House of Commons; the Rev. Francis Mahony, the "Father Prout" of *Fraser's Magazine*. To these I may add Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who gave my hand such a *grip* on my first introduction that I felt it all the evening. Crofton Croker, a member, was a very regular attendant. We always met at the Freemasons' Tavern, where we had always a good dinner, and very fair wine, and, occasionally, at the commencement of the season (November) were treated to a course of real turtle and cold punch.

During the whole period of my membership, extending over many years, I never witnessed the least approach to a personal disagreement, nor of any interruption to the harmony of the evening, but in one instance, and that was of an Irish Earl, who, with his son, quite a youth, was introduced by a member. His lordship happened to sit next to me, and was exceedingly communicative, and that on subjects which no man in his senses would have broached to a perfect stranger. First I suspected the soundness of his intellect, but soon discovered that he had reversed the order of things, and taken his wine before dinner. At last he took exception to some remark, not addressed or relating to himself, of one of the company, and made himself so exceedingly disagreeable that he drew forth a remonstrance from the chair and strong marks of disapprobation from other members. This only made him worse, and finally, as his friend could not prevail upon him to retire, we all got up, passing into an adjoining room, and "left him alone in his glory." After persisting in keeping his seat for some time, he was at last prevailed upon to depart. The melancholy part of the episode was the distress of his son. Poor youth! he felt the humiliation of his father most keenly, though, from his manner, I suspect the scene was no new one to him.

The club, although originally composed exclusively of the committee, afterwards opened its ranks to *outsiders*, being members of the corporation at large, and being literary men. In the process of time, however, the literary element of the club became, if I may use the term, diluted by the introduction of persons who had no connection with or taste for letters. The old members withdrew, and finally the club collapsed. The anniversary festival of the Literary Fund was and is held in the month of May; but at one time there was a less numerously attended

gathering of the club and other members and friends of the corporation at either Richmond or Greenwich; and it was on one occasion at the latter place that Fitzgerald, who annually inflicted on these meetings a "copy of verses," made his last appearance, —*the* Fitzgerald immortalised in those celebrated lines in the "Rejected Addresses;" a parody on his style:

God bless the Army—bless their coats of scarlet;
God bless the Navy—bless the Princess Charlotte;
God bless all those possessed of aught to give;
Long may Long Wellesley Tylney Long Pole live.

On the particular occasion to which I refer, we had the usual doggrel address, which he mounted the table to deliver, and under the infliction of which it was impossible to preserve a decent gravity.

On a more recent occasion the supplementary festival was held at the Star and Garter, Richmond: I forget under whose presidency. Mr Benjamin Bond Cabbell, a most generous contributor to the fund, was present. A party of us had chartered an omnibus to take us to town at night, Jerdan officiating as conductor, which he did to admiration. It was a bright moonlight night, and a foot passenger on the road, not knowing that it was a private omnibus, hailed the conductor, who, touching his hat, opened the door and admitted him. The party had taken wine enough to make them merry and a little mischievous, though not enough to cloud their brains; and, one of them giving the cue, the conversation took a turn which convinced the new passenger that he was in exceedingly *uncanny* company, and at last he became so frightened that he begged to be let out. To this, however, we could by no means consent, until we arrived at Charing-cross, when our conductor set him at liberty, and astonished him beyond measure by rejecting his proffered fare, and telling him there was nothing to pay.

COLONEL GURWOOD.

The death of this gallant officer and very estimable man, by his own hand, created much sensation at the time; and, although many conjectures were hazarded as to the cause of the act, the mystery was never cleared up. A gentleman—an old and very intimate friend of my own, who had a Government appointment and a handsome official residence on Tower Hill, where I have spent many happy hours, and who knew the colonel, and was also acquainted with his brother—informed me that the latter had told him that the colonel had been in the practice of writing down the *memorabilia* of his Chief the Duke of Wellington; the Constable of the Tower, he being in constant and intimate communication with the Duke. These notes had expanded into two large MS. volumes. The Duke, by some accident, heard of their existence, and sent to the colonel in a great rage, demanding their immediate surrender. Gurwood received the message at Brighton, where he was staying at the time. He returned to the Tower, carried the volumes down into the kitchen, and there, leaf by leaf, committed them to the flames. He then returned to Brighton, and there committed the act which deprived his country of a distinguished officer, and society of a most worthy man. He had been offered £4000 for the MS., the destruction of which is to be deplored as a national loss.

The displeasure of his chief, acting upon an honourable and sensitive mind, was too much for him.

THOMAS CROFTON CROKER, F.S.A.,

Was a friend of mine of many years' standing; and, although well known as the author of "Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland," was probably more distinguished as an antiquarian, and owed much of his celebrity to Sir Walter Scott's mention of him as "The King of the Fairies," in allusion to his diminutive stature. My first visit to him was at Rosamond's Bower, a pleasant little cottage at Fulham, where he had collected a museum of antiquities of all ages and countries. His cabinet of Egyptian scarabei was very numerous and rich, formed of precious stones and some of the precious metals. After a late sitting of the Literary Fund Committee we were leaving the house together, when he asked me what I was going to do with myself. I told him that I was very hungry, and, home being a long way off, I must get some dinner. "Well," he said, "we will dine together. Have you got any money?" Whereupon I produced four half-crowns. "That will do admirably," he rejoined; and he took me to Wood's Tavern, the resort of the Noviomagians, Club, where we dined and discussed tumblers of whisky punch; and when our symposium was finished he called for the bill, which he slipped into his pocket, and told the waiter he would pay him at the next meeting of the club, and we separated. On the next morning he called on me and presented me with a scarabeus, which he himself had taken from the breast of a mummy which was of the time of the early Pharoahs, as a memento of our pleasant meeting. He added that he had a large collection, both genuine and counterfeit; but that this was a true one. He told me one day that an ancestor of his, in Cromwell's time, lived in a castle with an only daughter, who was unmarried. Cromwell, according to his wont of rewarding his followers, gave a sergeant of his army an order written on his saddlebow (saddlebow-titles such documents were styled) to take possession of this castle, before which the sergeant accordingly presented himself with his extemporised title, whereupon the young lady burst into tears and appealed eloquently to his generosity in behalf of her aged father, and hoped that he would not turn him out upon the world at his time of life. Whereupon the soldier suggested the alternative of the damsel taking him for "better or for worse," and thus obviating any necessity for disturbing her venerable parent. The young lady, nothing loth, closed at once with the proposal, and, in the words of the story books, "they lived together happily ever after."

Crofton Croker was a great frequenter of "old curiosity shops." I accompanied him once to one in Bond-street, where the proprietor showed him a large circle of gold wire, which Croker pronounced to be a "money ring," and for which the owner was willing to take its value as old gold. We then adjourned to a goldsmith's in the same street, who weighed it, and, the price being paid, my antiquarian friend walked off in triumph with his prize. He told me once of an old fowling piece, which was purchased—whether by himself or not I do not remember—at an old iron shop for a few shillings, the mountings of which turned out to be gold.

I add a transcript of a letter from

him characteristic of the man and of his country:

"Admiralty, 5th July, 1836.

"My dear H.,—I arrived safely on Thursday last from the 'Green Isle'—what an isle it is for the absurdity of fun! I have seen much, and the conclusion is that I know nothing of Ireland. I have mixed freely and gaily with men notorious as leaders of opposing parties, and fine fellows in their own way they are. The very first invitation I received in my native city (Cork) was to Derrynane from Maurice O'Connell; the next from Mr. Leycester, the Orange member who was put out on petition with my friend Colonel Chatterton. I have dined at the Mansion House of Cork, the hotbed of Toryism, and with the parish priest of Blarney, who boasts that he was the man who first got up a resistance to tithes in Ireland. In fact, never was a man more curiously placed than I have been. I am just going to the anniversary of your friends the Noviomagians, who, I hope, will do themselves the honour of re-electing their president after his travels. We dine at Waltham to commemorate the restoration of its cross.—Ever yours,

"T. Crofton Croker."

I may remark that the epithet "green," though applicable enough to the country, is not at all characteristic of the natives, who are anything but *green*. Sir William Chatterton, Bart., elder brother of the Colonel Chatterton alluded to, was a fine, handsome, and most agreeable person. His wife, Georgiana Lady Chatterton, wrote some novels.

WILLIAM COOKE TAYLOR, LL.D.,

Was a clever, good-humoured, and kind-hearted Irishman and a good classical scholar, and was a member of the Oriental Translation Society. He was a great ally of Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, with whom he one day visited some charity schools, and, as they were afterwards crossing St. James's Park, the Archbishop was expatiating on the subject of Sunday amusements for the lower classes, on which he entertained rather liberal views, and enforced his arguments by calling Taylor's attention to a copy which one of the charity boys, whom they had just left, was writing, "Wide wears — tight tears." Taylor once asked the Archbishop's opinion as to whether he, Taylor, should reply to some attack that had been made upon him. "Can you pick up a stone to throw at a dog without stooping?" was Whately's reply. Taylor told me he was once under examination by a Committee of the House of Lords on the subject of education, when the Bishop of London, Dr. Blomfield—whose father was a schoolmaster, and his son at one time his assistant—asked Taylor, who was ignorant of the fact, what class of persons he considered to be the most ignorant, with reference to their opportunities. "Schoolmasters, my lord," was Taylor's unwitting reply, at which the Marquis of Lansdowne, who was behind the bishop, shook his finger at the doctor; but the mischief was done.

Some young noblemen, among whom was the Earl of W—— (not Waterford, for he had sobered down into matrimony), were indicted for some riotous conduct, wrenching off knockers among other offences, for which the judge sentenced them to a small fine, in addition to a very edifying lecture on the impropriety of their behaviour. A few nights afterwards Taylor's knocker was wrenched off and carried away; upon which Taylor provided himself with a

new one, and sent the bill in to the judge, whom he considered to have encouraged the offence by his lenient dealing with the case in point.

He once told me of an ill-tempered countryman—he was a public man, but I forget his name—who was said to have been born in a passion, and had been in it ever since.

Taylor married a very pretty Irish girl, and announced to me the fact in a letter so thoroughly Irish, that I cannot refrain from quoting the passage: "I have been married to my young cousin under circumstances of romance, such as you could not expect from my prosaic aspect. She was an orphan; her near relations neglected her; I began to show her some attentions, merely from respect to her deceased father. The correspondence soon changed from respectful to tender intercourse. I wrote to dissuade her [from marrying], on account of the disparity of age. She replied that such an objection had no weight on her mind. I went to Ireland from the Bristol Association [the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which met there that year], persuaded the lady, talked down her guardians, battled lawyers, outfaced parsons, was married in a fortnight after landing, and am here with my wife." Taylor was much older, and did not live many years. His widow appears to have preserved the tenderness of heart ascribed to her, for she married again within a twelvemonth after his death.

SAMUEL LOVER, R.H.A.,

Was a very little, but agreeable-looking man, a very clever artist and author, his "Legends and Stories of Ireland" being, in my judgment, very superior to any contemporary books on the subject, as they are to any of his attempts in the way of novel writing. The fun and humour by which they are characterised were greatly enhanced by his recitations of them, which I frequently heard in private, and once in the presence of the late Lord Canterbury, who was convulsed with laughter. The songs of Samuel Lover will live while music and pathos have power to charm. His voice was not strong, but he had a wonderful ear, and much sweetness of expression. His "Angel's Whisper" will never cease to be popular. He was in the habit of singing his songs in private, and also at the dinners of the Literary Fund Club, before they were published. He sang the "Angel's Whisper" at my own table. He was a member of the Royal Hibernian Academy, and exhibited at the Royal Academy in London. He had also considerable reputation as a portrait painter.

THE NOVIOMAGIANS.

Some fellows of the Society of Antiquaries discovered, near Keston, in Kent, the buried city of Noviomagus; and in honour of the achievement formed themselves into a club, which dined monthly, during the London season, at Wood's Tavern, near Clare Market, immediately adjoining the burial-ground in which reposed the remains of Joe Miller, but which has now been built upon. At the time of my introduction as a guest by Mr. G. R. Corner, a distinguished and most enthusiastic antiquary, Crofton Croker was the president, and took the chair at dinner in a huge cocked hat, what sailors call a *regular fore and after*, which almost extinguished the little King of the Fairies; while the vice-president confronted him in the very smallest triangular cocked hat, which, he being

a large man, looked quite as ridiculous. The dinner was a very unpretending one, soup, fish, poultry, and a joint; the wines port and sherry; then soda water and an early break-up. Among the guests was Lord Dunboyne, who sat next to me and told me that he had lately been at a wedding of the daughter of a very rich but stingy man, who consulted him as to the fee which should be given to the clergyman, a poor curate. "Oh," said Lord Dunboyne, "as he is a relation of the family he won't take a fee, so you may as well do the thing handsomely and offer him a twenty pounds' note;" which the curate, as his lordship anticipated, put into his pocket with many expressions of gratitude. Sir William Betham, Ulster King at Arms, was a member, and was there on every occasion on which I was invited. There was a good deal of fun going on always. Jerdan was a regular attendant, and was a member. The qualification for membership was the F.S.A.

JOSEPH SNOW

Was a man of graceful manners, refined mind, and considerable literary attainments. He had come into possession early of a large fortune, which, however, he contrived to get through, and when I first knew him he was clerk to the Literary Fund, the office not having then attained to the dignity of a secretaryship. He published a volume of poems, among which was one on the "Wallflower," of singular power and originality of thought. He also published, with Murray, a volume of epitaphs, for the most part original, entitled "Churchyard Thoughts." He was exceedingly sensitive, and of not remarkably even temper; and so it happened that, taking umbrage at some remark of one of the committee, he threw up his appointment, and went into Wales, where he undertook the editorship of a newspaper, under the auspices, I think, of the Marquis of Bute. That enterprise failing, he returned to London, when Mr. Blewitt, the secretary to the Royal Literary Fund, having been requested to recommend a person for a vacancy in the gift of the Queen in the Charter House, named Snow, and he accordingly became a brother. Naturally fastidious, he became disgusted with his associates, and was constantly complaining. Among other grounds of dissatisfaction was the practice of the other brethren bringing butter in a bear's grease pot to the dining hall. At last, however, his health, never very good, began to fail; and, feeling that death was not far distant, he resolved that it should not occur in what he called an almshouse, and accordingly he sold all his effects, and betook himself into the country, where he died. I remember that he had one answer to any witticism perpetrated on his name, "He could not see the *drift* of it."

WILLIAM JERDAN

I was intimately acquainted with for a great number of years, in the course of which I received from him many kindnesses, and we remained upon excellent terms until, on the occurrence of a vacancy in a secretaryship, for which I had a vote, I felt it to be my duty to vote against his son, who was a candidate for the office. It was natural enough, with his estimate of his son's qualifications, that he should feel aggrieved, and the more so as he knew I had no personal interest in the successful candidate, beyond my conviction of his entire fitness for the position; and I was not long in discovering in the pages of the *Literary Gazette* that

he did not soon forget the circumstance. With all his faults, which it is not my office to chronicle, he was essentially a good-tempered and good-natured man. He had great conversational powers, and discoursed well, not only on subjects which he understood, but on those which he did not. He was very ready in repartee. I was dining once with him and Crofton Croker, shortly after the death of the Earl of Moira, when Croker remarked that the earl, with all his talents and accomplishments, would "leave no wake upon the stream of time." "Nonsense, Crofty," said Jerdan, "every dead Irishman has a *wake*." He was a man of very popular manners, and at one time, in the palmy days of the *Literary Gazette*, had considerable influence. He was on good terms with Canning, who granted him an interview five minutes after he had kissed hands on being appointed prime minister by George IV. Had his prudence been at all proportionate to his abilities he might have died a rich man. He told me himself that his literary income was 2000*l.* annually for many years, and that was a great sum in those days. He mentioned to me that he once called upon Canning immediately after an interview between the latter and Queen Caroline, and the mantel-piece on which she had been leaning was wet with her tears.

Jerdan was a man of great bodily activity, and during the conflagration of the Houses of Parliament so distinguished himself in attempting to subdue the flames, that he was thanked for it by several peers, who were engaged in the same hopeless endeavour.

The decline of the *Literary Gazette*, once almost of as much authority as the *London Gazette*, was in great part attributable to the rivalry of the *Athenæum*, which had a well-paid and efficient staff, while I have reason to believe that most part of the contributions to the *Literary Gazette* were gratuitous. Crofton Croker and "L. E. L." were Jerdan's great helps. Many years ago there was a bonassus, the first seen in Europe I believe, which was exhibited for some weeks in London, and among his many visitors was a publisher, whose face, to quote Apollo Belvedere in the farce, "was not what the world would call handsome," and was so distasteful to the bonassus that he made a rush at said publisher as soon as he saw him; and the same result followed a repetition of the visit. Jerdan used to account for it by saying that the brute was envious of the publisher's superior ugliness. The poor man (and yet not poor, for he was very rich) had a most distressing squint that often, to my own personal knowledge, produced the *contretemps* described in a verse, which I will venture to quote, without naming the author:

So, sir, when at table you answer a sign
From a man with a squint, of his wish to take wine,
You find out, though you thought he had got a clear sight of you,
He means that young lady, the third to the right of you.

I have referred to Jerdan's kindness, and here is a letter, showing that he would do a graceful thing in a graceful way. It refers to a review of a recently published book of my own, in an early period of our acquaintance:

"My Dear Sir,—If you always hasten to thank me for doing what is right, I shall seem to lose the pleasure of performing a duty, and to be looking for a reward of another kind. It is, however, always gratifying when one can publicly serve those for whom they entertain much private esteem. It is a balance for such pain as I have

experienced in this very number of the *Gazette*, in the matter of Galt and Valpy.

"Believe me, sincerely yours,
"W. JERDAN."

I never met with but one specimen of Jerdan's poetical powers, and that was the following contribution to a periodical of which I was the editor, and the MS. of which has turned up among some old letters:

ON MY GREY HAIRS.

Ten years agone, ye monitors,
How I abhorred your hue,
And pluck'd ye singly from your hold,
As if I'd conquer you;
And so I did, like knight of old,
Who hundreds overthrew,
And fancied immortality
More sure the more he slew.

These years are fled, I greet ye now,
The dearest guests to me;
Why should the stem live when the boughs
Fall wither'd from the tree?
When keen affliction's piercing blast
Has nipt the foliage free,
And when the storm hath torn the hopes
Of blossomings to be?

I greet ye now, ye clustering come
And tell me of the past,
Of drear misfortune's saddening clime,
With bitterness o'er-cast,
Of friends—oh! friends, who shunned that time,
As Fate were on the blast,
Of worldlings, linked unto the world,
As 'twould for ever last.

Of pleasures whose fresh springing wealth,
Bode an eternal round;
Of jocund health, wherein no space
For lapse or wreck were found;
Those pleasures now all viewless, spent
Like an unearthly sound,
That health to pain and sorrow bent
Which craves the silent mound.

Of these ye speak, and I, grey hairs,
Rejoice in what is o'er;
Rejoice, because what has been felt
Again can touch no more;
But more rejoice, because ye point
To that untroubled shore,
Where thinly shed on my cold brow
We'll rest, though oceans roar.

My own grey hairs! I grateful hail
The promise ye impart;
Strength is it to the weary soul,
Balm to the aching heart.
The sunny locks of youth will fail
When joys unnumbered start,
But ye are certain as the wings
That plume Death's certain dart.

I therefore hail ye, as above
Thought's sore-vexed throne ye wave;
Throw gentle shade upon the false
And the tyrannous brave;
Bid care's dull tide and passion's flood
No longer roll or rave;
But loves and fears, and griefs and tears,
All centre in the grave.

Jerdan once sent me a tale, which he had written expressly for my work, and was an exceedingly original and clever one; but the subject did not appear to me to be at all suited to the kind of publication, and, therefore, much to my annoyance, I felt compelled to decline it. He did not like it, but it did not in the slightest degree alter the terms on which we had been hitherto. I may, perhaps, have been wrong in attributing to the editor the disfavour with which any literary adventure of mine was latterly received in the *Gazette*, which disfavour was visited not only on a book, but even of contributions to other volumes—the "Keepsake," for instance; for it happened that I had incurred the displeasure, in a parallel case, of one who had great influence in the *Gazette*, and contributed largely to its columns, and who, after having written to me half-a-dozen letters, wound up the appeal by reminding me of the writer's influence in it, and of that influence never having been exercised but in my favour. And it may be that to that individual I owed the change in the tone of the *Gazette* with regard to my writings.

EPHEMERAL LITERATURE.

The question, what is ephemeral literature? is more easily answered at the present day than the question, what is not?

It is fortunate for modern authors that they have not time to think, else they surely must look with regret to the days when to be an author at all was to be distinguished throughout a greater or less circle, while to be in the smallest degree above mediocrity was to have a place in the gallery of fame.

Who reads Beattie's poetry? Are there not a score of living poets that surpass Akenside? And yet these and such as these representatives of a past century take their place in the sacred museum of eminent British poets (or at least the biographical books tell us so); while the better men of the present are jostling one another vainly in the entrance, and will never get in, because they are too large a mob. It is pleasant from a general point of view to realise how much the literary standard must have risen; but to the men of great power who now obscure one another, and are mutually effaced, the wish may come that they had our simple-minded forefathers and foremothers for their audience, instead of being relegated to the hasty glance of the over-busy man of the present. Or instead of the very remote chance of the appreciation of that ineffable being, Posterity, who must favour some representative of each epoch, but becomes confused if offered too many. If a faculty of silence could but fall upon our race and last a century, the literature of the Victorian age might have a chance of being appreciated. As things are, no one can grapple with it, for each new year is more prolific than the last, and calls more loudly for attention to its wares.

Nearly everyone can write, and eminent men are becoming so common, that the sharp peak of eminence itself, from being so constantly added to, is gradually subsiding into an almost undistinguishable mound.

When we hear of myriads of individuals starving in China, we cannot summon the ready flow of sympathy for all of them, that would be evoked for one case that happened in our own village. If we are much bothered about the details of maintenance or boarding out of pauper children, we do not greet with a proper and sufficiently respectful sympathy the news that Mrs. Pauper has just presented the world with twins. From the variety of the demands made upon our sympathies, now that the whole world telegraphs us its troubles every morning, we insensibly grow a trifle callous. Our hearts have too much to do, and it is well for us if we do not contract them, and isolate ourselves even from the cry of our neighbours.

So in literature is it with the average intellect. It is overburdened by the calls made upon its attention. Finding it impossible to read, to mark, to learn, and far

less to inwardly digest, more than a thin little stream of the ever-flowing cornucopia of brain produce, a large number of persons have taken refuge in a kind of pseudo-literature, which requires the serious exercise of no faculty whatever, but is made to be glanced at and thrown aside. Superficial readers are so common, that writers who put a few years of thought into a little book would often be willing to exchange the ruck of skimmers for a single individual who would really care to read. And to find such an ideal individual—as, for instance, a shepherd, intellectually gifted, remote from men, and possessed of but two or three books—might be difficult.

The amount of valuable work that floats past the reading public, gaining almost as little notice as a procession of pauper children, is prodigious. Half a century ago the scythe of a few conspicuous critics would sweep through the springing shoots, and the flowers that were allowed to be worth preserving were offered to the public with some *empressement*. Now they are thrown upon the general stream and float idly past, for criticism is undone. There are so many critical organs, that they counteract one another: every literary venture is sure of receiving at least faint praise somewhere, which laudation can be judiciously multiplied by advertisement.

A new crop of eager writers ever springs spontaneous, and defies the critics; where the few notable scythes once mowed down the struggling ranks, the hosts of little spuds are now impotent even to root out weeds. Multitude is indeed the despair of criticism; for not only is there the chaos huge and inordinable of literary efforts, but also the equal chaos of criticism itself, within which stands no conspicuous beacon to win the glances of all, and to embody in itself the words, Let there be Light.

The traditions of culture and the cosmopolitanism of modern life tend to destroy idiosyncrasy, and he will be a strong genius indeed who shall now rise head and shoulders above the eminent thinkers of a hemisphere, and make himself a distinct and lasting place above the magnificent ephemera of our time.

That all the current literature of the day is more or less ephemeral we are bound to allow, unless a new race should arise, so constituted as never to write, but ready to arrange existing matter and distribute it among its members for conscientious reading, in periods not too vast for individual study.

There are certain descriptions of written matter which are necessarily ephemeral, such as the daily budgets of the newspapers, which only attain permanence through the ordering and compressing hand of the historian. Criticism also is a mere passer-by. Who, except an occasional curiosity-monger, would refer to the *Edinburgh* of something over sixty years ago?—in order to learn that the publication of Coleridge's *Christabel* was "one of the most notable pieces of impertinence of which the press has lately been guilty; and one of the boldest experiments that has yet been made on the patience or understanding of the public. . . The thing now before us is utterly destitute of value. It exhibits from beginning to end not a ray of genius." Here the poet has at least outlived the critic.

About the literature of which magazines are composed, there are curiously opposite views. Mr. Ruskin, writing four months ago in the columns of the periodical in which this gossiping sketch appears, was comparing the limi-

tations, both as to quantity and range, of the old monthly publications, the meekness of the contributors, and the complacency of the public, with "the celestial state of authorship by whose courses we have now the felicity of being dazzled and directed." He told us how "it was enough for the editor of the 'Friendship's Offering' if he could gather for his Christmas bouquet a little pastoral story, suppose, by Miss Mitford, a dramatic sketch by the Rev. George Croly, a few sonnets or impromptu stanzas to music by the gentlest lovers and maidens of his acquaintance, and a legend of the Apennines or romance of the Pyrenees by some adventurous traveller who had penetrated into the recesses of their mountains, and would modify the traditions of the country to introduce a plate by Clarkson Stanfield or J. D. Harding." Whereas now, in Mr. Ruskin's opinion, the leading lunarians err in the entirely opposite direction; they are but too full of politics, speculative philosophy, and responsibility.

This kind of heavy matter should not surely be all ephemeral; and yet we find one of the leading critical weeklies remarking, *àpropos* of an article by a moderately well-known author, "it seems strange that a writer possessed of such great gifts—possessed, at least, of an incisiveness of phrase that puts him beyond the reach of rivalry—should be content to go on for ever writing articles for the magazines." This sort of comment seems to be an endeavour to keep out of the magazines the very kind of matter that a high literary journal ought to wish to keep in them. There is a difference to be noted, by the way, between writing articles for the magazines and writing articles which are published in the magazines. The former may be intentionally ephemeral, or rather lunarian; the latter may contain as much of the eternal quality as any monograph spread out by wide margins and bound in thick boards.

It is the convenience of publication in a magazine that enables it to obtain articles of this kind. The author finds that his paper (which, of course, to discerning eyes, is the only paper in the number) goes before all the leading reviewers without his taking the trouble to order copies to be sent. There is no delay such as is found in separate publication when it is not the season, or the publisher's printers have their hands full. The author's name is kept before the public, which seems to be a necessity in this jostling age, when quantity is the feature in literature, and to the writer who will not push himself there comes the danger of being lost in the vast competitive crowd. If the essay should have extended itself beyond the limits of a lunarian article, it can be offered to the public in monthly parts; for the constituency of the more dignified periodicals is one rather of continuous subscribers than of occasional buyers. If the essay be short, the expense of its production in book form would be considerable; while, if it were brought out as a pamphlet, it would rarely repay the cost of advertisement, and would usually remain unnoticed by the reviewers, who have a prejudice against pamphlets. Finally, it is ensured a certain public at once, which is no small advantage; and is brought before that public in a regular and inoffensive manner, and not by bawling at the corner of the streets.

The advantages of the writer in such a case are substantial; his grievances are fanciful, such as the reproaches which the superior critic heaps upon him for including

his treatise under the head of "articles for the magazines," a class of literature regarded as ephemeral and worthless. If his article be really solid, inferior criticism will pass him by with the snarl that the general public will be unable to understand him,—and, of course, magazines are made for the general public.

Magazines have of late years mostly divided themselves into two classes, the one comprising much heavier matter than the periodicals of half a century ago, the other manifesting a much lighter and more frivolous character than the ancient monthlies. Some of the more solid magazines, which call themselves reviews, contain so much heavy matter that they must be far above the range of the simple family circle of Mr. Ruskin's memory, whatever may be the relation which they hold to the modern public, which devours, or appears to devour, them month by month.

The lighter magazines vie with each other which shall meet the wishes of the largest public, and produce the most ephemeral matter, pleasant for a very idle hour. This class of literature forms one with the undistinguishable romances of the circulating library.

There is a difficulty felt in minds of a certain character in the appreciation of that kind of periodical which designs, after the manner of those of Shakespeare's plays that alternate jests with tragedy, to mingle with its solid contents something light wherewith to relieve the mind, and so to afford within one cover matter for a few hours of thought, and an opportunity of relaxation therefrom. Such miscellanies, when their extremes are not too marked, satisfy a very worthy and natural class of persons, who object to extreme frivolity, and yet do not care to take upon themselves the monthly burden of the heavier reviews, while they like to catch scintillations from modern thought, in order to learn from its lurid and clouded lights what position at least it holds within its own fog. Such a design is not the same as following a middle course between the ponderous and the superficial; it is rather to include both—to alternate, not to mingle, the grave and gay, severe philosophy and pleasant effervescence.

But this kind of coquetry with both the profound and the playful, on account of its placing matter of permanent value by the side of mere ephemera, is disliked by the conventional mind, which is nothing if not rigidly classificatory; and the reader whose aim is to be well-informed complains of articles which he would be inclined to seek out, being made hard to find amongst fugitive productions, and consequently likely to be lost sight of altogether. One of the trade journals, conscious of the unwieldy bulk of modern literature, was complaining twelve months ago that there was no index of literature: "No one can read all the journals and magazines published, many of which contain articles that persons interested in the subject would give any reasonable sum to see." And an instance was given of a valuable paper being almost wasted in obscurity through its appearance in a magazine where one would never dream of looking for such an article. One American journal is a trifle in advance of us, and does in fact publish a more or less complete index of such a kind.

Coleridge in his *Lay-Sermon* made an attempt in his own erratic way at ordering the chaos; he chose to determine to whom his books ought to go. "Not

even as a Sermon," he says, "would I have addressed the present Discourse *to a promiscuous audience;* and for this reason I likewise announced it in the title-page, as exclusively *ad clerum, i.e.* (in the old and wide sense of the word) to men of *clerkly* acquirements, of whatever profession. I would that the greater part of our publications could be thus *directed*, each to its appropriate class of readers. But this cannot be! For among other odd burrs and kecksies, the misgrowth of our luxuriant activity, we have now a READING PUBLIC—as strange a phrase, methinks, as ever forced a splenetic smile on the staid countenance of Meditation; and yet no fiction! For our readers have, in good truth, multiplied exceedingly, and have waxed proud. It would require the intrepid accuracy of a Colquhoun to venture at the precise number of that vast company only, whose heads and hearts are dieted at the two public *ordinaries* of Literature, the circulating libraries and the periodical press."

Coleridge himself would probably have been astonished at the much-increased promiscuousness of our present audience. Readers, no doubt, in the long run get at the class of books they want without any special "direction," provided they keep their eyes open; and the clerkly man may be found in unexpected places. But a great economy of trouble might be ensured by some orderly plan which should index literature, and enable articles of permanent value to be more readily discovered among the heaps of ephemeral productions that, by being too multitudinous for any person of ordinary leisure to hunt through them, tend to obscure the pearls scattered sparsely among them.

What has mainly suggested these jottings, in relation to periodicals viewed as ephemeral literature, is a copy of the model catalogue of books, and of the regulations of the Glasgow Reading Club. As the *University Magazine* is on the club's list of periodicals, it behoves us to apologise for quoting what they say of magazines, which consists of the crushing assertion that "periodicals are of value only during the month of their currency." This is indeed to be ephemeral with a vengeance; but if fashion says this is so, why, so it is. Yet it is difficult to see why a paper not written for any particular month should have a specific value at one end of a particular month, and be valueless at the other. Perhaps, however, this appalling dictum is destined only to stimulate the borrowers from the club to return their numbers with promptitude; for when the authorities want to sell periodicals, and that at the time when they have stated them to be valueless, they ask half price for them, and suggest to their members the notion of bound volumes of magazine numbers, while they gently stimulate buyers by the citation of Ruskin's sarcasm: "We talk of food for the mind, as of food for the body; now a good book contains such food inexhaustibly; it is a provision for life, and for the best part of us; yet how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it."

The *Noctes Ambrosianæ* no doubt looked very much like magazine articles when they appeared in *Blackwood*, but they have managed to live nevertheless. But then there was probably no critical weekly to say that Kit North was too good for the magazine. Charles Lamb's essays would have made admirable magazine papers, but Elia would surely have outweighed a turbot in

value even a month after publishing day, for Elia is not stale yet.

It is true that many papers are reprinted from magazines in a form designed to be permanent; and this fact has probably aided in making the periodical regarded as only a temporary vehicle. Nevertheless, though they should be reprinted, it is difficult to understand why the original imprint should have its value extinguished by lapse of thirty days, unless on the ground of literature being like the old woman who had so many children she did not know what to do.

It was formerly the common custom to give magazines quite a respectable lease of life by binding the numbers into half-yearly volumes. But the miscellaneous extension of magazine literature probably renders this plan less frequently resorted to, except in the case of public libraries. It would cumber our shelves, indeed, were some fifty volumes of periodical literature to be added to our books every half-year.

It is delightful to turn aside from this monotonous prospect, and to assure ourselves that literature, even of an order as regularly recurrent as pauper children, is not always treated as ephemeral and despicable. We saw the other day a volume of an extinct periodical—the *Germ*, sometime the organ of the Preraphaelites—which had been advertised for sale in a bookseller's catalogue at the price of 7s. 6d. This may seem a modest and reasonable sum for a small volume. An æsthetic individual happened to see the announcement at one o'clock in the morning, the catalogue having reached him by post a few hours before. He immediately wrote and despatched a letter to secure the prize, and, to make doubly sure, called upon the bookseller immediately after breakfast. After obtaining the *Germ*—let us pronounce with a hard "g," as do the elect—he inquired of the head of the bookselling firm if he knew its value. Indeed he did, he replied; but his son, who had compiled the catalogue, had not been so well informed. "You will see that my shop will be besieged for that volume all day," he continued. As he was speaking, a message was brought that a gentleman was excitedly asking for the *Germ*, and inquiring, in case it were indeed sold, whether the purchaser would part with it. And this disappointed man was followed by a string of others, all come for that little magazine, price 7s. 6d. Its real value is about five pounds; so that it is possible for ephemeral literature to live beyond its day.

In the case of the *Germ*, it is real and rare value that causes the demand for its numbers, albeit out of date. But the products of intellect being so readily multiplicable, and the public in very truth being quite as much led by fashion as by mind, it is as a rule not intellectual so much as antiquarian value that brings any typographic work into the sort of demand that would warm the heart of the despairing scribe.

Those who cry out upon the indignity put upon literature by the edict that magazines are valueless after thirty days, and by the prices at which the publisher will offer a book after Mr. Mudie, the publishers' publisher, has been satiated, ought to turn with joy to the price lists of Mr. Quaritch, the great bookseller, who has lately been making purchases at the sale of the Didot collection in Paris.

Surplus copies even of Mr. Tennyson's poems may be sold at a cheap price; his hero Lancelot du Lac is more prized by himself, for a couple of volumes anent him, printed in Paris in 1494, can only

be acquired for the sum of £325. Our modern sages struggle for a hearing, many of the best of them publishing their works at a pecuniary loss, but the book of the "Sept Sages de Rome" is not obtainable under £200. But is it the wisdom that is prized, or the fact that the folio containing it can be described as "*Superbe exemplaire, très-grand de marges, et L'Un des deux connus*"?

We propose to take this lesson to heart ourselves. We shall cease to give birth to thousands of valueless ephemerides, and shall bring out our next volume of philosophy in noble style on vellum, with at least a foot of margin, and shall only allow two copies to be issued. These Mr. Quaritch shall sell for us at a few hundred pounds apiece. No one's prejudices will be disturbed by our thought, and to the backs of our volumes we shall be able to point with pride, in the cabinets of kings. Until those resplendent rarities appear, we look not for fame or immortality. Does not the *tres ioyeuse, plaisante, recreatiue, hystoire* of our *faitz, gestes, triumphes et prouesses* now appear on ordinary paper at a vulgar price, and within reach of that multitudinous individual whom yet, even if we follow Coleridge's special appeal *ad clerum*, we so often fail to move, and whom after thirty days we are found to have wearied out.

Through Mr. Quaritch (who, so soon as he begins to exercise his powers for live authors, will far surpass Mr. Mudie) we have been led so sensibly into such high society as that of "El ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha" (valued at a hundred pounds, albeit *il manque un f. dans le corps du texte*), of Palmerin de Inglaterra (an uncommon specimen, which, however, Mr. Quaritch avows needs to be washed), and of the "esforçado cavallero Don Tristan de Leonis," &c., &c., that we feel it difficult to return to humble folk and cheap ephemeral literature.

But, coming back to common day, we do sympathise with the reader who cannot take in all the magazines, and yet would miss nothing likely to suit his taste; and we hope that there will yet be found a way of providing a classified index of literature.

In spite of the *Spectator's* allegation against *Fraser's Magazine* of "snippetiness," we confess to having cut out from *Fraser* and bound up a number of valuable papers that could not be obtained elsewhere, and probably will never be reprinted; for, in spite o the popular fallacy, there is no moving demand for recondite thought. But, in extracting a paper in this way, one has frequently to take also a piece of the articles that precede and follow it. This produces an unsightly effect in the bound volume; and it is even conceivable that one magazine should so conspicuously abound in valuable matter that two articles on subjects of different kinds should be printed side by side, both which articles we might wish to rescue from the ephemera and bind in our classified collections. In such a case we should have to buy an extra copy of the periodical, which would come against the grain if the mystic period of valuelessness, as reckoned by the librarians, should happen to have begun. We offer, therefore, the practical suggestion that when the Index appears, magazines should be printed with a blank page between their articles when such do not terminate on the second page of a leaf. By this means a magazine would be a collection of pamphlets stitched together, any of which would be readily detachable. True, the

paging would come oddly in the volume which rescued the special articles from the miscellaneous ephemera that obscured them; but this difficulty may well be left to the mechanical genius of the day.

We must confess to a liking for those forlorn old numbers of magazines which the second-hand booksellers term "a mass of highly interesting matter." We prefer to see Kit North's *Noctes Ambrosianæ* in the yellow old sheets, and in the actual type that first passed under his eye—perhaps in the dewy morning after the ambrosial night—rather than to possess the same in the most decorous library edition. Our suggestion as to detachable articles would meet the case, and at least rescue what to any reader might seem true and valuable grain from the society of the chaff, which, we have shown good authority for believing, makes the whole produce of any periodical threshing of the brain valueless in thirty days.

SPIRIT OF THE UNIVERSITIES.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD,

July 20.

THE spirit of this University, such as it is, may be said to be dispersed to the four corners of the earth just now, with the *disjecta membra* which go to form its corporate existence. Nevertheless, although Oxford is scaling the Jungfrau, and performing feats on the Fiord, and otherwise disporting itself gaily and giddily, a select residuum remains in residence up to a certain fixed date, viz., St. Mary Magdalene's day, which, your non-ecclesiological readers must know, is the twenty-second day of this bright and sunny month. Moreover, those who remain to toy with the delights of this mediæval Athens of ours find abundant recompence. The Bodleian is empty, and you may command the services of half-a-dozen assistants to fetch and carry ponderous or imponderable tomes. The self-asserting and quite too pleasant undergraduate, with his flannels and his fun, is conspicuous by his absence, and his place on the rickety cricket drags is occupied by the festive scout, who is bent on liquidating the earnings of two terms with all possible velocity. That modern excrescence, the academical lady, has "gone down," and may be found by diligent search treading on the heels of Pan-Anglican bishops, or in resplendent dowdiness at second-rate watering-places. The common objects of the University, in short, are remote from the Isis, and the whole place looks like a banquet-hall deserted. Under these circumstances, the groves of Academus are enjoyable, and if you have the *entrée* of a common room where the judicious Fellow congregates quietly and appreciates *otium* without dignity, you are indeed blessed. Oxford in the Long—not to beat about the bush—is Oxford at its very best. It is very unacademical—using the term in its modern sense—and supremely collegiate. Perhaps you must be a thoroughbred to enjoy it heartily; yet even a Goth or an American bishop could hardly fail to be impressed with its grave, silent splendour, so suggestive of other ages and widely-differing phases of thought.

Above all, the chiefest glory of Oxford in July is the Magdalen Gaudy. Those who are familiar with Macaulay's dramatic description of the "embattled pile," and of his stirring story of how the Fellows resisted King James, and the very porter flung down his keys rather than admit the intruded Catholics, may not perhaps have come across Bishop Cleveland Coxe's lines in honour of the brave old college, commencing

England and Oxford, Magdalen and May-day.

Suffice it that they are a fine tribute of American genius to the most beautiful college in either university, and the one also which alone

has played a part in the history of England. It is on the day of its patron saint that this college holds high festival, with such pomp and ceremony as recalls the wassail of the barons. Something analogous to the Gaudy of Waynflete's superb foundation survives in the banquets of the City Guilds; but here we stand *super antiquas vias*, and there are no outward and visible signs of doing our hospitality by contract. Not to prate about a very pleasant gathering of Magdalenenses and guests, it may be pardonable to mention a few of the ancient customs which exist still—perhaps on the survival-of-the-fittest principle—in connection with the Gaudy. *Imprimis*, Ganymede is represented by the choristers, who adopt the *rôle* of ministering angels, and wait upon the guests in their black gowns. Then, after a series of courses, a pause occurs, and the probationer Fellow enters armed with a Latin manuscript, which, after doing obeisance to authority, he proceeds to exploit rhetorically. This essay, as a rule, is a eulogium on illustrious Magdalen men, from Pole and Wolsey to Addison and Gibbon, and is Tory or Communist, High Church or No Church, according to the orator's proclivities. Talking, of course, during this "exercise," is quite superseded, and the illusion of being at church is rudely dispelled by the applause which greets the exordium, and the immediate entrance of the haunch of venison. Deglutition at this point recommences, only to cease with a grand Latin grace sung by the full choir—the composition, be it added, of Dr. Benjamin Rogers, the noble church composer of the Merrie Monarch's epoch, whom the college ejected from his office of organist because, forsooth, his pretty daughter had the hardihood to flirt with a Rochester-like gentleman commoner. The last act of the drama consists in the passing round of the grace cup, a custom pre-eminently of the *moyen âge*. The man who drinks—after the complimentary beatitude "Floreat Magdalena"—on rising is supported on either side by his neighbours, whilst the man opposite also rises to warn him, so the tradition goes, in case anybody with a homicidal mania should show signs of stabbing him in the back. It is difficult to get a mixed company to execute this manœuvre in due form, but the theory survives, and that suffices.

Dr. Pusey has had the last word in the *Times*, and his friends are congratulating themselves on his duel with Jinx's Baby. The correspondence between these celebrities has in effect been supremely wearisome. The combatants did not meet on the same plane, or in the same sphere, and hence neither aimed straight at his antagonist. The Professor of Hebrew—a man almost as historical as Wesley—ought not, surely, to descend to journalistic polemics. Among those who know him, whether, theologically speaking, friends or foes, he is reverenced in a degree the world outside Oxford can little comprehend; and if he is the easiest doctor in the University to place in a false position—on paper—his sincerity cannot be suspected.

It is stated that the gravest dissatisfaction is felt in certain influential quarters at the proposals of the commission to deal with college property. Years ago the University was so much a cipher that the Fellows of New College snapped their fingers at its degrees. Now the tables are turned, and the University will be omnipotent and omnivorous, whilst the colleges bid fair to sink to the level of unwieldy hotels. Obviously there is no such Radical as a Conservative in office, since the demolition of the autonomy and individuality of the colleges will be attributable

not to the agency of those who profess and call themselves Destructives, but to a packed commission mostly composed of staid Conservatives. Speaking dispassionately, this iconoclasm is a blunder in more respects than one. The colleges ought to be taxed according to their means for academical purposes. That, however, is quite a different affair from emasculation or annihilation.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN,

July 8.

TERM is now over, and my present series of letters will be brought to a fitting conclusion by telling you of the fate of our incendiaries. To begin with, there are to be no athletic sports in the College Park next year. Two undergraduates were to have been rusticated, and two graduates were to have been suspended from degrees. But an abject apology was tendered by them, and the Board were moved with pity. So when the grace for suspending the degrees was laid before the Senate, a member of the Board was instructed to move its withdrawal. A debate ensued, in which things were said that the young gentlemen concerned are not likely to forget in a hurry; but the matter ended in a condonation of their offence. Whether the Board remits the punishment of the other culprits, I have not heard. I hope they will be pardoned, as it would be a bad precedent to punish the small fry and let off the big fish.

Our Commencements on the 4th were marked by some incidents of interest. One was the granting a doctor's degree in divinity to a Wesleyan minister. This kind of thing is, of course, a step in the right direction, though not a very marked advance, seeing how thin is the partition that divides Wesleyan Methodism from Episcopal Protestantism. Graces passed the Senate to confer on Mr. Lecky, the historian, the degree of Doctor of Laws, *honoris causâ*, as also on Mr. Cliffe Leslie. Both gentlemen were absent, so the actual ceremony of conferring the degrees cannot take place sooner than next December. Lecky, of course, you know all about. Leslie is not so well known. He is a professor at Queen's College, Belfast, and is one of the most eminent political economists of the day.

Lord Cairns' Intermediate Education Bill is being watched with interest in academical circles; not only because it may bring grist to the mill by enlarging the feeding ground of the University, but because it offers some hopes of improving their prospects to men already holding University and College offices. A certain Fellow—one who is perhaps more than any other considered our representative Fellow on your side of the water—is said to be ready to discount his chances of University promotion for one of the assistant-commissionerships of a thousand a year. If he succeeds, a versatile and energetic character will be lost to the University; but the juniors will get a step, and after all *il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire.*

The editing committee of *Hermathena* has lately had a very important

question to decide. Mr. Ellis, the editor of *Catullus*, offered them a paper, which the committee felt themselves constrained to decline, as contributions could only be received from Dublin University men. A great effort was made by a portion of the committee to relax this rule, and throw the pages of *Hermathena* wholly open. They were, however, unable to obtain a unanimous decision in this sense, and *Hermathena* is to remain closed against all but Dublin men. For my own part, I regret the decision, but I hope it is not irrevocable. A somewhat similar question had also to be settled by the editor of *Kottabos*, but in this instance the case for adhering to its fundamental rule is quite irresistible. Consequently, although it is a compliment to be asked to publish Greek verses by an ex-master of a well-known English public school, there is nothing to regret in having to return them because he does not happen to be a Dublin man.

I have been asked to correct a mis-statement in my last letter. Mr. Swift Johnston, the First Science Scholar this year, was not an American citizen, and had not to be naturalised. He was born at Chicago, N.S., and this fact gave rise to a doubt as to his nationality. Reference was made to counsel, who advised that he was eligible for the Scholarship, and he was duly elected accordingly. The rumour, however, got abroad that he had had to be naturalised, and I wrote under that belief.

The Vacation has begun, and halls, chambers, and quadrangles are well-nigh deserted.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Credibility of Venerable Bede and of his Followers. Read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool by JOSEPH BOULT, 29th October, 1877.

That the history of England during the fifth and up to the seventh century requires revision, and to be read by the light of modern research, may be fully admitted. It may also be granted that the Ecclesiastical History of Bede, which is so much an authority for that period, may not altogether possess the critical faculty — it would be an anachronism if it did—and it may not be wholly free from a certain bias; but the writer of this essay (p. 25) considers "Bede and those whom he followed, and those who followed him, amenable to the charge of being slavish copyists, or of making imagination and invention supply the place of research. . . . He accepted as equally authentic all the information presented to him, from whatever source. . . . The whole is crude, ill-digested, inconsistent with itself." Mr. Green, however, has arrived at a very different estimate, and in his well-known "History of the English People" speaks thus of what he calls "the work which immortalises the name of Beda:" "In his Ecclesiastical History he was at once the founder of mediæval history, the first English historian. First among English scholars, first among English theologians, first among English historians, it is in him that English literature strikes its roots." Mr. Boult makes it his chief objection that "Bede's History abounds in miracles of the ordinary monkish character, which he records as authentic," and he instances this: "Germanus achieved without bloodshed the Hallelujah Victory, with other miracles." The Alleluiatic Victory, though spoken of indeed as a favour from Heaven, is really simply the account of a sudden panic which seized on the Saxons and Picts arriving at the entrance of the valley unconscious of an ambuscade, when the arrived Britons rushed upon them with the loud shout of "Alleluia," driving them in part into the river, and thus completing their consternation. The received account of the Teutonic conquest of England is also impugned, and Mr. Boult combats at once "Dr. Freeman's delicate handling of the evidence" and "Professor Stubbs' boldness of assertion and pictorial description," pp. 17, 19. There are doubtless many reasons against the general assumption that the Keltic population of England was exterminated in the Teutonic immigration, especially when that has been reduced to its due proportions; and the last page of this paper quotes in corroboration Dr. Mackay's very recent "Gaelic Etymology of the English Language," as showing the linguistic survival, which would contradict the theory of extermination. One element in an investigation of this kind has, however, been overlooked by Mr. Boult himself. In the fourth and fifth centuries Britain was part of Gaul. Gaul,

as a generic term, included Britain; the same language was spoken in Gaul proper and in Britain. An occupation of four hundred years had given to Britain the full influence of Roman civilisation. It had all the privileges of a Roman province, and was a favoured country. The charge of barbarism against the Britons of this period is refuted by its inapplicability to Gaul and by the remains of temples, baths, and porticoes in Britain, as well as by the working of mines and the like. That there should be a large amount of survival from this Roman occupation is proof then that the immigration of the people from the Angulus was not an extermination or an extirpation of everything Roman, nor, any more than Roman, was everything Keltic also then exterminated or extirpated. The paper is altogether of a character that speaks much for the breadth of investigation and inquiry at the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society.

The Higher Criticism: Some Account of its Labours on the Primitive History, the Pentateuch, and the Book of Joshua. By Rev. Cyprian Rust, Rector of Westenfield. Hurst and Co., London. 1878.

The writer very properly defines his use of terms and words. By the Higher Criticism he understands "the attempt to explain Holy Scriptures on the supposition that there is nothing supernatural in their composition or in their contents;" in other words, that the Bible is to be treated as any other book. The view maintained is that, above all other things, the Bible is a book of prophecy: "it begins and ends with foretelling future events; its history is so constructed as to call the reader's attention to the fulfilment of the events foretold." Of course this is almost conclusive as a reply to the arguments of the Higher Criticism. There is no common ground on which to begin; it is, in fact, treated as an hypothesis, and met by a denial. But the pamphlet contains much in the examination of Ewald in particular, also of De Wette and Dr. Davidson, well worth attention, as well as the remarks on the canons of the Higher Criticism, and again on the Jehovistic and Elohistic theory.

Ancient Monuments and Holy Writ. By W. Pakenham Walsh, Dean of Cashel. Herbert, Dublin. 1878.

A more precise title for this little book would have described it as Inscriptions from Ancient Monuments, which is its subject. The only monuments treated of are those to which inscriptions are attached, and the inscriptions are the theme; *e.g.*, the Rosetta stone, the rock of Behistun, and what is called the Library of Assur-banipal (the Sardanapalus of the Greeks), discovered at Koyunjik, Nineveh, the Moabite stone, and the like. With drawings of these is given a popular account of the inscriptions, and a translation. The elaborate and costly works in which these descriptions are contained are very fairly epitomised as to their results. The records of Sennacherib, with the two remarkable cylinders now in the British Museum, are the subjects of another chapter, to which is added one on the inscriptions of Nebuchadnezzar. Of the Moabite stone Dr. Walsh says: "Scarcely is there a line of it which does not corroborate either the history, the language, or the geography of the Bible, explaining many things before inexplicable, refuting objections hitherto perplexing, and adding considerably to our knowledge on most important subjects."

We no way impugn this statement when we add that other views have been taken on some of the evidences adduced in this volume, and that at present opinions are in solution, or at least provisional; nor yet when we add the suggestion that the Bible should be taken as itself a record, and to be used in illustration of other "monuments," in corroboration, or in confutation, and according to the weight of evidence. We rather regret that the Dean of Cashel, in this connection, has not spoken of the Moabite pottery—the "jars,"—and the Shapira "forgeries,"—if so to be accounted.

The Transfer of Erin; or, The Acquisition of Ireland by England. By Thomas C. Amory. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott and Co.

Is there any *raison d'être* for such a book as this? We really think there is not. The story of the conquest, or acquisition of Ireland by England—the transfer of Erin, if anyone chooses to call it so—has been told often enough already. There is nothing new in the subject; and there is nothing new in Mr. Amory's treatment of it, not even in his style, for jerkiness and shaky grammar are no new features. The title is perhaps the only novelty in the book; and it is an obvious misuse of language. It is true we do talk in a loose kind of way of the "transfer" of the soil of a country from one race to another; but in the first place this is an admitted laxity of speech; and, moreover, "transfer" in this sense cannot be applied to the English conquest of Ireland. But, to leave this word-splitting, the author of the book before us would have been much better employed if he had made some attempt to survey the condition of Ireland since the beginning of the present century, when the "transfer" he writes about was made formally complete by the Act of Union.

There is material for a most interesting and most instructive narrative even in the thirty years that have succeeded the great potato famine. Writers in plenty have descanted on Irish grievances. What nobody tells about is Irish progress. Yet it may be reasonably contended that hardly any nation in Europe has made such steps in advance as Ireland has in the last thirty years. It is true she had a very backward starting point; but her progress has been marvellous when that is considered.

It would be impossible within our limits to go into any detailed proof of our assertions with regard to this matter. All we can do is to record our own belief, and to protest against the continuance of the use of language which, however true a quarter of a century ago, is mere cant now. We may, however, point to a few circumstances that confirm our opinion. One is the vast extension of the cattle trade, which is the staple source of Irish wealth.

Without wearying our readers with statistics, it may suffice to mention that nearly all the leading English railway companies have now depôts in Dublin for the special accommodation of this branch of their traffic. One very important company, the London and North-Western, has found it expedient to start an entirely new line of steamers, to build a new terminus at Dublin, and to place this terminus in connection with the three inland Irish railways, by a system of extension which must have involved the construction of about fifty miles of new railway work. These facts imply a vast increase in the traffic.

The rise in the wages of ordinary labour is notorious, and, though certain relics of a past state of poverty and degradation may still be found in country places, the observant traveller will not fail to perceive many proofs of a rise in the standard of living.

Another circumstance which goes a long way to confirm our view is the great increase in the middle-class population of the great towns. Dublin is a very conspicuous instance of this. Within the last thirty years there have been added to the city two suburbs (the Pembroke and Rathmines townships), containing a population of twenty thousand each. The average rental of the houses in these suburbs is a little under forty pounds, and if families be enumerated at five souls to a household, and the rental be taken as one-tenth of the income of the family occupying a house, this represents an addition of eight thousand families whose average income is between three and four hundred a year. This is quite independent of the increase in the population of Kingstown and the villages lying between that port and Dublin.

Facts like these prove an immense advance in material wealth; and, though material wealth is not everything, it has always been and is now more than ever an indispensable antecedent to national well-being. But it would not suit writers of Mr. Amory's school to dwell upon facts of progress and prosperity: their cue is to keep men looking back to injustice and cruelties for which no one is now responsible, and which their own pet political schemes are utterly powerless to redress.

Life of John Eadie, D.D., LL.D. By Rev. James Brown, D.D. Macmillan and Co. 1878.

Dr. Eadie, a scholar chiefly known in England through his biblical works, or as a member of the New Testament Revision Committee, in Scotland was a successful city clergyman, professor in a Theological Hall, and a man with a delightful name for kindly humour and *bonhommie*. None ever in his life more discouraged men from attempting his biography after his death. His was a life singularly devoid of incident; and even of its commonplaces he made no record. He kept no journal, and rarely wrote a letter extending to a second page. Such of his epistles as are preserved are veritable curiosities of penmanship—almost illegible and very unsightly. He often spoke of learning to write with his left hand, in the hope that he might appease the printers with improved manuscripts. There must be some among Dr. Eadie's friends of the opinion that, after all, his life was not a good subject for the chronicler. A quiet existence passed amid books, varied only by the labours of a preacher or the duties connected with a theological chair, does not easily work up into a memoir. The biography of such a man as Eadie should be contained, not in books written about him, but in the books he wrote. Dr. Brown has the credit of making the most of his materials. All that good taste, good English, and gentle humour could do for the book, has been done. The biographer has acquitted himself of his task perfectly. If he has not produced a standard biography the fault is not his. Particularly interesting is his appreciative account of young Eadie's schoolboy days at Alva. There he was "a causeway saint and a hoose deil." These were the days when dissent was indeed divided against itself; and Eadie's choice among its forms was made very simply: "My mother was an Antiburgher—the old true

blue party of Scotland. My father belonged to the Relief, and his church was two miles off, while my mother's was three. My mother carried bread and cheese with her on Sabbath, and my father carried none; and therefore I cast in my lot with my mother, and became an Antiburgher."

The best passage in this *Life* is well worthy preservation: "He obtained from his parents a promise that he should be sent to his classes in Tillicoultry, and thus the road along which he had been accustomed to trudge by his mother's side on Sundays, sustained by bread and cheese, now became his daily walk to and from school. In all weathers—fair and foul—in winter and in summer, he ungrudgingly made the journey, having been seized, under the influence of his able teacher, with that enthusiasm for learning which never left him, but which then, as always, he was able to conceal under a manner which, to a casual observer, betokened indifference. On winter mornings he had to start before daybreak; but he provided himself with a blazing tarred rope, which he carried in one hand, while his copy of Paradise Lost was in the other. It seems to me that there is hardly a finer picture in literary history than that of the quarrier's son—destined to raise himself to a foremost place among the scholars and divines of his native country—finding his way along the foot of the Ochils in the dark of the winter mornings, made darker by the shadow of the hills and of the overhanging trees of Alva woods, reading Milton's great epic in the light of a blazing tarred rope. Nor was it a careless reading, serving only to shorten the long winter walk. The poem was so read that it fixed itself in the memory of the boy, and for many years he was able to repeat it line by line and book by book from beginning to end."

I. A Vision of Sumeru and other Poems. By Shoshee Chunder Dutt Rái Báhádoor, Justice of the Peace, Calcutta. Thacker, Spink, Calcutta.

II. Bengaliana. By the same. Thacker, Calcutta.

The native press of India is of increasing interest and of increasing importance. The late Vernacular Press Act, it may be hoped, is an exceptional measure and the censorship it creates temporary; but, called forth as it has been by the tone of the native newspapers, it at least shows, from the restraint imposed, the strength of the power that has arisen. Hardly less important are English publications by natives; all the more that to them the stringent new Press Law does not apply. These two volumes have an interest of their own as the literary work of an educated and cultivated native; one of the class to whom, for good or ill, will be committed the office of forming the ideas which, finding their expression in outward acts, will make the future of British India, so far as that depends on the natives. The English of both volumes, it may be noticed, is very different from the English of the native newspapers, and shows a complete command of the language of England, and something of her tone of thought, coupled with Indian opinions and feelings.

No. I. is a volume of poems, and, besides the versification of the legend which gives its title, and a collection of "Indian Ballads," thirty pages are occupied with "Lays of Ancient Greece," while among the miscellaneous are translations from Jean Paul Richter, Lamartine, with many more; in other ways the references and

allusions speak of a rather large, if not omnivorous, amount of reading.

No. II. has for its second title one that not inaptly describes it as "a dish of rice and curry and other indigestible ingredients." It contains, among other things, a tale of mutiny from the Hindu point of view; there are many pages of this volume that have their teaching—*e.g.*, that called "The Republic of Orissa, a page from the annals of the twentieth century," which supposes it passed out of the dominion of the British Crown. We may just indicate the miscellaneous character of the volume by naming the paper called "Jupiter's Daughters." It begins, "We borrow the title of one of Mrs. Jenkins' novels, not to review it, but to brush up our classics," which shows the writer well up in the amours of Olympus.

Clergyman's Sore Throat, or Follicular Disease of the Pharynx. By E. B. Shuldham, M.D., Trin. Coll., Dublin, M.R.C.S., M.A. Oxon. London: E. Gould and Son, 59, Moorgate-street, E.C., and 20, Bishop's-road, W. 1878.

This little book contains a modicum of medical advice, pleasantly wrapped in a good deal of interesting general information about the voice and its right management. The scientific cultivation of the voice by the study of elocution, and the daily exercise of it by reading aloud or musical practice, would, the author considers, constitute the best preventive of follicular disease of the throat in public speakers. In his opinion the reason why the clergy are more prone to suffer from this form of sore throat than barristers, actors, and others, is that "clergymen will persist in giving the voice rest six days, and making it work hard on the seventh." He recommends the experiment of daily services; and, to show the value of musical training for the speaking voice, instances the fact that "the minor canons of our cathedrals, on whom devolve all the cares of an intoned service, are singularly exempt from clergyman's sore throat." But probably this is due in part to the fact that at a cathedral there are a sufficient number of officiating clergy to prevent the duty from falling too heavily on any one voice. We could instance other clergymen who, in spite of musical training from boyhood, and in spite of daily or even more frequent services, have fallen victims to the clergyman's sore throat in an aggravated form. Even where there are not daily services, it frequently happens that daily exercise is provided for the voice in schools, district visiting, penny readings, and innumerable other parochial speechifyings. The worst case of clerical sore throat we ever met with was in a little village deep in a hollow in Devonshire. A hill steep as a precipice rose behind the village; a forest of most luxuriant vegetation lay in front, and more hills beyond. On either side, the road led gently upwards with many windings, and two tall hedges, doubling again and again, effectually shut out every breath of air. When, a few miles off, a brisk east wind was blowing almost a gale at sea, it barely stirred the treetops here. The village sweltered in its hollow, and the exhalation from the abundant vegetation brooded over it. On Sunday a cadaverous clergyman mounted the pulpit. We listened. There came a hoarse whisper, which rose at the end of the sentence into a deep sepulchral groan. That was the text, and the sermon was like unto it. The words were mostly undistinguishable.

It is singular what a prejudice

exists against the study of elocution as part of the training of the clergy. They ought, it is said, to be natural, and not artificial, in their delivery. True; but even speech itself is an acquired habit, and not a natural gift. Once acquired, the exercise of it becomes perfectly natural. Similarly with the artistic management of the voice: when once the art is mastered, it is as natural for the speaker to husband his breath wisely, to pitch his voice easily and pleasantly, and to place the emphasis correctly, as it is now for him to fall into the irritating faults of utterance which deface most public discourses. The chief causes of follicular disease of the throat are enumerated as faulty voice production; undue strain of voice; action of cold air on the pharynx when the body is heated and the vocal apparatus fatigued; the action of irritating vapours on the throat; and constitutional weakness. The crouching position in which so many clergymen perform the services — stooping over their book instead of reading with the chest expanded and the head erect—is another fertile source of follicular disease of the throat. Dr. Shuldham enters a strong protest against the apathy which exists at the Universities with regard to all elocutionary progress:

"The result is, that the education of speech begins after a man has left the University, at the very time when he most needs it, and feels the lack of it. The would-be pleader at the bar can write, but not deliver, a brilliant defence; the future preacher at Westminster Abbey may have the enthusiasm of St. Paul, and the elocution of a school-boy; the budding politician may be full of great ideas that shall move the nations, but, though brain and heart are ready to fulfil their mission, yet the voice refuses to utter the harmonies of inspired thought; and until elocution ranks as a fine art, so long will the intellectual manhood of England tremble when it first dares to be heard speaking aloud to the people, and would fain pathetically echo Tennyson's words—

> "I would that my tongue could *utter*
> The thoughts that arise in me."

The medical advice given in the present treatise is in accordance with the system "Similia similibus curantur. Some may be unwilling to grant their favour to this homœopathic axiom; but even to these the chapter on lozenges, we think, cannot fail to be acceptable. The doctor condemns all lozenges of stinging cayenne and other nastinesses, and, after examining into the merits of various confections, comes to the conclusion that few preparations can be more harmless and efficacious for voice fatigue than the simple glycerine jujube. He has also had prepared under his own direction a lozenge specially adapted to the clerical sore throat.

In the concluding chapter, climate, respirators, stimulants, diet, coverings of the neck, and smoking, as bearing on the hygiene of the voice, are respectively passed in review. Public speakers, whether clergymen or laymen, can hardly fail to gather some useful hints from Dr. Shuldham's little book.

Milton's "Comus," with Glossary and Three Essays. By D. F. Ranking, M.A., and B. M. Ranking. London: H. West, 381, Mare-street, Hackney, E. 1878.

This little book, which is designed for the use of students, contains the text of Milton's "Comus," preceded by three introductory essays, and followed by some explanatory notes on the obscure passages and the allusions of the poem, and a glossary of the obsolete or unusual words.

The first essay is, "Of the Masque Proper: its Origin and Progress," which the authors trace from the miracle plays and moralities of earlier days. These gradually were relegated to the humbler classes, while among the more wealthy the masque arose in their place. It was at first, in all probability, merely "a stately dance in habits, splendid or grotesque, preliminary to a banquet." By degrees it assumed the dramatic form, and a regular plot, with distinctive characters, became attached to it, and suitable stage machinery and appointments. It was by no means uncommon for Royalty to take part in these entertainments. Anne of Denmark and Henrietta Maria frequently acted in those presented at court. During the Commonwealth there was a cessation of masques as well as of almost all other forms of amusement. After the Restoration an effort was made to revive them, but with little success. The last masque of any note was Crowne's "Calisto, a Pastoral," which was written for Katharine of Braganza, the queen of Charles II., who herself took part in the performance, with her nieces the ladies Mary and Anne, both afterwards queens of England.

The second essay is "Comus, considered as a Masque." The title cannot, our authors are of opinion, strictly speaking, be applied to "Comus," which partakes more of the character of a pastoral drama. The third essay is devoted to "The History and Structure of the Poem." The notes and parallels are tolerably copious, and the little book is printed in type which is more easily legible than we have sometimes seen employed in similar small handbooks for students.

Worth Waiting For. By J. Masterman. In Three Vols. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co. 1878.

This is a novel quite innocent of plot, devoid of literary style, and with but a very slight attempt now and then at character drawing. We are introduced to a man of great latent talents, who seems to have been intended for the hero of the book, but he scarcely makes any appearance in its pages, except in his early youth to make a few foolish remarks, supposed to be witty, and to undergo the loss of his fortune: he then disappears until the end, when he marries the heroine, and rewards her patience in waiting for him by obtaining a bishopric and making her "Mrs. Bishop." The heroine's adventures fill the book, and, notwithstanding that she is an eminently proper heroine, beautiful, good, and virtuous, some of these are amusing, as they take place in India, with which country the author is apparently intimate. It is impossible to read any book touching upon Anglo-Indian society without a sense of gentle melancholy. The picture is always a forlorn one, even if it be at the same time amusing. The familiarity of a few families, who are bound together only by isolation, and the fact of having always a common enemy, the Government, appears to breed more or less of contempt. The redeeming feature seems to be the real kindliness and helpfulness one to another which is discovered when there is misfortune.

The adventures of a handsome young lady, with money, and no desire to marry, in the course of a stay in India, are evidently innately funny, and greatly relieve the sombre effect produced by a straightforward description of the ordinary dullness, monotony, and discomfort of the life. It is impossible to help being amused with

the gallant officer who proposes to our heroine as soon as she sets foot on shore, and suggests as an effective argument, that if she makes up her mind to stay with him, she will avoid the labour of taking herself and her luggage inland. The lady lives in a shower of offers of marriage thenceforward.

This part of the novel is amusing, as affording a peep into the lives and grievances of the members of this far-removed society. But, beyond that, the book can scarcely be said to have any very evident merits.

Seen in an Old Mirror: A Novel in 1 vol., by Mary Deane. London: Charing Cross Publishing Company. 1878.

This is a clever little bit of portraiture; a scarcely agreeable, though amusing reproduction of byegone fashionable life. An attempt to depict the vapid frivolity of a season at Bath must almost necessarily result in many pages of worthless writing; but there are passages here and there in the course of the story which show that Miss Deane can write if she will. The scene in the gambling room is vigorously described, in which, as the villain of the story is hiding a card beneath his hand, that hand is pinned to the table by his opponent's knife. The moral hero is perhaps rather too soberly and openly moral; but when he pleases he can make a sensible remark, as, for instance, when he says: "Men will not regard themselves as undeveloped beings; they will want all at once, like children; they will wait for nothing.

The Royal Edition of the Rubinstein Duet Album, and *The Royal Edition of Rubinstein's Songs*, with English and German words. London: Boosey and Co.

In construction these songs are so simple that, judging of them after a careless and hasty rendering, they might almost seem to merit the epithet "commonplace." The melodies contain few intervals difficult to sing at sight; the harmonies are, for the most part, such as are in ordinary use; and only here and there do we meet with a progression which modulates abruptly. Nevertheless, it could scarcely be denied that many of the songs are unquestionably original, and, moreover, might easily be recognised as belonging to the Modern School of Music. This effect is apparently due to extreme originality in the *form* of the accompaniments. We may instance that of the beautiful duet, "The Angel," constructed entirely on a *motivo* of three notes.

"The Angel," "The Tear," "Oh fair, and sweet, and holy," and "Good Night," are general favourites.

In this edition the duties of editor, translator, and publisher have been satisfactorily performed.

Ocean and her Rulers. By Alfred Elwes. Griffith and Farran. 1878.

Mr. Alfred Elwes' book, "Ocean and her Rulers," has deservedly reached a new edition. A popular account of navigation from the earliest times is to be had in it, and its stories of merchant enterprise are as entertaining as its stories of sea fights. It is no more than a compilation, but the compiler has done his work intelligently. Where he ventures on original disquisition he is not always so happy or so convincing as might be. In regard to the Navigation Act, these are his words: "Whatever might have been the views of those who framed the Act, it must be estimated as the foundation of the commercial greatness of our country." There are many of another opinion. While dealing with the results of this law, Mr. Elwes might

have stated what was so glaring a fault in its system—the fact that, after the United States had followed our example in their Navigation Act, the outward-bound traders between the two countries had to make the voyage in ballast.

The Crimean Campaign with the Connaught Rangers. By Lieut.-Colonel Steevens. Griffith and Farran. 1878.

Lieut.-Colonel Steevens's book reads like what in great part it is —the work of a very young man. Though appearing at this date, it is compiled from journals kept in the Crimean War. No very startling piece of history is to be found in its pages, yet it is most readable as the plain account of an eye-witness. Many stories are told in it of the notorious commissariat mismanagement; and interesting scraps like the following are pretty numerous. The heroic Captain Butler is spoken of: "It was said that at his funeral Omar Pasha stood at the head of the grave and said, 'There lies the defender of Silistria!' At the same time he drew his sword, and, kissing the blade, swore to maintain the friendship of Christians, and never to speak ill of them—an example which was followed by all his staff."

While we commend this book to readers, we would hint that as a precedent in literature it is to be looked upon with suspicion. Fancy the result, were every regiment engaged in a campaign to find its historian!

Chums: a Tale for Youngsters, by Harleigh Severne; *Great and Small*: being Scenes in the Life of Children, from the French of Madame Madeleine Laroque, by Harriet Poole; *Animals and their Social Powers*, by Mary Turner Andrewes. London: Griffith and Farran.

Three capital books, adapted to young folks of various ages. The first is a long story of over three hundred pages, full of movement and fun, suited for boys of fifteen or sixteen. The second is also a long story, for young girls, full of bright pictures, though rather worn, and decidedly French. The third is a delightful book for younger people; it contains over thirty pretty stories about the "social powers" of animals. It should be a great help to mothers and nurses who find it difficult to keep the little people "good."

THE

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1878.

PRIMITIVE BUDDHISM.

A STUDENT of that primitive faith which has become transformed into modern Christianity may now and again, in the difficulties of critical analysis, find himself indulging a wish for the discovery of a fifth gospel. He would welcome the simple and unadulterated collection of inspired sayings which Matthew is recorded as having made in the original Hebraic tongue; he would even be glad of the Gospel of Marcion, or of that according to the Egyptians, or the Nazarenes, or the Hebrews, or of any one of those numerous orderly narratives referred to by the polished later editor, Luke. Or the English scholar might be both inquisitive and proud if among ancient British relics there could but be disentombed a record giving the unconventional views of Simon the Zealot, who is said to have travelled westward as far as our island, and to have been crucified here. Or if any of the notes of unbelieving Thomas should be found, rendered into the languages of the countries he is traditionally reported to have visited, Parthia, Persia, India, there would indeed be a feast for the curious.

The difficulty with Buddhism is not that there are too few records, but too many. The Buddhist canon in China alone includes nearly fifteen hundred distinct works.

The peculiar interest in Chinese versions of books that have their origin in India, is that they afford a security that the originals have not been tampered with, or rather a means of discovering in what portions they are scarcely open to suspicion of modification from primitive form. Wherever is found a parallelism, amounting almost to identity, between passages of a work in Pali (the native tongue of Buddhism), and a Chinese version of it made fifteen hundred years ago, the evidence is good that the passage so found has remained intact during that period at least, in spite of those changes of sectarian feeling, which almost insensibly leave their marks upon a text.

A recently published translation from Chinese into English of an authentic Buddhist work,* when

* Texts from the Buddhist canon, commonly known as "Dhammapada," with accompanying narratives. Translated from the Chinese by Samuel Beal, Professor of Chinese, University College, London. (Trübner and Co., 1878.)

compared with a version already made from the Pali,* affords an excellent verification of Buddhist doctrines before they had become thinly drawn out into metaphysics and intellectuality, or extended into florid idolatry to suit the ignorant.

Between five or six centuries before the era by which we reckon begins, is the date of the young prince who grew up into the commanding prophet, the founder of Buddhism. When he died, leaving no written teachings behind him, as the story goes, his cousin and disciple Ananda took up the task of collecting the words of wisdom that his memory, and possibly the memory of others also, had stored. Probably a great portion, although put into form, was held in memory —not in manuscript—and only promulgated orally. Councils of disciples met to revise these growing collections—growing first, no doubt out of accruing recollections, afterwards by the additions of ingenious commentators, editors, and improvers. It must not be forgotten that the prophet did not launch his gospel upon ears unaccustomed to the words of philosophy, but introduced it into the midst of the grand and long-established religious tenets of his country, from which beliefs moreover his own differed, as would appear, rather by being a heightening or reawakening of them than a contradiction.

The third of these Buddhist councils was held under King Asoka, about two centuries and a half before our era. Of this Asoka there are authentic inscriptions in existence of the date named. As a Hindu versifier of the present generation writes:—

> There have I stood where Asok's pillar high
> Through thousand years doth Asok's mandate's bear;
> There still it stands unmoved athwart the sky;
> One of the mightiest world did ever rear.

Whether perpetuated in writing, or orally, as was the manner of ancient priests, whose memories by practice and the worldly uneventfulness of their life, far transcended what we know of memory —while probably they had division of labour even in tradition, and stored a book or two each individual — the Buddhistic collections were soon gathered into a canon bearing the name of "the Three Baskets." But, in spite of the anxious care that had been bestowed, the pious collectors had been human, with their little tendencies to bias, their little incapacities of understanding, like ourselves, and there soon came to be disputes among the defenders of the faith.

The first redaction is said to have taken place immediately after the death of Sakya-muni, under the care of five hundred monks, three of the principal disciples of the master sharing the task of gathering together his words. The next redaction took place in about a century, for discord had already arisen, and the Buddhist leaders felt the necessity of assembling to decide upon difficult questions of canonicity.

Something over four centuries after the time of the master there were eighteen separate sects of Buddhists. Eighteen sects in four hundred years! At the same rate, this would only allow Christendom in its eighteen hundred years to have eighty bodies dissenting from one another.

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* Buddhaghosha's Parables. Translated from Burmese by Capt. H. T. Rogers, R.E. With an Introduction, containing "Buddha's Dhammapadam," or Path of Virtue; translated from Pali, by F. Max Müller.

In his preface to the "Dhammapada," Max Müller refers to "the problem, so often started, whether it is possible to distinguish between Buddhism and the personal teaching of Buddha." He argues as follows: "We possess the Buddhist canon, and whatever is found in that canon we have a right to consider as the orthodox Buddhist doctrine. But as there has been no lack of efforts in the Christian theology to distinguish between the doctrine of the founder of our religion and that of the writers of the Gospels; to go beyond the canon of the New Testament, and to make the λόγια of the Master the only solid rule of faith, so the same want was felt at a very early period among the followers of Buddha. King Asoka, the Indian Constantine, had to remind the assembled priests at the great council which had to settle the Buddhist canon that 'what had been said by Buddha, that alone was well said.'"

"Works attributed to Buddha, but declared to be apocryphal, or even heterodox, existed already at that time (246 B.C.). Thus we are by no means without authority for distinguishing between Buddhism and the teaching of Buddha; the only question is, Whether in our time such a separation is still practicable."

"My belief is," continues Professor Müller, "that, in general, all honest inquirers must oppose a 'No' to this question, and confess that it is useless to try to cast a glance beyond the boundaries of the Buddhist canon. What we find in the canonical books in the so-called 'Three Baskets' is orthodox Buddhism and the doctrine of Buddha, similarly as we must accept in general whatever we find in the Four Gospels as orthodox Christianity and the doctrine of Christ."

This is a most lame and impotent conclusion, and in each case in which an accepted Christian text has been discovered to be the gloss of a commentator, and not found in the earliest manuscripts, and is at the same time manifestly at variance from the doctrine of Christ, Professor Müller's argument can evidently be reduced to an absurdity. Had he said simply the Three Baskets are the accepted scriptures of orthodox Buddhism, the Four Gospels of orthodox Christianity, he would have uttered that which, if a truism, is at least a fact.

It is disappointing to find a distinguished student of comparative religious lore so resigning himself to the abandonment of a difficulty. It must, however, be allowed that western civilisation is still very young in philosophic experience. Doctrinal fetters have long cramped the mind, and prevented its expansion in the ethical direction. Moreover, the leading race of Europe has not long emerged from insular barbarism, and four centuries ago was almost without culture in foreign languages and foreign thought. The time is not long past when, if a few bones of an extinct animal had been placed before a naturalist, and he were asked to reconstruct the whole anatomy upon their basis, he would have smiled with the superior wisdom of ignorance upon his inquirer's absurd folly. Now he will not only build up the probable anatomical form, but certainly eliminate from the bones placed before him such as do not consist with the others as having belonged to a creature of a given type.

May we not hope, therefore, that as sympathetic study of ancient philosophy progresses, the power may be found to grow of distinguishing between characteristic

expressions of thought, as is done with different varieties of bones? And that to body forth the thoughts of a distinctive thinker with more or less fulness and certitude we shall require but to have before us authentic relics known to have proceeded from him.

Professor Müller somewhat fritters away the force of his negative, and, while professing to maintain his stronghold, abandons his separate forts, when he continues as follows in respect to the Buddhist scriptures:

"Still, with regard to certain doctrines and facts, the question, I think, ought to be asked again and again, whether it may not be possible to advance a step further, even with the conviction that we cannot arrive at results of apodictic certainty? If it happens that on certain points we find in different parts of the canon, not only doctrines differing from each other, but plainly contradictory to each other, it follows, surely, that only one of these can have belonged to Buddha personally. In such a case, therefore, I believe we have a right to choose, and I believe we shall be justified in accepting that view as the original one, the one peculiar to Buddha himself, which harmonises least with the later system of orthodox Buddhism."

There is a large amount of force in Professor Müller's concluding suggestion, and we may remark it as curious that he has not carried on his parallelism of Buddhism with Christianity in regard to the applicability of the very searching test he puts forward.

Another Buddhistic student, Mr. D'Alwis, of Ceylon, takes a very different view from that of Professor Max Müller; he urges that "It is indeed possible, according to hints given by Buddha himself, to separate his genuine doctrines from the greater part, if not the whole, of what has been long accepted as the *logia*. For example, after a little investigation, we have found no difficulty in expunging the whole of the fable, which goes by the name of Gotama's battle with Mára (Mára himself seems to partake of the nature of the Evil One, Death and Cupid). There is no more mystery in the very *logia* of Gotama than in works on other religions. We find no authority for the predictions regarding distinguished persons who lived in after times."

Mr. D'Alwis says further, "The Three Baskets do not contain entirely the words of Gotama. None of them are free from additions, and the discourses themselves show that they are not without omissions. . . . The formal conclusion of several of the Sútras, which is everywhere identically the same, is essentially the language of the disciples. . . . The Kathá Vatthupakarana, the third book of the Abhidhamma, was added by Moggaliputta Tissou, with the avowed intention of refuting the doctrines in 'the apocryphal and heterodox works' to which Max Müller refers. . . . Then, again, we have grave doubts as to the genuineness of some of the books . . . the language of which, both as regards style and grammar, is different from the undoubted *logia* of Gotama. . . . Again, there is reason to believe that Ananda, the beloved pupil of Gotama, imported much of his own ideas into the Pari-nibbána Sutta."

The similarity between the account above given, and the questions arising out of the growth of the Christian Scriptures, such as the dogmatic interpolations, the methods of the anti-heretical fathers, the Johannine influences, &c., may be noted by the way, and will be interesting to the historical student.

The order of the Three Baskets or orthodox Buddhist Scriptures, will throw some light upon the growth of a body of religious doctrine. The three great divisions are Sermons, Ethics, Metaphysics. Can we not, to speak broadly, follow the course of the great prophet, and hear the sermon? walk with the disciples, and be treated to ethics, instead of to the burning heart words of an inspired preacher? remove a little further and come upon the disputatious doctors with their metaphysics?

By what tests can we discover the prophet's own utterances amongst imitations? His mission is humanitarian; his utterances must manifest a human tenderness more markedly than an ethical systematisation. He will at times be exceedingly simple from love of the little ones (intellectually speaking). At times from the difficulty of drawing down heavenly truths into a lower and crasser sphere, he will resort to fable, and will scatter caskets for the wise, parables of enshrined significance, even paradoxes of startling form that live and are not forgotten, by reason as it were, of the very audacity of their conception.

It may be well to repeat here in brief the story of Gautama's life. Legendary in part though it be, it no doubt contains a valuable proportion of fact.

Sakya, or Siddharta, was the son of Raja Suddhodana, of the clan of the Gautamas, who lived at Kapila, near Gorukpur, on the confines of Nepaul and Oude. The date of his birth is not known with absolute certainty, but 623 B.C. is most generally accepted. His mother. Suddhodana's queen, was named Maya. She died seven days after his birth, and the child was brought up by a maternal aunt. The story respecting his birth from the side of a virgin, which is said to have reached Jerome and to have been repeated by Ratramnus, would seem to be an afterthought of foolish followers; the legend is represented on very early temple sculptures.

A conjecture has been hazarded, from some peculiarities of burial rites and other indications, that the Sakyas, who are unknown in the records of India, were foreigners, and of a Scythian royal family. A short time before the reputed birth of the Muni, the Scythians had poured over Media, Judea, and Asia Minor; and it is considered possible that one branch of these invaders had penetrated at an earlier date into Northern India. It is probable that reference is made to them in the description, "It is a mighty nation, it is an ancient nation, a nation whose language thou knowest not, nor understandest thou what they say. Their quiver is as an open sepulchre, they are all warriors:" (Jerem. v. 15-17.)

There is a legend cited from Wassiljew's "Buddhismus," by Schlagintweit in his "Buddhism in Tibet," to the effect that the Sakya tribe had been involved in a disastrous war during the life of the Buddha, and was nearly exterminated, its surviving members being compelled to wander. It is suggested that a son of the race may thus have been led to view existence as the source of pain and sorrow, rather than through the circumstances described in the story presently to be related. But it may be remarked that the effect of a nomad life upon the members of a warlike clan is likely to be rather in the direction of increased hardihood and martial qualities, than in the direction of deep analysis of the problems of existence. A tendency to a contemplative and earnest life, however, the idleness and luxury of a court might by reaction foster in a sensitive nature.

It is said, according to one legend, that on the day of Sakya's birth were born also the daughter of a neighbouring king, Yasōdara (who, when the pair had reached their seventeenth year, became his wife), and Ananda, who after the prince became accepted as a Buddha, accompanied him as pupil and friend. If the story be true, the three friends, bound on a mission from the worlds of spirits to "assume a human form and to be born in the earth," must have started with a wonderful sympathy of impulse to time their simultaneous arrival here so exactly.

Sakya-muni, it is said, early distinguished himself by his qualities both intellectual and personal. This statement is probable enough, for an Englishman (the late R. C. Childers), writing nearly twenty-five centuries after the time of the influence of the Buddha, says that "to those who are familiar with the Pali sacred books, nothing is more striking than the intense personality of Gautama."

The Scythians gave to their kings the title of "universal ruler," and were probably known as the lion among nations, if it is of them that the words were said, "The lion is come up from his thicket, and the destroyer of nations has moved his camp." (Jerem. iv. 6.) The legend of Gautama's birth is that the flower (*Ficus glomerata*) appeared which is fabled to manifest itself whenever one of the order of universal monarchs is born; and that he himself uttered with his "lion voice," "My births are now at an end; I await the unchangable body. I have come and gone for the salvation of all men, but now there is an end; henceforth, there shall be no more birth."

The child grew up to learn all the wisdom of the age, and the chivalric skill and grace of a prince of good family.

Indulged in every delight, the boy nevertheless grew weary of the pomp and pleasures of his father's court.

It appears from the Laws of Manu that it was not unusual in the earliest times of Brahmanism for such as sought a superior life to turn hermits and to live secluded in the forest, engaged in the study of the Vedas, in abstinence, meditation, and prayer. The young prince's preceptors foretold that he would become a recluse. He himself appears to have entertained a larger idea than that of mere seclusion, and to have awakened to the belief that he was to stand forth among his fellowmen in the capacity of a saviour.

To the king it came as a great grief when his son, in the flower of his youth and the splendid worldly promise of his fine faculties of body and mind and his princely accomplishments, began to shew signs of that rare unworldliness that marks the spiritual man.

The youth was no doubt for a long time going through deep experiences, and preparing for the transition that was to withdraw him once and for ever from the career of one of his rank, to a life shared in its externals at least by the mendicant and the anchorite.

He was married and had one child, a son named Rohula. Everything external betokened the likelihood of the usual settling down from the fleeting enthusiasms of youth to the shorter views of average mature life. But the spirit moved him too strenuously for this, and the evils of the world, which the most of us accept as a matter of course, pressed upon the keen sensibilities of the prophetic nature, and forced the youth's heart and brain into some attempt at a solution of the problem of mortal life.

The received account of his own

personal final conversion from the gay routine of a prince's life to the arduous career of a seeker after truth, is no doubt a picturesque and artistically composed romance founded on facts.

Mounted in his chariot, drawn by four white steeds, Prince Sakya was on his way to his pleasure grounds, when his mind became drawn into serious thought by the appearance of a decrepit old man, grey-haired and toothless, tottering feebly along by the aid of a staff. The reflections aroused by this sight were none other than mournful, since man's subjection to decay is evidenced no less in the palace than in the highway, though it may be more nakedly manifest in humble life, where there are no artifices for hiding the ravages of time.

Four months later, Sakya's impressions were deepened by encountering, while on a similar excursion to his pleasure gardens, a poor squalid wretch smitten with the horrible disease of leprosy. He returned again to the palace, only to brood over the fact that man is not only subject to a natural decay of old age, but to loathsome disease as well.

Four months more elapsed, and Sakya met on the same route a corpse being conveyed along by its bearers. He returned with the conviction so heightened that it became as a new and startling revelation; that man, no matter his station, is subject to decay, to disease, and to inevitable death. So came to his mind the sense of the vanity of what is existent, however well disguised by wealth and luxury and the conventional habits of life and modes of regarding it.

Again a period of four months, and he met a calm and cheerful recluse of a pleasant countenance, healthy, well and simply clad in the robe of those dedicated to religion, of few wants and no devouring anxieties or ambitions.

Here, in an air full of mortality and sorrow, in a state in which pleasures are fleeting, and nothing truly permanent or stable, was a man who seemed to have given up all, and to live in a world from which care was removed.

He pondered the matter. There could be nothing permanent but truth, the absolute eternal law that regulated existence. Let me but discover that, he felt, and I shall know the way of lasting peace for mankind, and become their deliverer.

He decided to go out from his life and never to return to it, until he should have attained to the sight of this divine law of life. So he quitted the palace and his native city, left behind him his wife and child, and, in spite of the opposition of his father, his wife, and his friends, exchanged the position of a prince for that of a mendicant friar. Some would think this an inhuman way of beginning wisdom; but it was done for humanity, and, if he had not made such a complete change in his own life, the enervating influences of the palace (for it was not only father, wife, and child that he was leaving) might have insensibly overpowered the efforts of the young man whose course eventually affected the religious beliefs of half the human race.

So Sakya went forth on his wanderings in search of absolute truth. On his journey he cut off his long hair with the tiara of royalty still attached to it, and donned the three simple garments of the friar, with the begging pot, razor, sewing needle, and bathing cloth, which comprised the appointments of the homeless ascetic.

He was pursuing the orthodox plan of retirement and purification.

Far away from home he begged, in the conventional manner, for alms and food, and retiring with the broken scraps that had been cast into his begging pot, he seated himself in a retired place, and, facing the east, ate without loathing (for his purpose and passion were strong) his first mendicant meal, so different from the repasts to which he had been accustomed.

He resorted for instruction, as was natural, to the Brahman priests, and hearkened to the exposition of their doctrines, but found little satisfaction therein; for to him, in his ardent state, they probably seemed cold and abstract.

As there are traditional records of Buddhas antecedent to Sakya, fragments of whose speech is incorporated with orthodox Buddhist scriptures, we may suppose it possible that the works of these earlier prophets were accessible to the new seeker after wisdom, and that what he may have studied meant more to him than it did to those of the learned class of the Brahmans who were without his enthusiasm.

As he pursued his pilgrimage he acquired from certain Brahmans instruction in the faculty of silent abstraction and contemplation of the Supreme Being, but could not obtain from them the peace and certainty he sought — that deep interior tranquillity which, as it is said, was at that time already called Nirvana.

Finding that by contemplation he arrived no nearer at the *bodhi* or Buddhahood of which he was in search, he devoted himself to the vanquishment of Nature or concrete matter. Although not regarding as an end the austerities that subdue the force of the sense life, he spent six years in study and the practice of the utmost extremes of starvation and penance. At length, after dieting himself on a scanty allowance of seeds, and so reducing his body to a skeleton, he concluded that physical prostration, or any but a rational treatment of the body, was attended with debility of the will and no elevation of the mind; and, as the path of perfection evidently did not lie that way, he rejected the system of mortification of the flesh.

The years of privation had no doubt brought this fruit, that they had tested his earnestness and enabled him to vanquish any tendency to luxury or selfishness that his nurture in a palace might have implanted in him.

But being satisfied that Buddhahood was not to be reached through depravation of the body, but through enlightenment of the mind, he resumed his ordinary pilgrimages as a friar, and his simple but sufficient fare. On proper diet and a less unnatural mode of life he regained both his bodily strength and mental vigour, but was deserted by the disciples who had been attracted by the amazing extreme of austerity which he had reached.

He now passed some time alone in his hermitage, or under divers trees, thinking out the problems which had disturbed him, and absorbed in deep meditation. Temptations assailed him, but his principles enabled him to withstand them, even the cowardly terrors of the Demon of Death.

Somehow his philosophy came to him, with the solid conviction for which he had longed. He was enabled to penetrate into the first principles of things, as it seemed, and so to lay the foundation of a practicable plan of life.

"Having attained this inward certainty of vision, he decided to teach the world his truth. He knew well what it would bring him,—what opposition, in-

sult, neglect, and scorn. But he thought of three classes of men: those who were already on the way to the truth, and did not need him; those who were already fixed in error, and whom he could not help; and the poor doubters, uncertain of their way. It was to help these last that the Buddha went forth to preach."

In himself he felt freed from the limitations of corporeal existence, but for the sake of promoting the emancipation of others, he did not pass away into his higher state, but directed his steps to the Deer Park at Sarnath, where he unfolded his principles, and first to those to whom he had been an offence by his departure from his course of consummate austerity. As they had followed him for his transcendent mortification of the flesh, so it is to be presumed that they were now attracted by the supremacy of his wisdom. In three months' kindly instruction he succeeded in converting them.

After this he preached in many places, in forests and groves, in palaces, by rivers, in gardens, in cities. He visited Benares, and finally settled in the Jetavana at Sravasti, where a monastery was built for him. His followers rapidly increased; he taught, by conversation only and precept, to the end of his life, which reached the span of eighty years.

Disciples had clustered round in great numbers in these latter years, and wherever the preacher went there followed him a crowd. A general proclamation of the powerlessness of the world of sense to satisfy the soul, a simple code of deeply-founded morality, a continuous appeal to the law of kindness to all living things, an entire disregard of caste and contempt for social distinctions as trivialities in the face of the great danger of continuance in wearisome transmigrations and ever unsatisfied unrest, these doctrines, proclaimed without ceremony, were intelligible to all. Women were enrolled as disciples, and no man was refused because he was a pariah of the lowest caste. "The Brahman is born of a woman, so is the outcast . . . My law is a law of grace for all. My doctrine is like the sky. There is room for all without exception—men, women, boys, girls, poor and rich." This was a renovation of a truth proclaimed long before. "The man who has learned to recognise all beings in the supreme spirit and the supreme spirit in all beings, can henceforth look upon no creature with contempt:" (Isa-Upanishad).

It matters little whether the new teacher obtained hints of his philosophy from Brahman or Jain. His true legacy was the infusion of a new earnestness into religion, so that one of the epithets that has become attached to him, or to any true follower of his, is, "He that hath life."

His doctrines all led in one direction—conduct. Knowing how much happier we are ourselves in our earnest and unselfish moments than when we are drifting down the heavy stream of *ennui*, or seeking for a new pleasure with an over-pleasured, enfeebled, and yet feverish taste, we need not wonder at the influence gained by a man who had power to really rouse his hearers out of apathy and formality into vitality, or even into a wholesome fear, and could succeed in stimulating them out of indulgence into conviction that in the abandonment of selfish pursuits lay the certain way of peace; while, on the other hand, the poorest person by becoming a stoic may win an individual consciousness of power. Buddha did not expect anxieties to be laid down

at once; he told his disciples that progress was gradual. What he succeeded in impressing upon them was that by adhering to the paths he pointed out they were on the right road to emancipation. Of the simpler, and therefore in all probability the real teachings of Buddha, we will give instances in a concluding paper.

EPIGRAM.

RUSHING IN.

The sunlight's joy his face besours,
  His foot a flower is crushing;
No frank look links his soul with ours:
  "Friend, whither art thou rushing?"

"By the strait gate and narrow way—
  And few there be that find it—
To heaven I mount, and cannot stay;
  Mock'st thou? I do not mind it!"

"Nay, nay; and if thou'st found thy way
  In some celestial 'Murray,'
On our account make no delay—
  We will forgive thy hurry.

"So keep, then, to thy narrow groove,
  Uncharitably holy! . . .
But that thou hast some pity prove—
  For *heaven's sake* go more slowly!"

IN THIS WORLD:

A NOVEL.

By Mabel Collins, Author of "An Innocent Sinner," &c.

Continued from page 153.

Chapter XXXII.

ANGELS' VISITS.

Ernestine's unceremonious departure from the quaint confessional scene in which Coventry played the part of father confessor, meant that she was afraid of letting her feelings run away with her, and that she intended to distract her mind by work as quickly as possible.

It was a curious feature in her character, and known to scarcely anyone but herself, that this apparently cold woman was frequently driven to take such means to conquer the intensity of feeling which burned behind the calm exterior, and threatened to break it down.

She went straight from the Silburn's house to Miss Armine's lodgings. She found that lady sitting dolefully enough in the new rooms which Dorothy had found for her. The blinds were down, and the little parlour looked dim and gloomy.

"Will you excuse this dark room?" said Miss Armine, rising languidly from the corner of the sofa in which she had been curled up; "my head aches so, I cannot bear the light."

Ernestine found her way in the semi-darkness to the side of the sofa.

"And I am all over chills, and I ache from head to foot; and I can't eat anything, and I was doing a little picture on commission, and it isn't finished."

To this pathetic outcry Ernestine made an irrelevant answer.

"Come to the window; you must bear the light for a moment, as I want to see your tongue."

Miss Armine submitted in silence. Ernestine only held the blind back a little.

"Coated with creamy fur—no wonder you can't eat. You must go to bed right off and leave pictures and commissions alone for the present."

In a quarter of an hour Miss Armine was in bed, to her own intense relief, in the character of a really sick person. She had held up her aching head and worried about her pictures just as long as was possible; and now, when the effort was becoming unbearable, the doctor had come and told her to lie down and give up the responsibilities of life. The release was as nearly pleasant as any sensation could be to her in her present state; and she laid her head upon the pillow in her darkened bedroom with a sigh of thankfulness.

"Don't spend too much of your time here, dear Dr. Ernestine," she said. "It is not worth your while."

"You must be well nursed," said Ernestine gently, as she gave

some finishing touches to her arrangements.

Miss Armine raised her head in horror, and started up on to her elbows in spite of her weariness.

"Nursed—oh no, indeed, I shall want no nursing, I can't pay a nurse; and indeed, dear Dr. Ernestine, I will be so good and take so much care of myself, I shall not want a nurse."

"Very well," said Ernestine, quietly, "you shall not have one if you don't wish it."

The promise pacified the girl, for she had little idea of how ill she really was, or what skilled nursing she would require.

Ernestine had little time to think of her own affairs after this.

She had Miss Armine's life in her hands, as she well knew, and she was determined to save it.

"Ernestine," said Dorothy, one day when she found her by Miss Armine's bedside; "it is not right for you to spend half your time here. You are not attending to your own interests."

"Typhoid," was Ernestine's somewhat oracular reply, "depends more than any known disease on good nursing. I think I am attending to my own interests in properly looking after a case like this. I dare not trust any but a very good nurse with her now; but I find it will be necessary for some one to stay with her while I am obliged to be away, as I sometimes am."

"I will do that," said Dorothy; "I shall just enjoy it. I was born to be a nurse; I only want a little training, and this will just be an opportunity for me."

And so these two women (neither of whom, by the way, could rightly afford to do it) gave their time and their brains and their hearts to Miss Armine; watching her night and day, and nursing her through the fever and delirium.

Ernestine was indeed glad, so far as was possible, to lose thought of her own life and troubles in Miss Armine's. Her struggles were harder, her future was more doubtful, than she let even Dorothy know. She was heavily handicapped at the beginning of her solitary career. She was a woman, to begin with—a fact which, in England, places a worker at a great disadvantage. She was compelled by sheer lack of money to take obscure lodgings, instead of a house, in Wimpole-street; and her paying connection was so small that she began to feel her daily bread and butter a matter of great concern. Indeed she knew that, unless some fresh opening came for her before long, she would be in actual want.

One day she heard that a house-surgeon was wanted at the hospital where she had so long worked. She debated much whether to apply for the post, which would avert her immediate distress, as she would have rooms in the hospital and a small salary. It required some courage to go back among her old colleagues and brave all the gossip which her applying for such a post would cause. She put the idea aside for a day or two, and gave unremitting attention to her few patients. But they were so few, and her connection showed so little sign of increasing, that she could not let the opportunity slip altogether. So one day she left Dorothy to take charge of Miss Armine, whose course of fever had not yet run out, and walked to the hospital.

She was welcomed with great courtesy by her old friends. Dr. Vavasour Doldy was something more than Dr. Vavasour had been. She had entered the aristocracy of medicine, and was respected accordingly; and her proposal was evidently looked on with favour, though with some surprise, until she made it known that she would expect to

receive the same salary as the former house-surgeon had received.

"Ah!" said the secretary, coldly, "that makes a difference. We have one or two excellent candidates who are ready to fill the post unpaid, for the sake of the experience. Of course your name and position would have influenced us to give the preference to you; but we really cannot afford a salary."

Ernestine went back to Miss Armine's sick-room, and told her story to the sympathetic Dorothy, who carried it home to Coventry at dinner time, now almost the only hour in the day when she saw him. Indeed, that gentleman was left so much to his own devices now that Dorothy had turned nurse, that it was pretty nearly certain he must get into mischief before long. And the very next morning after Ernestine's call at the hospital, he set about it. Soon after Dorothy had gone out, he sallied forth himself, and walked straight into the city to Mr. Lingen's office.

Lewis Lingen was sitting alone in his dust-coloured room when a clerk brought in a card and handed it to him.

"The gentleman does not wish to come in unless you are quite disengaged; otherwise he will call again."

"Coventry Silburn!—ah, I know," said Lingen, smiling to himself; "a verse-maker." "Yes, show him in at once," he added aloud to the clerk.

When Coventry entered, Lingen looked up, eyeglass on eye, from his papers. He had never had to do with this verse-maker personally. After a second's scrutiny, while Coventry advanced, he rose to welcome him—dropping the eyeglass as he did so, and putting it inside his waistcoat. The man before him was pellucid—his soul shone out of his eyes instead of being concealed behind them. Lingen looked the incarnation of bright friendliness, welcoming the poet who had strayed into his office, much as he might have greeted a wandering butterfly.

"I have come," said Coventry, "on a very impertinent errand. I don't want to be really impertinent; I have only one question to ask you, and you will betray no secrets in answering it."

"Sit down if you please," said Mr. Lingen, "I am not busy just now; and I have often desired to meet you, though I never anticipated seeing you here. You are about the last man in London whom I should expect to find in my office."

"You are right; I should not be likely to come here on my own affairs. I am putting my fingers into other people's pies, and I shall probably make a mess of it."

"Well! and how am I to help you in this cookery?"

"I have come to you," said Coventry, "because you know everybody's secrets, and can tell me what is possible and what is not. There are two splendid people whom both you and I know, whose lives are being made miserable. They have separated on a flimsy pretext, and are living apart and breaking their hearts over it. Now I for one don't believe in their pretext; I think there is a secret between them, which you probably know. So I want you to tell me whether there is anything to be done to bring these people together again."

"And these people are—?"

"Dr. Doldy and Mrs. Dr. Doldy."

"Oh!" said Mr. Lingen abstractedly, wearing the look which came upon him when he turned his vision inwards to review all the points of a case, "I heard there was some professional quarrel between them; you don't believe that?"

"Yes, I do," answered Coventry. "Indeed I know it is true. And it is just what might have been expected with two people of strong character, of differing views, and separated by half a generation in technical education. But they are not the people to actually break up a life which they had just formed together because of such a quarrel. Something besides that has come between them."

"And how can I know anything about it?"

"Because I think it relates to Miss Doldy's affairs."

"And, if I may ask another question, what should make you expect me to help you if I do know anything?"

"Only the shape of your head," answered Coventry. "I am sure you will do what you can to avert misfortune from two such people as these are."

"I don't know Mrs. Doldy," said Mr. Lingen, "I have heard that she is a handsome woman."

"She is a glorious woman," exclaimed Coventry, "a woman whose greatest personal charm is that, though of course she knows she is handsome, she does not think about it, for she has other things in her mind."

"I should like to see her," said Mr. Lingen; "like most intensely practical men, I delight in fast horses and fine women."

"But you are not naturally intensely practical: you have turned the powers of a mind created to deal with abstractions, upon facts. But as to Dr. Ernestine, you will not meet her in society now; you will have to enter Bohemia and come to my house if you are to see her. But even that I can't promise you at present: she is very busy."

"And you think it is Miss Doldy who has come between these two?"

"Not knowingly, I fancy: it appears to me as if Dr. Ernestine had, by some accident, come to know more of Miss Doldy's affairs than she liked, and whatever has come between her and Dr. Doldy, has come, I feel sure, by silence and the keeping of secrets."

"Yes; that is possible. But I can do nothing until Miss Doldy is married. When she is Lady Flaxen, and Mr. Yriarte is a convict, I think I may help you."

"Does he really deserve such a punishment?" asked Coventry, thinking of Ernestine's distress when she spoke of it.

"Certainly," exclaimed Mr. Lingen with unusual heat of manner; "for the matter of that, he ought to be hung. But at present," he added more coolly, "my lips are sealed. When those two events have taken place of which I spoke, I believe I can help you to bring the doctors together again. But you musn't forget your promise to introduce me to the lady."

They talked for a while about other things — literature principally. And then Coventry went home, and told Mrs. Silburn in enigmatical fashion that "he had been to make a call, and had seen a man of imagination who had wasted himself upon facts."

"And who is this wonderful man?" asked Dorothy.

"Lewis Lingen."

"Now," exclaimed Dorothy, "you have done something useful for once in your life. You have reminded me, by mentioning that man's name, of how it is that poor little Ruth Armine hasn't got any money. She gets her dividends from him: and, like the clever, practical people we are, we never left her new address at the old lodgings. And, of course, being ill, she has not been at the Art School or any of her haunts. I

expect he has lost her: I will write him a note at once."

Which she did; and, in the delight of her discovery, forgot to question Coventry any further about his interview with the great lawyer.

As it happened, Dorothy's note was very welcome to Mr. Lingen; for it arrived just as Ruth's brother-in-law, fresh out of the train from the north, had entered his office to demand of him what he meant by such nonsense as telegraphing to him that his sister had disappeared?

Chapter XXXIII.

A practical man.

Ruth Armine's brother-in-law was a man who generally met with respect. He was eminently respectable in appearance, always cool, well dressed, well brushed, quiet in manner; yet in disposition he was a species of incarnate whirlwind. The moment Mr. Lingen met his quick restless eyes, he was aware of the fact that he had encountered one of those men who seem created to fill something of the office of a human tornado. Such men cannot live unless they both move themselves and stir the world around them. If they are not born into a position where they are utilised as conquerors, soldiers, or politicians, they enter the easier arena of finance, and become gigantic speculators, and make of themselves a sort of centre to a perpetual stir and change of money.

Mr. Nugent was supposed to be a cotton-spinner. His real affairs in life were only understood by a few men like himself well known in the great money exchanges of Europe.

He had come to London now, not on business, but to see what had become of his little sister-in-law. She had worried him for some years by persistently refusing to give up her independence and add herself to the wife and nine daughters, who made a comparatively colourless party round his dinner table, and now she had put the cap to her absurdities by losing herself in some extraordinary fashion; and when Mr. Lingen, who was very busy, looked up from his papers and met the quick eyes of his visitor, he felt very glad that Dorothy's note had just come, and that he could perhaps divert the fury of the whirlwind by supplying some news of the lost relation.

Mr. Nugent had a peculiarity which was quite a part of himself. He always understood—or supposed he understood—what people had to say before they had half said it. He never heard a sentence to the end.

"Ruth ill?"—just what might be expected — delirious? — brain fever, of course. The foolish girl will work. Women can't stand it —all nonsense to suppose they can. They weren't created for it, and its no good trying to make them over again. Just give me her address —thanks,"—jotting it down in his notebook while he spoke. "I must be off directly, as I've only got about an hour to look her up in.—Oh, by the way, I expect I shall have to send for a physician for the child. She is sure to have called in some little local nobody. Whom should you recommend? My friend Dr. Bull is out of town to-day, I know."

"Dr. Doldy, certainly," said Mr. Lingen. "I will give you his address in case you need it, but I quite hope you will find Miss Armine better, as Mrs. Silburn speaks of the crisis being over now."

"Good!" said his visitor. "Good bye, Lingen," and was gone without waiting any answer.

In less than half-an-hour he was

at the door of Miss Armine's new lodgings in confidential talk with her landlady, who informed him that the poor lady was raving mad with brain fever and certain to die. The good woman was so delighted with the substantial appearance of this relation of her sick lodger that she tried to pour volumes of eloquence on him; but he would hear only an answer to one question, "Is a doctor attending her?"

"Yes, sir, a lady doctor . . . ." Any further information was drowned in Mr. Nugent's exclamation of horror. "A lady!" Without any further pause he went up the stairs to look for the invalid—the landlady following as quickly as she could.

At the bedroom door they paused. There was a faint sound of talking.

"Ah! poor soul, she's wandering again," said the landlady.

"Is there anyone there?" asked Mr. Nugent.

"Yes, sir, the doctor is there now." Mr. Nugent made a grimace. "A lady!—well, let me go in."

He entered; Ernestine was standing by the window; when she saw him she advanced.

"By Jove!" said Mr. Nugent to himself, "this is the style of thing, is it? A splendid woman. I declare I feel ill. I wonder hadn't I better ask her advice?"

These reflections only took a second, and were expressed in the merriest imaginable twinkle of Mr. Nugent's bright eyes as they looked at Ernestine.

"You are the doctor?" he said, aloud, very gravely. Ernestine only bowed.

"Miss Armine is my wife's sister," said Mr. Nugent; "we have been anxious about her. She is very ill?"

"Yes," replied Ernestine, "it is a bad case of typhoid fever. The incubation has lasted unusually long; but by cooling baths and packs we have carried her through the worst of the fever; she will soon be better now."

"Cooling baths?" said Mr. Nugent, with that slight shudder which the idea of hydropathic treatment generally produces in a full-blooded man, "reducing things, aren't they. Hope you've given her plenty of brandy. The right thing in fever, isn't it?"

"It is useful if the powers of life begin to fail; it has scarcely been needed as yet, in this case."

"Egad, I think I wouldn't wait for the powers of life to fail before I began dosing. I am sure, Madam," turning to Ernestine with infinite gravity of countenance, and the most absurdly merry eyes, "you will allow me to call in a physician to consult with you; little Ruth is my wife's only sister, and I feel my wife would expect me to call in a dozen doctors at least."

He was gone without waiting for an answer, after his usual fashion.

"Cooling baths!" said he to himself as he got into a hansom, and told the man to "drive—if he knew how—" to Dr. Doldy's address. "Cooling baths! and no brandy! Poor little Ruth!"

Ernestine sat down very quietly by the side of her patient to await the arrival of the physician. She knew, by having followed every symptom, that she understood her case thoroughly. She knew that she had treated it correctly, and further, she knew that by incessant personal devotion she had saved her patient's life over and over again, when, in the hands of an incompetent or careless nurse, it would have been sacrificed. She had little fear of the bigwigs of the profession, except with regard to their igno-

rance. So she had no trepidation about the coming consultation, and amused herself by wondering with which of the great men it would be.

Never, for a single instant, did she think of the very man whom Mr. Nugent was at that moment bringing in triumph. Had she dreamed who was to enter that room and stand beside her, would she have run away? Probably.

Mr. Nugent had a troublesome task to catch his doctor; for he had not only to follow him into a police court; but to wait patiently (a more difficult task to him than pushing or hurrying) until Dr. Doldy had given evidence.

For it was the day on which Yriarte's case was before the court.

Chapter XXXIV.

"THE COURSE OF TRUE *LAW* NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH."

Every preparation had now been made by both sides; and, provided with every appliance of the law for offence and defence, Yriarte and Laura—these sometime lovers—found themselves to-day before a judge and jury.

Sir Percy Flaxen drove down to the court with Laura, and there left her in Dr. Doldy's care. He was a little proud of accompanying her, for he was one of that numerous class of persons who are unable to perceive the difference between fame and notoriety. Laura's affair had been talked about in his set, and he felt himself eminent in being connected with *the* Miss Doldy. Moreover, he was intensely lazy, and Laura's energy in the matter excited his admiration greatly. "You're an awfully plucky girl," he said, as he handed her out of the carriage; and so, encouraged by his admiration, Laura entered the court.

And only to meet with more admiration. Her name and her case had run the round of the newspapers; the public sympathies which Mr. Lingen had asked for her were aroused. Curiosity led quite a number of persons of all classes into the court; and when Laura went in she soon found that she was a sort of heroine.

There were counsel on both sides. Now, Mr. Lingen had secured for Laura the biggest man of the day, so Yriarte had to content himself with next best. Everything was exceedingly solemn; and when the two prisoners were ushered in, there was a certain awed silence. For these men were prospective convicts, and the frequenters of police courts feel a certain interest in convicts. They are people whose names go once at least into the newspapers, at all events.

Yriarte, however, looked round with his invariable jauntiness. But then he had been out on bail, and had lived as usual during the interval. Moreover, he had just refreshed himself with a tall glass of brandy and soda. But Anton looked dejected. He had been in gaol all the while, and had not relished it. His depression was added to by his having heard that his position in life had been inquired into. He did not understand the language sufficiently to know what passed in court; but he was quite awake now to the fact that Yriarte had made a mess of the speculation, and that he (Anton) was likely to suffer for it.

The court assembled, the names of the jury were called over, the judge entered in the usual hush and rising of all, and the case was fully gone into with the usual formalities; counsel on both sides having been well instructed as to the line which they were to take. These instructions naturally

emanated from Lingen, who, though the defendants' instructions went through other solicitors, occupied the peculiar position of representative of both the parties, and had arranged the terms of compromise. Dr. Doldy's examination led of course only to formal statements of his niece's position, and of the circumstances of her engagement; but the peculiarity of this part of the trial consisted in the contrast between the emotion of suppressed rage that almost prevented him from giving his evidence and the imperturbable and dainty tranquillity of his ward.

The special circumstance that had led to this distress of his was the reading in court of the more insulting letters from the defendants, which Lewis Lingen had not previously placed before him.

These of course were not new to Laura, but upon the chivalrous doctor their effect was prodigious. He felt as if he had been no protection at all to his ward, and in his excited state his conscience even reproached him for his devotion to Ernestine, while Laura was left to the mercy of a scoundrel.

A man of tender sensibilities might well be pardoned for being overpowered with horror at his entrance into a world of rascality which had drawn so very near to the romantic world (in this respect now alas! so ruined) of his own life.

And the letters were indeed masterpieces of diabolic subtlety and showed experience of woman that could only have been gained by disgraceful deceit. Here is a passage read from a letter from Anton to Laura, received after Yriarte had begun to feel that she was becoming too strong for him, and that a subtler kind of intimidation must be resorted to.

The judge, the counsel, and the jury, all apparently accepted the fact that Anton had written it, and the poor fellow himself, owing to his foreign ignorance, scarcely knew what to do, and if he had thought of protesting was not sure it would be of any avail, as the letter was in his handwriting and bore his signature.

But indeed it had been written from beginning to end by Yriarte, and Anton's share in it had been that of copyist merely. Here is the precious effusion:

"Madam,—It has become my duty, in the interests of what is due to myself, and owing to my knowledge of the affairs of my debtor, Mr. Yriarte, and of his relations to yourself, to write you concerning the box in my possession containing your letters. For some weeks I rested in ignorance of the value of its contents, and the box remained with seal unbroken, owing to the pressing representations of Mr. Yriarte. Now that I have grown so anxious about my money as to violate his confidence, I understand the reasons for his delicacy. Such a correspondence is of an importance too vast for the intrusion of third people into its sanctity. It is indeed surprising, Madam, that you do not press yourself immediately to withdraw this most valuable box from my hands. Having read but a portion of your letters, I am bound to confess that surprise reaches me when I contemplate your negligence. Mr. Yriarte had led me to believe that the box contained besides the letters some securities which, if not intrinsically valuable at the moment, had at least a reversionary value. The securities in my possession I find to meet that description definitively; they are indeed not such as your banker would accept, but I think your solicitor would but too well recognise their excellence. I can now

rest tranquil about the debt that presses so heavily to be repaid, for I feel sure that no one would longer than necessary make delay in the getting back of letters so confidential. Your memory, Madam, will surely not fail you when you look back to the time when these letters passed to Mr. Yriarte from yourself. The poor gentleman cannot himself make the liquidation due to me, but it is with a certain confidence that I address myself, Miss, to you, before the enforcement of my affairs should lead to my disturbing your amiable relatives. Perhaps I shall only send a copy of one or two letters to your guardian. The circumstances being in my power, I shall consider well, and can admit of no further trifling. Anticipating a speedy and satisfactory inclosure from yourself, Miss, when I shall be delighted to transfer to you the burden of these epistles, I have the honour to be, my dear Miss Doldy, yours most humbly, "ANTON."

The other most important letter bore a date one day subsequent to the last, and was ostensibly, as well as actually, the composition of Yriarte himself.

"My dear Miss Laura,—My most oppressive creditor, Anton, informs me that he has violated my confidence, and has read a portion of the private correspondence, and that he has been communicating with you. Much as I regret this new and disagreeable development of affairs, you will see how powerless I am in my present distressing circumstances to prevent it.

"I have endeavoured my utmost to save your susceptible feelings, but it is now too late. Anton has opened the box, and is becoming more domineering and threatening to me. He has got some of the most dreadful to be seen in his hands, I find, and evidently expects that his affairs will now be put right without procrastination by your excellent guardian and yourself. I know not what to do. Please to inform me what reply you make to the dreaded Anton. What can be arranged now for a few hundred pounds without the enlargement of publicity, who knows to what it may not extend itself by delay? The few letters that are in my possession are readily at your service, so soon as the others are got by you from the hands of our oppressor. Please think of yourself even more than of me.

"JOSE."

After everything had been gone through, and the enormity of Yriarte's crime dwelt upon by Laura's counsel, Yriarte's counsel created quite a diversion by bringing forward the view that, as Miss Doldy had distinctly stated that there was nothing in the letters she was ashamed of, Yriarte's threats were harmless, and amounted to nothing but empty words. Yriarte had done the lady no harm; he had merely proposed to make public certain innocent epistles of hers. His attempt to obtain money from her evidently was of the nature of an appeal rather than a threat. Counsel was manifestly pleased with this line of argument, and was pursuing it with some ardour; for, having only glanced over the case hurriedly, he was not aware of all its weak points. The idea of the harmlessness of Yriarte's conduct was plainly producing some effect upon the jury, and counsel was becoming quite flowery in his ponderous eloquence, when he was suddenly arrested by an indescribable look from Lingen, which puzzled him so much, that he sat down precipitately, leaving the learned gentleman who had espoused Laura's cause to descend upon the court with a beautiful

speech upon the subject of the natural delicacy of a young girl's feelings. He painted an imaginary Laura, robbing herself of pocket-money and jewels in order to silence the heartless man who would expose to a cold world her innocent expressions of affection.

Laura was very glad that she had her fan with her to-day. She pretended to use it, and hid behind its friendly shelter while this was going on. Even her wonderful facial control could scarcely be relied on. She dared not meet Lingen's eye; she was quite afraid she would laugh if she did.

The judge proceeded to sum up, and the jury, after a very short consultation, found both prisoners guilty. This announcement produced no effect in court, as it was quite expected. Laura lowered her eyes more carefully than before, for she knew that her counsel would now, on her behalf, recommend Yriarte to mercy. This he did, saying that Miss Doldy was anxious the prisoner should be lightly punished, on account of the eminent position of his family. But the judge shook his head, and remarked that such a case as this must be punished duly, for the protection of the public. He proceeded to say that he considered Mr. Yriarte a far worse character than a highwayman; and that crime such as he had committed ought to be strongly repressed. Unless this were done, the peace of mind which an ordinary member of society is entitled to would be continually endangered; and he, the judge, had the interests of society to protect. Therefore he felt himself compelled, notwithstanding Miss Doldy's feelings, and those of Mr. Yriarte's connections, to administer justice in this case with a strong hand. "I consider it my unavoidable duty," he concluded, "to sentence the prisoner Anton to two years' penal servitude with hard labour, and the prisoner Yriarte to penal servitude for life. And I may remark that I think the public owes a debt of gratitude to Miss Doldy for her courage in prosecuting in so painful a case."

When the sentence fell on his ears, Yriarte looked astounded for a moment, then, quickly recovering himself, he leaned over the dock and touched Lingen with his cane.

"How's this?" he whispered angrily, "I was to be let off easy if I kept my mouth shut."

"I'm as much surprised as yourself," answered Lingen. "It's a very heavy sentence, a most extreme sentence. But it's your own fault—we have done our best. If you had only looked a little more innocent, the case need never have come into this court."

"And have I kept quiet about that little minx for nothing!" exclaimed Yriarte, darting a look of fury at Laura. But at this moment a little stir was caused in court by a bright-eyed gentleman who, seeing that the case was practically concluded, pushed his way to Dr. Doldy. A few words were spoken between them, Dr. Doldy sent a message to Laura, and went out with Mr. Nugent, the bright-eyed gentleman in question.

At the same moment the prisoners were hurried away; Yriarte gathered himself up and left the dock with the same smile and air step that he entered it.

Poor Anton he found outside, almost overwhelmed with emotion that the policeman in charge of him had propped him, like an awkward parcel, against the wall. The poor fellow was really overcome by the extent of his misfortune. But Yriarte soon rendered him a little less gelatinous; he hissed out some fierce Spanish oaths at him. Anton feared this irritable treach

rous little Spaniard as a beaten cur fears his master, for he was intensely conscious that he himself was devoid of the brain power which Yriarte possessed. So he tried to straighten himself under the burden of his fate, when Yriarte swore at him.

In the meantime Mr. Nugent had called a hansom and carried off his doctor in triumph to Miss Armine's lodgings.

Chapter XXXV.

A consultation.

"I found my sister-in-law in the hands of a lady doctor," said Mr. Nugent, as they drove along, "and though I have a great respect for the sex, I have my doubts as to the ability of a woman to pull through such a serious case as this. Have you seen much of the lady doctors?"

"Yes," said Dr. Doldy, rather quietly, "I have." Knowing the limited number of feminine practitioners, he began to wonder whom he was to meet.

"Well, what do you think of their practice? Isn't it just a piece of ridiculous nonsense, like my little sister's painting, ending in brain fever and an exhausted physique?"

One of Mr. Nugent's characteristics was to retain his own opinion until it was altered by a rival opinion from someone as influential as himself in another line. Ernestine's words had already passed out of his volatile mind, and he returned to his own theory that Miss Armine was ill with brain fever. The opinion of an unknown doctor —a lady too!—had absolutely no weight with him.

"In some cases it is perhaps too exhausting a career," was all Dr. Doldy could be persuaded to say.

Mr. Nugent found he could not be brought out upon this subject, so he began to speak of Yriarte's case, of which he had seen just enough to excite his interest and curiosity. Dr. Doldy very willingly spoke of this, as his mind was full of it.

Ernestine, sitting beside her patient's bed, with the room door ajar, heard the two gentlemen come in. Mr. Nugent was speaking, in his quick bright voice, as they came up stairs.

"A scandalous affair. I should have suggested hanging the man, had I been on the jury; really I think the sentence a lenient one."

They were at the door of the bedroom. Mr. Nugent pushed it open, and entering first, spoke in a lower tone:

"I have been a long time, madam; but I had to follow this gentleman into a court of justice, and wait there until he was at liberty to accompany me."

So saying, he drew back and made way for Dr. Doldy, who, with a general professional bow entering the room, advanced to the side of the bed and drew the curtain which screened the patient from his view. At the instant Ernestine rose from her seat, and faced him on the other side. She was pale as a ghost, and had she indeed been a revisiter of the glimpses of the moon, she could not have startled Dr. Doldy more effectually.

He stood motionless for a couple of seconds, the curtain held back as if to throw light upon Miss Armine's face; but his eyes were fixed upon Ernestine. How long he might have stood thus lost and rapt in wonder at sight of the face which had but such a little while ago been a familiar daily vision, it is impossible to guess: a faint moan from Miss Armine recalled him to a sense of the position. He immediately dropped his eyes upon the pale face which looked out from the pillows. And, after a pause of another second, in which

to draw a deep breath, he was able with some appearance of self-possession to examine the patient. This did not take him long; but he protracted it as long as possible, for he scarcely knew how to act.

"I should like to know how you have been treating the case," he said at last to Ernestine—but with a look at Mr. Nugent. That gentleman took the hint, closed the door, and retired to a little sitting-room which adjoined, leaving the doctors in consultation.

For a moment after he left them, neither moved or spoke. Only Ruth Armine's faint delirious moans broke the silence.

Ernestine spoke first.

"Will you tell me what the sentence was?"

Dr. Doldy had passed through so many unusual emotions since entering the room that he really did not know what she referred to. He looked vacantly at her for a moment; and then he recalled the scene he had left in coming to this sick-room.

"The sentence passed on Mr. Yriarte, do you mean? Penal servitude for life."

"Is that sentence actually passed upon him?" cried Ernestine, leaning towards him across the bed in her eagerness.

"And Laura can bring this living death on him, and sit by while he is condemned. Laura hides her falseness and treachery under a demure face, and lets him go into the hell of a convict life that she—and *you*—may be *rich*!"

Dr. Doldy had come round the bed while she spoke, and now stood close to her.

"Are you mad?" he said, in a strange voice. The words sounded like the words of madness to his ear; yet they were uttered in that intense manner which was peculiar to Ernestine when agitated, and the tones of her voice swayed him as the wind sways the trees.

"Only mad," she said, "in speaking to you. For you are the slave of the society in which you live, and of the compromise which it demands. You have been sapping the life blood of your conscience in all these years that you have been pandering to the miserable weaknesses of society, and now you are being paid for it. You have made yourself believe that Laura's marriage for money was justifiable, just because it would not disgust the people you lived among, and because you wanted her money in order to live like those people; and now you are being rewarded by being dragged into a deeper degradation than even you would relish—though you have cultivated your taste for worldliness. Don't touch me—don't stop me—I shall say too much if you do."

"Ernestine," he said, almost violently catching her arm (for she was endeavouring to pass him), you must and shall explain these words!"

"No!" she answered, "I shall not. You will forget them—you will want to forget them. You will sink back into the ease and luxury of your life when all is arranged. Arthur! if I could have saved you—if I had had influence enough with you to sting you into independence and straightforward living, I would have risked everything. But, no—your nature is essentially ease-loving—you must have ease; well, you will have it now. Let me go, Arthur; I will not stay here any longer, or I shall say too much."

She broke from him by a sudden gesture, and moved quickly away to escape from the room. The sudden action—or, perhaps, her over-excited state — made her stagger, and for a moment she

leaned, breathless and white, against the wall.

Dr. Doldy, looking at her in amazement (for this outburst of excitement was something he had never seen the like of in her), suddenly started and ejaculated involuntarily, "Good heavens!" Looking at her, as she stood there, an idea flashed into his mind; at the same instant he rushed to her side, and put his arm to support her.

"You are ill," he said; and then, in an infinitely tender, eloquent voice, full of subtle meaning, yet not so subtle but that she understood it—"Ernestine."

She raised her hands to ward him off. "Don't touch me!" she said, in a tone almost of entreaty, and raised her eyes to his for a second; but she dropped them quickly, and the intense pallor of her face gave sudden place to a vivid, beautiful blush.

She turned, with a rapid movement snatched her hat from a table close by, and was gone from the room.

He rushed after her, but her nimble feet had carried her down the stairs and out of the house before he had reached the landing.

For an instant he thought of following her, but he heard Mr. Nugent approaching the sitting-room door. The situation in which he found himself was rather ridiculous than sublime.

He quickly composed his face and turned, making as if he had intended to enter the sitting-room.

"Well," said Mr. Nugent, "what do you think? There is no danger, is there?" he asked, more anxiously, scanning Dr. Doldy's face, which bore marks of excitement.

In the midst of his emotion a sense of the absurd came upon Dr. Doldy, as he recalled the fact that no word had been uttered about the unfortunate patient between these doctors in consultation.

He could hardly confess the fact to such a man as Mr. Nugent. With a violent mental effort he recalled the patient to his mind, and something of the symptoms.

"Oh, no, no danger, with careful nursing; a tiresome attack of brain fever, that is all," he went on, repeating, with a qualm of conscience, Mr. Nugent's own words, in order to cover his own complete oblivion of the case.

"Has the case been correctly treated?" asked Mr. Nugent.

"Oh, quite, quite; admirably treated, in fact," said Dr. Doldy, with a sudden recollection that Ernestine's medical reputation was concerned.

"Then you would have the case left in the lady's hands—or perhaps another doctor had better attend also?"

"Really, I think that would be altogether unnecessary; but of course, if you would feel more fully satisfied—"

"I should at all events feel more satisfied if you would yourself find time to see the patient again," said Mr. Nugent, "as I am obliged to leave town myself." And, as he spoke, he handed Dr. Doldy a cheque for his fee, which he had got ready during the consultation. Dr. Doldy took it mechanically, shook hands, and went downstairs, coming into violent collision in the hall with a piece of quicksilver—Dorothy Silburn in a great hurry.

Ernestine had rushed in upon her at her writing-table, and had implored her to go to Miss Armine at once, "for," said she, "she ought not to be a moment alone, and I cannot go back just now."

"What is the matter, Ernestine?" Dorothy had cried out, in amazement at the face before her.

"Don't ask me—only go, or something may happen."

And Dorothy, thus urged, had run off, calling to Coventry, as she passed his room, to go to Ernestine. And thus it happened that, running to the rescue of the poor neglected fever patient she encountered Dr. Doldy, to the equal astonishment of both parties.

"*You* here!" was Mrs. Silburn's first exclamation, and then her quick little brain put two and two together. "Oh," she added "then it's you that have been upsetting Ernestine—you ought to have more sense than to worry a woman in her state." And then, remembering her errand, she ran off upstairs, leaving Dr. Doldy rather more bewildered than before.

Mr. Nugent had been doing business meantime with the landlady, arranging with her for poor Ruth's comfort. Having done that, and extricated himself from the good lady's eloquence, he went to have a last look at the unconscious centre of all this confusion, and, to his no small surprise, found another strange lady in charge of the sick-room. Dorothy, who knew nothing of what had been going on, was rather more surprised than he when he made his assured entrance into the room. But two such quick wits could not but strike fire at meeting; and Mr. Nugent immediately rose to the situation, and inquired with vast politeness whether it was another member of the medical profession whom he found in authority in his sister's sick-room.

"Oh, no!" said Dorothy; "I am only an amateur nurse. And so you are Ruth's brother-in-law?" looking at him with some curiosity.

It did not take many minutes to make Mr. Nugent and Mrs. Silburn fast friends; and before they had each said a dozen words the situation become more intelligible to them both.

"Oh, then it was *you* called in Dr. Doldy," said Dorothy, and then stopped; it was evident to her that Mr. Nugent had been kept outside the real excitement of the meeting, and she was afraid she might tell him what he was not intended to know.

"Dr. Doldy says it is a bad case of brain fever," said Mr. Nugent; "but that there is no danger now with good nursing. We must have a nurse in at once to relieve you. . . . ."

"He didn't say that," interrupted Dorothy, sharply.

"Say what?"

"That it was brain fever."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Nugent.

"Oh, dear!" said Dorothy; "why, its typhoid fever."

"Typhoid!" ejaculated Mr. Nugent; "nonsense, that's infectious!"

"Oh, no," replied Dorothy; "at least, the nurse catches it sometimes, I believe."

"But," said Mr. Nugent, incredulously, "who considers it typhoid?"

"Dr. Ernestine," replied Dorothy.

"Is that the lady doctor?" Dorothy nodded. "I remember she said something about typhoid," went on Mr. Nugent, in increasing perplexity, "but Dr. Doldy said that the case had been treated quite correctly, and that I might safely leave it in her hands."

They looked at each other, and burst out laughing.

"This is always the sort of thing when I go in for doctors," said Mr. Nugent; "fortunately my little sister seems to have got over the worst of it, in spite of the doctors. But I suppose I must do the thing thoroughly, and get a third opinion, which is sure to be different from the other two. But we must get the three medicos

together, and then they will agree. What is the lady's name?"

"Dr. Ernestine Doldy," answered Dorothy gravely, and looking up into Mr. Nugent's face.

"What do you mean?" he asked sharply; "the same name—how's that?"

"Why, this is the how of it—those two are husband and wife."

"Husband and wife!" exclaimed Mr. Nugent; "but they didn't seem to know each other."

"Perhaps," said Dorothy composedly, "they had forgotten the look of each other's faces; they haven't met for a good while."

"What on earth have I been doing?" groaned Mr. Nugent in comical consternation.

"That's a great deal more than I know," answered Dorothy composedly.

Chapter XXXVI.

The Shadow in the Moonlight.

Dr. Doldy was allowed little time for thought when he returned home from this strange meeting with his wife. He had forgotten Laura's existence — for the sight of Ernestine's face had kindled into full passion the fire of love which had but lain dormant during this interval of silence and trouble. He went home intending to shut himself into Ernestine's little room, which was kept sacred to her, and there think out the dilemma of his position and his right course of action.

But he found Sir Percy Flaxen awaiting him, anxious to arrange the day and hour of the wedding, now that there was nothing to delay it. The indolent young man had some appreciation of character, after a fashion of his own. "You've just got rid of one fellah," he said to Laura; "I think I'd like to marry you right off before you get mixed up with any other fellah." A remark which Laura took as complimentary. And she made no objection to his suggestion. Now that Jose Yriarte was absolutely carried away to Millbank in that terrible carriage, the "black Maria," she felt herself at liberty to begin life afresh, with a light heart and a clear conscience.

And indeed she might be forgiven for not troubling herself much about her old lover; that gentleman, having during his bail deluged every person of influence with whom his family was connected, with clever appeals for help, now, finding himself powerless, turned his versatile mind to the consideration of the corruptibility of gaolers.

Dr. Doldy did not pity him either, for he could reasonably guess, by his knowledge of him, that disgrace was a thing unfelt by him, and that physical deprivations would do him little hurt. The little Spaniard was unwholesome; but he was full of a tigrine strength.

At the same time, however, Dr. Doldy was much distressed and puzzled by Ernestine's words. He felt that he was in the dark about some element or secret in the matter; he felt that there must have been some other agent than he had been aware of at work in separating Ernestine from him.

But he saw nothing to be done.

He could not speak to Laura now, when all was over, and drag in Ernestine as a vague accuser of he knew not what. Yriarte was condemned: there was no hope of saving him from any underhand injustice which might have been at work. And as to Laura's marriage —he felt uncomfortable at the remembrance of the way in which Ernestine had spoken of it. But what could he do? Sir Percy Flaxen was very anxious to secure his prize. Why should he take exception at a match which seemed

to promise all the happiness that the pair were capable of?

And so he very quietly let matters take their own way. The marriage was arranged to take place in a fortnight; and, after the exchange of polite compliments, Sir Percy and Laura drove away in Mrs. Honiton's carriage, which was waiting for them, to dine at her house.

And Dr. Doldy remained alone to discuss a solitary meal; and, for the first time probably for many years, failed to do it justice. When Ernestine first left him Laura's affairs were so imminent, and Laura herself was so much with him, that he did not fully realise his position. But now—Laura's case was won; Laura's marriage was as good as completed: in fact, Laura's fortune was secured. There was no further excitement; no further effort to be made. And the young lady herself had driven away with her lover.

Ernestine had passed through the first horror of new solitude, in her little dismal lodgings, a month ago; but this was Dr. Doldy's first real taste of the return to his old life.

Everything was the same as in the time before he had ever seen Ernestine. Laura had been incessantly with him for about a month; had amused him, interested him, filled him with the excitement of a contest, given him no time for thought. He had been favoured with her society in exactly the same way before, when she wanted anything of him. And when she had got what she wanted she would drive away with the lover of the moment, and leave him in peace to pursue his even path of bachelor life. He knew well enough, from past experience, that she would busy herself now with those interests in which he could not help her. Probably, as she would want Mrs. Honiton's help in her arrangements for the wedding, her affection would be lavished upon that lady.

Dr. Doldy had known himself a coward in his heart for throwing all his attention into Laura's matters in order to shut out the thought of his own. Now he saw no escape—nowhere to hide; he had to face the blank and barren facts, that Ernestine had left him—that he was alone—and that Ernestine, though she still loved, despised him.

The dinner was announced—he went down and looked at it. He drank more wine than usual and ate nothing.

"No fool like an old fool!" he exclaimed at last, rising impatiently from the table. "Ten years ago no woman on earth could have spoiled my appreciation of a good dinner; and certainly I had never seen a woman who could have induced me to risk not dining well every day. And now I believe, if she would let me, I could go to perdition on hashed mutton with Ernestine."

He wended his way disconsolately to the drawing-room; but, brightly light and pretty as it was, it looked as desolate as the empty coffee-room of an hotel or a waiting-room at a railway station. He turned precipitately on the threshold and went down to Ernestine's deserted consulting-room. This was not lighted; only a ray of moonlight came in through one of the windows. He quietly sat down in a chair which he had been accustomed to use, and tried to fancy her sitting in her favourite window-seat with the moonray just touching her hair. It was strangely easy to fancy it—he had so often found her there, sitting lost in thought in the twilight or the moonlight. Indeed,

he could almost believe her to be there — and the blood began to rush to his heart; but it was checked suddenly as by a touch of ice.

Why was she not there?

"What did she mean by those wild words she spoke to-day?" he said to himself. "She knew my relations with Laura before we were married. She told me then that I was worldly, and I said she must make me less so. Why did she suddenly surrender all her efforts to do this and let me drop back like this into my old bachelor life? There is something more than I know of in this; there is something hidden from me. It must be so; Ernestine is a woman of sense, though she is so terribly unworldly; she would not have talked as she did to-day without reason. And she would not have left me, for a mere quarrel about a dropsical eye, in her present condition. Ernestine would face privation herself for the sake of an idea; but, if I know her aright, she would not attempt to separate a child from its father because of a mere medical dispute."

He got up now and walked about the room; but quietly, as if he feared disturbing that shadow on the window-seat.

"I had half believed, before to-day," he went on to himself, "that it was a foolish, youthful, professional pride; that she was determined not to stay with me if I did not allow her to be a cleverer doctor than myself, and give her freedom in my consulting-room as well as her own. And I have tried to put the matter aside and not go to entreat her to return, because I thought a pride like that, which could jar upon such love as ours, ought not to be fostered. And my own pride has held me back—I know it. I am an old fool. Shadow there, that art not Ernestine, listen to me! If you had acquired any more womanly art than medicine—if you had not cut me out in my own line—I should have been so utterly proud of you! But as it was, when you had broken every professional etiquette, and asserted yourself in a position which I hated you to hold, could I have run after you and entreated you to return?

"But now, I am inclined to think Ernestine, after all, was the impulsive, foolish, unworldly woman I thought her; and not only a proud self-assertive young doctor. She has used this latter character as a cloak to hide something else; *but—what is she hiding?*"

He sat down again, and thought deeply for awhile. But no light came to him. He knew it was no secret of Ernestine's own; her nature was one of those which sin on the top, and expose themselves to public shame the moment they do anything wrong, because they cannot hide it beneath righteous respectability. It was no secret of his own; Ernestine knew all his life, with its lights and shadows. What then could it be? She had spoken of Laura; but he was unable to see what she should know of Laura's affairs. Certainly Laura could never have been friendly enough with Ernestine to have made confidences to her. Suddenly he remembered their first interview, when he had introduced them; he recalled a look which had come upon Ernestine's face and been instantly banished. Had they met before?

His mind went over the problem much as children at play hunt over a room after a thing which has been hidden; but he had no one to play music loud and soft, and thus guide him to the suspicious place.

And so, as he was naturally indisposed to throw suspicion upon

a woman, he rejected the idea that Ernestine could know anything of Laura, especially as his imagination failed to suggest anything which she could know.

But, as he sat there gazing at the shadowy window-seat in the dim light, the conviction grew strong upon him that some cause had driven Ernestine from his side. There must have been a reason which seemed sufficient to herself—a reason which he, if he knew it, might accept and understand as strong enough to make her break their life and mutilate their love, and separate the growing existence of their child from him. This conviction comforted him inexpressibly. He had been bitterly wounded by the idea of Ernestine which her conduct had presented to him. He had been compelled to regard her as hard, professional, proud, intolerably independent. His love had violently recoiled within him, forced back by this view of her character. But now, with this new thought—the new conviction that, overburdened with the weight of some secret of which he knew nothing, she had acted as an impulsive woman would—his whole soul reverted to her, and he flung himself upon his knees by the window-seat, and kissed the floor where her feet had so often rested, crying aloud, "Ernestine, come back to me!"

All that night he was awake, marvelling what her secret might be—wondering how to approach her, wondering how to bring her back.

Chapter XXXVII.

White Blossoms.

The next morning early Coventry Silburn received a small note. He recognised, with some surprise, Dr. Doldy's queer, illegible handwriting.

"Certainly 'tis from him," he said, turning it over, "or from some other doctor. Why do doctors always write illegibly? Is it for the benefit of the chemists? Probably, the responsibility of the medical man would really be too great if his prescriptions were quite legible; besides, he would have to think so much."

Having decided that question, he opened the letter. It was very brief; he read it twice, and then wrote a letter himself. But it was not to Dr. Doldy, it was to Mr. Lingen. This he sent by a messenger, and waited with some restlessness for the answer.

It soon came, and was even shorter than the others.

"Tell him that if he will wait quietly for a fortnight you really expect to be able to do something. But only on that condition."

Coventry thought for some time before he sent on his answer to Dr. Doldy. He had no clue in the matter—he knew nothing of the time of Laura's wedding. But, as he wished above all to do no mischief in handling these mysteries, he decided to trust Mr. Lingen, who knew so much more than he did. Moreover, to be able to hold out any hope of a reconciliation was a great deal. So he wrote to Dr. Doldy the answer, which was enigmatical even to himself.

He had no sooner sent it than Dorothy came into his room, and picking up Dr. Doldy's letter, read it.

"So he wants to find out why she left him, and to make it up, and is rather afraid to go near her. Humph! I thought he'd begin to feel bad soon," she remarked; "and what have you said?"

"I asked Lingen what I had better say; it seemed to me that was the best thing to do, for he seems to be the only person who understands the affair. And here is his answer."

"Oh," said she, drily, putting it down, "he's to wait a fortnight, is he; and in the meantime here's Ernestine working like a horse, and without enough to eat—I'm positive she hasn't. And Dr. Doldy quietly pockets his physician's fee for saying Miss Armine had brain fever when she hadn't! Just like the world—pay the men for doing nothing; starve the women for working!"

"That does seem rather queer," said Coventry lugubriously; "but then Minerva will get her doctor's bill paid by Mr. Nugent. Your epigram is a trifle too sharp."

"Oh, I suppose she may, if she sends in a bill," snapped Dorothy, "but it won't be half as much for all her work as Dr. Doldy got for his making a fool of himself. And besides, he got his right off, because he didn't want it; while she'll have to wait till Miss Armine is well, and get paid just when she has completed her starvation business."

"You are very much put out, Dorothy; you are disturbing the atmosphere of my study with your vehemence. Irritability doesn't become you!"

"Well, it is enough to put anyone out," said Dorothy, more crossly than ever, "to see these two dear, stupid people going on as they are doing. I got to Ernestine's rooms before she was up this morning, and found her crying for that husband of hers, after running away from him, and I know she had been at it all night. She will kill herself at this rate. And what business has Lingen to want to wait a fortnight, I wonder."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Coventry, rather appalled by the state of things.

"Oh, well, I'll find out to-day," said Dorothy. "Now, forget all about it, and go on with your work, Coventry. I must run down to the *Mail* office, and see what work they have for me. *We* shall be starving next, if we go spending our time on other people's affairs."

"Nursing doesn't agree with you, Dorothy," Coventry called after her, just as she was flying out of the door. She paused an instant, and flung him back one look, full of sauciness and sweetness. He laughed—and she was gone.

Dr. Doldy had remained at home, waiting for Coventry's answer, and had been kept much longer than he expected. The horse in his brougham was pawing impatiently, and he himself was restlessly walking to and fro in his room when the answer came.

"More mysteries!" he said, with an annoyed look. "Well, I am in the dark about it all; perhaps I had better obey." He put the note in his pocket, and went to his brougham, which drove quickly away, for he was late already for some important engagements.

All day, during his intervals of active thought on other matters, his mind reverted to this letter.

In the afternoon he took a bold step. He stopped at the door of Miss Armine's lodgings, and inquired if she were better. He was told, "Yes." He then asked whether the doctor, who was attending her, was there. In case she were he intended to drive on at once; for he did not want to meet her again in that sick-room; he knew such a meeting would only startle her again and distress her.

But she was not there: so he carried out his purpose, and asked for her address.

It was only in the next street. He noted down the number, and drove on with a sigh of relief. At all events, he knew now where she was.

In the dusk of that afternoon a

ragged little boy left a small box for Ernestine at her lodgings. She was out: when she came in she found it on her table.

She opened it without much interest, but was surprised, as she loosened the lid, by a delicate sweet odour which spread itself about the room. She looked quickly within, and saw—only two or three white blossoms.

A moment she looked on them, and then the old message which long ago these white blossoms had brought to her came to her mind. Her head fell upon the table by the side of the flowers, and her face looked as fair and pale as they.

Dorothy, coming in hurriedly on her way home to press Ernestine to go with her to dinner, found her thus. The scene was very pretty. So Dorothy thought, although for a moment she feared that Ernestine had fainted. But, no—she raised her head when she heard Dorothy: and that shrewd lady eyed the flowers and said nothing.

Ernestine was very weary that day, and was glad to go to Dorothy's bright little home. She only paused an instant to put her flowers in water; and, as she did so, she selected one, and put it in her dress. Dorothy smiled unseen; and, urging Ernestine to make haste, led the way out into the rapidly darkening street.

She drew Coventry aside before they went into dinner. She was a natural born gossip, and it was impossible for her to keep a piece of news to herself for five minutes if there was anyone to tell it to.

"I've found out," she whispered, triumphantly; "I know what that clever Lingen's after. Laura is to be married in a fortnight."

"Oh!" said Coventry: an indescribable monosyllablic utterance.

"And," added Dorothy, growing slangy in her excitement; "you must look sharp if you don't want a blow-up before then. He's making love to her again. Look at that white flower in her dress. *He* sent her that: it's nobody else, for no two men make love alike."

"Dinner, please 'm," here ejaculated Dorothy's page, the smartest scrap of humanity alive, and just suited to his mistress. So they went to dinner, and Coventry, less talkative than usual, forgot his plate to eye the white flower covertly.

By the time dinner was over he had come to a resolution.

"I don't care," he said aside to Dorothy when they were in the drawing-room; "I have only joined with Lingen in order to bring them together. If they make it up without our intervention, so much the better."

But he did not calculate on the keenness of his accomplice.

(To be continued.)

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD is a very eloquent writer and a very clever advocate. But he cannot reasonably be said to have achieved a signal success as champion of the claims of the Roman Catholic University in Ireland. He has set himself to prove that the Liberal party ought to support the claim of Irish Catholics to have a sectarian University endowed and chartered by the State. What he has proved is that Liberals have hitherto given a wrong reason for not doing this. Further, he has suggested a method of organising a sectarian Roman Catholic University, and he confidently affirms that the Roman Catholic clergy would not refuse the conditions he proposes. But the institution he proposes to organise is not the institution the Catholic clergy have asked for; and if men's conduct in the past is any indication of their probable conduct in the future, the Catholic Bishops would most undoubtedly reject Mr Arnold's scheme, as they have rejected every other scheme that has hitherto been proposed for their consideration. Mr. Arnold is very severe upon Englishmen for offering Irish Roman Catholics, not what they say they want, but what Englishmen think they ought to want. But he fails to see that his scheme does precisely the thing he condemns others for doing; and he fails because he has evolved his University scheme by what he would probably call the free play of his own consciousness, while he has wholly omitted to study the acts and words of the people for whom he proposes to legislate.

Mr. Arnold says he advocates "the public institution of Catholic education *with the proper and necessary guarantees.*" (We give his own words, but the italics here are ours.) "Our newspapers always assume that Catholic Education must be 'under complete clerical control.' We are reminded that the Irish Bishops claimed from Lord Mayo the entire government of their Irish University, the right of veto on the appointment of professors, the right of dismissing professors. This would make the University simply a seminary with a State payment. But the State has no right, even if it had the wish, to abandon its duties towards a national University in this manner. The State in such a University is proctor for the nation. The appointment and dismissal of the professors belong to no corporation less large and public than the nation itself. And it is best in the hands of the nation, and not made over to any smaller and closer corporation like the clergy, however respectable. The professors should be nominated and removed, not by the bishops, but by a responsible Minister of State acting for the Irish nation itself. They should be Catholics, but he should choose them, exercising his choice as a judicious Catholic would be disposed to exercise it, who had to act in the name and for the benefit of the entire community. While the

bishops, if they have the appointment of professors in a Catholic University, will be prone to ask 'who will suit the bishops?' The community is interested in asking solely: 'Who is the best and most distinguished Catholic for the chair?' In the interest of the Irish themselves, therefore, the professors in a publicly instituted Catholic University ought to be nominated by a Minister of State, acting under a public responsibility, and proctor for the Irish nation. Would Ireland reject a Catholic University offered with such a condition?"

Mr. Arnold answers this question in one way: but those who judge the Roman Catholic hierarchy by their acts answer it in quite the opposite way. If there is any meaning in human language, what the Irish bishops want is precisely a University such as Mr. Arnold says the State cannot give them, will not give them, and ought not to give them. If conduct in the past affords any ground for anticipating conduct in the future, the Irish bishops would reject Mr. Arnold's "proper and necessary guarantees," as they have rejected every other proposal. For what is the guarantee that Mr. Arnold describes as proper and necessary? It is the appointment and removal of professors by a responsible Minister of State. Note here that Mr. Arnold only speaks of the appointment and removal of professors. Not a word about prescribing and controlling the course of studies, though, as we shall see presently, this is also a "proper and necessary guarantee," and a matter in which the hierarchy would be sure to claim a voice. But, to return to the responsible Minister of Catholic Instruction. Of course he would be a Catholic, though Mr. Arnold does not say so.

Now, how is this Minister to exercise the patronage with which he is vested? In subservience to the Bishops? Then the Bishops will tell him whom to appoint and whom to remove, and the University at once becomes a seminary paid by the State. Independently of the Bishops? Then the Bishops will at once declare that he has not their confidence, and will denounce the new University as they denounced the "godless Colleges." And to whom is the Minister of Catholic Instruction to be responsible? To Parliament ultimately, no doubt: Parliament, by the way, being the body that habitually uses its powers in obedience to the Philistine middle class, whom Mr. Arnold is never tired of flouting. But Parliament is a slow machine, and the responsibility Mr. Arnold speaks of appears to be a different thing, and a more subtle thing than the liability to Parliamentary censure. What is to be the influence that is to guide the Minister in performing his duties? In England, or among Protestant Irishmen, that influence would be the sentiment of the educated laity. But the Catholic educated laity are a very small class; and their voice is drowned amid the clamours of the bishops, the priests, and the rabble. A Minister of Catholic Instruction, "responsible" to the educated Catholic laity, would be either a nobody or a thorn in the side of the hierarchy. For the educated Catholic laity is by no means subservient to episcopal dictation.

But, although Mr Arnold does not refer to it, there is another side to the duties of a Minister of Instruction, besides the appointing and removing of professors. The Minister would have to prescribe and control the course of study in the new Catholic University. And here, at least as much as in the

professorial patronage, he would come into collision with the prejudices and the foregone conclusions of the hierarchy. The bishops would no more consent to forego their veto on the studies than their veto on the professors. Cardinal Manning once said that the study of false (*i.e.* non-Roman) philosophy "perverts the form and shape of the intelligence; I may say it alters the structure of the brain!" If Catholic bishops think thus, will they tolerate a curriculum over which they shall have no control?

The bishops have here been spoken of as the leaders of agitation in this matter. It is by no means a layman's question. There can hardly be any argument more misleading (in certain hands it is simply dishonest) than that, because there are four millions of Catholics and only one million of Protestants, the Catholics are wronged in not having a separate university. It is not merely that the immense majority of these Catholics are labouring people who have no more to do with university education than the ploughmen of Wiltshire or the colliers of South Wales. It is not merely that among the classes who really do want university education, the Protestants are at least two to one compared with the Catholics. The true answer to the clerical cry in this matter is that the middle and upper classes of Catholics have as a matter of fact made use of the existing universities, in fair proportion to their numbers and their wants, and in spite of the threats and dictation of the bishop and the priesthood. Catholic gentry have nothing to do with the cry for a separate university. The cry is raised in the first instance by the priests (who have a separate university of their own) and is echoed by an ignorant and superstitious electorate, who know and care nothing about university education for its own sake. Professor Cairnes and Professor Maguire (the latter of whom is a Catholic) years ago showed by the returns of the University of Dublin and the Queen's University that the number of Catholic students in these institutions was fully proportioned to the number of Catholic families that were at all likely to send sons to a university; and that the only result of setting up a denominational university would be to drain the existing institutions of Catholic students.

There is yet another side to this matter. Mr. Arnold, it is true, speaks with respect of Dublin University and the Queen's Colleges. But he is the only advocate of the Catholic claims who has treated this question without hinting more or less broadly that Dublin and the Queen's Universities ought to be made to pay for the new seminary. Some writers and speakers content themselves with significant allusions to "the rich endowments of Trinity College, wholly in the hands of Protestants." Others have boldly demanded a share in the spoil. Mr Arnold naturally looks to the money of the disendowed church for resources to carry out his scheme. If it be right or expedient to set up a Catholic University at all (which is a very open question), this money is as good as any other. But not one penny from the funds of Trinity College or the Queen's Colleges ought to be touched for such a purpose under any circumstances whatever.

This is the practical answer to Mr Arnold, and one of the true defences of the Liberal position. The university demanded by the Catholic bishops and their spokesmen is one that, on Mr. Arnold's own showing, the State ought not to set up. It would be "simply a

seminary with a State payment;" and "the State has no right, even if it had the wish, to abandon its duties towards a national university in this manner." The responsible minister to whom Mr. Arnold would assign the patronage, would either be the tool of the hierarchy, or would be distrusted and denounced by the hierarchy. The "four millions of Catholic Irish," whom Mr. Arnold supposes to be clamouring for a Catholic University, are for the most part labouring people who, under no conceivable circumstances, could make use of a university. The handful of Catholic gentry and professional men do, as a matter of fact, use Dublin University and the Queen's University, and would use them more freely still if the priests left off worrying men and terrifying women with denunciations of heretical and godless colleges. For it is a fact, and a fact which Irish Catholic gentry freely admit, that the scruple of conscience which keeps Catholic young men from mixed colleges is in the *mother's* conscience, and is put there by the priest. Finally, what the priests want is not merely to set up their own university, but to discredit and cripple the existing universities, and to get as much of their money as they can. No one of these ends would be served by Mr. Arnold's plan, and it would be safe to predict that, if it were offered to the hierarchy they would reject it, unless they were permitted to name the minister.

So much for the merely practical objection. Mr. Arnold once quoted a phrase of Mr. Frederic Harrison's, to the effect that "the man of culture is in politics one of the poorest mortals alive." In connection with this phrase, Mr. Arnold went on to disclaim any intention of meddling in practical politics. He would have acted wisely if he had adhered to this resolution.

But there is a deeper aspect of the question still. Mr. Arnold persists in writing of an *Irish nation*, which he assumes to consist of four million Catholics, including the directing ecclesiastics. Now, there is a plea to be put in against using this phrase, "Irish nation," at all. In the meantime, Mr. Arnold may be reminded that there are a million or so of non-Catholics, who are part of the "Irish nation." But in truth it may be affirmed that we are wrong in keeping up this phraseology, instead of using language which will remind us that there is one British nation, the governing body of the British Empire; that Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen, Episcopalians, Dissenters, and Roman Catholics, are all alike citizens of this one nation, who have not only equal rights, but equal duties. And it may be distinctly asserted that if the four millions of Irish Catholics, being a minority of the whole nation, asked genuinely and in good faith for a Catholic University; and if the majority of the governing body, having considered their claim, advisedly reject it, then it is the duty of the four millions to submit, unless and until they can persuade the majority. And if Mr. Arnold thinks that Mr. Parnell, or any other Irishman, is entitled to feel "rage and despair" because of this refusal, then Mr. Arnold is bound in logical consistency to advocate Home Rule, or even separation, if a sufficiently loud cry could be got up to demand these things. The principle of every free constitution requires this loyal acceptance of the rule of the majority, and to talk of rage and despair is simply to suggest the disruption of the community. It is difficult for the imagination to measure the scorn with which Mr. Arnold would treat a Scotch Presbyterian or a Welsh Metho-

dist cry for some sectarian privilege, which the rest of the nation united to deny them. Indeed, there is no need to exercise fancy. Mr. Arnold's own writings on the burial agitation are models of satire on a kindred grievance. And yet, if Mr. Arnold would only see it, every dead man *must* be buried; and if a dead man's friends are foolish enough to think that it matters with what ceremonies he is buried, they have a real grievance if they are denied the ceremonies they prefer. Whereas, of the four million Irish Catholics, perhaps four thousand at most may want to send sons to a university, and less than four hundred will decline, under priestly dictation, to send their sons to Trinity or Queen's. Where are the rage and despair here? Where can be seen the room for them? unless it be in the hearts of men of sense and culture, at finding a man of culture so devoid of sense as in this matter Mr. Arnold is.

In truth, Mr. Arnold is led away, partly by love of the picturesque, but mainly by love of his own ingenuity. He thinks he has discovered an *eirenicon*, whereby all the contending sects of Christendom are to be reconciled. It is needless to inquire whether the very tiny "germ," which he supposes to lie at the root of Romanism and Protestantism alike, is a real germ or not. It suffices to say that neither Romanist nor Protestant would thank him for his discovery. Cardinal Cullen would make short work of him if he had the power; and though his old friend the Rev. W. Cassel, or Cattel, would perhaps stop short of burning him, he would assuredly denounce him as a perverter of Gospel truth. And inevitably so, since the essence of sectarianism is *Aberglaube*, to borrow Mr. Arnold's own word. Rome without Infallibility would be as impossible as Geneva without Calvinism. If Catholic and Protestant once get down to the "germ," the University question is not the only question that may be expected to solve itself.

It only remains to be said that Mr. Arnold's fears of alienating Irish Liberals seem to be as unfounded as his hopes of conciliating Ultramontane ecclesiastics. To begin with, there are very few Irish Liberals in any true sense of the word. Irish Roman Catholic members of Parliament are pretty sure to be in opposition, whether Liberals or Conservatives be in power. As the Tories seem now in for a pretty long lease of office, the Irish Roman Catholic M.P. will mostly call himself a Liberal. But he is not a real Liberal, and it may be doubted if a real Liberal could get a seat for any Irish constituency. The Irish party in Parliament may therefore be left out of account. No *eirenicon*, religious or political, will reconcile those whose *raison d'être* is to be irreconcilable. On the other hand, a real Liberal in politics, who should at the same time be a Roman Catholic in religion, must of logical necessity oppose concurrent endowment. As a Liberal he must support religious equality — as a Catholic he must oppose endowment of error, *i.e.*, of non-Catholic sects. He must, therefore, be content with non-endowment all round, and trust that the true Church will get on without it. Indeed, it is very hard to see how a man can firmly believe in the truth of any given creed and yet support concurrent endowment of other creeds, some of which at least must be full of falsehood. This argument, of course, does not touch Mr. Arnold, who seems to think that all creeds are false, but some are to be preferred because they have a prettier

ceremonial. Most men hold that it is truth, and not prettiness, which is the relevant consideration; but then very few men are as subtle as Mr. Arnold.

In brief, Irish Liberalism (as distinguished from Ultramontane Irreconcilability) is only just struggling into growth; and nothing would more surely kill that growth than the concession to Ultramontane clamour of the control of University education.

The problem dealt with by Mr. Petre* has as little as possible to do with the particular Catholic university question which has just been considered. There is nothing at all in common, except that they are both questions relating to education, and to the education of Catholics. Beyond this, indeed, it may be said that the objects held in view by Mr. Petre, and the methods he desires his co-religionists to pursue, are diametrically opposed to the objects and methods of the Catholic university agitators. Mr. Petre's plans have nothing to do with politics. He asks the State for nothing; neither for endowments, nor charters, nor legislative interference of any sort. His palatial university experiment at Woburn Park is made upon his own family property, and his raw material is the *crême de la crême* of the society in which he moves. His arguments and his exhortations are addressed wholly and solely to his fellow-Catholics, and any action which may be taken at his instance must be altogether the action of the Catholic section of English society. He does not want to take away from Protestant schools, colleges, or universities any one thing they possess; and, though he does covet some of their advantages, they are advantages which, like light, can be shared without diminishing the original possessor's quantity. Now in all these things the Irish university and intermediate school agitations are unlike the English movement. The agitators do want help from the State, in the shape of both endowment and of privilege. They do not, and cannot, rely on their own co-religionists, because the many have not the power, and the few have not the will, to support them. They do (whatever Mr. Matthew Arnold may think) desire to take both the money and the privileges of the Protestant and the secular institutions. And, lastly, the very things Mr. Petre would share, if he could, with the Protestant institutions are just the things which the Irish Catholic agitator would ardently desire to keep at a distance from his schools, his colleges, and his university. It might seem, therefore, that Mr. Petre's writings could throw no light whatever on the question of State denominational education, and that any discussion of them would be wholly irrelevant. But this is not precisely the case. Mr. Petre's writings do throw a light on the subject. Indeed, from the sociological point of view, this is almost the only use that can be made of them: for, whatever value they may have as addressed by a Catholic to Catholics, they can only be of service to non-Catholics by clearing up the relations which subsist between Catholicism as a creed and education as a department of social science. What then is the lesson that these writings teach?

* "Remarks on the Present Condition of Catholic Liberal Education." "The Problem of Catholic Liberal Education." "The Position and Prospects of Catholic Liberal Education." "Catholic Systems of School Discipline." By the Hon. and Rev. William Petre. London: Burns and Oates, 17, Portman-street, W. 1877 and 1878.

It is that the claim to possess and to teach infallible truth in faith and morals is fatal to the interests at once of those who make the claim and of those who submit to it. And that a standard of virtue which places it in negative innocence rather than positive excellence, is fatal to strength of motive and to robustness of character.

Of course Mr. Petre does not *say* this. What he does say is scattered over four pamphlets, and is obscured in no inconsiderable measure by the very faults of style for which he holds Catholic schools responsible. But something of his drift may be gathered from a few extracts. The text and thesis of his first discourse, he tells us, he has borrowed from a report on Catholic schools, an extract from which is prefixed to his earliest pamphlet:

"I hold, first, that after twenty years' experience of one of the largest of our Catholic colleges, and some opportunity of judging of the results of education in our other colleges, that as schools for boys our colleges do a great, and in many respects most satisfactory work. In morality they are infinitely superior to non-Catholic schools; they conscientiously train all comers, the dull as well as the clever, and secure a higher average standard of knowledge in a wider range of subjects. Still, if a comparison be made between the highest and the cleverest boys at each respectively, *I think we do not come near Eton, Rugby, Cheltenham, Wellington, and some other non-Catholic schools in three particulars*, viz., first in *scholarship*; secondly, and much more, in *composition*, some varieties of which—for instance, Greek verse—are utterly unknown amongst us; thirdly, in *expansion of mind, earnestness of purpose, definiteness of aim*." (Report, &c.)

The author of these words, it must be borne in mind, is comparing "the highest and the cleverest boys" at Catholic schools with those at Eton, Rugby, Cheltenham, and elsewhere. Mr. Petre goes on to make certain comments of his own, the ultimate outcome of which he thus expresses:

"It is a melancholy but an instructive fact, that the clever boys and promising young men of school and college life are largely —we do not by any means say *entirely*—represented in later life by such men as we have described; while the real men of *power* seem in large part to be developed from a boyhood not considered clever in any remarkable degree, from a youth marked by eccentricity rather than obvious promise; who have persisted in esteeming positive knowledge, "what in truth she is, not as our glory and our absolute boast," but as materials out of which the reflective mind can form combinations and draw conclusions calculated to bring about new results in the world of *thought*, and so in the world of action. (See D'Israeli's "The Literary Character of Men of Genius," chap. ii. and iii.)"

Now these words are either an indictment of things in general, or they mean specially to imply that these results are more common among Catholic than among non-Catholic youth. In our opinion they are chiefly an indictment of things in general. It is not the fault of any one system more than of any other that "clever boys" do not universally develop into "men of power." An optimist would probably call this a beneficent arrangement of Providence. It is certain that if all the clever schoolboys did turn out "men of power," the world would be an even more unpleasant place to live in than it is already. There would be

crotchet-mongers without end; nothing would be allowed to be at rest. Probably, the solution of the difficulty may be found in limiting the production of "clever schoolboys." Certain it is that the world's work has mostly to be done by the mediocre men, who are dunces *in præsenti*, whatever they may have been in the past school or college days. So, if Mr. Petre thinks that a man is more likely to turn out an adult mediocrity for having been at a Catholic school, it may very well be that he was merely obeying a beneficent destiny, and that, if he had been at Rugby, Wellington, or Cheltenham, he would be a mediocrity still, but a mediocrity tormented by the memories of schoolboy cleverness. It may be, therefore, that the Catholic schools are really doing better work in cultivating the minds of dull and mediocre boys than in forcing beyond their strength youthful prodigies, a large proportion of whom will eventually go the way of middle-aged dunces. So far, the reporter's charge against Catholic schools, and Mr. Petre's comments thereon, may be set down as indictments against things in general. But there may be a deeper sense in which they are very real indictments, not only against the Catholic school system, but against the very creed of the Catholic Church itself.

Upon this we need not dwell. It is a familiar commonplace that dogmatic systems of religion are unfavourable to intellectual development, except where the intellect spontaneously acquiesces in the dogma, and obtains exercise not in challenging the dogma, but in working within its limitations. We need not go so far as to affirm that a Catholic cannot have a philosophy, but it is certain that he can have no philosophy save that of the Church. If he finds himself in danger of running counter to the Church's teaching, he must give up philosophy, and at best become a specialist in some narrow walk of thought. Mr. Petre is much too good a Catholic to desire his students to be un-Catholicised; but all the time he covets for them, and perhaps still more for their teachers, qualities of mind which can be gained only through habits of inquiry directed into the highest subjects.

"Catholics we must be, Catholics we will be! Our faith is defined for us. Beyond and around the closed and inner sanctuary of those definitions there is another circle, on which be it far from us to encroach with irreverent step; but outside of these there is yet another region, composed of that which simulates religion, of the sentimentalities and illusions of unformed minds. To make war within this is fair game, and it is in the devastation and replanting of this territory that many educational problems will be solved and their wreckage swept away."

But, after all, the name of a restrictive system does not make very much difference. No more under dogmatic Protestantism than under dogmatic Romanism could the highest order of mind attain its growth, except indeed by way of revolt. Perhaps it may be that all really exalted intellect has revolt for its inseparable condition. Even Mr. Petre, devout Catholic as he is, has some glimpse of this. For in one place he expresses himself thus—not only recording his own thoughts, but confirming himself in them by quotation from a writer who is assuredly no dogmatist:

"And that a necessary caution should not come too late, let us here be warned that the path of a true intellectual life is beset with difficulties, trials, dangers, which

only those who have experienced them can conceive. If we are to give any rein to our intellectual cravings—and we are now permitted to do so, to desire to be '*strangers to no culture, to compete* in the professions, in public careers, *in society, with the best educated scholars in the kingdom*'—let us at the outset impress on ourselves solemnly the fact that we are starting on a journey that will admit of no looking back. We must push through to the end, to the light which has become lurid and faded away in the course of our journey, but which, towards that journey's close, has shone forth once again, and received us into the brightness of a sun which shall have no setting.

"'*The loftiest culture of the intellect is not favourable either to undoubting conviction of any truth or to unhesitating devotion to any cause.* The greater the knowledge the greater the doubt,' says Goethe. And the faithfullest thinkers have felt more painfully than others that the deeper they go often the less easy it is to reach soundings;—in a word, *the more thorough their study of the grandest subjects of human interest, the further do they get, not to, but from, certainty:* the more fully they can see all sides and enter into all considerations, the less able do they feel to pronounce dogmatically or to act decidedly. 'The tree of knowledge is not the tree of life:' *profound thought, if thoroughly honest and courageous, is deplorably apt to sap the foundations, and impair the strength of our moral as well as of our intellectual convictions.* . . . . . Why does Genius ever wear a crown of thorns? . . . Why does a cloud of lofty sadness ever brood over the profoundest minds? Why does a bitterness as of Gethsemane mingle with or pervade the productions of even the serenest intelligences, if all human emotion be not dead within them? Why? Because these are the minds which have seen further and penetrated deeper, and comprehended more, and deceived themselves less than others;—because precisely in proportion as their experience was profound, as their insight was piercing, as their investigations were sincere, as their contemplations were patient and continuous, did they recognise the mighty vastness of the *problem*, its awful significance, and THE INADEQUACY OF THE HUMAN FACULTIES TO DEAL WITH IT.' (Greg, 'Enigmas of Life,' pp. 16, 137.)"

But there is no need to dwell on this. After all, the duties of a schoolmaster must mainly lie among the mediocrities, by whom the world's work has to be done. Enough if the master can feel sure that he is *not hindering* a genius, if it is his lot to have one for a pupil. Viewing matters in this light, the Catholic schoolmasters would seem to have fair grounds for satisfaction, if, as Mr. Petre thinks, their average pupils are not intellectually inferior to the average pupils in other schools.

In connection with this part of the discussion, two points may be noted. One is, that the English Catholics seem to have no objection to London University. Now the Denominational agitator in Ireland is never tired of denouncing London University, and these denunciations are able to mislead even the subtle mind of Mr. Matthew Arnold. Another point to which Mr. Petre calls our attention is that an influential section of English Catholics lamented the setting up of a Catholic University College at Kensington, because it helped to draw away young men from Oxford! Truly the policy of the priesthood is the same, all over the kingdom, but they are very skilful in varying their instruments.

Catholic young men must be kept away at all costs from "Protestant" universities. So in England, London University is brought into play, and a "University College" founded to stand between the Catholics and Oxford. There is no cry against London degrees, nor against the London system of examinations, because it is well understood that no such cry would do any good. But in Ireland it is easy to get up a cry. Four millions of Catholics without a university! Four millions is such a fine round number—but the fact is quietly ignored that there are not one thousandth part of that number of families that could or would send a son to any university. Besides, once the work of disestablishing and disendowing begins, who knows what luck may be in store for vigorous agitators? Hit Trinity and the Queen's hard—they have no friends! It will not do, in this policy, to admit that even London University supplies *any* want. The poor Irish Catholic must be represented as utterly destitute, and down-trodden. So London University is played off against Oxford in England; but it is denounced as totally unsuited to Ireland. It is the merest insanity of psuedo-liberality to shut our eyes to facts like these. An incidental admission by a writer like Mr. Petre is worth scores of formal assertions by advocates on the other side. After Mr. Petre's pamphlets it will henceforward be impossible to assert that Catholics as such need have any conscientious objection to a university of the London type. And after the specific admission at page 7 of "Remarks" it will henceforward be impossible to assert that it is not "the expressed will of the Holy See" that there should be a Catholic university college "by whose foundation the training influences of residence at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge are placed farther out of reach of orthodox ambition."

We pass to another side of Mr. Petre's indictment against Catholic schools: "Our Catholic boys do not come near their Protestant fellows in expansion of mind, earnestness of purpose, definiteness of aim." One would think that this was the most crushing indictment that could be framed, not of a particular scholastic system merely, but of the whole Catholic Church. Surely if there is any advantage in an infallible guide (whether that guide be the Pope or the Church), if there is any efficacy in Sacraments, if in short being a Catholic means anything at all, one has a right to expect a different result from this. Protestants and sceptics may say that all this simply proves Catholicism false; but a devout Catholic like Mr. Petre cannot say this. And, accordingly, he tries to evade saying it, by making the words of the report he is quoting refer to some sort of intellectual life distinct from the spiritual life. According to Mr. Petre a man may be a good and saintly character, and yet deficient in expansion of mind, earnestness of purpose, and definiteness of aim. In other words, the Catholic ideal is *harmlessness*, not moral vigour. And the means by which this ideal is pursued (at least at Stonyhurst) are thus set forth:

"What shall be said of that most lamentable and disgraceful of caricatures and excrescent anomalies—the system of '*espionage.*'

"'Espionage' is supervision under panic, supervision dement. Espionage is yearly—we speak advisedly—irritating our boys out of balance of intellect, and out of all dignity of character. It is the spirit of ignorance and narrow-mindedness temporarily clothed in

the garb of principles really foreign to it. Where this distortion of supervision is practised, it would seem that Catholic boys must be supposed to come to school so degraded and brutalised, so far inferior in rectitude and purity to their Protestant fellows, that they must be treated as meditating the worst kind of evil at every hour of the day, and, we must add, of the night. Where this system is in vogue, boys are *literally* at all hours and in all places under the eye of a master, 'jaded and worn down by the perpetual monotony of his duties.' That master despite himself, is a warder and not a companion. He is on duty to detect and punish, not to encourage and give help."

"We were not expected to walk about in couples in conversation. If talking in couples was at all persisted in, the parties were liable to arbitrary separation on the part of the Prefects. There is a special fear of 'particular friendships' in the schools of which I am speaking. This fear amounts almost to a superstition, and is of obvious foreign origin.

"No boy was allowed to lay his hand on a companion. I do not mean to engage in a fight, but to wrestle or to play. The fear of 'romping' was hardly less intense than the fear of 'particular friendships.' Any kind of demonstration of affection was regarded with marked suspicion, with the inevitable result of putting a premium on adventure in this respect. Stonyhurst boys would not have liked to be seen shaking hands with one another. To walk arm-in-arm would not have been permitted. In all these matters we were surrounded by a close atmosphere of suspicion."

We forbear to quote another passage from page 31, for reasons which readers of the pamphlet can appreciate for themselves.

"Supper over, there was recreation till about 8.30, at which hour we marched to the chapel for night prayers, the passage from the playroom to the chapel being sentinelled as usual. The last sentinel was the Spiritual Father, who was posted outside the chapel door. He said the prayers, which lasted about a quarter of an hour. From the chapel we proceeded to the dormitory, which in its several divisions was under the custody of the three Prefects. About fifteen minutes was allowed for undressing, and then the gas was turned out, and the day ended. We could not, as said above, wash before going to bed. There were no conveniences for washing in the dormitory. The dormitories consisted of a number of rooms, each holding, say, eight or ten beds, and opening into one another. The beds were divided by wooden partitions, with curtains in front forming small cubicles. The rule of silence was enforced in the dormitory with a jealousy of strictness which could not be exceeded. On no account whatever could one boy communicate with another."

"When the gas was out, the Prefects remained on guard till presumably the boys were asleep. Then two of them retired, but, by turns, each one maintained the watch throughout the night, armed with a dark lantern. Often have I awoke at night and found myself in full light of this lantern. It had a strange effect, the person who held it was invisible. The light stopped a moment, and then flashed along noiselessly. Once or twice the bearer of the light, seeing me awake, has come into my cubicle and spoken a word to me, and I have discovered him to be the Prefect."

And now let us compare this

with Mr. Petre's own account of the Protestant system:

"The life of a Protestant public school is for a boy eminently one of individuality and of freedom. The principles urged upon him in childhood are left much to their own growth, barring the support of a broad and distinct '*genius loci*,' a strongly-outlined tradition. Added to this, he is not subjected to a minute personal discipline, a mechanical system of surveillance, or the enforced company of minds unsympathetic with his own. 'Bounds' are large; the choice of occupation over and above the regular school work is wide; opportunities for reading and for æsthetic cultivation, for leisure, for selection of companions, are numerous and largely under the control of each individual. A boy's virtue is in his own hands, and so far as can be expected without the grace of the sacraments, we feel bound to say that in the average instance the result on this latter head is ultimately satisfactory. If it were not so, we Englishmen should not be so famous as upright gentlemen, as lovers of truth, of justice, of moral purity."

Surely here is an instructive contrast.

The wonder is that young men brought up under the Stonyhurst system have any moral stamina at all. And, as Mr. Petre naïvely admits, the boys who are under this system of something more than convict discipline are remarkable for their pious use of confession and other "means of grace." The net result is: either the "means of grace" are sufficient, and the priestly masters and prefects are simply thwarting them (which seems to be Mr. Petre's own opinion); or else the "means of grace," even when most freely used, require the incessant presence of functionaries who are something between *mouchards* and prison warders. The inference either way is hardly complimentary to the Catholic faith. But, as sociologists, we are mainly concerned to observe, that *this* is the kind of thing Mr. Matthew Arnold wants to place under the wing of the State, and this is the kind of thing which the O'Conor Don, the Home Rulers, and Sir Charles Dilke want to endow with funds confiscated from the third university in the Empire. And such a policy is to be called Liberal!

No! The Liberal party has *not* been wrong in refusing to lend itself to any schemes for giving state recognition to such systems as these. If, as Mr. Arnold puts it, Liberals have hitherto deferred to the prejudices of middle class Puritanism, then, and in so far as it is so, they have given a wrong reason for their conduct. But their conduct has been right; and it has only been impolitic in so far as a wrong reason has been given. Irish Catholic Liberals (there are not many of them, as has been already pointed out) might naturally be alienated by conduct showing hatred and contempt of their religion. But when a devout and loyal son of the Church, like Mr. Petre, describes Catholic education as he does, can Catholics blame Liberals for refusing to lend State support to such a system?

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UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, 1878. WOODBURY MECHANICAL PROCESS

Yrs. sincerely

G. A. Brothe

CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS.

NEW SERIES.—No. 9.

REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M.A.

If there be anything in heredity, Mr. Stopford Brooke ought to be endowed with elements military, clerical, artistic, and literary. One of his ancestors migrated from Cheshire to Ireland early in the 17th century, and different branches of the family tree have bent since that time in various directions of life. The military line is represented by Brookes of St. Helena, Madras, and afterwards of Bath. In the clerical line there have been nine Rectors Brooke since 1640. In the province of art there have been several members, chiefly painters. In literature, Henry Brooke may be especially named, the son of parents who were great friends of Dean Swift, and the grandson of Mr Stopford Brooke's great great grandfather. Henry Brooke is best known by his theological novel, full of a fine mysticism, the "Fool of Quality." The first edition of this work was edited by John Wesley, the last by Mr Stopford Brooke's father, the Rev. Dr. R. S. Brooke, with a preface by Charles Kingsley. Dr. Brooke is also himself the author of poems, and of some pleasant gossipy volumes on the Irish Church. There are certain elements of romance in the family also. There is a story told about one member who was of the refugee Irish clergy, and whose house and effects had been burned, receiving with such polite dignity a shilling offered to him by Charles the First's bishop, Juxon (who, with great ceremony, extracted it from a long purse heavy with gold pieces), that the prelate became his friend thenceforth. This clergyman's wife, when close to her confinement, had braved the fury of the insurgents, one of whom threatened her with a dagger as she was escaping through the fields at night. Each time he pointed his blade at her she exclaimed, "God will not suffer you," until the man became daunted and volunteered to be her guide to a place of safety if she would trust to his honour. When she reached a friendly house, as she thanked him she vowed that if her babe were given her it should be called Honor, in remembrance of his conduct. The infant was born and thus baptised, and the name evidencing the narrative has been repeated through six generations of daughters Brooke.

On the maternal side Mr. Stopford Brooke traces to the Courtown family of Stopfords. Outside the elder branch, this race has run to parsons nearly as much as the Brookes, two at least being bishops, and several, like the Brookes, being clerical friends of Dean Swift. They had practical qualities, these Stopfords. One clergyman of the name had a mechanical turn, built steam carriages, and bound his own theological folios in a workmanlike fashion. A good story is told of Dr. Edward Stopford, Bishop of Meath, who was skilled in the science most useful to preachers—acoustics. Dr. Brooke's huge unfinished church at Kingstown was found to have a distressing echo, which an eminent elocutionary preacher complained came back at every third sentence of his sermon, and boxed him on the ear. Bishop Stopford affirmed that in every large building there was "an arc of sound," out of which a voice proceeding was sure to be audible, and not to come back like a boomerang returning to the head of the flinger. The bishop went himself to the church, where he sat at the far end, got the pulpit set on wheels, and moved to and fro over the building, with his son-in-law reading psalms from it, until the voice rang audible and clear. The patient hearer then marched to other spots in the church, and found the same happy result followed the reading. The arc was found, and the bishop screwed a big gimlet into the floor to mark the place, saying to Dr. Brooke, "There's the tap-root of the tree of your pulpit." And the pulpit stood in that spot for thirty years.

Stopford Augustus Brooke, eldest son of the Dr. R. S. Brooke just named, was born in the county Donegal in 1832, and passed a tranquil childhood in his father's parsonage at Glendoen and afterwards at Kingstown. He manifested great delicacy of health as a young child, which was succeeded by much vigour in his youth. He was a bright-eyed lad, and when an old Roman Catholic bishop shook him by the hand and said, "Well, I am proud of you, for you are nothing less than a real Glenswilly boy," a compliment was meant both to the boy and to the county Donegal. He was educated at Kidderminster School, and also at Kingstown. In 1850 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, which must have been like an old family mansion to him, so many of his relatives had dwelt within its walls. He took honours, and gained several vice-chancellor's prizes for poetic composition, proceeding to his B.A. degree in 1855.

He was marked very early by an intense love of literature and art, which has never left him; and in these days, in which mere culture is so often regarded with contempt, it is interesting to trace the evident connection between this early training and the gifts of style which have helped to raise Mr. Brooke's sermons out of mediocrity, and have made his lectures on literature so valuable. Studying *con amore*, he was able to make himself generally well-informed; and his skill as a draughtsman

evidences that consciousness of form which, converted into the sphere of literature, is so valuable a gift of style. When in college he contributed both prose and verse to the *Dublin University Magazine*. We may trace in his work of that time the unshackled spirit that characterises him now. The following appeared in October, 1853, under the signature "S. A. B.":

> A lay of freedom! Oh, ye slaves that now
> Cramp the broad mind to fashion, form, and rite,
> Sweep an unfettered hand across your brow;
> Rise like a falcon to the living light;
> Free the undying thought from licensed lies,
> Till, like a river bursting from its ice,
> And whirling error to its native night,
> Brimming with freedom, through a golden land
> It rolls, loud, bright, and broad, impetuously grand.

Deciding to enter the Church, he was ordained in June 1857 by the Bishop of London on a nomination to a curacy of Dr. Spencer's, in Marylebone, and in the close of 1859, became curate to Archdeacon Sinclair at Kensington Church. During four years' occupancy of that important post, he won the affection of rich and poor, learned and unlearned, by the eagerness and cheeriness with which he threw himself into every kind of parochial work, by the depth and vigour of his preaching, and especially by the bright openheartedness of his daily life.

Being offered the Chaplaincy to the British Embassy at Berlin, after much hesitation he accepted the post. But after about a year, finding the circumscribed circle of employment uncongenial to his tastes, he returned to London in 1865, and took York-street Chapel, St. James's, at a yearly rent. Here it was that the power and beauty of his sermons attracted notice, and he became a popular preacher among the cultivated classes.

In 1857 Mr. Brooke married Miss Emma Diana Beaumont, daughter of Thomas Wentworth Beaumont, of Bretton Park, Yorkshire, M.P. for Northumberland, and soon after his return from Berlin the Queen made him one of her honorary chaplains.

When the lease of the St. James's Chapel expired in 1875, Mr. Brooke was for a short time without any appointment.

There being no prospect of any promotion in the Church for so independent a thinker as Mr. Brooke, certain members of his old congregation wisely determined that his voice should not be hushed in London, if they could help it. Accordingly, in 1876, and for a considerable sum, the lease was purchased and presented to him of Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury, where he now officiates, and where he has gathered together a large and influential congregation from many different quarters of London.

The peculiar characteristic of the position of a minister officiating

under such conditions is its independence. Mr. Brooke has no relations whatever to the Church in the way of patronage or appointment. A clergyman acting under such circumstances is subject to the jurisdiction of the bishop of his diocese, that is to say, as regards any case of flagrant misconduct, but otherwise he is as free as air. If Mr. Brooke were so minded, he might turn Brahmin or Pagan, and still continue to occupy his present post, provided he could maintain his congregation. This is a fine and fit position to be occupied by one of the pioneers of the great and expansive church of the future.

Mr. Stopford Brooke is less a believer in old traditions than in a new spirit, but it was in carrying onward the traditions and standard of a school in the Church that he became known and respected. He published in 1866 the life and letters of the Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, of Brighton, a man whose faith seems to have been found a refuge and resting place by many during the recent years of the trouble which has arisen from the difficulties which the old and formal theology brings to many a young mind, becoming conscious of a larger and fuller life than is thereby represented. These volumes have passed through several editions.

Where Mr. Brooke would place Robertson in the movement of the time, we may see by the following passage from "English Literature," a scholarly and useful, besides very graceful and interesting work published two years ago:

"The decay of the Evangelical school was hastened by the writings of Coleridge, whose religious philosophy, in the "Aids to Reflection" and other books, created the school which has been called the Broad Church. Dr. Arnold's sermons supplied it with an element of masculine good sense. Frederick Maurice in his numerous works added to it mystical piety and one-sided learning, Charles Kingsley, a rough and ready power, and Frederick Robertson gave it passion, sentiment, subtilty, and a fine form. At the same time that Maurice began to write (1830-32) the common sense school of theology was continued by Archbishop Whately's works."

It can scarcely be said that Coleridge and his followers have made the Broad Church School. There have been other influences at work as well. But there can be no doubt that they have infused it with a peculiar and subtle religious feeling, which, in spite of the practical mind's invectives against "moonshine," has no doubt deepened the capacities of many, and led many into the peaceful paths of tolerance and charity. Maurice may have baffled as many as he won, but Maurice, says Mr. Brooke, "tried to force his living thought into the moulds of past centuries. I do not say that it was a mistake, then, for it brought into harmony with his more advanced conceptions many who would have fled away from him had he broken off roughly from tradition; and it enabled him to do one special work of his—the embodiment of that period which always goes between

decay and the distincter form of a new movement of religion, that period of growth when the plant is assimilating to itself all the juices of the decay of the old plant."

Mr. Brooke is a believer in revelation not being completed, but being continuous and full of life fitted for its age. He quotes lovingly words of Jesus which show that the Master himself desired to inflict on men no frozen formality, but to breathe into them a living and expansive spirit:—"I have many things to say to you, but ye cannot bear them now." And again, "When the Spirit of Truth is come, he will guide you into all truth, . . . He will take of mine, and will show it unto you."

His notion of Christianity is not of a laboured scheme, but an influence whose "direct end is not to make men moral, but to awaken in them those deep emotions, and to present to them those high ideals, which, felt and followed after, will not only indirectly produce morality, but aspiration and effort to do far more than men are absolutely bound to do by the moral law." There is a meaning here, and a touch of that spirit of truth whose influence is to make us free—free to do good earnestly, without measure, and without fear.

Mr. Brooke's plan of liberalising the Church is by infusing it gradually with the larger ideas proper to its own original elements. A narrow and restrictive time in which they were proclaimed, gave them a dwarfed form; if the present time is truly broad, it has but to undo those unnatural bandages, and let the truths be seen in their integrity.

"Nothing," says Mr. Brooke, "is doing to give a religion to the really powerful ideas, to those wider conceptions of man, which, first taken up in England by the poets, have now filled nearly every sphere of thought with their influence: and that nothing is doing is a great pity for the sake of the ideas themselves, for they only possess half their normal power without a religion in harmony with them; nor have we any notion how they would push their way if they had a theology behind them which should represent them. Till that is done we shall have our scepticism."

"And it is this work which, of all religious bodies, the Church is most able to do. It has greater freedom of movement within itself, and it can afford to do it quietly and temperately. No sudden change in the teaching of the whole Church is asked for; nor indeed would it be wise were it possible. For there are a vast number of persons who still hold to the old political and social theories which have come down to us, and whom the theology that represents those theories supplies with the means whereby they reach God. Were the teaching of all the clergy changed, these would be left without a faith." The inference of the last passage may be open to question; if people have a faith, they have it, no matter whether their creed be fixed or expansive. If they have only the simulacrum of a faith, it may be a pity to disturb them, but they might

surely have as much even under new teaching, for they scarcely could have less.

Mr. Brooke continues the subject in words that we may take to represent his convictions of his own right work: "Those within the Church who see the position at which the world has arrived, have a clear duty and a noble work to do. They have first, to take away from theology, and especially from its idea of God and His relation to man, all exclusive and limited conceptions; all also that are tainted by the influence of those ideas which crept into it from the spirit of the imperial, aristocratic, and intolerant ages. They have to harmonise theology with the progress of the world, by asserting in it ideas as universal with regard to man and God, as those which the Spirit of God has taught the world with regard to man and his fellow-man. They have, in fact, to bring the outer teaching of Christ's revelation up to the level of that inner one which has now become outward in society and politics; to confess and to accept this as the work of God, and having done that, to look back to Christ's words and life, and say, 'At last we are free from perversions of his thoughts—at last we breathe his atmosphere—at last we know what he meant—and since this is what he meant in society, we will make our theology mean the same." This argument, which was preached before the University of Oxford, might seem somewhat over elaborate, say, to a pure theist for instance, but the situation is confessedly a difficult one.

Mr. Stopford Brooke has watched through and fought through a very difficult time with regard to the Church. And he has watched and fought through this time with an openness to receive what the age has had to say, affording thus a pleasant and hopeful augury for the possibility of a fuller reconciliation and harmony to be obtained in the future between the Church by position and the Church of thought, which twain ought never to have been allowed to be divided.

"The Church ought to demand agreement in certain fundamental doctrines, but not to define the way in which those doctrines must be held; to tolerate every form of opinion on those doctrines which does not absolutely contradict them in a sense to be determined by the law; nay, more, not only to tolerate but to desire such expression if it represent any phase of English religious thought; to listen to it, though it seem to nine-tenths of the members of the Church absurd and heretical; to encourage debate on every new view, and to remember that the only unmixed evil is arbitrary restriction of opinion. For if the clergy of the National Church do not represent all the religious ideas of its children within the most extensive limits consistent with its existence, it is no longer national."

Mr. Brooke, in his frank, fair efforts after spiritual freedom, cannot have been without his dark times. When the judgment upon "Essays

and Reviews" was pending, he may be imagined to have been at least anxious. "Suppose," he has expressed himself, "that judgment had gone the other way; every conscientious clergyman holding Broad Church views would have found his position in the Church untenable."

Mr. Brooke not only claims a place for the Broad school, but he is fully tolerant, and would not thrust out the Anglican or the Evangelical. If *they* are not broad and tolerant, *he* would be. "Should they all have gone," he asks, "what would have become of the representation of a large and increasing body of religious thinkers? It was wisely determined to retain them all. So far our progress to the establishing of a true idea of a Church has been steady. Quickly, soberly, the State has met the feverish excitement of ecclesiastical blindness, and said 'No!' I will not permit my Church to become a sect. I will have, as far as possible, representatives among my clergy of all my national religious thought. I will have variety—not uniformity. Try to live together without quarrelling; fall back on primal principles; differ in ceremonies, in opinions, but agree in spirit, and work for one end—the making of my nation better."

Mr. Brooke's passionate earnestness after freedom is really and harmoniously at one with his faith: "China is dying of prolonged infancy. . . . . If we insist on reducing the Church to the standard of China, it will die and deserve to die; if we accept, as necessary elements of the age in which we live, the excitement, controversy, criticism, revolutionary opinions, which are now disturbing us, and set ourselves to find means of bringing order out of disorder, we shall step into a more vigorous existence than ever."

We should be inclined to say that Mr. Brooke has more in common with the historic breadth of the "Essays and Reviews" school than with the fanciful idealism of Coleridge. But yet he feels that faith is a beautiful and a grand thing, dimly though we may see why it is so; and he labours towards that faith manfully, not being ashamed to allow candidly if it prove difficult to reach.

The following passages from Mr. Brooke's Essays on "Freedom in the Church of England" may remind us now of Jowett, now of Froude; but he differs from both, perhaps by being of a more affectionate and æsthetic nature, prone to greater simplicity and a more sweet and child-like, yet not unmanly, quality of faith.

"Criticism has proved that there are discrepancies in the historical books; it has rendered it probable that the more archaic narratives in Genesis and elsewhere are of little historical value; it has shewn that the authors of many of the books were not contemporaries of the events narrated, and that the details are necessarily traditional, and share in the uncertainty of traditions."

"The Bible, approached in the same manner as we approach any other

book, has gained in reality, in interest, and in power. . . . It has become not less the book of religious circles, but more the book of humanity."

With regard to the too ready accusation of dishonesty which is brought against the broad thinkers because they do not leave the Church, it is well to note what Mr. Brooke has to say. His apology is at least a logical one.

"To all who are afflicted with the painful disease of an intolerance which demands absolute uniformity of opinion in the Church, there would be no medicine so effective as a course of Church History. They would see that the largest differences of opinion have been permitted in the Church and prevailed; that in the face of this fact there is but one view to take of the Articles—that they were articles composed with the intention of leaving opinion as free as possible; that, wherever they could, consistently with the preservation of necessary truth, they chose to be ambiguous and refused to define or to limit; that judgment after judgment, delivered by the highest court, has confirmed this view of them, and that this view of them is the only possible one, since it is incredible in the midst of a body of men who have spoken on the whole so freely as the divines of the English Church, that rigid Articles could have lasted to the present day."

According to this view, the Articles may be likened to a constitutional monarch who occupies the throne under a fiction of sovereignty, and in so doing prevents any political party or sect from assuming to itself the right of dictation to the rest.

"It is no mere shuffling and word splitting, then," continues Mr. Brooke, "which enable Evangelicals, Anglicans, and Broad Church persons, of resolute and opposed opinions, to subscribe to the Articles, and to be content to live within them as long as they last. In holding that the Articles are indefinite with regard to opinions while they are definite with regard to main truths, they hold that they are carrying out the intention of the writers; that they are founding themselves on the repeated action of the law; and that they are true to the idea of the Church of England.

"And the last decision of Parliament with regard to subscription confirms us in the opinion that this is the right view to take of the Articles and the Prayer Book, for it has changed, with the consent of all the Bishops of the Church, the form of subscription from an unfeigned assent and consent to the *doctrines* to an assent to the *doctrine* of the Articles and Prayer Book."

"As to impatient requisition on the part of many that we should know our mind, and state it clearly, I partly do not and I partly do sympathise with it. I do not sympathise with the impatience. Every man who really cares for true views, and who has investigated truth

with some precision, knows the difficulty of arriving at clear statements on any political or economical question, much more on any metaphysical or theological question, which will satisfy an accurate intellect. . . . . He who has read many things and followed the long labours of the mind of man for centuries on these topics, and marked its ceaseless change, its infinite variety; he who has himself felt with many men, and met, in all the phases of religious opinion, those who lived noble lives; he who has recognised the necessity of diverse channels of religious opinion to enable different characters to come to God; he who has seen portions of truth at the root of many theories which he considered erroneous, and feared to denounce them too violently lest he should lose the truth; he who has so constant a reverence for truth that he cannot bear to hastily formulate an opinion until he has looked upon every possible side of the question—he will sympathise with those clergymen who shrink from defining clearly their theological views, and prefer to preach that spiritual life of Christ which they *know* to be right—he will not be impatient with those who do not define, because they have a minute reverence for truth." ("Freedom in the Church of England.")

In times like these, the clear statement of his position made by one may greatly help another who feels himself in a difficulty. There is much for which Liberals, who both respect the supremacy of truth, and love the inspiring dreams of religion, have to be grateful to Mr. Brooke. He has aided in fighting their battle, not by bringing in the artillery of acrimony or the laboured bulwarks of crumbling evidences, but by cleaving to a charity of spirit which seems not so very unlike the main original attribute of practical Christianity.

In preaching, Mr. Brooke has a musical voice and an agreeable delivery. In private life he is gentle, kindly, sympathetic. He is fond of travel, and of a sunny southern climate. He is a connoisseur in art, and an appreciator of the beauties alike of Turner's drawings, and of Nankin China. Attentive to his duties, and earnest in his work, he is man as well as parson, and would think it no sin to be seen without a white cravat. How many friends the clergy would win were more after this humanitarian pattern! There is "no subject," believes Mr. Brooke, which does not "in the end run up into theology, which might not, in the end, be made religious." This would be a truism were there not so many narrow minds which cannot expand to its truth. Accordingly, he institutes, when he can, instructive discourses and lectures in churches at times when there is no regular service. Politics, art, literature, science, the drama, the press, he sees no reason why these should be dissociated from life, and if not from life, why from Divine life. He lectures on "Theology in the English Poets," and in so doing, helps to bring back its old charm of poetry to theology, which rightful property it ought never to have lost. The morose face of Johannes Calvinus must have

frightened many little children whom the true Master would have gathered to his arms.

As an author Mr. Brooke has not been idle. In 1866, as already named, he published the "Life of F. W. Robertson," which may be characterised as the most interesting and widely read biography since Stanley wrote the "Life of Arnold." In 1869 he published "Sermons Preached in St. James's Chapel;" in 1871, "Freedom in the Church of England;" in 1872, "Christ in Modern Life;" in 1874, "Theology in the English Poets;" in 1875, "Sermons in St. James's Chapel." second series; in 1876, A Primer of English Literature;" and in 1877, "The Fight of Faith," which was reviewed in the *University Magazine* for January, 1878. Original, finished, fearlessly strong, embodying the results of his teaching on all the theological, social, and political questions of the day, Mr Brooke's works have obtained a most extensive circulation, and are eagerly read by men of every variety of thought and feeling. They have penetrated wherever the English tongue is spoken, notably to America, where Mr Brooke's views are warmly appreciated. It is curious to see the numbers of Americans who, during the season of travel, throng Bedford Chapel to listen to the living words of one with whose thoughts literature has already made them familiar. No one, moreover, who has attended the Bloomsbury Chapel on Sunday evenings can escape being struck with the audience which Mr. Brooke has gathered there. One peculiarity is, that, while the church is full, the congregation is formed chiefly of men—men who listen with eager attention, as the preacher with incisive energy opens up some point of doctrine or practice, clears away some objection, or in a few happy sentences resolves some doubt which may have preyed for years upon a troubled heart. A generation, too, that is yet to come, rejoicing in an air in which it is possible to draw a large spiritual breath, will look upon such as Mr. Brooke as men to whom an unpayable debt is owed.

NOTES AND REMINISCENCES.

By the late W. H. Harrison.

(*Continued from page* 234.)

LORD PALMERSTON.

I was introduced to him by William Tooke, and shall never forget the frankness of his reception and the heartiness of his hand-shake. I had never seen him before, although I had received the latter and best portion of my education on the borders of his park at Broadlands, near Romsey. The pretty river Test runs through the park, immediately in front of the mansion, and, like most of the streams in the locality, has a great reputation for trout. I visited it after an interval of fifty years. His lordship was expected the next day, to the great delight of the townsfolk. There was an elderly gentleman in the neighbourhood, a retired officer I understood, who, deeming probably that there could be no fitter ornament to an "Englishman's castle," had a brace of cannon planted on his lawn; and these cannon he had been in the habit of firing off by way of welcome to his lordship on every recurring visit to Broadlands, so that at last it became a little *de trop*; and on this last occasion it was politely intimated to the veteran that it would be agreeable if the customary salvo were omitted.

I have heard many instances of Palmerston's kindness to persons in his neighbourhood. Years ago when he was at the War Office, a simple-minded schoolmaster, whose only claim on Lord Palmerston's notice consisted in his having given him some instruction in arithmetic in earlier days, made a journey to London, asked for an interview, and begged an appointment in the War Office for a pupil who was just quitting his school, a lad of eighteen. His lordship smiled—probably at the simplicity of the request, for it was not impudence—and then made a minute of the candidate's name, and a few days after he was nominated to a junior clerkship. He was one of the handsomest youths I ever saw, and the most stupid.

I have heard those who have been staying at Broadlands describe Lord Palmerston as a charming host; indeed, his powers of fascination must have been wonderful to have attached to himself, and kept together, and that for a long period, men who, if not opposite, were of widely differing opinions on politics. And the influence of his genial manners extended through all ranks. I knew an editor of an evening paper, an organ of the Palmerston party, who quite worshipped him.

W. R. SMITH.

In the palmy days of engraving, when steel, on account of its superior durability, supplanted copper, W. R. Smith was among the foremost in the art. Heath, who originated the "Keepsake," had commissioned him to engrave a

picture by Turner of Lake Albano. He was rather longer over his task than was expected, and the plate was required before it was finished to the engraver's satisfaction. However, there was no alternative, and he had to give it into the hands of the steel plate printer. Not satisfied with what he considered its unfinished state, he went to the printer's while the men were at dinner, with the intention of doing as much as he could to it in their absence. He was in hot haste, and, seizing the plate, began to work at the lower part of the subject, when, his hand slipping, he drove the graver directly across the sky. He told me that it was impossible to describe his sensations. At last he took the superintendent of the printing press into his counsels; and, with great care and delicacy, he contrived to press the edges of the cut together, connecting the sky lines so that the impression came off uninjured. At that period the results of steel engraving were not always to be relied upon. In some instances a plate would yield thousands of impressions without giving, while others would break up after a few hundreds. The engraving from Martin's Sadok in Search of the Waters of Oblivion was a signal failure in this particular, and required constant touching to keep it going.

LORD CAMPBELL.

I remember seeing "Johnnie Campbell" at the common law bar, the contemporary, and often the antagonist, of his father-in-law, Sir James Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger—the lean, hungry, and bitter look of Campbell contrasting strongly with the rosy, jolly, genial face of Scarlett, just the face to betray an unsuspecting witness into telling all he knows, and something more. I met Campbell afterwards, after his promotion to the woolsack, when he was much stouter; but no amount of feeding could soften the hardness of his facial expression or the dryness of his manner. He is said to have affected, and perhaps felt, a great contempt for puisne judges, who, he maintained, when sitting *in Banco*, always followed the lead of their superiors on the Bench; and he is said to have embodied this feeling in the following lines, which I have only seen once in print, and then in an obscure publication, and I do not find that they are at all familiar to the profession:

A woman with a settlement
Married a man with none;
The question was—he being dead,
If that she had was gone?

Quoth Sir John Pratt, "The settlement
Suspended did remain,
The husband living; but, he dead,
It doth revive again."

Chorus of Puisne Judges.

The husband living; but, he dead,
It doth revive again.

JAMES NORTHCOTE.

Northcote was an unsophisticated Devonian to the end of his days, and never lost the *patois* of his county or the simplicity of his manner. Fuseli once said to him, "Northcote, I hear very sad things of you." "'Deed," said Northcote, "I am sorry for that." "Yes," continued the other, "I am told that you do not believe in a future state." "I tell'ee I do though," was Northcote's reply; "and, whenever I think of it, it makes me sweat."

Sir William Knighton was a great friend of Northcote's, and, by way of bringing him more into notice, prevailed on George IV. to visit his studio. Sir William called in great glee on the painter to announce the Royal intention.

"He will be quite welcome," said Northcote. "But do you know it is a great honour?" remarked his friend. "Is it?" said Northcote. "Yes," was the reply, "and you must not receive His Majesty in that beastly coat; you must have a new suit." "What!" said Northcote: "blue coat, gilt buttons, and all that?" The day arrived, and the painter was arrayed in a new coat and waistcoat, and a pair of blue trousers much too short for him. It rained fast when the Royal carriage arrived, and Northcote went forth with a cotton umbrella to receive his august visitor as he alighted. There was no mistaking the cordiality of the reception, but it was rather of an old acquaintance than a sovereign, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Sir William Knighton could prevent his turning his back upon the King during the interview. When His Majesty returned to his carriage, he said that it was the richest scene he had witnessed, and that it was with the greatest difficulty that he could restrain his laughter during the interview.

FUSELI.

A pupil of Fuseli's once showed him a drawing which he told him he had just made with a penny brush. "Then buy a penny loaf," said the master, "and rub it out again." The younger Colman, doubtless, had Fuseli in his mind when he sang of painters

> Who supped upon raw pork
> To make them dream of horrors for their brush.

His "Nightmare" would frighten a child into fits.

THE REV. FRANCIS MAHONY,

The Father Prout of *Fraser's Magazine*, a man of great learning, "infinite jest," and in other ways a very remarkable character. He was a very active member of the Society of Jesuits, and was often on their missions. I have heard of him from different friends who have met him in all parts of the world, especially in Italy and the East. He was of a quick temper, and one whom it was not safe to provoke. I remember on one occasion he was a candidate for a secretaryship, for he obtained only one vote—a circumstance to which Jerdan, in an after-dinner speech, half playfully, half sarcastically, but most unwisely, alluded. I shall never forget Mahony's withering reply. Jerdan, who was no match for him, literally quailed under it. There was a profound silence for some seconds afterwards, and the harmony of the evening was destroyed.

The last time I saw him I was walking in Pall-Mall. He was a few paces in advance of me, with his hands locked behind him, and a remarkably dirty pair of hands they were. It was in the middle of Lent, and he might be doing penance by abstinence from soap. When I addressed him, without unlocking his hands, turning on his heels as on a pivot, he faced about and confronted me. Moore had died a few days before, and I asked Mahony how the poet's mind was. "Well," said he, "he had no mind at all for the last two years." A short time before he was laid up, Rogers's butler met Moore in the street quite lost, and not knowing where he was. The butler led him home. Mahony added that within a fortnight of his death, Moore's sufferings increased in intensity, and his mind was entirely restored; Mahony thought that the recovery of his mental faculties might have been the result of the acuteness of the bodily pain. We walked side by side until within a few doors of the end of Pall Mall, opposite St. James's Palace; when he stopped

short, and saying, "I live here," disappeared through an open doorway. He was, during my acquaintance with him, more abroad than in this country; but whenever we met we were excellent friends. He was thoroughly Irish, but might have added the thistle and its motto to his shamrock.

THOMAS RICHARDSON AND JOHN OVEREND

Were originally clerks, each to a bill-broking firm—one of them, I forget which, to a person named Joseph Holt—and both of them on very small salaries. I think Holt's clerk had only £100 a year. They attracted the notice of the Gurneys, the great Norwich banking firm, and under their patronage started as bill brokers, the Gurneys giving them the whole of their business; and in process of time Richardson and Overend became the most eminent in their line, employing immense sums for various banking establishments in London and in the country. Richardson was a tall, finely-limbed man, with nobly chiselled features, and an expression of shrewdness and intellect which marked him as no ordinary man. Overend was shorter and thick-set, and altogether a commoner-looking man, but in no other respect inferior to his partner. They were both "plain Friends," as the society to which they belonged please to designate themselves. They were kind and courteous, though not courtly, and there was a touch of humour in each which contrasted amusingly with their sober garb and formal demeanour. For ten or twelve years I saw them nearly every day, and never, in their own counting house or in the establishment in which I was myself engaged, without their hats. I had frequent occasion, as the representative of a great moneyed firm, to "interview" them, usually to ascertain the standing of the many mercantile houses whose paper passed through our hands. I wrote the name of the party on a slip of paper, and handed it to them. It was glanced at and destroyed, and the answer was given as briefly as possible. "Good," "Safe as the bank," or good for a certain sum. If the opinion was unfavourable, the information was conveyed in as few words, and probably in none at all.

They were men of unblemished honour, and I often think what, if they could return from the grave, would be their feelings on contemplating the fall of the house which they had reared into such magnificence, and what especially would be those of honest John Overend could he have beheld his honoured name dragged through the mire as the head of a firm to whom thousands owe their utter ruin.

What a change has passed, externally at least, over the society to which they belonged since I first knew Richardson and Overend. Now a broad-brimmed hat would gather a crowd; then, especially in certain localities, it was common, and at the time of their "yearly meeting" (about Whitsuntide) the neighbourhood of White Hart-court was almost thronged by plain Friends of both sexes. Any departure from the regulation costume was visited by the displeasure and rebuke of the elders, and incurred the risk of expulsion. I remember a little Quaker, of the name of Capper, a mercer in Gracechurch-street, who was quite a dandy in his way, and had the reputation, moreover, of being a little *fast*. He wore a smart well-brushed beaver, the brim much narrower than the orthodox width, a cut-away coat, drab breeches, and remarkably well-fitting and resplendent top boots.

I saw very much of the Society of Friends at one period of my life;

and, though I have met with some sharp practice among them, they were for the most part fair-dealing men. It was not always that you got a straightforward answer from them; as, for instance, I once received a cheque from one of them, and, as he sometimes acted for his son, who bore the same name, I asked if it was paid on account of A. B. senior or junior. "Dost thee think I look much like a junior, friend?"

I had heard of what were termed *wet* Quakers; but I never knew one. I was once told that "friend So-and-so was so *powerfully* refreshed that they had some difficulty in getting him to bed;" but I am disposed to treat the story as a *ben trovato*.

I was never in the private dwelling of any one of the members, even on a matter of business; but its hospitalities were frankly offered to me, and I have met with some noble instances of benevolence among them. I may adduce one. Mr. T. was a member of a Quaker banking firm, then, as now, one of the wealthiest and most important in London. It was almost a physical pain to him to do or say a harsh thing. The severest denunciation I ever heard from his lips, involving a fourth degree of comparison, was: "That is wrong, sir—*very* wrong; very wrong *indeed*. Nothing can be *more* wrong." With reference to a very disagreeable person who was constantly saying or doing unpleasant things, he could not, after many attempts at strong language, designate him as anything worse than "That—that—thick-shouldered fellow H."

There was a man, a Captain B., who lived in St. George's Fields, and who was continually writing to him for money, and without, I believe, the remotest claim beyond his alleged need. In four cases out of five he got what he asked for; and, although I, who was of later years the administrator of his bounty, more than once hinted to Mr. T. that I thought the recipient unworthy of it—and I believe he shared the conviction—he continued to send him sovereigns, assuring me on each occasion that "it should positively be the last, and I was to tell him so."

Although a young man, my position was a confidential one, and I was often deputed to represent the house when one of the members was unable to be present. On one very important occasion they sent for me and desired me to attend a meeting on a matter which I perfectly understood, telling me to put myself in their position, and to act for them as I would for myself; and that, whatever might be the issue, they should feel assured that I had done my best, and that I should incur no blame. I went, and, by what I felt to be a kind of inspiration, seized a point which had escaped my opponents, turned the flank of a rather acute lawyer, and returned triumphant, and not a little proud of my achievement, which was fully appreciated by my principals. Had they left me less free, I should probably have felt nervous, and missed the point.

I served them faithfully for thirteen years, when a more congenial berth was offered to me, and, over-worked and mentally over-taxed, I accepted it. They did not know that I was unfairly pressed, for they were not hard task-masters. A year afterwards they sent to me, and asked me to return, at twice the salary I had left, alleging frankly that they had put three persons in my post, and were not satisfied. I told them that, not disparaging my successors, I could well imagine that one man who understood his busi-

ness would do it better than three who were new to it. They further offered to relieve me of the drudgery of the post, and gave me a week to consider of their proposal. I finally, with acknowledgments for the compliment, declined it. I should have been a richer man; but I am now eighty, without an ache, and I feel that my decision was right.

FIVE-PENNY HALL.

In the early part of the present century there lived—I cannot say flourished—a banker, a City knight and an M.P., who, during his M.P.-ship, was wont to conciliate his clients by allowing their letters to be addressed under cover to himself; for at that time the privilege of Parliament allowed of a member's receiving and franking an unlimited number of letters. It was subsequently limited to the receipt of sixteen and the franking of eight. And, as a further accommodation to his "customers," he sent a man round with a barrow every morning with the letters thus addressed under cover to himself. At no time was his business a very splendid one; and as it declined he would solicit "a beefsteak account," as he phrased it, from those who had more important ones at other banks. Symptoms of weakness betrayed themselves to one of his country connections, who, not being satisfied with explanations by letter, appointed an interview at the London Banking House, and was received with great *empressement* by our friend the M.P. in his private room. In a few minutes afterwards an elderly clerk entered, and, in an audible whisper, said to his principal, "So and so wishes to have an advance of £20,000." "By all means," was the reply, and the country banker, quite satisfied of the solvency of a house which could command off-hand such a sum, took his leave, and of course continued the account. In a month afterwards the London bank stopped payment, became bankrupt, and paid five-pence in the pound—hence the name of Five-penny Hall thenceforth given to a handsome house in the suburbs, in which the *ci-devant* banker still continued to reside—I fancy on his wife's jointure. I was told by a clerk in the bank that matters at one time were run so fine that there was only a £5 note in the till. A sum in Bank of England notes was almost immediately paid in by a depositor, and the receipts for the next three days happening to exceed the drafts, they staggered on until the end of the week. Sir M. afterwards did a little business as a bill-broker, and the last time I saw him he was shabbily dressed in black, and soliciting my Quaker employers to discount a bill.

A GENUINE GUIDO.

At the time when the deportation of paintings by the old masters was prohibited by the Papal Government, it was the custom of purchasers to have them painted over with some subject in body-colour, which, when the picture had been smuggled out of Rome thus disguised, was removed by a cleaner. An English gentleman once bought a picture warranted to him as a Guido, which was treated in like manner, and on its arrival in England placed in the hands of a picture cleaner. Either he had a heavy hand, or the detergent employed was a little too powerful, for the result disclosed a portrait of George III. in the Windsor uniform, on which the Guido had been painted. Sir Henry Ellis told me this story.

PROFESSOR PORSON.

A very distinguished judge, who was at Trinity with this wonderful scholar, told me that during his residence at Cambridge Porson came home late one night, when, on letting himself in, the wind blew out the candle which had been left burning for him. The professor made several attempts to blow it in again; but, not succeeding, he was heard to ejaculate, "D—— the nature of things."

I heard another anecdote from Donne of the Professor calling on a friend, who asked him to share his beefsteak, adding, however, that his wife was out, and had the key of the cellar in her pocket, and that therefore he could give him nothing better than beer. Porson was hungry, and accepted the conditions. After dinner, however, the craving for better "tipple" came over the scholar, and his host proposed that they should make a tour of inspection, on the chance of discovering a stray bottle in some corner or cupboard. At last they searched the host's bedroom, and there in a cupboard they found a green bottle with some white liquor in it. The Professor poured out a glass, and, approving of the strength, if not quite satisfied with the flavour, repeated the dose to the extent of six or seven glasses. When the lady returned, her husband, with some little asperity, alluded to the bottle, which, he imagined, she had reserved for her private drinking, adding that his guest had helped himself from it. "What!" said the lady, "from that bottle?" "Yes," replied the husband; "he drank six or seven glasses." "Good gracious!" exclaimed his wife; "it is spirits of wine for the nursery lamp."

Gaisford (of Christchurch), Porson, and another notable scholar were together one evening when some reference was made to an edition of "Hecuba" by a contemporary, on which Porson, who had won a great reputation by his own edition of the play, and thought none like it, exclaimed,

What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba?

TALLEYRAND.

One of the readiest retorts of this wonderful man was made by him at a time when Paris was in a very disturbed state, and everything there was going wrong. A person of some position who squinted horribly addressed him one day with, "Ah, Monsieur le Prince! comment vont les affaires?" "Comme vous *voyez*, Monsieur," was the reply.

Talleyrand once, in dispatching two letters, put them into wrong envelopes, so that the letter intended for one correspondent went to the other. He discovered his mistake too late, but only remarked, "*N'importe!* neither of them will believe me."

Talleyrand, hearing his friend —— was on his deathbed, went to visit him, inquiring, in the usual phrase, how he felt. "O," was the reply, "je souffre un martyre d'enfer." "Comment, déjà!" was the godless cynic's rejoinder.

Nor was the deathbed scene of Talleyrand more edifying. Having been urged to become reconciled to the Church (from which he had been excommunicated), he replied that there was no necessity for any hurry, but the priest might come again at six the next morning, which he did. The Prince did not long survive the offices of the ecclesiastic.

THE VILLAGE BARBER.

I was once miserably humiliated by a village barber. I was staying in a house with other guests, among whom was a full-blown ensign — a merry, good-natured

fellow whom it was impossible not to like. He told me one day that he had been over to a neighbouring village—a rather populous one within some three or four miles of our hostess—to have his hair cut, for which he had paid a shilling, somewhat above the ordinary tariff, the locality being considered. However, it was necessary for me to undergo a like operation, and I accordingly walked over to the same practitioner; and, when he had finished, I asked what was the fee. "Threepence," was the modest demand. Indignantly I flung him down sixpence, and walked out of the shop with a sense of humiliation which words cannot describe.

A PRACTICAL PARSON.

On several successive occasions I spent my holiday at a village on the coast of Sussex, about four miles from the sea at the foot of downs beautifully wooded, and altogether one of the most charmingly quiet spots in all England. On the first Sunday after my arrival I made the acquaintance of the Rector, who had lived the life of a College Don for many years, and finally accepted the living. He was a remarkably fine, tall, and handsome man, with a face which I have never seen surpassed for its expression of benevolence. He was wonderfully eloquent, and yet had the rare faculty of arresting the attention, and enlisting the sympathies of a purely agricultural congregation. His sermons were all extemporary, and his illustrations were chiefly drawn from the surrounding scenery and the pursuits of his parishioners, who listened to them rather as the admonitions of a friend than of one "set in authority over them." And there was the charm of simplicity in his addresses, which went at once to the hearts and comprehensions of his auditors. I remember on one occasion he had preached a remarkably touching sermon, which was followed by one in the afternoon, which he prefaced by a passage the like of which I suspect never occurred in any sermon before or since. "My friends," he said, "I told you so and so in my morning's sermon. I have been reflecting on it since, and I think I was wrong." He then proceeded to state his amended view of the subject. He must be no ordinary man who could thus acknowledge what he believed to be an error in his teaching.

On another occasion he alluded in one of his sermons to his early boyhood, and to the nurse under whose care he was brought up, and said, "Even now, through a long vista of years, I see her face, and there is a halo round it!"

The church was almost hidden by trees—magnificent elms and beeches—and the structure was a very ancient one. It was small and destitute of architectural beauty; but he had organised a village choir, and his sister (a very graceful and charming person) played the harmonium, and there was an order and solemnity in the conduct of the service that rendered it peculiarly solemn and impressive.

If by any rare chance he had a disagreement with any of his parishioners, he was miserable until it was made up—there did not seem to be room in his heart for anger. He was a great naturalist, and was especially interested in the habits of birds. When we first called upon him he came into his drawing-room—a museum in itself—with a robin in his hand. He was, in the physical sense of the phrase, a *muscular* Christian. He invited us to a feast of the children of his school, which were prefaced by some rural games;

and, on reaching the field in which they were to be held, I looked around for the rector, and at last discovered him almost at the top of a gigantic elm, which he had climbed for the purpose of fixing a rope to an upper branch. I could not help saying, when he descended, that, though I knew him to be a good Churchman, I had now evidence of his being a *high* Churchman.

HIS EXCELLENCY M. VAN DE WEYER AND HIS COOK.

In the advertisement sheet of the *Times* of the 10th November, 1871, there appeared a very long letter in French, signed Eugène Derome, the *chef* of his Excellency, setting forth that he was travelling from France in the preceding September with three articles of baggage, and, on arriving at Newhaven, and applying for the said articles, "ticket in one hand and hat in the other"—*tenant d'une main mon bulletin, et de l'autre mon chapeau*—he was informed that one package had been detained at Dieppe, and would be sent on the next day. This packet contained some rare *conserves de Paris* for his Excellency's table.

Four days afterwards he received a letter stating that his parcel was detained at Dieppe because it contained clocks, and requiring proofs of their being his property, adding, "This is owing to the late pillage of M. Thiers's house and the public buildings in Paris." M. Derome indignantly denied the imputation; and, as the parcel did not come forward, M. Van de Weyer's solicitor was set to work, and to his first application the reply was that the matter was "receiving attention." On further legal pressure, and after a delay of six weeks, the package arrived, marked, in large letters, "*Unclaimed Property Office.*"

This letter, which a contemporary journal—the *Echo* of the 10th November, 1871—describes as one "which for piquancy and wit might well have occupied a better position" than the supplement of the *Times*, was of course not written by M. Derome. Indeed, it is no secret, I believe, that it was from the pen of his accomplished master. There is one passage in it which I cannot but quote:

"Je soutiens que l'on me doit une amende honorable, une reparation des dommagés intérets; car, blessé dans mon honneur, lésé dans ma profession, vexé par d'inexplicables délais, je n'ai, depuis un mois, mangé morceau qui m'ait profité; mes jours ont été sans repos, mes nuits sans sommeil, et la table de mon maitre sans conserves de France."

This is a climax which, as I remarked to M. Van de Weyer, to whom I am indebted for a reprint of the letter, touches the sublime. I asked his Excellency what M. Derome said about the letter. "Oh," he replied, "he told me that he had received innumerable letters complimenting him on the cleverness of his communication to the *Times*, and added that he felt himself very much like the donkey which carried the relics, to which everybody who passed bowed down."

This also is too good to be passed by:

"C'est assez vous dire que je n'ai jamais eu rien de commun avec la Commune, et que, plein d'admiration et de respect pour M. Thiers, j'aime beaucoup mieux voir mon pays gouverné par lui, que le tiers et le quart."

SILENT EVIDENCE.

A friend of mine, a minister abroad, had a secretary, an Englishman, well educated, and especially a good classic, who

married an English girl, remarkably pretty, but many years his junior. He had some independent means, and they lived together very comfortably for some years, and apparently in great harmony. Suddenly, however, she left his house, and went back to her mother, who, I fancy, was not very well off. Not long afterwards the husband received a long bill from a linendraper, for goods supplied to his wife since her desertion, and which, it turned out, were chiefly for her mother and her family. The bill was accompanied by a peremptory demand for payment, which, being refused, an action in the County Court was commenced against the husband. Now the law is, that when a wife leaves her husband without sufficient cause, he is not liable for any debts she may contract thereafter; and the question on which the action hinged was, if the treatment of the husband was such as to justify her leaving him. The only allegation brought by the wife was that he had a female relative in the house, to whom he paid improper attentions, and this lady was a witness in the cause. After the evidence for the plaintiff was concluded, the judge or the defendant's counsel called the relative into the box, in which there accordingly appeared a lady about sixty, a singularly gaunt, scraggy, and ugly spinster. Before a question could be put to her the judge said blandly, "Thank you, madam; we will not trouble you further," and immediately pronounced for the defendant. The counsel for the defendant was my particular friend, and told me the story.

STRAYS.

I am indebted to a member of the *Corps Diplomatique* for several anecdotes of ministers at court. I recall the following:

When the Neapolitan dynasty was foundering Mr. B——, the representative of a foreign court, had for some time made friendly suggestions to Bomba on the probable result of his policy, and on one occasion presented himself as usual at the Palace to ask an audience. The officer, whose duty it was to announce him, returned, after considerable delay, with the answer that the Sovereign was not in his cabinet. This was enough to convince the diplomatist that his counsels were no longer palatable. Mr. B——, turning round to those assembled in the ante-room, made his bow, merely saying, "Messieurs, le Roi est perdu."

Mr. X——, who was at Warsaw as foreign agent when each of the European Powers was striving for ascendancy there, on one occasion met with some obstruction to his progress when going in his carriage to a public ceremony. He remonstrated, but merely received an expression of regret; but, accounting for the occurrence by the fact that the municipal police had seen nothing to indicate that the carriage was that of a foreign representative, Mr. —— made no further remark; but on the following day and thereafter, as long as he remained at his post, had two footmen behind his carriage, each bearing the flag of his nation.

During the reign of Louis Philippe, many of the old Legitimists kept aloof from his court, but did not object to receive letters of introduction to his representatives in foreign countries. On one occasion Vicomte A—— came thus recommended to London, and his ambassador procured him the *entrée* to the first circles, and also to the Palace. Uniform was obligatory on all presentations to the Sovereign; and it happened that on his first appearance before royalty the Vicomte was without

the national cockade—a fact to which the ambassador called his attention, and was told in explanation that his countryman had not been able to procure one in London. Whereupon his Excellency, who knew this to be a mere subterfuge, immediately tore the cockade from his own hat and presented it to his countryman, observing that he could dispense with it, as he was well known, and he feared that without such distinction his friend might be overlooked, and not receive the attentions due to a French nobleman.

At a Lord Mayor's dinner the Lord Chancellor of the day was conducting the Mayoress to the dinner room, when Comte A——, the French ambassador, claimed the right of precedence, saying, "Milord, vous m'avez enlevé ma belle." The Chancellor, who had probably desired to push his privilege beyond its limits, yielded with a good grace, alleging his ignorance of court etiquette being observed in the City of London.

At a court gathering at Windsor during the Ascot week an ambassador was in the same carriage with a half-brother of the Queen, who had taken the seat of honour, to the disparagement of the ambassadorial dignity. To regain his position his Excellency was careful to leave the course before the race concluded, and to take his proper seat in the carriage, merely saying, when the Prince came up, "I hope, Monseigneur, it does not inconvenience you to ride with your back to the horses."

An American minister, having been called upon to return thanks for some toast complimentary to his nation, became so excited towards the close of it that the Earl of A—— remarked to me that he was afraid he would wind up with the *war whoop*.

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.

During a very heavy storm, which had almost cleared the streets, I picked up from the pavement a purse containing sixteen shillings and a baker's bill; and it was by means of the latter that I was enabled to find out the owner, who proved to be the wife of a leather-seller. I called on him at his shop, and handed him the purse, from which, with an apostrophe to the carelessness of his wife, he took four shillings and held them out to me, saying they were for a bottle of wine. I thanked him cordially for his munificent intentions, but told him I was amply rewarded by the pleasure of restoring his property, and bade him good morning. I could not help contrasting this proffered salvage of twenty-five per cent. with the niggardliness with which persons in a much higher station have acknowledged a like service, and of which I remember a notable instance, where a guinea was given to the finder of some hundreds in bank notes.

ROYALTY'S OMELETTE.

A gentleman, for many years the representative of a foreign power at this court, told me that he was once travelling with the King of Portugal — under what circumstances he did not state; but it seemed that they had lost their way in a wild part of the country. At last they descried a cottage, at which they asked for shelter, which was readily granted by the woman who admitted them, but who, in answer to their request for food, said she had nothing in the house but eggs, of which she offered to make them an omelette. Pending its preparation, the king and my friend, the narrator, wrapped themselves in their cloaks and lay down on the floor, through a square hole in which the latter caught a sight

of their hostess preparing their meal, which she did by breaking the eggs into her leathern apron, and thence pouring their contents into the pan. He called the King's attention to the fact; but they were both too hungry to be nice, and devoured the omelette without scruple.

An officer who was present when my friend told the story said that during the civil war in Spain he was with Don Carlos, the grandfather of the insurrectionary chief, when he was in full retreat, and on one occasion could get nothing to eat but bread and onions, which Don Carlos—to such strait was he reduced — devoured with great avidity.

"In other words," remarked my friend of the omelette banquet, "he ate his leek."

PICTURES.

I once met, at the table of a great art critic, a celebrated picture dealer, to whom I have before alluded as repudiating the final vowel in the word *picture*. He told us that Sir Robert Peel once asked the price of a picture in the dealer's gallery, and, on its being named to him, he observed that it was too high, adding that the other should consider that twenty shillings went as far as five-and-twenty some time before. "Sir Robert," was the ready reply, "if you will persuade my creditors to recognise that principle, you shall have the *pictur* at your own price."

A Rembrandt of great rarity had just been unpacked in the dealer's gallery, when the then President of the Royal Academy called, and, after remarking on the high price, left without buying it; but, returning in half an hour, purchased it for five hundred guineas, the price fixed. About a week afterwards he called again, and said, "Mr. W——, I was not justified in my circumstances in giving five hundred guineas for that picture, beautiful as it is, and worth the money. Will you do me the favour to take it back?" and at the same time he presented to the dealer a cheque for £100. "Sir T——," said the little man, "I will take it back most readily, but certainly I will not take the cheque. Send me the picture, but allow me to state—and I do so out of respect to yourself—that immediately that it passes your threshold the price is one thousand guineas." "Mr. W——," was the reply, "I understand you, and thank you."

A newly-appointed sheriff of Lancashire once called on W——, and, giving him the dimensions of a gallery he had built, asked him how much it would cost to fill it.

W——, who travelled with Sir David Wilkie to the East, and was with him when he died on board ship as he was returning to England, was with him at Constantinople when he painted the portrait of the Sultan, who, while the artist was at work on it, asked for a brush charged with the colour of the background, and, approaching the picture, cut off by a stroke of the brush a quarter of an inch of the tassel to the fez cap in which he was painted, alleging that it was too long. When the Sultan had paid for the picture, he complimented Sir David on his success, and, calling for a tray of diamond snuff boxes, selected one, and presented it to the painter.

A CHARACTER.

One of the most original thinkers I ever met with was an Oxford man, a very fine scholar, and profoundly versed in classic antiquities, in which he has made some very valuable discoveries. Alluding to the German writers, he once said their long sentences afforded an example of *suspended animation*

carried through a couple of pages, the spirit of the sentence being discoverable only at the end. "It was not fair," he said, "in any nation to write such long-winded sentences, which were all very well in the days of the patriarchs, when men lived to some hundreds of years, and had plenty of time on their hands to read them; but the present span of human life was too short for them." He admitted, however, that they were most industrious and useful. "They are making," he added, a *catalogue raisonné* of the universe of mind and matter, and will soon have an index to everything."

Of opera dancers, he once remarked that they were attitudinarians and latitudinarians, and that the step was a short one from the graceful to the *dis*graceful. I may add that at that period there were examples on the opera stage which justified his remark.

"My parents," said he one day, "treated me as gipsies do their donkeys; they did not shut me up, but they turned me out on a common with my legs tied, and expected me to call that *liberty*."

I heard him once muttering to himself, "It is surprising what an amount of business does itself if you only let it alone."

His gratitude for a good story was almost affecting. "Thank you, thank you," he would say, "so much obliged; I won't *hack* it." And whenever he told you a good story, it was always with the addition of "Don't hack it."

DISARMING A CRITIC.

A very distinguished military officer of the East India Company, at the early part of his career, published a series of letters strongly animadverting on the "powers that were," and the Indian Government were very anxious to discover the writer. At last they succeeded in bringing the deed home to him; and the Governor-General consulted one of the counsel as to his punishment. "Utilise him," was the reply; "he is a very clever fellow." Accordingly he was nominated to an important command in the Punjaub, and the obnoxious letters were discontinued from that hour.

A TRANSPARENT JOKE.

A young friend of mine had an appointment with Christal the artist. His father, however, wanted him to accompany him elsewhere. "But," remonstrated the son, "it is a sort of duty to Christal to go to him." "Nonsense," rejoined the elder, "there is no duty in the case; it was taken off *glass* by the late Act."

PUFFING.

When I was a schoolboy I copied, much oftener than I liked, a maxim, in copper-plate, "Self-praise is no recommendation;" and I believed devoutly in its truth. But I have lived to doubt it, owing my conversion to the advertisements in the daily journals, and to the success which they have, in many notable instances, achieved. With regard to those in the London papers, one would think that the "force of *humbug* could no farther go;" but the provincial press beats the metropolitan hollow. Taking up a provincial newspaper—the *Sussex Gazette*, of June 27, 1872—I find an advertisement headed, "Old Eyes made New." Among the testimonials to the marvellous efficacy of "Ball's new patent Ivory and Lignum Vitæ Eye Cups," a certain individual is represented as certifying that he has "been blind of one eye for sixteen years, with cataracts, the eye being much enlarged, and a cataract has formed in the other. I have been compelled to wear glasses to see to go about." But, he adds, that since

he purchased the "eye cups," and applied them as directed, he can see (*mirabile dictu!*) "out of my *blind* eye. The cataracts are broken and are dispersing, the enlarged eye is reduced to its original size, and I can see quite clear with what I call my best eye." Let the Worshipful Company of Spectacle Makers see to it.

The most successful advertiser of modern days—and, I may add, the most universal, for I have seen his "announcements" in modern Greek in a journal published at Athens—is the proprietor of a quack medicine, who called not long ago on a friend of mine, and, with reference to some proposed application of a portion of his wealth, informed him that he was worth a "million." Now, this man called on me many years ago, and presented an introduction from a person in comparatively humble life, to whom I had rendered some trifling service, and who desired to show his gratitude by recommending to me a "customer." My visitor explained to me that he was the proprietor of a certain specific for all the bodily "ills which flesh is heir to," and produced a pamphlet in praise thereof, which he begged the favour of me to revise. I told him that it was not at all in my way, and that I would rather not have anything to do with it, adding that it was a very simple thing, and that an ordinarily educated man could do it quite as well as I could at a quarter of the sum which I should require for the task. He told me that money was of no object to him; that I had rendered such essential service to his friend who introduced him, that he should feel deeply indebted to me if I would comply with his wishes. I then named a sum which I thought would frighten him away. But no; he said he should be but too happy to pay it; so that I was in a cleft stick, and had no alternative but the acceptance of the uncongenial task, which I accordingly finished in so short a time that I almost felt ashamed to receive the guerdon; but I hoped I had seen the last of him. But no; a week afterwards he requested my services on a like occasion, and "paid for it like a man."

I believe that the success of advertising depends entirely on the length of the purse; and, if that holds out, there is a point at which the tide will turn, and "lead on to fortune," and flow like Pactolus. A publisher once told me that in starting a monthly periodical he spent £2500 in advertising before the first number was printed, when the impression sold was upwards of one hundred thousand!

A GRATEFUL ARCHBISHOP.

There is a Spanish legend, which I have never seen in print, but which was related to me by a member of the *Corps Diplomatique*. There was a certain canon, in an obscure cathedral town, whose poverty was equalled only by his ambition and his discontent with his lot. In the same town there was a certain physician, who added to his medical profession that of a magician; and to him our canon resorted; and, after he had related to him the circumstances of his condition, and enlisted his sympathy, the necromancer called to his cook, from the head of the stairs, "Jacinta, Jacinta!" "Yes, Señor," was the answer from the kitchen. "What have you got for dinner?" "A partridge," was the response. "There is a gentleman coming to dine with me to-day; let there be *two* partridges," continued the doctor. And very soon afterwards, by a series of rapid promotions, our poor canon found himself Archbishop of Toledo. When in the full blaze of his

glory he was surprised by a visit from his old friend the physician, who came to congratulate him on his archiepiscopal honours. His Grace, however, altogether repudiated the acquaintance, on which the doctor proceeded to refresh his memory. Whereupon the archbishop became excessively indignant, declaring that he only remembered him as having practised diabolical arts, and threatened him that if he did not instantly quit his sacred presence he would hand him over to the tender mercies of the Inquisition. The physician, after upbraiding him with his ingratitude, opened the door of the apartment, and, from the top of the stairs, called "Jacinta, Jacinta!" "Yes, Señor," answered the familiar voice. "Let there be only one partridge for dinner to-day," said the doctor. And immediately the palace, like that of Aladdin's, when his wife made that miserable bargain with the lamp, vanished into "thin air," and the ungrateful archbishop found himself reduced to his former condition of a poverty-stricken canon.

HUMORISTS.

The Irish are rich in humour, but it is of another kind from the Scotch; and, if I were asked to define the two distinctively, I should say that you laughed loudest over the Irish, and longest over the Scotch. Sidney Smith was wont to say that it required a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman; and I certainly have met with one or two who were absolutely impervious to a joke; and, generally, they are not quick at perceiving one, the reason being, I have often thought, that Sandy deals with the statement presented to him as a fact, and turns it round and round until he gets the right angle, and then he laughs as heartily as anyone. Of English humorists perhaps Hood was the most original—he was quite *sui generis;* but his humour was often marred by his want of taste and refinement, and he was a thoroughly dyed cockney. A great critic once remarked to me that "Hood seemed to take an oblique view of everything." His story of "Miss Kilmansegg" would have immortalised him if he had written nothing else; while some of his graver poems are unsurpassed in simplicity and pathos.

DINNER AMENITIES.

I was once at an anniversary festival of the Literary Fund, when a clumsy waiter upset a glass of champagne over me, and I sat for some time in an unenviable state of sloppiness, to which Sir F. P——, who sat next to me, tried to reconcile me by saying, "Never mind, H——; it has only been administered as a lotion instead of as a draught." At the same dinner a distinguished member of the Bar had a plate of soup discharged upon his head, which a neighbour remarked should have been taken as a matter of course, as it was *hare* soup. The baronet to whom I have just alluded remarked, in reference to gentlemen who indulge in long-winded speeches at public dinners, that they seemed to think they had the freehold of our ears, instead of only a short lease. On another occasion on which, at a public dinner, a very distinguished writer was replied to by an eloquent prelate, Sir F—— said to me that the bishop reminded him of the dealing of a boa constrictor with a rabbit; he first oiled his antagonist all over, and then swallowed him at a mouthful.

HISTORICAL CREDIBILITY.

By an Ex-Scholar of Oxford.

(*Continued from page* 174.)

The rules for estimating the importance of discrepancies between various historical authorities (and between different passages in the same authority) are exactly parallel to the rules about coincidences. Accuracy in historical details is naturally far more unattainable than in the private affairs which one has to deal with in the witness-box.

The discrepancy already quoted between Burnet and Clarendon, as to the mode of Argyle's death, is an extreme instance to prove that manifest error on the part of one of two authorities need not detract from the complete *general* authoritativeness of both. Nor must we expect a writer to be always clearly consistent with himself. In one of St. Bernard's letters to the people of Toulouse he says that many heretics had been *detected* there, but unfortunately not *arrested*. His secretary, Godfrey, who probably wrote this letter at his dictation, and certainly knew of it, mentions expressly that the chief heretic, one Henricus, was closely beset and presently captured. Bernard, however, was speaking rhetorically of the heretics as a body; also, Godfrey's expression, "presently," may be extended beyond the date of the letter. We should be wrong, therefore, to class it with the spurious epistles—observe once more the mania for literary forgery—which were circulated even in the saint's lifetime.

Yet we rely greatly on serious discrepancies to detect ignorance, fiction, or mendacity; and even where they are not conclusive, and might be "neglected" if the event is otherwise quite credible, they are fatal to a very marvellous story. We cannot err in considering the discrepancies between Philip and Godfrey clear indications of inaccuracy where inaccuracy is intolerable, and of ignorance that a miracle is something rather hard for instructed men to believe, and so may convict them of unfitness to give evidence on the subject, so long as they treat it ecclesiastically rather than scientifically.

It need scarcely be repeated that we tolerate, nay expect, nay hope for, discrepancies in recognised authorities only on the principle *Humanum est errare*. Divergence in details between narratives substantially agreeing is so common that the lack of it implies consultation and collusion. We prefer, therefore, the minor evil of having to give up knowing the exact truth about the details variously narrated, which is the case unless we can consult a third authority, or show that subsequent facts are accounted for by one story, and not by the other.

Some slight indication of an

author's credibility is to be found in his *style*. A simple, straightforward, graphic style is very convincing. It may, however, be counterfeited, as by Defoe in his "Memorials of a Cavalier," which a celebrated English statesman mistook for the genuine composition of a person who had fought for Charles I.; and a candid style is characteristic of nations and individuals while they are in a primitive state of education, which leaves them still very credulous and fond of marvels. Herodotus has the advantage of Thucydides as to simplicity and naturalness, and he is as honest and candid and painstaking as any historian could be, but he comes nowhere near Thucydides in discrimination. He has the will to tell the truth, but not always the power to be rigidly accurate. More valuable internal evidence of a historian's trustworthiness is to be gained by observing whether he clearly recognises the marked distinction between events that his readers can easily credit, and events, or perhaps minute details (such as the exact words of a conversation), that can only be accepted on very strong evidence.* This evidence, in the shape of personal knowledge or access to first-rate authorities, he ought constantly to mention and refer to, unless, indeed, the very nature of the narrative prepares his readers for a succession of marvels—as when Voltaire begins his life of Charles XII. with the assertion that he was, perhaps, the most remarkable man that ever lived on this earth; or, again, for the frequent mention of full particulars, as in "Boswell's Life of Johnson," almost the only work in which the long conversations are due to historical instead of dramatic effort. For Boswell took down the speaker's exact words at the time; failing which, a writer's only plan (if he is determined to give a conversation) is, of course, that adopted and explained by Thucydides, namely, to dress up in his own words—except a few striking expressions, faithfully remembered—the "skeleton" which has been preserved; while the reader has to guess how much of what stands before him *was* said, how much of it *may* have been said, and how much merely (in the historian's opinion) *ought* to have been said. Graphic details are perhaps as often the "circumstances of a lie" as the signs of familiarity with facts.

We are now prepared to grapple with the great problem of Historical Credibility, the question what kind and amount of evidence is required to establish miracles.

A miracle, in the doctrinal sense of the word, is an act which claims to have been performed by superhuman agency, an event alien to the "constitution and course of nature," such as can only be referred to the special interposition of a superior power.

The temporary presence of a miracle-worker on this earth is analogous to the temporary presence of a human being in a desert island. Relatively to the lower animals, it is as much a miracle that a man should kill a bird at a distance of one hundred yards, as it is, relatively to ourselves, that a man should heal a sick person by what appears to us an instantaneous and magical method.

The existence of at least one superior power may safely be inferred from the existence of this material and mental universe. The power which caused this universe

* See Simon Ockley's preface to his "History of the Saracens," published about 1710.

to exist, and arranged the constitution and course of nature, may evidently be considered a superhuman agent, capable of interfering with the ordinary laws of nature by extraordinary laws, and of bringing into existence or action other superhuman agents, or of endowing human beings with supernatural gifts.

There is no ground, then, for maintaining the antecedent impossibility of miracles. The Deity, as the Creator of something, if only of an infinitesimally small Monad from which the whole universe was to be developed, is a *vera causa*, a lawful subject of hypothesis. Even on the pantheistic theory; even if the universe, or the universe-monad, be self-existent, it is still conceivable that its developments include the phenomena which all agree to call miracles. For, after all, there is no dispute about what a miracle is in the concrete. If a man is really blind, and another man comes to him and removes his blindness by merely touching his eyes and saying, "Receive thy sight," without any exercise of ordinary medical or surgical art, here is a miracle both in an ecclesiastical and general sense. The only question is whether such a thing has ever happened. That a man's eyes should be suddenly enlightened by the touch of a hand is no more incredible in itself than that a piece of phosphorus should ignite when placed on the surface of water. Or if it be argued that the ignition of phosphorus always takes place in similar circumstances —is due to a Law of Nature—the reply is obvious that *whenever* a person endued with a miraculous power of healing sets himself to cure a blind man, he does so. And, of course, it is a foolish objection that such persons are rarely met with. Nature's ordinary prodigies are scarce—for instance (to "answer fools according to their folly"), mesmerists, ventriloquists, giants, calculating boys, and persons who can say off by heart a page of the *Times*' advertisements after reading it through only once. That miracles should be of common occurrence would amount to a contradiction in terms. It may well be a law of Nature that *whenever* a revelation is required, the revealer's Divine commission is authenticated by miracles.

Having settled that miracles *might* occur, and belong to the category of extraordinary, not of disorderly events, we may go on to consider what amount and kind of evidence must be demanded before believing that any particular miracle *has* occurred. Once more the reader may be reminded that the capacity of human beings for representing facts as they really took place varies according to the nature of each class of facts, and cannot be calculated beforehand, but must be ascertained by experience. What then are the phenomena which we have to interpret? We observe that miraculous narratives, honestly believed by the writers, and by countless readers, abounded everywhere and always, till about three centuries ago, since which time—*i.e.* since the physical sciences began to flourish—no new miracle has been seriously maintained by educated men, unless we are to take account of the supposed apparition at Paray-le-Monial, or are to agree with Mr. Müller of Bristol that the early contributions to his orphanage (the case is worth studying) were miraculously called forth by his private prayers, and by no other means whatever; or unless we forsake the ecclesiastical meaning of the word miracle, and admit the narratives of Mr. Wallace, Mr. Crookes, and Dr. Zoellner. When Queen Elizabeth paid her celebrated visit to Kenil-

worth Castle, she touched several persons for "King's Evil," and the contemporary chronicler relates the circumstance in the same matter-of-fact tone as any other ceremony of the day. Not so Queen Victoria, and the *Times* reporter. We are apt to dismiss as absurd, and not worth examination, the idea that any miracles ever occurred except in the history of our own religion, no matter how strong the evidence offered in their support.

It is therefore desirable that the evidence for our own leading miracle, or miracles, should be such as would plainly have satisfied modern tests of correct observation; and absolutely necessary that it should be different in kind, or at all events far superior in degree, to that which we reject as worthless in the case of rival miracles.

We are not acquainted with any fully satisfactory attempt to lay down rules of evidence such as will at one and the same time establish the miracles that orthodox Protestants must believe, and exclude all rival miracles. But it will be extremely advantageous to examine two of the best known, and most highly esteemed of such attempts.

Leslie, in his "Short and Easy Method with the Deists," sets down the four following marks as establishing, when they all meet together, beyond all doubt, the truth of *any* matter of fact:—

(1) "That the matter of fact be such as men's outward senses may be judges of it."

(2) "That it be done openly in the face of the world."

(3) "That not only public monuments may be kept up in memory of it, but some outward action be performed."

(4) "That such monuments and such actions be instituted, and commence from the time that the matter of fact was done."

These four canons are most sound and useful. Obvious instances of their application may be found in such events as the Gunpowder Plot, the Execution of Charles I., and Restoration of Charles II.

Why is it still not "utterly unreasonable" to deny the last of the Ten Plagues of Egypt (an event of the highest controversial importance, being certainly a miracle if a fact), in the face of the institution of the Passover?

First, because it is very difficult to satisfy canon 4 with regard to institutions dated as far back as B.C. 1490. Nothing was so common among the ancients as to forget the real facts (if any) which their institutions commemorated. The result of Sir G. C. Lewis's inquiries on this point may be gathered from the following sentence: "The story is sufficiently credible, but it appears *in the suspicious form of the introduction to the origin* of the Feriæ Latinæ."

Secondly, because priest-made history is, as a rule, one-sided history, very positive, often very consistent, but quite untrustworthy. Such were the accounts received by Herodotus from Delphi and from Memphis. Thus, too, the battle of Lake Regillus (which corresponded in Roman history to our battle of the Boyne) was won for the Republicans B.C. 508 by the intervention of Castor and Pollux riding on white horses. The dictator Albinus at once founded a temple in memory of the miracle (perhaps a *ruse* of his own), and a yearly festival was instituted, which after B.C. 305 took the form of a grand procession of all the Equites through the streets of Rome, past this ancient temple: (See Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome.")

Thirdly, because the facts com-

memorated are liable to misrepresentation and distortion.

The special services (now disused) in the Church of England Prayer Book would oblige remote posterity to believe that the Gunpowder Plot was jointly contrived by all the English Papists, with the approval of the Pope; that Charles I. was a "martyr," "barbarously murdered," after "meekly suffering *all* barbarous indignities;" and that Charles II. was *miraculously* preserved from his "bloody enemies."

Just so the Feast of the Dedication puts beyond doubt the profanation of the Jewish Temple by Antiochus Epiphanes and the triumphs of Judas Maccabeus. But if we had only 2 Macc. x. 24—32, to record the events also related in 1 Macc. v. 6, 7, we might have been required, on the strength of the Four Canons, to believe 2 Macc. x. 24, 30: "But when the battle waxed strong, there appeared unto the enemies from heaven five comely men upon horses, with bridles of gold, and two of them led the Jews," &c., a second edition of Castor and Pollux.

Fourthly, when an event was done "openly in the face" of two nations, the account given by one of the two must be corrected by, or at least "collated with," the evidence (or the silence) of the other side. What reader of Livy could imagine that "Lars Porsena of Clusium" reduced the Romans to the state in which the Israelites were during the height of Philistine oppression?

Fifthly, the opponents of any religion are entitled to be incredulous to the last degree, consistent with reasonableness, when they are invited to select one out of a crowd of miraculous events; to believe this one because it rests upon evidence which would be unimpeachable in the case of a non-miraculous event; and then to believe all the others, though insufficiently attested, because they naturally follow from it or harmonise with it.

We shall recur to this point presently, but will now turn from Leslie to a more modern authority.

Mr. Forsyth gives ten canons of historical credibility, and says: "If these be not sufficient grounds for believing the truth of the accounts (of Christian miracles) that have come down to us, I know not any historical fact that we are justified in believing."

Let us apply these canons to the alleged miracles of St. Bernard, while he was preaching the Second Crusade.

(1) "The contemporary nature of the testimony."

(2) "The artlessness and *apparent* truthfulness of the writers."

(3) "Substantial agreement, together with circumstantial variety of the statements of contemporary eye-witnesses."

What has been already said about the cure of the lame boy at Spires will have prepared the reader to accept the assurance that these three tests could not be more amply satisfied than by the narratives of Godfrey and of the ten witnesses. But we refer him on this point to Morison's "Life of St. Bernard."

(4) "Undesigned coincidences between the narrative and the letters of persons concerned."

In the year A.D. 1147, Bernard came to aid Alberic, legate of the south-west of France, against the heretic Henry, who had almost emptied the orthodox churches. Godfrey's history relates most extraordinary events at Toulouse. The saint's reception was enthusiastic. The heretics fled as fast as he approached, and the people took a formal oath that they would not harbour them any more. The

miracles in this city were so particularly astonishing that Bernard himself, according to Godfrey, was perplexed, wondering why he, so unworthy, was selected to be the agents of deeds "as wonderful as any mentioned in Scripture."

Now, the whole tone of his own letter (before quoted) to the people of Toulouse after his departure *implies* some very special and sensational results. He rejoices over their zeal and sincerity, commends them for hating the heretics with a perfect hatred, and reminds them how well he had displayed true religion among them, not only in words, but also in holiness of life. (He does not expressly mention, nor even plainly allude to, miracles, but he never did so in any of his letters—a very significant fact, but one which does not weaken the illustration of Mr. Forsyth's canon.)

(5) "The absence of any conceivable motive for fraud or falsehood."

There is no doubt about St. Bernard's extraordinary success in preaching the Second Crusade, nor about his marvellous influence at the time among all classes, high or low. If therefore he obtained this success and influence without miracles, why should his friends invent them, and risk their own reputation without increasing his? For the narratives were not published till after his preaching tour, and the letters were sent home to the convent.

(6) "The difficulty, if not absurdity, of supposing that the teachers of a pure morality should be engaged in the immoral work of propagating an imposture and forging documents."

Even so St. Bernard himself, and Herman of Constance (leader of the Ten Witnesses), and the secretary Godfrey, both taught and practised the highest Christian morality, and "probably had as great a horror of mendacity as any who have lived before or after them." (Morison, p. 374.)

(7) "The utter absence of any contradiction to the historians' statements for hundreds of years."

It is not to be supposed that Bernard's miracles were challenged till the 18th century. This canon, however, is not fully applicable to a history which proved to be of local and temporary interest, and which was not provocative of hostility.

We cannot refrain from adding that the test here proposed is always valueless. Livy's history of regal Rome was uncontradicted for 1700 years. In fact, it is waste of words to discuss what is so manifest.

(8) "The frequent reference to the original histories by writers of the next and succeeding generations."

The histories of St. Bernard—Gulielmus Abbas, another of his biographers, was also his contemporary—need no proof of being "current and well-known," and are quoted by all who cared about the subject.

(9) "The adequacy of the cause for miraculous interposition." Here Mr. Forsyth abandons evidence, and comes to *à priori* reasoning; quite lawfully, however, for the canon is not invented for the sake of supporting or refuting miraculous narratives. We always refuse, if possible, to believe in conduct for which no motive can be conceived. When one man kills another, the crime is not murder, but simply homicide, accidental or through temporary insanity, unless the prosecution can suggest a motive. And, as we moderns can scarce consider a sanguinary crusade worthy of divine blessing and support, this rule (unlike the former ones) is dead against St. Bernard's miracles — in our *opinion*, al-

though not in an impartial historical view.

(10) "The sufficiency of the accounts to explain the success of the miracle-worker."

Here St. Bernard's case is again very strong. The hypothesis that he possessed superhuman gifts seems almost called for in order to explain his undoubted achievements. It was in the midst of all these alleged miracles that Conrad III., Emperor of Germany, felt compelled to obey his injunctions to join the crusade. As to the Germans at large, who had taken little interest in the movement, "a daily repetition took place of the same phenomena—Bernard's appearance in a district; the simultaneous rush and tumult of the whole population to see and hear him; and then the assumption of the cross by the greater portion of the able-bodied male inhabitants." . . . "Bernard could now boast" (not that he was in the least boastful) "that Innocent II. was acknowledged Pope, chiefly through his influence, by the Kings of France, England, Spain, and by the Emperor." These are Milman's words. The sober Mosheim writes thus: "No man in this age contributed more to the advancement of this order (the Cistercians) than St. Bernard, the celebrated abbot of Clairvaux in France, a man of immense influence throughout Christian Europe, one who could effect whatever he pleased, often merely by his word or nod, and could dictate even to kings what they must do."

We must conclude that Mr. Forsyth's canons, though, with the exception of the seventh, quite correct, are insufficient to establish the credibility of *miraculous* events. The histories of St. Bernard's career more than satisfy all of them except the ninth; and it will hardly do for the advocates of a religion to admit that their opponents may disregard all evidence, direct or circumstantial, for its miracles, unless they recognise "the adequacy of the cause for miraculous interposition."

We are in need of one or two additional canons by which we may further discredit the evidence, and prove that we may fairly class the narrative with other narratives which are confessedly erroneous.

For the verdict of Mosheim, whose history extends over the whole of the miraculous age of the Church, we may go to the concluding paragraph of his first chapter on Century V.:

"How far these conversions were due to real miracles attending the ministry of these early preachers is a matter extremely difficult to be determined. For though I am persuaded that those pious men who in the midst of many dangers, and in the face of obstacles seemingly invincible, endeavoured to spread the light of Christianity through the barbarous nations, were sometimes accompanied with the more peculiar presence and succours of the Most High; yet I am equally convinced that the greatest part of the prodigies recorded in the histories of this age are liable to the strongest suspicions of falsehood or imposture. The simplicity and ignorance of the generality in those times furnished the most favourable occasion for the exercise of fraud, and the impudence of impostors in contriving false miracles was artfully proportioned to the credulity of the vulgar (Livy xxiv., 10, § 6), while the sagacious and the wise, who perceived these cheats, were obliged to silence by the dangers that threatened their lives and fortunes did they discover the artifice. Thus does it generally happen in human life, that when the discovery and pro-

fession of the truth is attended with danger, the prudent are silent, the multitude believe and impostors triumph." The sting of this paragraph is in its tail. If there is some "prudence" in the opening sentences, there is abundant "wisdom and sagacity" in the last.

It will be useful to note also Dr. Arnold's views on this question, as stated in the second of his Lectures on Modern History (pages 101—107). First he is careful to maintain a complete distinction between the "miracles of the Gospel" and "those of ecclesiastical history." He "does not think that they stand on the same ground of *external* evidence; he cannot think that the unbelieving spirit of the Roman world in the first century was equally favourable to the origination and admission of stories of miracles with the credulous tendencies of the middle ages." (So in Stanley's Life, vol. ii., p. 51, note to letter cxliv., "the idea of men writing mythic histories between the time of Livy and Tacitus, and of St. Paul mistaking such for realities!" But this argument, not commonly adopted, is weak. There was room for every mental variety in the wide "Roman world," and very few "wise" men, sceptical philosophers, accepted or even investigated the Gospel narratives.)

Secondly, Dr. Arnold makes everything turn on "*à priori* probability," which he declares "to exist in favour of the miracles of the Gospel, but not in favour of those of later history;" though, indeed, "in regard to some (mediæval) miracles, there is no strong improbability in their occurrence, but rather the contrary; as, for instance, where the first missionaries in a barbarous country are said to have been assisted by a manifestation of the spirit of power." . . . Therefore in these cases, "if the evidence appears to warrant his belief, the historical student will readily and gladly yield it." . . . "Only, as it is in most cases" (and he *specifies* no exception) "impossible to admit the trustworthiness of the evidence, our minds must remain at most in a state of suspense, and I do not know why it is necessary to come to any positive decision."

"The *immense multitude* of miracles recorded, and which I suppose no credulity could believe in, shows sufficiently that on this point there was a total want of judgment and blindness of belief generally existing which makes the testimony wholly insufficient." . . . "We see this from their accounts of points of natural history . . . as of the barnacle tree, which dropped its fruit into the water, and the fruit cracked, and out swam a gosling." Still, as these quotations show, Dr. Arnold "declines to rest, as it were, in a full licence of unbelief of non-Gospel miracles."

John Hampden Gurney says, "These riddles of mediæval story we must leave men to solve as they will." Morison also confesses himself unable to find any flaw in the evidence—which seems indeed to have almost driven Neander, a historian who formed his own opinions, into believing these miracles. He merely remarks, "It was all but inevitable that in such a credulous age a man in Bernard's position should have miraculous powers attributed to him. . . . . It is better to give these miracles in their natural simplicity and crudity, not as true, but as significant. . . . . As belonging to the time, they must form part of a picture of it." Dean Milman does but observe, in passing, "His wondering followers saw miracles in all his acts. Some of them, of course, sink to the whimsical and

puerile. On one occasion he excommunicated the flies which disturbed and defiled a church; they fell dead, and were swept off the floor by basketsfull. According to his wondering followers, eye-witnesses as they declared themselves, the mission of Bernard was attested by miracles frequent and surprising. They no doubt imagined they believed them, and none doubted their report."

There is a very interesting parallel in the life of John Fox, the Martyrologist, prefixed to Milner's edition of his famous book. "The *enthusiasm* that made Fox a prophet had no difficulty in announcing his words to have produced miraculous effects. The river (Thames) which he had to cross was greatly agitated by a boisterous wind. Mr. Fox persisted in going, and said, 'So let these waters deal with me, as I have in truth delivered to you all that I have spoken.' He then stepped into the boat, when the wind ceased and there was a perfect calm. . . *Giving full credit to these statements without feeling the least necessity of drawing prophetic or miraculous inferences from them*, we refer with greater pleasure to the high moral qualities by which Mr. Fox was distinguished."

These tales were told by contemporaries, Protestants, in London, in 1587.

From these and similar passages, which must command the assent of all except those whose religious creed includes belief in St. Bernard's miracles, we may extract the following canons, to be added to Mr. Forsyth's ten:

(11) "The testimony of a supposed miracle-worker's 'followers' and disciples is worth very little; however honest they may be, they are blinded by admiration for the great and good man."

(12) "When persons are in such a state that they too readily attribute natural phenomena to supernatural agency (like the anxious Xenophon waking with a start from a dream about the critical state of the Ten Thousand, and then attributing the dream and the waking to the special interference of the gods), then they are not fit to bear witness to a miracle."

It is a most significant fact that at the present day (and no doubt at all times for the last 2000 years) the Greek word in Oriental countries for "You are *mad*" is daimonizei, "you are possessed by a demon." So there is the usual Hebrew parallelism in the exclamation, "Thou hast a devil—and art mad," the two phrases are simply equivalent.

(13) "When there is a reckless profusion of miracles, they are probably imaginary, or if not, cannot rightly be designated miracles."

(14) "Also when (like William Tell's achievements) they may be regarded as mere variations of an older or everywhere-indigenous legend, the accuracy of the narrative is at once disposed of."

We must take care to draw a distinction between a universal tradition, and an everywhere-indigenous legend. For the former it is impossible to account except by the reality of the chief event related; the latter is suggested by some human or natural phenomenon found here and there all over the world, as a giant, a dwarf, a cave like "hell's mouth," or a "devil's bridge."

And we may bear in mind that "history repeats itself." A case may be instanced where the falsehood of a reported accident on Mont Blanc was detected by its exact similarity to one which had really happened a few years before; but, on the other hand, President Lincoln, without having read

Wellington's life, may really have said to an officer who complained to him that General Sherman had threatened to shoot him, exactly what the Duke said to an officer who complained to him that General Picton had threatened to hang him: "I do not know anyone more likely to keep his word."

(15) "When a whimsical puerile 'miracle' is related as gravely, and supported as strongly, as others in the same series which both in character and results may correspond ever so well to our conception of what a miracle ought to be, a *reductio ad absurdum* is established, and the whole narrative, as far (but only as far) as its miraculous portions are concerned, is utterly incredible."

(16) "If there is a series of miracles not put out of court either by the unscientific credulity of the witnesses or the intrinsic childishness and absurdity of the events themselves, and if irresistible evidence has forced us to concede that one of them is really a miracle, then superhuman agency throughout the series is a *vera causa*, and not a gratuitous hypothesis."

(17) "But when there is the faintest shadow of possibility that every one of the results attributed to miraculous agency could have been produced by what are termed 'secondary causes,' 'means,' agency of a non-miraculous kind, we may stoutly deny *in toto* the superhuman and the supernatural."

Thus the evidence is complete for the instantaneous cure of Pascal's niece in the Jansenist convent of Port Royal; but all Ultramontanes and Jesuits agree with Protestants in asserting—without any facts at all to go upon—that the whole thing must have been got up by a certain nun named Flavie Passart, who is known to have been an artful woman.

St. Bernard's success may be accounted for by his own extraordinary eloquence and reputation for sanctity; by the motives he appealed to, and the rewards he promised; and by the rumours of his miraculous powers. Any cures he really effected may be unhesitatingly classed with the results always to be looked for—medical annals abound in them—from excitement and imagination.

In this view we may record the events as extraordinary, and yet not miraculous. But if abnormal conditions of excitement and imagination be classed as supernatural, then their results may fairly be designated as miraculous.

The necessity of escaping from the Toulouse floods of 1875 completely cured the paralysis of a woman who had been bedridden for years. A physician of our own acquaintance was about to administer an anæsthetic to a sensible middle-aged gentleman, who was suffering such torture that the required operation could not be performed, when the patient—thinking, from the preparations, that it had already been given—suddenly lost all his pain, and expressed his grateful amazement at its efficacy; whereupon the medical man, at once recognising the phenomenon, and knowing that imagination had completely counterfeited the effects of the anæsthetic, proceeded with the operation, and performed it with perfect success. We have no right to ridicule such a power of the imagination as this; we have but to regret that we know so little of the laws of its working, and of the methods of its control.

The rapid spread of Mormonism—in spite of its childish "sacred history" and monstrous doctrines, in spite of the martyrdom of its founder, and the sufferings,

miseries, and exile of the first generations of Mormons—can only be accounted for by a rough, off-hand assertion that there is no limit to the marvellous results of religious imposture and religious fanaticism; of popular ignorance and love of novelty; of the universal longing for an earthly paradise, and of female longing for sympathy and companionship.

(18) "When the supposed superhuman agency *sometimes fails*, under conditions of its own choosing, conditions under which it sometimes 'succeeds,' or conditions absolutely necessary in order to preclude imposture; and again when the superhuman agency can be suppressed by human opposition (not counting, however, want of faith, since 'faith' may be a condition of success), there is clearly no miracle in the higher sense of the word." But this test is very difficult of application, the question arising, in case of assertion of conditions being identical on two separate occasions, whether all the conditions are fully known and understood. There are scientific experiments to which very delicately prepared conditions, as to waves of light, temperature, electricity, &c., &c., are a necessary preliminary to success.

With regard to the miracles of healing at the tomb of the Abbé Paris, there is perhaps no flaw in the positive evidence for the cures that did take place. But some sick persons went away disappointed; and, above all, the king (Louis XIV.), annoyed by the crowd and tumult, closed the churchyard gates, to which was soon after affixed the famous pasquinade, a *reductio ad absurdum* of the superstition:

> De part du roi, défense à Dieu
> De faire miracles dans ce lieu,

Similarly there are two suspicious sentences in the ten eye-witnesses' account of St. Bernard's miracles. Once they hint at a disappointment: "The crowds were so tumultuous at his entrance into this city that the miraculous power did not exhibit itself abundantly, though it was not altogether inactive." Again we read: "He touched many blind persons, some of whom were cured immediately, while as to the others *he felt persuaded that they would soon get well.*"

If we grant an extraordinary power in such a case, we ought not to account it miracle, while so uncertain and limitary in its results.

(19) "Since it was a matter of probability that miracles should be attributed to every founder of a religion, and to religious heroes in general; since men destitute of science so easily and honestly make miracles out of marvels—as is shown by the indiscriminate use of the two words (*i.e.*, of their equivalents in ancient languages) up to a very recent date; since, in short, our difficulty is that well-attested miracles are so numerous, there ought to be a broad and undeniable—not arbitrary and hair-drawn—distinction between the evidence we reject and the evidence we accept. Moreover, the distinction must not consist in the orthodoxy or heterodoxy of the teaching supported by this or that miracle."

The Jesuits had no excuse for doubting the reality of the Jansenist miracles. They were warranted by the same kind of evidence as all Roman Catholic miracles; and the process of excluding them—like the process of separating the infallible utterances of the Pope from those which cannot have been infallible simply because they have been falsified or repudiated—re-

sembles nothing so much as threading the mazes of a labyrinth, there being no conceivable *reason* for taking the path on which lies the clue, except that (by the mere whim of the constructor) all the others bring you to a wrong end. Knowing the clue to one labyrinth is no help at all towards threading the next. But the principles which solve one historical problem must hold good in all similar problems; else they are not principles, canons demanding universal assent, but mere arbitrary rules, which any other person may take or leave as he likes.

Yet it is not to be deemed that there is a very great strain on the private judgment of any historical inquirer, however scientifically he may set to work. No two historical events are *exactly* alike, or rest upon exactly the same external evidence and intrinsic probability. In investigating the credibility of any one alleged fact, we must apply, as best we can, the principles of logic in general, and the teachings of experience as to the laws of human nature in the matter of furnishing and using the materials of history. The most important of these laws have been mentioned or alluded to in the course of this paper; but we have not attempted to treat the subject fully or systematically. It is a special study. It is a "vulgar error" to suppose that those great historical problems, which have a practical interest to us all, can easily be settled by any sensible man alike to his own satisfaction and to the satisfaction of every other sensible man.

In this, as in every branch of knowledge, the "principle of contradiction" will be of infinite service. The inquirer must not believe any alleged fact which is really inconsistent with any established fact, nor accept any statement on evidence that equally warrants another statement (equally probable in itself) which he is determined to reject.

But when no contradiction exists, he must make a list of the reasons for and against belief—the *pros* and *cons*; and then, if such cases exist, a list of events, for which the *pros* and *cons* were the same, but which have somehow been verified. The odds in favour of the fact under investigation will of course be furnished by the proportion of those events that were found to be true. Thus, to take a simple instance, our only reason for believing various details in the life of Agesilaus may be that they were mentioned by Plutarch. But the same author gives in his life of Alexander the Great many similar details that can be tested by other evidence. And as these are true in (say) nine cases out of ten, we can reckon the probability as nine to one in favour of everything, not impossible in itself, that he tells us about Agesilaus.

But if our reasons for believing an event are not found in conjunction elsewhere, then we must calculate the separate value of each (*i.e.* the percentage of cases in which it holds good), and combine them according to arithmetical rules.

It is only a shallow objection to the method that no historical investigator ever does figure out a thing in this way. Logic has no wish to trespass on the domain of conscience, or private judgment, or common sense, or instinct. Everybody may form his own opinion for any reasons he likes, and may put his own value upon those reasons, and go about insisting that they are most convincing, or amply sufficient, or worthy of the most serious consideration, or that they evidently

outweigh all the reasons advanced upon the other side; these vague phrases are public property, and have a different meaning in every mouth. But logic is bound to furnish standard weights and measures, such as will settle all disputes as to the worth of any argument; and the only way to get rid of the ambiguities of language is to employ mathematical symbols instead of words, and argue by means of geometrical diagrams, algebraical signs, or arithmetical figures. One may feel sure that one's belief about a historical event is more probable than another's, and perhaps, like Niebuhr, may by long practice have gained a faculty of historical *divination;* but it can never be thus proved that the fact is so, or in any way but by representing each argument for and against it as a fraction—the correctness of figures being first established—and then adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing these fractions so as to find the exact chances, the mathematical probability.

We need not conclude without a gleam of consolation for those who want to confute an opponent without the help of Vulgar Fractions. When two articles differ considerably in weight, there is no need to produce the scales; everybody who takes up into his hands first one and then the other, will give the same verdict. Just so, one solution of a historical problem may rest on arguments so nearly amounting to demonstration, and so superior to all the counter arguments, as to obtain the decisive approval of every educated reader. And, as has been hinted more than once already, we can often fall back upon the *argumentum ad hominem*, and "hoist the engineer with his own petard." No two cases are exactly alike, yet the difference may be manifestly unimportant. And if an opponent believes here and disbelieves there, we can convict him of inconsistency, that is, of violating his own laws of thought, though we cannot convict him of irrationality or illogicality (to coin a word), that is, of defying the laws of thought common to all mankind.

THREE DAYS OUT OF HARNESS.

It is an axiom better known than followed among the classes who have opportunities of leisure and luxury, that it is only the really hard-working man who can truly appreciate the beauty of a holiday. To none among the highly-placed ten thousand is given the magical charm of leaving all labour behind and starting with a light heart and wallet, "on the tramp," through some lovely tracts of our beautiful though much neglected country.

I think it is "Patricius Walker" (what a thousand pities that his charming "Rambles" are not collected in some convenient form*), the prince of pedestrians, who says that the very first essential of a walking tour is *that it must be undertaken alone*; else it at once and infallibly degenerates into a mere protracted pic-nic. This I can, from personal experience, entirely endorse.

I have had some very enjoyable expeditions in company with one or more men, but I can always say that I have enjoyed the society of the men rather than the scenery or the surroundings.

Alone, one loiters at the wayside, one observes the flowers, one watches the habits of insects, of birds, and of that even more interesting and complex organism — MAN. When alone, one talks to the farmer concerning his crops, to the labourer about his grievances, domestic, personal, and pecuniary. Who has not found that men will lay bare their breasts to one, when the presence of a third would hopelessly arrest confidences?

I think that the most celebrated jaunts of history have been solitary; witness the classic tour of Oliver Goldsmith, the "Rural Rides" of Cobbett, and the walks of Elihu Burritt — most accomplished of blacksmiths. One glowing July afternoon, weary of work, I suddenly determined to set out for a stroll through Surrey and Hampshire; and, feeling the force of what is represented in the preceding paragraphs, I settled to start alone.

Leaving R——, my first stage was Guildford, which I reached that evening without adventure. Not being a practical entomologist, I sedulously shunned the attractions of a rather pretentious hostelry, where I remembered having once passed a night, not untinctured with regret that the natural investment of our species is endowed with so much sensibility.

One of the Guildford inns, by the way, had a narrow escape of entertaining that greatest of all gossips, Mr. Pepys. He says, in the celebrated Diary: "Aug. 7, 1688.—Came at night to Guildford, where the *Red Lion* was so full of people, and a wedding, that the master of the house did get us a lodging over the way, at a private house, his landlord's, mighty neat and fine."

* Is not a rambling form the convenient one for the essays of a rambler? To collect them from the stray places where they lie in periodicals would be to lose their desultory essence. Happy disconnected rambles would become serious business if prolonged into one extended round, and the book containing the combined holidays of a lifetime might prove rather heavy.—[Ed.]

I was fortunate enough to pass a most enjoyable evening with Dr. S. and his family. Mine host was a graduate of Oxford, and happily had not forgotten some legendary lore which served to beguile the hours, whose only fault was their brevity. This gentleman's tastes were decidedly æsthetic, running much to "old blue," to *bric-a-brac* and high-art furniture; himself no mean artist, he had a capital collection of engravings and oil-paintings.

Early next morning found me enjoying a sunny ramble along the right bank of beauteous Wey; past the picturesque weir, past the little landing-stage for pleasure parties, where are moored some very respectable gigs. On the extreme edge of the miniature wharf, the waterman stands, with mallet in hand, and lazily drives a post into the bed of the river.

Then I saunter along the charming reach under the limestone rock, looking black in the early morn with thick foliage; past such a tempting seat under two sentinel poplars, whence you could revel in the reproduced hill lying on the clear river surface framed with a fringe of alders. Then on to the ferry under the red sandstone rock, from the foot of which bubbles a little crystal well. Here, whilst I waited for Charon, a man came sauntering down the lane, with cup in hand, to take his morning draught. He told me that the waters "had virtue," but he could not say what were their specific properties; I saw from the rusty stains under the rich green lichen that they were rich, at least, in chalybeate. Then came the old ferryman, saying, "Want to cross the river, sir?" So I stepped on board, and was soon on the other shore, standing to admire what is left of St. Catherine's Priory, beautifully placed, its sober greys contrasting well with the rich ochre and Indian-red of the sand rock.

Through the doorless Gothic archway we may see a view worth a weary pilgrimage indeed.

Far below us winds the Wey between thick and varied foliage; at the end the vista, commanding the reach of the river, towers the great square keep of Guildford Castle; "beyond it rises the swelling line of the verdurous downs. The sparkle of the river through the deep shadows of the city, and in the background the broad waves of sunlight rolling over fair meadows and lighting up sombre masses of foliage, lend a life, a glory, and a splendour to the picture." So says Davenport Adams, and I found no difficulty in agreeing with him.

In a niche of the rock, under the Priory, there has, I see, since my last visit to Guildford, sprung into existence a new house, having, I am pleased to record, few of the faults of a new house. One misfortune it cannot evade, namely, *that it is new;* but it realises what Ruskin says about the association between gables and the sense of hospitality; it is a red-roofed, many-gabled pile, with overhanging storeys, with rich weather tiling, and all sorts of unexpected galleries and verandahs.

Leaving the iron-stained rocks behind, we strike over the level meadows, dotted with marsh-marigold, in a course at right angles to the river, through a pretty avenue of old Scotch firs, then down into the beaten road. Turning to the left, we retrace our steps to Guildford, passing this time under the shadow of the castle with its quaint herring-bone work of successive courses of ragstone, flint, and sandstone.

What changes has this same keep witnessed since Odo of Bayeux laid its first stone 800 years ago!

In the time of the barons, a stronghold of tyranny and infamous oppression; afterwards, under the Tudors, turned into a common gaol for Surrey and Sussex, till a county prison was built at Lewes by Henry VII. Then our way leads us through Friary Place, so called from the convent that stood there, which Henry VIII., in his burning zeal for religious reform, replaced by a house for his own accommodation! In olden days Guildford knew many a regal visit. It was visited by Henry III., Queen Eleanor, Edward II., Edward IV., Henry VIII., and Edward VI. There Henry II., King John, and Edward III. elected to keep Christmas. This favoured town remained a Royal demesne until the reign of James I., when all the Crown lands became vested in Murray, Earl of Annandale, and, after many other changes, passed to their present proprietors, the Earls of Onslow. Does not this family name, in connection with Guildford, revive pleasant memories of "an unhappy nobleman" now languishing in Portland Prison?

Then up the broad and handsome High-street with its gabled fronts, quaint lattices, and curious doorways, giving it a peculiar old-world aspect. It certainly deserves the adjective "high," if ever street did, for it seems to rise at an angle of at least forty-five degrees, and, being paved, one is reminded irresistibly, whilst watching the horses climbing up, of cats clambering over the roof of a house.

As I mounted the hill, a carriage drew up at one of the shops, which was really excellent—out rushed an apprentice with something like a roquet-mallet, the thick end of which he dexterously adjusted behind a wheel of the vehicle to prevent its backing.

Near the top of the hill, there is a very quaint Guildhall, with its projecting upper storey supported by four wondrous hermaphrodite caryatides. A gorgeous clock dial (1683) of curious construction is suspended above them nearly in the centre of the road.

The Council Hall is quite worth looking at, if only for the sake of the portraits of the two Jameses, of Charles I., of William and Mary, and of two celebrated Onslows, one well-known formerly as Speaker in the House, and the other in connection with the battle of Camperdown. The first three are by Sir Peter Lely.

A little farther is Archbishop Abbot's Hospital, a stately Elizabethan building. Age has softened its outlines, rounded its angles, and stained and honeycombed its surface. The fine archway adorned by the arms of the See of Canterbury, and a curious sundial, give to the street-front a picturesque and rather imposing effect. Here live, or rather vegetate, a master presiding over "brethren and sisters," whose qualifications are that they must be natives or residents of Guildford, unmarried, sixty years old, and of good character. Here the Duke of Monmouth was confined, when pausing at Guildford on his way to London, after the memorable defeat of Sedgmoor, 1685.

Nobody should neglect to turn into Quarry-street, for a peep at that most interesting of buildings, St. Mary's Church, with its two apsed chapels, and its frescoed roof, circ. Henry III. The chapel is chiefly Norman and early English, but there is a fine perpendicular east window. At its upper end, High-street becomes Spital-street, where you cannot help noticing a weather-beaten building, the Free Grammar School, founded in 1509 by Robert Beckingham, a London grocer.

Here my morning ramble came to an end at the house of my hospitable entertainer. I found his family just assembling round the breakfast table. When that serious meal and my matutinal wanderings had been both discussed, I bade them a temporary farewell, and took train to Liphook, through the pretty broken country, rendered more picturesque than sanatory by many tiny lakes of stagnant water and with luxuriant vegetation.

There is a capital inn at Liphook, the *Anchor*, kept by a very civil and accommodating landlord, Mr. Peake. I had received a good account of this hostelry, so determined to make it my temporary headquarters.

My next point was Grayshott Park, where Mr. ——, the well-known architect, has built himself a most tasteful habitation, and I must say, too, he has shown singular art in his selection of site. A charming irregular house, of the type only seen in these south-eastern counties, is planted at the head of a long steep valley clad thickly with trees; down the ravine, runs a stream, which widens at the base into a chain of the most lovely miniature lakes, half hid by their nearly tropical foliage.

To reach this I had a very beautiful walk; crossing the Wey—now a mere brook—a mile from the town, I turned aside from the road into a long strip of fir plantation, then by Bramshott Church, once evidently Decorated, now restored in a very painful way. The beautiful old florid windows serve to adorn a neighbouring cottage, near which are two wonderful ash trees, the trunks over twenty-five feet in girth, and the branches covering a ring nearly four hundred feet round. Hard by is a Devonshire lane, running between high sandbanks — gratefully cool and shady—the walls ornamented with huge gnarled roots and pretty ferns. Here I captured a fine stag beetle.

The house at Grayshott is an example of what decorative art, controlled by good taste, can achieve. I never was so much pleased with anything in my life as with the quiet grace of the sitting-rooms—most artistic, without sacrificing comfort and ease, and without the feeling that comes over one in so many modern drawing-rooms, that one is sitting in a kind of museum.

The eldest son of this gentleman is a Cambridge graduate—a most agreeable and well-informed man. He became my cicerone and took me to Lynchmere. The view from the churchyard, every reader of this paper should see once in his life at least.

Standing on the side of the church, near the road, you look through two opposite doors, and you become speechless with delight. The ground suddenly falls away from the kirkyard, and you look over a deep valley, whose base is invisible, to hill upon hill rising with every variety of form and colour. Outside the lich-gate was a long row of benches to accommodate fifty persons or more. The use of these puzzled me very much.

My companion suggested that they were for the people who had come too early and did not like to go in!

I returned to Liphook in the cool evening, and retired to rest about three hours before my customary time.

Next day was cloudless—brilliant sun, slight breeze, but no dust—a fine day for walking purposes.

I breakfasted early, addressed my limited luggage to Petersfield, and asked mine host to dispatch it there by rail.

Looking, of course, at the name

he returned to the room, saying, "Beg your pardon, Sir, but are you Dr. B——, the M.P.?" I explained that, though I was quite proud to admit that I was a physician, I felt equally proud *at the present time* to say that I was not a member! But why did he ask? Oh! he had a child in the house that had been in fits ever since its birth three months before! Would I see it?

How could I refuse? I found nothing the matter with the little one but inanition; the child had what are now known as anæmic convulsions. I explained that, as the maternal fount had run dry, the only hope was to find a foster-mother. This they did, and I have since had the satisfaction to hear that the babe is better.

As for myself I felt how difficult it is to drop a profession like mine. My sensations were those of a truant schoolboy brought back perforce to his hated task!

I learned that there was actually no doctor at Liphook. Now there are many persons who entertain the most cordial feelings of detestation for our body. Such people would do well to contemplate the possibility of a removal to lovely Liphook!

Making my escape at last from anxious mother and solicitous father, I set out for Petersfield; and a more pleasant walk of eight miles, through heather and over breezy downs, has rarely fallen to my lot to enjoy.

Near Liss lives Mr. George Cole, the father of the well-known artist Vicat Cole. As I passed, there issued from the adjoining house an old gentleman driving a pony-carriage. He very politely proffered a seat beside him, which I took with pleasure, as I wished to learn something of the nature of the soil and its water-supply, &c.

He told me that one hundred pounds an acre was asked for freehold frontage; that the water supply was good, but that it required deep boring—two to four hundred feet. He used stored rain himself, and had never run out till that very week.

I was quite sorry when the branch road to Liss deprived me of the society of this pleasant camarade. We parted with mutual regrets, which I believe were sincere on his side. I know they were on mine.

I had tried to get lunch at a wayside beerhouse, about a mile behind; but everything was so extremely dirty and unpalatable that, hungry as I was, I could not bring myself to partake.

Here, at the corner where I lost my old, yet recent, friend, was a country inn, the pink of perfection, clean as a new pin, with a civil and most obliging landlady—everything good of its kind. What a contrast!

Here I had my bread and cheese, and then pushed on towards Petersfield.

I soon came up with a gentleman in a Bath-chair, drawn by an old man, and pushed by a young serving-maid. The occupant of the chair appeared, from his vacant stare, his unkempt hair and beard, and protruding chin, at first sight to be idiotic. But, as an example of how fallible first impressions are, on entering into conversation, I found him to be a good microscopist and quite an accomplished naturalist in the way of entomology or the study of insects. His sight had been much injured by too deep devotion to the lens, and, to his sorrow, he had had to abandon his favourite pursuit. This had made him low and depressed. I did my best to cheer and encourage him, and when we came to a little villa, and a lady came out to receive him, he was certainly many degrees

brighter. How great is the power of human sympathy!

Another mile brought me to the outskirts of Petersfield. Here I encountered a boys' school, each scholar equipped with a towel for bathing. They were going to the river Rother for their plunge, the stream which gives its name to Robertsbridge on the Hastings line —once Rother's Bridge. I told them the way to dive, and how to keep under water merely by depressing the chin on the chest, till they wished to rise. Away they started to try this new idea. I doubt whether the head-master, who came up at this juncture, blessed me when he found all his boys doing their best to drown themselves, as it would doubtless appear to him!

Petersfield is the type of a country town—a fine large paved square, surrounded by good shops which seem to have everything in the world but customers; in the centre a railed space with an equestrian statue of William III., erected by William Jolliffe, Esq. The church, a very plain building, and not highly interesting; it has some memorials of this same Jolliffe family, evidently the great people of the neighbourhood. I now bent my steps to the station, and the dusty highway having made me thirsty, I turned in to a rather fine refreshment-bar close to the railway, and asked for a glass of milk. The invariable reply, "Anything else you like, sir, but we have no milk;" but I would have nothing else, and, as I left, a white-bearded gentleman left with me, saying, "Now what a pity that these people do not keep more non-stimulating drinks." "Yes," I I said, "by selling beer at twopence a glass, and asking sixpence for tea, coffee, or lemonade, they handicap virtue, whilst they favour vice." "Well," he rejoined, "I have just been persuading a number of labouring men to drink oatmeal-water instead of beer in the hayfield;" and with that he pulled out of his pocket a little blue book which turned out to be a work by Parkes, the late accomplished Professor of Hygiene at Netley, entitled "On Personal Care of Health," and read from it the following sentence: "When you have any heavy work to do, do not take either beer, cider, or spirits. By far the best drink is thin oatmeal and water, with a little sugar, boiled together, &c. It is quite a mistake to suppose that spirits give strength; they give a spurt to a man, but that goes off, and if more than a certain quantity is taken they lessen the power of work."

On looking at the book, I found it to be a capital little work, treating on all matters connected with personal well-being; it had to me a sad interest, for it was the last work of one of the most charming men who ever occupied a chair in my Alma Mater, University College. A little note at the back of the title-page announces that the book was passing through the press when its lamented and gifted author was called away from his labours. He had read the proof-sheets but a few weeks before his death, and, at his own request, the work was finally revised by the editorial secretary, S.P.C.K.

I had the pleasure of the society of the owner of the book as far as my next stage, Havant; he turned out to be the sanitary inspector of M——. On the road I had some interesting and instructive conversation relative to the convection of water and of sewage.

I had often wished to see Hayling Island. On booking, I discovered that there are two stations on the little single line that runs

to the south of the island, so I took my ticket to South Hayling, and presently we started on a very "jolty" line. In a few minutes, having passed a long viaduct over an arm of the sea, we came to North Hayling Station, and a more dreary and deplorable spot I think I never visited. The station was a tiny shed of unpainted boards; I saw no houses near, no railway officials. A young woman, in the compartment next to mine, announced to the guard her intention of alighting, saying that was her destination. But the guard, evidently thinking it utterly impossible that any human being could have any business there, remorsely banged the door, blew his whistle, and off we were again, carrying the mildly expostulating young woman with us, on our way to South Hayling. Hayling Island is certainly very flat, and is given over to grazing and to the cultivation of oysters. On the west side of the line, stretch interminable lagoons with serried ranks of little black posts, standing about two feet from the water, looking like Ghoorka regiments which had lost their way in a swamp and perished miserably, leaving only their legs to tell the tale. We got to South Hayling at last, and our train disgorged an enormous quantity of luggage and about five passengers.

There were some children on the platform, with puggarees, spades and sand boots, looking very brown as regards the face and hands.

For some mysterious reason the line does not go to South Hayling, but drops you abruptly in the midst of fields nearly a mile from your destination!

The people got into some curious vehicles of prehistoric form, and walked down to the shore.

Let no one who has seen the beautiful bird's-eye view of South Hayling (common at railway stations) imagine that it conveys any true idea of the reality.

South Hayling consists essentially of an hotel, the beach, and the sea, *et præterea nihil.*

There is certainly an incipient crescent, which has no possible right to that name; for "crescent" either means a half-moon—and this building is not a half-moon; or it means "increasing"—and this block of buildings does not grow.

I ordered some luncheon, and strolled out to see what I could. One solitary old gentleman with a field-glass and hypertrophied toes sat on a bench in front of the hotel. I saw two children filling their toy buckets with sand, and, I believe, three bathing-machines. When I had examined these carefully I began to yearn for literature of some kind. No book of any sort—not even a stationer's shop! "If much learning be a weariness to the flesh, how vivacious, how energetic," I exclaimed, "must this people be!"

In desperation I appealed to the very obliging landlord. He hunted his private stores, and brought forth time-tables, directories without end. I would none of them. He politely regretted, &c. I urged another search, and, to my great joy, he drew forth at last from the bottom of a cupboard the third volume of Wilson's "Tales of the Borders." For this I was prepared to pay any price! I counselled him to make an easy fortune by purchasing large quantities of light literature, and exposing it for sale at exorbitant prices—as people do, I believe, on board ship during long voyages.

Having lunched, I hastened away from South Hayling. We were driven to the station by a man with one leg; he had lost the other from an accident, high up in the thigh. He certainly made excellent use of the remaining member, for,

scorning all assistance of crutch, stick, or stump, he hopped about at an alarming pace, and climbed up to his perch with the agility of a monkey. My only fellow-passenger was a gentleman with a very black beard and a very white umbrella. I made his acquaintance on the strength of a proffered cigarette, and he told me, *àpropos* of nothing, the following story, illustrating the disadvantages of an established character for mendacity:

The crew and passengers of a certain ship sailing in the tropics suddenly fell ill with yellow-fever. The duties of the undertaker fell upon the negro cook. One day the captain caught the cook in the act of throwing overboard the body of an American, who, though insensible, was still breathing. The skipper, of course, sternly rebuked the negro for his unfeeling homicide. The cook exclaimed, "Last words him say, Massa Cap'n, before he shut him eyes, was him *not dead, but sleepy;* but he allus was such a menjus big liar when he was alive, that I know by that him had kicked the bucket, so over him go, Massa Cap'n—splash!"

In the compartment with me was a very nice-looking country lass of about seventeen, evidently just married to a fine stalwart red-haired, red-visaged youth, dressed like a gamekeeper. She would insist on keeping her head on his shoulder, at which he looked very sheepish, and, I thought, rather uncomfortable.

I reached Portsmouth about six o'clock, and went to see the merry crowds of children disporting themselves in the public playground, and the more sober grown-ups in the people's park hard by. A military band was playing, and the whole scene was very pleasant and inspiriting. Somehow it reminded me of France more than England, and I thought to myself, perhaps there would be less drinking and violence in our Great City if there were more of these simple amusements.

I dined at the George, and then strolled out along the ramparts and watched the powerful tugs going out to what remained of Marcus Hare's ill-fated ship. That night was the first successful attempt made at raising the Eurydice, and she began her sad sub-aqueous voyage home. Then I watched a golden ball drop slowly beneath the horizon, sending a stream of light over a sea smooth as a mill-pond. A white officer's gig came speeding across the line like a great white bird, to bring a dark figure sitting in the stern in all the glory of full uniform, to dine on shore. Then a stroll along the beach of Southsea, and then to rest.

The first train in the morning found me speeding back to Guildford, through the beautiful Hampshire valleys. My compartment was nearly full of school girls. We had to pass through one tunnel, and had no lamp. One of these young ladies lighted a vesta, and as it waned another borrowed from it a light, and so on till we emerged once more into daylight. An old gentleman opposite leant over to me and whispered, "Vestal Virgins!"

I reached Guildford in time to breakfast once more with my genial and hospitable friends. After breakfast we drove over St. Catherine's Hill, through Pease Marsh to Shalford, and saw some lovely effects of colour. At Shalford, with many regrets, I bade these excellent people farewell, and by mid-day had doffed my knickerbockers, and with a sigh had resumed my professional garb, and with it the sober duties of life.

So ended three paradisiacal days "out of harness." OPIFEX.

THE ORBIT OF THE IRREGULAR.

SEVERAL newspapers have lately contained papers upon the periodicities of famines and the like, with the bearing upon them of that newest Toy of Science, the Sun-spot theory—not omitting its bearing also on the Boat-race. It is hardly to be supposed that they have taken the liberty of laughing at what, perhaps, nobody at present fully understands. However that may be, the readers whether of the *Times* or *Standard*, or other daily papers, will have noticed still more recently published there, the percentage tables, or, at least, the result of the percentage tables, showing the proportions of the amounts passed through the banker's clearing house, during ten years, and also on the eleventh year. We append below* a specimen of these tables, on which the statement of the daily press is founded. It may be observed that the remarkable and very interesting circumstance brought out by these tables, is the comparative constancy in the proportions of the amounts annually passed on the Three Special Settling days, while the actual annual aggregate passed through the clearing house fluctuates con-

* Table compiled by Mr. Henry Jeula, of the proportions of amounts passed through the Bankers' Clearing House.—A table showing the percentage upon the annual totals passed through the Bankers' Clearing House, of clearances on the fourths of the month, on the Stock Exchange account days, and on Consols settling days ; with the proportion of clearances on all the three special days taken together, compared with the amounts passed on the other days of the month, for the ten years from 1867-68 to 1876-77, and for the year 1877-78.

PERCENTAGE ON ANNUAL TOTAL.

	1867 to 1868	1868 to 1869	1869 to 1870	1870 to 1871	1871 to 1872	1872 to 1873	1873 to 1874	1874 to 1875	1875 to 1876	1876 to 1877	Mean of ten Years	1877 to 1878
Amount passed on the Fourths of the Month	4·52	4·58	4·53	4·64	4·28	4·43	4·55	4·26	4·46	4·75	4·50	4·42
Amount passed on the Stock Exchange Account Days	13·64	15·58	15·99	15·83	17·58	17·20	16·20	17·90	17·80	14·75	16·25	14·72
Amount passed on Consols Settling Days	4·06	4·03	4·00	4·21	4·36	4·06	4·34	4·33	4·48	4·59	4·25	4·61
Total passed on the Three Special Days.	22·22	24·19	24·52	24·68	26·22	25·69	25·09	26·49	26·74	24·09	25·00	23·75
Amount passed on the other days of the Month	77·78	75·81	75·48	75·32	73·78	74·31	74·91	73·51	73·26	75·91	75·00	76·25
	100·00	100·00	100·00	100·00	100·00	100·00	100·00	100·00	100·00	100·00	100·00	100·00
Percentage of Annual Increase	...	8·49	5·28	8·01	33·38	12·01	...	·33	...	...	...	3·97
Percentage of Annual Decrease	...	...	...	...	...	...	·16	...	10·08	9·88	...	...

siderably. It is easy to see the application of this reverse of all regular rules ; the constancy in the proportional amounts of elements, with the variation of their aggregate ; the readiness of regularities to maintain uniform irregularity, which is the converse of so many propositions. The corollary that follows is obvious, and the moral from the whole, with, perhaps, this superadded, that, pressed as theology, for instance, now is by science, and in particular by the reign of Law, it is well to know that unexpected variations and perturbations are more and more disclosed as arising everywhere to disturb calculations, until themselves reduced or comprised within a wider and more comprehensive range ; meanwhile, opinions founded alike on uniformity and on irregularity should be held in solution, while constancy and fluctuation are interchangeable or comparative only.

A collection of instances drawn from the various fields of science, of cases where regularity and irregularity work in subtle harmony together, would be of interest, especially for the applications which might be made to metaphysical problems. Conscience, for example, and as an instance of such applications, may be described as a law acting constantly (though on a sliding scale from a higher to a lower level if its promptings are disregarded) in the midst of an *apparent* medley of the trials, troubles, and fluctuating circumstances of life.

The watches we wear manifest for us a good instance, not of harmonies abiding in an apparent irregularity, but of discords compensated for so as to produce an approximation to harmony.

" Everyone knows that the great difficulty in making chronometers has been the compensation for the effects of expansion and contraction due to change of te
but what is less known
difficulty is due less to t
which, by its construct
bi-segmental rim (of
steel), may be perfectly
than to the expansio
balance or hair-spring, w
immensely longer, cause
the error caused by the
or contraction balance w
The two pieces must be
as one, and the co
effected in the wheel o
answer for the spring as
itself. The theoretica
superable difficulty in th
sation has always been
error caused by the exp
contraction of the sprin
different ratio from th
correcting expansion or
wheel, and the two qua
be compared to curves
radii, which could b
together at two points,
coincide throughout, so
compensation at the e
temperature is correct,
must be in error and
(*Times*, Aug. 22.)

It is comparatively
discover or correct
harmonies, but who ca
or harmonise the unkn
of which we see only
irregularities, working
of included regularities,
fore presumably regu
selves if their sweep co
found ?

Among irregularities
together respiration a
tion may be instanced :

" An arterial tracing
ing to a single respirato
consists of a great
contour of which is
smaller waves, each r
a contraction of the hea
the whole period of th
arterial pressure gradu
The commencement of

mediately followed by an
ase of pressure, which be-
s still more marked during
ation; but no sooner is the
atory act completed than it
subsides. The apex of the
er or respiratory wave in the
g is therefore coincident with
nd of expiration."

thematics will not confine
to the modest limits assigned
by Mr. Spottiswoode at the
t meeting of the British Asso-
n, but in some persons' hands
sses to be able to put every-
in its place. The widow of
of the great mathematical
ers whom Mr. Spottiswoode
ed to in his address, once
ed a theory that might startle
people, to the effect that the
mal position of Christ, and his
on to humanity as a whole
o each man in particular, is
ssed in mathematics in the
on of a Singular Solution to
its general Differential Equation and to the individual solutions thereof.

We have to learn that life is a wonderfully large process; and to expand ourselves to it without fear is surely best, for, so far as can be seen, we cannot get out of it. As the *Times* said in one of its rare inspirations: "There is something better than orthodoxy, and that is vitality; and there is something worse than variation, and that is sloth and indifference." (Leader upon Protestant Church of Prussia, Sept. 10, 1877.)

For ourselves we may feel that while the bee, working by instinct at its hexagonal cell, is an instance of the regular, working in the infinite variable; we restless and troubled spirits, on the other hand, are free irregularities, having a hidden relation of harmony with an Infinite of Law and incalculable purpose of love.

THE SUPPLIANT ZEUS.

Ζεὺς ἱκέτης. Ζεὺς τὰ πάντα, χὥτι τῶνδ' ὑπέρτερον.

O, opulent man of the earth! I am dust trodden under your fe
With a still small voice I speak in your heart's obscure retreat:
With mine angels, my stars, I sing; the sun and the rain and t
Are the kisses I drop on my meadows; closed blossom, what l
you?
Though the thunder is mine, unto thee I am but a whisper of s
For I tremble for very love, and for yearning thy love to beseec

Is it because unto man I seem inaccessibly high,
Because I am deemed to dwell on ineffable summit of sky,
Unchangeably fixed in the heavens, that move not for bitterest
With the wants and the wailings below, that stir not the cal
throne?
In that almighty I am, and because I have not a flaw,
In that my wisdom is sure, and for ever and ever my law,—
Am I thus made a monstrous dread, till the doubting heart
door?
Shall man learn that God's Wisdom is great, and not know
Love is yet more?

If Suppliant Love be refused, if man crush me out of his soul,
As the sun groweth dark under cloud, over me must a blacknes
With hatred should all cast me forth, I bleed in the veins of m
And a burden of undying death is the bearing my infinite part.
Were my plants all aweary of dew, and the sands grown sick o
Joy's torch burnt out to the end, and man finding surfeit in me
Then life as a bubble doth burst—to the nothing returning the
And orb upon orb down unknown abysses of ruin must fall.

If Love be frustrate at last, and no soul and no star and no flo
Will have thirst any more of my life, then cometh my uttermos
For nought but a giver am I;—if no child ask the Father for b
Then I die indeed and am death, for Love if it move not is dea
When no whit I withhold of myself, with my utmost eternally
If the heart of my child should respond but with secret discont
If there be not a grace in my gifts, spontaneous joy of the soul
Life is a boonless boon, and my love must undo the whole.

If the flax be withdrawn from the air, by no oil may it kindle a
And with love that is ever unloved, Love's heart may no longer
Of my gifts the measure is need, on my strength if the meanest
My inexhaustible heart to the cry is eternally thrall.

ıy life with my love outwells, for the law of my heart it is so,
ld you the most of joy and the least of your freedom of woe;
ıgh the essence of life overdrained burn strong as poison at first,
ı bliss doth my cup overflow for the man of infinite thirst.

here souls with wistful eyes by the light of my heart beguiled?
there spirits that long to be shrined as a mother embosoms her child?
there arms that ache for great deeds, and lungs that pant to be drawn
expansion divine, as a sky that is opened by dawn?—
the word is sure: If I seem to sleep, the first cry will awake,
lwell all remote and afar, as thy servant thy message I take;
gh absorbed I be without end, thereby am I made free the more,
secretest seas I roam, only call, and I stand on thy shore.
draw from me, yea draw, I bend to the parching tongue,
the cup that I bear overflows, and he that fills it is young.

thou feared, O soul sorely hid, that thee I would cease to feed,
give to the worm his mould and yield to the tiger his greed,
ng even of troublous death a glad renewal of life,
avenues into peace from the burning middle of strife?
he worm finds in earth his god, and the tiger exults in his maw;
hast a life more large wherein I may nearer draw;
if my girdle of love I know to have never an end,
for thee I can wait the day when faith comes that can comprehend.

ody is given for you; ye have grown from sap of my veins,
e you infinite birth with motherly infinite pains:
re fortressed in self that were babe in the hollow palm of my hand;
our pride ye resort for strength, and love's entry are free to withstand.
nighty takes meat of his choice, but his soul is forlorn at length
bar out the only way of all renewal of strength.
have not me, there is none, if me ye find not to love,
is nothing else save void, in the regions below or above.

e nobly born, your sire is Wisdom, and Love is his wife,
lifted you up like a mist from the uttermost bowels of life,
moulded a plastic form where ye learned the firstness of things,
vay from the nestling dream ye were banished to find your wings.

and confusion and sorrow, struggle and anger and fight,
the form of man's life is as seas that rave in the darkness of night;
and deadness and doubt in the outermost borders from me,
his birthright's place is my heart, and his glory to come back free.

bled for stress of love, and emptied of self and repute,
e form of a servitor made, who in tenderest yearnings is mute,
ıeart's inmost throbbings are hid in the roll of the outer spheres,
ng as the lord of my heart for its music hath no ears.

Love with what giving ye can, 'tis me ye rejoice unseen,
For messengers mine tell me all, from the spring leaf that leap
green,
To the little child heart that was lured by your smile from its lone
And the sweet soft silence you made when a word would have br
distress.

Glowing glory of life will appear, and the bridal of heaven will shi
When the thread of communion tells that your hearts are at one
mine.
As your eyes of their cloud grow free, when your soul shall op
door,
Yea, you shall know me then as you could not know before;
Though you find not my place without, within will I vanquish your
For hatred ceases by love, and I stand in the portal and wait.
Grow with your growth of earth, when the limbs are old and oppre
The weariest father shall find in the Father of youth his rest.

BEGINNING LIFE:

A Phantasy.

By an Old Contributor.

balcony, in the moonlight, stood talking, one sum-ht.

ne," said one, "all this l appearance of things u call the real, is an ap-only. Behind or within it ng it, making its life, lies can but call the spiri-

" said the other, "there gs, and not only things, ons, that impress one as rely physical. Surely you that, Hartley, in your fe. There are beings who ed be angels or demons n flesh; but are there not gs who seem but shadows ll—mere flesh and blood, ore?"

" said Hartley, and was r a moment. Then he ickly, "But," said he, "as g on a mass of stone I per-ilky, though inert appear-ch seems to me to be pre-y an undeveloped and onscious spiritual exist-; still an existence; so I it possible that in these of flesh and blood of ou speak the animating y be so slightly developed hardly conscious. But I unable to imagine any existence that is what you y physical."

ke with an earnestness in which his friend felt to be scarcely in keeping with the dreamy metaphysics they had drifted into. He was about to end the conversation by moving back into the room, when he perceived that in the window, close beside her husband, stood Hartley's wife.

"I wonder so much," she said, in a voice musical as rippling waters, "I wonder so much what all these phrases of yours mean. Tell me what is 'purely physical,'" she asked, leaning towards Hartley and gazing up into his face.

Hartley looked back into the marvellous blue eyes that were fixed inquiringly upon his. He looked and looked as though some fascination held him, while his friend wondered at the strange abstraction that seemed to have come upon him, and was about to break the silence by making some light answer himself, when it was broken by Hartley:

"*You* are, my child."

The words seemed to have come from him involuntarily, or to represent a thought scarcely or but newly realised; for he started, and with a sudden action, as if to distract attention from his own speech, he gently pushed his wife back into the room, and they mingled at once with others who were talking and laughing gaily within.

But his friend—startled, amazed, shocked at the revelation which had come to him—lingered alone awhile in the moonlight.

This, then, was the reason of Hartley's exaggerated earnestness of manner. This, possibly, accounted for a certain change in Hartley of late—an abstracted moodiness, which had troubled his friend.

He turned his back upon the glorious moonlit scene without, and looked into the lighted room.

Hartley was talking in the midst of a group of gentlemen, with what seemed to the observant friend a gaiety of manner that was hardly natural, or in accordance with his recent mood. He noticed that ever and anon Hartley would turn and look at his wife.

She was a lovely woman, with fair smooth forehead, and eyes of blue shaded by dark lashes; a mouth that could smile deliciously, an aureole of burnished gold hair, and that peculiar complexion which is the natural accompaniment of true golden hair.

Most people considered Elena Hartley a positively glorious woman; only a few were over-critical enough to complain of a certain want of warmth in the lovely blue eyes. Does not Shelley somewhere speak of the depths beyond depths which are the peculiar characteristic of the Englishwoman's eyes? Just that characteristic Elena's eyes lacked; or, at least, so some people fancied.

"He is right," thought Hartley's friend, as he lingered on the balcony, looking into the bright room; "he is right, though his words went terribly far. There is no mystery in that face; its loveliness is all apparent. I can well believe that nothing is hidden for her husband. I never believed she possessed Browning's two soul-sides: one to face the world with—one to show the man whom truly loves she. But now Hartley goes further. Will she make him a materialist, this seeming angel? Is it to be her task to con
that animate matter may
vitalised by spirit?"

"Are you still out in
light, Mr. Egerton?" sa
approaching the window
you not sing to us?"

"Not to-night," he
advancing from his ret
have no heart to sing.
tired. Good night!"

And looking into the
with wondering eyes, he p
by and quietly left the ro

Escaping from the h
breathed more easily.
Hartley!" he exclaimed;
pity he loves her so enti
does!" And he hurried
relieve himself by tur
thoughts upon other matt

But to Hartley himself
words had been a revela
He realised more bitterly
which had been thrust
continually in his way f
while.

He called his wife "M
and aptly so.

Elena was no child in
She was equal, if not su
the average woman in bra
and her mind had been
by intelligent education.

But that mind was uns
by aspiration or inspira
had long felt that, by
Elena was but a child in sc
now, as he penetrated y
into her nature, he almost
his doubt to wonder w
soul existed at all wit
most exquisitely wrough
her physical frame.
Creator forgotten (after f
finished a case) to place
within?

Not so, surely! Ha
rished the idea that the v
material development ind
undeveloped spiritual st
spirit within had not by i
preyed upon the casket,

it full scope while itself
rmant.
dea he cherished; yet that
ning he had told her that
" purely physical."
had he meant? He knew
ut when they were alone he
her, as she sat idle a
by the open window, and
ier,
na, what was it I said to
the balcony, and what did
,"
ised her eyes to his with a
ok in them. He could call
at look in her, as a human
an sometimes call it forth
eyes of an animal. The
unable to attain speech,
n that instant of higher
y to recognise its own
ss.
n't know what you meant,"
; " but you told me I was
physical.' I suppose you
ay that I have no soul.
ds are alike unmeaning to
ut, do you know, I am be-
to think I am not quite
t. Perhaps I have a soul
ere in an egg, only it isn't
Hatch it, dear, and then
ena will please you better."
! She had thought his
—that a soul-germ, not a
within her? Was it true,
And was he to be the
on of this living statue?
love—the entire devotion
surrender of a man of high
and of passionate emotions
ot called forth that soul-
at yet lay in his power?
deed?
was a mother. A girl and
ad come to her, each lovely
heritance of her blue eyes
den hair. Elena was a per-
her according to all physical
ds; yet, sympathetically,
recognised that she was
mate of her children, not
der. She taught them to walk in the natural sense; but when a different guidance was needed Hartley found himself called upon to be both father and mother. And, indeed, sometimes he doubted whether Elena herself were not more unlearned in spiritual steps than even these young children. For there is a strange wisdom in infant minds; while Elena seemed devoid of the wisdom which comes from growth.

Her life had been one of those which are screened from pain or disgrace, and no grief had come to her. Her father and mother, who had idolised their beautiful girl, still lived, and contemplated with unmixed satisfaction Elena in her married life. They saw no lack. They had used all their efforts to keep Elena's fair brow free from lines of care, anxiety, or thought, and it was still as smooth and unmarked as ever by those tell-tale corrugations that time brings to most of us troubled mortals. Her radiant physical life had helped in this, for Elena could laugh lightly at the minor trials, the little jars and discords, which would often vex and depress Hartley's perhaps over-sensitive nature.

Perhaps over sensitive; for surely a man must have searched out undestined troubles when he can be made moody in the face of such prosperity and happiness as were visible in Hartley's lot. Yet so it was with him. All the love Elena had to give was his. She was devoted to him; yet, in that light, laughing, fair-haired woman, who seemed fitted rather to be a wood nymph, with no duties but those of being happy and beautiful, than the wife of an earnest philosopher—in this creature, all softness, affection, mirth, and beauty, he lacked—what? Some higher sympathy in those eyes, some infinitely subtle inner meaning in the touch of

those gentle hands, which should tell him that a soul as well as a woman stood ever by his side.

This was Hartley's passionate desire, and some of his intimate friends—Egerton, at all events—were puzzled that he should still have patience to hope for this from Elena. Egerton had always held her to be merely a beautiful eidolon, and no more; he had condemned Hartley's choice, and consequently, though shocked, he was not really surprised to discover his friend's present state. He felt himself that he would long ago have let her slip out of his sympathetic life, had he been her husband; leaving her to fulfil her apparent destiny, as the queen of her drawing-room and the centre of a little court of admiring friends. He knew that he must have wandered elsewhere for the necessary sympathy, without which to such natures life is valueless.

But Hartley was no wanderer. He was a man of intense tenacity. He had chosen Elena in the hope that he should call to life, by his love, the precious soul which required so fair a shrine; and believing that very soul to be the one in the universe which could reward him. His love—his intensity—had not awakened the response he looked for; yet, even after these years of waiting, although depressed and discouraged, he was not turned aside from his quest.

Happiness was to Elena but the natural state for all beings; for she herself had experienced none other. Hartley had taken her to see some of the sad spectacles of depraved and miserable human living which our modern civilisation affords; but, though Elena physically recoiled from the contact, she looked with wonder, not with yearning, upon the unfortunate beings before her. He could not rouse her to

earnest pain or grief by
of or approach to humar
it appeared only to p
She was sorry for p
starved, and would re
them; but the dirt and
which gather over and
pauper existence drew
rather an indignation th
of physical living shou
broken, than any soul
or charitableness.

Elena, otherwise pla
have ripened into a simp
entirely worldly wom
Hartley, continually p
nature in his untiring
to find its higher springs
this. True, he appeare
duce nothing. He only
from her mind some
which he found there; b
not yet the secret of ca
growth in a new directio
life was passive. Hart
sionate soul flung itself
and recoiled; unhurt,
effective. She was
troubled and disturbe
modes of thought and e
but her nature was one
such trouble aside, and
to soothe.

But Egerton, who freq
in their company, noticed
the moonlit talk which
so strangely, a certain c
come over the pair.
peculiar state grew mor
and its effect began to s
faintest possible per
furrow which might now
be seen appearing betwe
eyebrows. For she was
to realise more distin
Hartley was unsatisfied
and her natural pride w
this, even though s
earnestly desired to satis
that they grew a deg
apart than before.

"Elena," said Ha
night, as the two stood

the balcony after the departure
eir guests; "Elena, I begin
lieve that nothing but pain
nange you from the ease and
ter-loving woman that you
ntent to be. God grant I
ot be right; yet I fear it is
or love and happiness are
mere matters of every day to
What say you, Elena? will
me forth nobly at the call of
"

na leaned against the bal-
which was all clothed with
ng roses, and, gathering
she placed them in her dress,
; her attention, apparently,
se and not to him.

'hat say you, Elena?" he re-
l. The faint line between
ows deepened as she replied,
laying with the flowers:

hat I am weary of these vain
of yours, Hartley. How can
ake me other than I am?"

re was a discouragement and
ness in her tone which chilled
nore utterly than any speech
s had ever done before. He
l away, and, without any reply
, left her.

n after she heard him leave
use. He wandered out into
eautiful moonlight, as was
equent custom.

na lingered awhile amid the
and then, being tired, went
room. She was nervous and
d, though she knew not why,
he found it difficult to rest.
er equable habit came to her
, and she slept, like an inno-
nfant, the quiet sleep that
ves the physical beauty. The
less hours passed over her
ked, until—and the gray
of morning was then filling
oom—she started suddenly
her slumber, thinking she
Hartley's voice call "Elena—
" But he was not in the
and she lay down again un-
nd disturbed.

Earlier than usual she rose and began to dress, for she wondered at Hartley's absence. But she was not dressed—she stood, with her long light hair in her hands, plaiting its length together, when a low knock came to her door.

Her maid entered, and Elena, looking at her, saw at once that some great thing had taken place. And rushing past her, by a strange instinct she flew through the passages barefooted as she was, until she came to where lay Hartley's body—bruised, injured, lifeless.

Elena stood a moment gazing upon the sight, and the maid, terrified, approached her. But Elena shook her aside, and at last cried aloud,

"You called me—oh, Hartley, let me come to you!"

But in that cry the new amazement ended, and the anguish of loss descended, and overwhelmed Elena. She flung herself upon the dead form that had been her husband. The day passed—the night came and went—and Elena's mother sat silent and awestruck by her side, so terrible was the visible awakening of Elena's inner life under the resistless power of grief. A strength of passionateness that was altogether new seemed born within her, with power to tear and rend the frail beauty of the physical form. Her children could attract no notice from her. She was wholly rapt in the new realisation of her husband and his love which had come to her with his loss. She felt a life within her, and knew at length the deep yearning of the spirit. So amazing was this to her, that she could not be diverted from the grief for him who had given, not only his love, but at last his life, in the arousing of her soul-existence. She thought not of the physical accident which had caused Hartley's death: in her new intensity

of love and bereavement, it was to her as if he had willingly given his life.

Those around her saw at last that her physical health was giving way. The soul was tearing its bonds asunder, in its agonized desire to respond to the dead lover's call. After another day and another night had passed, Elena's body lay motionless by the side of Hartley's. They said she died of rupture of the heart.

Egerton—among many other friends who were awed by these sudden deaths—came to look upon the forms of his friends, before the day when they were, together, to be buried in one grave.

He looked long and wonderingly upon the faces: for upon Hartley's had come a satisfied smile, as of contentment and rest. That smile he had seen a dead face wear before; but the expression of Elena's struck him more deeply with wonder. An indescribable something appeared in every line of the countenance, which made Egerton murmur to himself, as he leaned over her, and placed a rare white lily in the fair aureole of hair,—

"It is strange—but I could fancy a soul looked out from this face! What can it mean—that this form, now become more absolutely physical than ever, should only now indicate the spiritual?"

"Is it possible that, in death, Elena Hartley has found life? Is not this magical smile a message from the world of absolute living, printed upon this piece of clay, which I once thought to be the all of Hartley's beautiful wife? Had she a soul—and does that noble spirit, who loved her on earth, still love her? What would I give to know these things—to have but a partial answer to my question-ings?"

Long he lingered in the of death, looking with wi upon the two inanima And when, at last, he fel must go, he quickly sto severed a single tress o golden hair, and a dark Hartley's forehead. Hol in his fast-closed hand, with drooping head from

Egerton was a solitary had never had so intimat as Hartley. The disposit had made him so keenly to the beautiful Elena's cies of character had, thr led him away from ordina He was essentially a stu a thinker, and such men, if they are good judges o ter, seldom form ma friendships. Their choi limited.

Consequently his even often his days, were spe peaceful seclusion of h Here he wrote and read; Hartley's death, spent m in deep and silent though before had he been so aroused to an interest in whole; never had he so dip into the before and af lie on either side the b pilgrimage. The feeling one friend had stepped hereafter seemed to hi created a new and st between himself and th world where that hereafte

Many sad souls, whose ties have been rudely s the scythe of the Deat have shared in this fee not many have so given t up to its fascination, or sufficiently secluded from circumstances of daily allow it to obtain so dominion over their mi did over Egerton's.

Strange as it may s passage of time, instead o

the memory of Hartley's dship, only deepened it in him. ould not believe that he had it, and sometimes, as he sat ing a solitary pipe by his fire- he would look at the arm- opposite, which stood ready a friend to occupy, until he st persuaded himself that he a shadowy form within it. And why not?" he would ask elf. "Surely our life here is o deeply remote and clouded, a being from a finer state can- even touch upon us, though athy and friendship should y call upon him."

d so he permitted himself to into a kind of habit of conse- ng the later hours of his even- to mixed speculations upon possibilities of spiritual exist- and thoughts of Hartley and a. And in these dreamy ents he would look ever and at the capacious armchair d so invitingly on the other of the hearthrug, as if he d expected that the phantom- shadow lurking within it would into something more tangible.

was in the summer that ley and Elena died; their dren had carried roses and mine to lay upon their grave. until the snow had covered grave with a white pall—not Egerton had passed many winter evenings by his study —did the shadow become more ible.

he night, after an unusually and absorbed reverie, he raised eyes suddenly to the empty r. He sat motionless, and d with indrawn, expectant th and beating heart, for surely ile came to him from out that low in the chair depths—a liar smile! Irresistibly im- d to the action, he leaned sud- y forward and held out his ; a momentary but firm grasp came upon it, which, though so brief, was so definite that he seemed to recognise each finger touch. With a sigh of infinite delight and deep emotion he sank back into his seat. The pressure of that hand-clasp still lingered upon his fingers. Nothing now could again persuade him that Hartley's friendship was gone from him.

He sat with closed eyes, not daring again to open them. He half feared the possibility he desired of indeed beholding a phantom form before him; he wholly feared to see again the empty chair and companionless hearth.

While thus he sat in a state of suspense his senses were amazed (not startled, perhaps, for the cause of amazement fell so softly upon them) by a remote, yet clearly audible sound which came to him, he scarce knew by what channel. It was a definite and unmistakable sound, yet it seemed of too rarified a quality to reach his mind through the physical hearing. It was a voice, and he knew it to be Hartley's voice.

"Sympathy, dear friend, is a bridge that will span the universe. You and I by mutual effort have conquered the cloudy barrier of matter."

"*Is it* Hartley?"

"You know me. Don't try to hide beneath the cloak of pretended scepticism that you sometimes used to draw around you. It is Hartley and Elena; for to-day, my friend, is held our wedding feast, and I am come to ask you to it. Come! for all who have ever loved us will be present, and who should have the post of honour but my friend Egerton? And come quickly, for, though matter is a kindly enough prison house for those who are hidden in its bonds, its atmosphere is foggy and disagreeable, and I cannot long breathe in it."

The end of this speech was much more clearly audible to Egerton than the commencement; and also he found, without opening his eyes or making any effort, that Hartley's form was becoming visible to him.

"I see you now," he remarked, "but you look shadowy."

"And so do you," was the reply; "indeed, I don't suppose I look as dim to you as you do to me. If you regard me as a phantom, so do I you, for your body is not you to my perceptions, but only an organism which you animate, and your spirit is not as clear as it might be. You will find that out when you try to exercise its powers. Now, come!—come with me!"

And Egerton—who had become convinced that he was standing beside the body which he had been in the habit of regarding as himself—found that, though no longer within its walls of flesh, yet its hold upon him was very great when he essayed to

"Tread the silent slopes of air."

"I will tell you something of my history since we parted," said Hartley, "for I must interest you in order to loosen the bondage of the body from you;" and, taking Egerton's hand in his, he drew him away as he talked, and Egerton listened dreamily, though absorbedly, for his journey seemed to consist at first rather of a passing through states than any more intelligible mode of progress. But he was restrained from a too curious contemplation of these states of his own by his interest in the story which he had so long desired to hear. Thus, leaving his body wrapped in quiet slumber, he followed Hartley, listening to him the while.

"I had already begun to believe that, as love and happiness had so far been Elena's lot, nothing would awaken her sleeping soul but pain. I had even said so to her on the very evening of my death. It had hurt her, that speech of mine. The physical life was so much the more strongly developed that it held dominance in her character, and it rebelled against the insult to itself which my words implied. Never had I been so utterly hopeless of any possibility of happiness arising from our union as on that night. Indeed, I felt that a climax in our relations had come; we did but hurt each other when together, and although I was overpowered by a yearning which held me to Elena, yet did I feel as though I could never look upon her again. I knew that the bond which had united us on the physical plane *must* be snapped — but how? Should we be the actors in one of those miserable domestic tragedies which form gossip for society? Surely no!

"My own death was a thing undreamed of as a solution; yet, when the accident came, and suddenly I knew that the knot was cut, and that I was launched upon the limitless world of spirit, how grand was the feeling of relief and the bounding forth of my soul! I was scarcely conscious of the death agony which must have torn my physical frame; with one passionate cry to Elena's spirit, I burst the bonds of the physical, and stood free of matter.

"For three dim periods of lessening mist I lingered in the border lands of the new life and the old death, held by the not yet decaying form. And while thus lingering, I knew that at last my soul had reached Elena's, and that the small vivid life of the newly awakened spirit had broken down that beautiful and strong physical life which to others had been Elena, and to me had been the cloud that covered her.

"Pain had startled the child-

soul! The Creator's hand was moulding the shape of my child-wife. This I understood afterwards. At the end of those periods of which I spoke, I seemed on a sudden to emerge from the cloud of the transition. I found myself then standing upon a wide and breezy plain; my eyes wandered from the clear sky above to the fragrant-flowered soil beneath my feet. But immediately I became aware that I was surrounded by friends, who pressed to shake my hand and welcome me in their midst. I was not surprised to recognise them, and I was, just at first, oddly affected by the sense that the phase I had passed through on earth had obscured them to me. I was at home with them; and I soon began to understand that Elena was indeed my mate, but that my development of life had been more rapid than hers, and that my sojourn upon your foggy earth had for its principal purpose her companionship.

"And now they told me I was to resign myself to a temporary separation. For Elena, in her newly aroused state, was keenly sensitive, and ready for rapid growth; and she was to pass through some solitary experiences before our reunion. I was not easily reconciled to this, but my friends persuaded me, and they took me among them down to the shores of a great lake, and made me enter a boat. This boat was steered over the waters—which in themselves fascinated my delighted eyes, for I saw strange visions through their pellucid depths—to a great hall which opened on the lake. This was the Hall of the Poets; and it can only be entered from the lake, for water is the symbol of Truth. In this stately building—whose dome was so great that it seemed to lose itself in the sky—I listened to such discourse as served to distract my thoughts. I could tell you much of this, but not now.

"When I left the hall again, I looked over the boatside, at the strange things which those mystic waters revealed, and lo! to my surprise, I beheld you, my friend Egerton, sitting by your fireside alone, and endeavouring to reach me by means of the spirit telegraphy—the touch upon the sympathetic chords. Instantly I was with you. But I found you in a most unpleasant fog, which you appeared not to notice. Many a time since, however, have I braved its discomforts, in order to establish a communion with you, but never have I completely succeeded till now, when I suppose our desire that you should be present on our wedding day enabled me to reach you."

"It seems to me a very odd thing," said Egerton, or rather Egerton's shadowy presentment, "that people should keep on having wedding days as your story suggests. You and Elena have already been married."

"Ah! but not in the spirit. Elena, borne upon the broad white wings of an angelic messenger, has visited dark hell-spheres, has journeyed over regions of ice-cold existences, has been blinded for a brief space by a direct ray from the Sun Himself, in preparation for this day! Elena is no longer a child, she has been taught to prepare our home, a home in which, after this union, more real than any yet, we may endeavour to commence a more real living."

"And have you not seen her yet?"

"Yes; it was this morning that we met—together we prepared the house to receive our friends. And now, look around, try to open your eyes, your swaddling clothes are a little loosened."

And Egerton, looking, became aware that he stood in the midst of a most golden and sun-gladdened land. His eyes were charmed by the yellow-hued meadow flowers which on every side seemed to smile and nod at him. Hartley, leading him by the hand, guided him along the path, which immediately rose up a pine-clad hill. It was a broad pathway, on the sides of which grew delicate woodland blossoms. All this life was so wonderful to Egerton that he could but gaze around, speechless, until Hartley said, "Here is Elena."

Raising his eyes, Egerton saw that they approached a house, which stood upon the hillside; but he did not more than momentarily observe it, for from its door issued a slight shape—a child-woman—a timid, bright being, like an opening flower-bud. Was this Elena? His perceptions could not identify her with the Elena he had known. He had not had the power to perceive the germ life within that earthly body, which had been rather hereditary than personally evolved.

She sprang towards them, and, as she advanced, Egerton became aware that she was clothed in flowers—white flowers and green leaves seemed to have woven themselves together to form a festal drapery. None but their own will could thus have trained them—and indeed it must be so—for as she came down the path her hands became filled with the delicate wayside blossoms—how, he knew not; she did not pluck them. But the flowers looked so animated that he paused, even while gazing upon the coming Elena, to wonder whether indeed the virtuousness of plant and flower life could lead it into a higher sphere of activity where it might escape its rootedness. Was that rootedness one of the earth thraldoms?

Elena placed her ha
She recognised him; b
that he had a new frien
in her. And then she
her husband's side, and
looking as they moved t
house, thought that hi
sight must be dim, fo
shapes beside him seeme
and separate, and ble
He did not know that he
on twain that were one.

His entrance to the
made known to him by
sweet warmth and a de
that crept upon him.
appeared to embrace him
entrance to open itself fo

They were in a large ro
was a table prepared; he
coloured fruits upon
windows on one side op
the woodland, on anothe
garden and orchard; flo
waved their smiles and s
each. Here Elena vani
Hartley drew Egerton
and they followed her
joining room, where she
preparing food. Egert
ing, understood that sh
by means of her own virt
without the same use
other servants as in a less
state are necessary for h
use.

But his attention was
from her by a consci
presences. Many people
enter, and Egerton was
plexity aware that the i
made impressions on hi
rent degrees of intensit
were living, breathing
forms; others were mo
yet again others were
shadowy or dim. Thes
felt to be really removed
although in relation to s
seemed close. Hartley
ployed in greeting and
these many friends, so tha
was left for a while a

d this keenly and immedi-
for he felt a helpless depen-
upon his friend. This strange
was so new to him that he
t seem safe in it. So he re-
d motionless where he stood.
ently Hartley approached
ith a pleasant but somewhat
d smile. "Now," he said,
must realise how blind and
are the brightest of earth-
rs, when you are thus help-
left unsupported, in a purely
al state. Your soul is un-
ted, uneducated; your in-
is developed; but then,
unately, you left that asleep
r study armchair! You will
e my plain speech, Egerton,
; besides, you do but share
neral lot of mankind. I am
d, in looking back, to see
ittle I guessed my powers,
ttle I knew my capacities,
w you are illustrating that
thought of mine. Why,
n, you are a spirit like the
us here; how is it you can't
ur feet?"

can hardly be expected to, I
" said Egerton; "when you
er that I have never been in
orld before. I must get
o it."

hat do you mean?" said
y, laughing. "You have
been out of it. Man is but
his body for a certain pro-
of his life in it; if he were
le to go to sleep at regular
ls and have a good clean dip
ne ocean of spirit, he could
tand his embodied existence.
s, even when awake in your
you are but enwrapped with
s obscuring or protecting
ions and forces. You ought
forget how to walk upon
wn true feet."

y own feet!" said Egerton
vely, looking down as if for
enment upon the extremities
tion, which he then observed
with some surprise to be very neatly covered.

"How does it happen that I am dressed?" he inquired suddenly.

Hartley laughed again.

"You may as well ask how you come to be in a house, and among an intelligent company. You are not a savage soul. The same state which allows of your admittance into a spiritual society, clothes you in accordance with your needs. We don't have to buy or make our clothes here—but we have to earn them. Your clothes are very presentable, my dear Egerton, but they are modest. Now the other day I happened to see the entrance into this life of a great preacher upon earth; he really arrived here in a dress resembling his usual dress in the physical, and looked much as you look now. But when the last links with his body were broken, and his physical death was completed, he appeared in a robe which seemed to me to be made of light—at all events it was radiant as a rainbow, and he looked a glorious fellow in it. But then his living and working had been deeply spiritual. He knew how to stand and how to walk when he got here."

"Who are these?" interrupted Egerton. "Why, Hartley, I did not know your children were dead!"

The cause of this exclamation was Elena's advancing towards them; the two children, whom he easily recognised as Hartley's children upon earth, by her side. He knew them, as I say, immediately; yet he was puzzled, for they appeared older than he remembered them to be.

"Oh no," said Hartley, "they are not dead. Their physical forms are peacefully slumbering in their two little cribs; and I daresay the old nurse is at this moment thinking how

happy and bonny they look. They have been both with me and Elena before, like this; and we are inclined to make the most of it, for, unless there is something special in the constitution, it is only in early childhood that the spirit can so easily visit its real home. Indeed, the spirits which animate baby forms often do but touch the earth; their real life is led here. But, as the child grows, the spirit is drawn within its expanding shape until we wholly lose sight of it. And I am much afraid that we shall soon begin to lose sight of our children upon earth."

Elena, smiling timidly, yet with a brightness that appeared to irradiate the room, advanced to play hostess; and the whole assemblage sat down to the table, which was now beautiful and delicate in its completed aspect.

Egerton looked around him in wonder. Never had he made one in a company of real lovers before. The genuine gaiety of the scene surprised unutterably the dweller among earth *phantasmagoria* and "solid unrealities." It was like a draught of too strong a vintage: and he began to find that he was scarcely able to breathe easily amidst it. This feeling increased momently, but he consoled himself by the idea that it might partly be owing to some atmospheric change which he did not understand, for he saw the guests around the table looking upwards with smiles, and Hartley and Elena exchanging glances which told not only of extreme delight but of something ineffable. He then also raised his eyes and became aware that something was occurring. The air over the heads of the company seemed strangely clear, yet was full of gleams of colour.

"What is happening?" he cried to Hartley; "I—I breathe with difficulty!"

With a smile of symp
friend replied: "I expect
beginning to pine for a
in your lungs. We are
more than we anticipate
presence and sympathy
spheres higher and more
than our own, and they b
clearer atmosphere wit
This is exhilarating—gl
us! I hope you can endu
it will, indeed, repay yo
ing."

While Hartley spoke th
above grew more disti
upper part of the ro
vanished, or was obscu
radiant light, in which
visible smiling faces—fa
with the peace that
wisdom, faces that glowed
rays of love. Egerton lo
entranced eyes, even w
gasped agonisedly for
Suddenly there came floati
down a cloud of white
that fell like blessings upo
and Elena; and, as the
fell, through the midst of
which they formed, ther
to open another and inne
light, and more faces glow
it, and, as it opened, th
through it a deep, burni
ing ray of intense light
and colour—pure, absolu

The guests bowed th
before it—for its majesty
bear? and Hartley an
stretching out their hand
it, seemed but one for
figured and transparent,
by the radiance that f
them.

This much Egerton s
brief instant of agony an
tion. Then, with a cry
and pain, he felt himself
in a darkness that wra
hid him.

He seemed to sink—dow
—through darkness, thro
until at last he became a

rousing his sleeping body, his way into it. It was a and a struggle, for the s sluggish and reluctant, had an odd but very un- ble feeling that he did not now how to fit into its g bands his soul-shape, a little expanded by un- exercise. But at last, with gasp, he made himself one again, and, after some in- efforts, succeeded in rais- heavy eyelids.

oked upon his study once Cold, dreary it seemed; candles were both low; appeared to him rather a than otherwise, for, as it was, the light was quite strong enough to reveal to him the bald ugliness of the colours his eyes fell upon, the bare angularity of the room. He had thought this study of his a model of tasteful furnishing, but now he closed his eyes in horror at its vulgarity.

"Well," he said to himself, making another effort to arouse his senses, "I suppose, as Hartley used to say, these appearances are but appearances. I must summon that comfortable philosophy to my aid, and try to put up with my own surroundings. God bless you, Hartley and Elena; you have indeed begun your life!"

TO THE SLAVE OF THE LAMP.

rain, art thou overwrought, to give no answer at all?—
for seek I not speech? . . . O, but yield to the pulse of will,
ast off thy burden of sloth. Find a way for my spirit to fill;
thy leaden bands, unclose me the prison wall!

ve, art thou fainting and sick unto death of thy double thrall,
open and quick to the word that comes when the breathing is

work thy wheels the year through in the weary worldly mill?
starve my flesh and be free, would'st thou then respond to my

rain of my pain, in my dream. . . I would love to leave thee, lie
in soft airs far away, where unsullied and azure the sky;
rain, I have torn and slain, can'st neither live nor die?
ce of despair, avaunt! Soul, arouse thee from slumbers numb,
fire in the gleam of new morn, when nor bird's throat nor should be dumb!—
it doth move us in joy . . . and maybe God's message ome.

SPIRIT OF THE UNIVERSITIES.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXF

A

I MAY be pardoned for availing myself of the exquisite quiet long Vacation to obtrude a few crude thoughts on the direc academical legislation seems likely to take. Burns formulated the theme of "to see ourselves as others see us," but the doct culcated was humility. In my humble judgment, we have had r than enough of that equivocal virtue as regards our colleges. decades it has suited the purpose of publicists to insist witl on the utter uselessness of these institutions, which have trasted unfavourably with the Universities of Germany and States. It has been argued that because Christ Church doe out periodically a Hegel, or Brazenose a Tischendorf, colleges serve no good purpose, and their revenues ought to b merged in those of the University. Assuredly if either coll other college, fell under the category of indifference, the would be verifiable without reference to German philosophy logy. Paradoxically enough, however, at the very mon a certain set of iconoclasts are bent upon the annih the independence of colleges, the outer world is lost in of our collegiate system. An intelligent German, or American, acquainted with the past of Oxford or would bid us sublimate these noble institutions, instead of them. The argument, I may remark, that every college stage of its existence should evolve results commensu its endowments is one which will not hold water. We do no disestablishing Liverpool because the cotton trade fluctuat would it be just to crush Oriel because it cannot turn ou Newmans, Puseys, Kebles, Arnolds, and Cloughs. Yet this spirit is rampant just now. It is argued, because fellow productive of mischief, because the promising youth who ga these sinecures, now and then, instead of developing int degenerated into a drone, a drunkard, or a madman, that *delenda est Carthago*, all the fellowships are an evil, and as fell the mainspring of the collegiate system, with them the colleg A more haphazard and inconsequent style of reasoning it w to conceive. Certainly there are notable instances of colle having disgraced their societies, either positively or nega the inutility of absolute sinecures cannot be disputed. other hand one stands aghast at the alteration in con which seems to be to convert the fellowships into pri for a brief space, and to reduce the colleges to a conditi servience to the University. Against such legislation it is to rebel. The autonomy of the college ought to be preserve

d, the governing body of these institutions should assuredly not
minable prize holders, whose interest in the material welfare of the
which they rule could never be anything better than ephemeral
entimental. Everything, however, at present is chaotic; and
s in 1851 the colleges were strenuous in fighting their own battle,
n's absolutely defying the Commission, in 1878 nobody seems to
ne iota what becomes of corporations, once in their cohesion
ling an endowed Freemasonry, but now utterly rudderless, if not
ecked. We hear no plea of founder's intentions, no reverence for
ity, no cry of *collegium pro collegio*. On the contrary, the ignoble
evails that so long as vested interests are held sacred, it matters
hat becomes of any foundation. The game is not reform but
ion, and the old *esprit de corps* being dead, and the college, instead
g a home having been converted into a *diversorium*, nobody recks
whether its corporate existence be preserved or destroyed. The
rritating part of the whole business is that all this iconoclasm is
plated in order to create empty lecture rooms for professors of
t subjects quite wide of the University curriculum.

essor Jowett, as he is still designated—his titular distinction of
of Balliol not being grasped by the press—will make a good Vice-
llor. He has wide sympathies which range as far as literature
, and though he is unpopular with Oxford orthodoxy, his peculiarly
nature is acknowledged by those who like his 'doxy least. It is
er of question, however, whether he is physically equal to control
rbulence of the Theatre; but nobody's virility can be gauged until
ed. We shall anticipate a D.C.L. degree for Algernon Swinburne,
the prime favourite of the Master, and possibly this distinction
e accorded to others of his, shall we say, *classical* school.

Cotton, Provost of Worcester, has merited a panegyric in the *Daily*
ph. He is distinguished, but only in an academical sense. Few,
er, will forget that he was the most courteous of Vice-chancellors,
s been throughout his long career not only a dignitary, but a
nan. This would be rather a back-handed compliment were it not
t all Heads of Houses are distinguished for euphuism.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

Aug. 19*th*.

University Commissioners are said to have received an urgent
entation from a body of men of high position in Parliament and
untry, praying them to make some alteration in our Long Vacation
. And that many heads of families should be at their wit's end
w what to do with their sons during a four months' holiday, and
take fright at the opportunities for mischief likely to present
elves, can be readily imagined. Some strength of character is
d in most cases, if work is to be kept up by one's self, amidst the
tions of society and sport away from the University, and there
mall danger of the loss or non-formation of the habit of steady
ation, which the duties of after life generally demand. Fortunately,
er, for Cambridge students, the gates of the colleges are not,

as I understand they are at Oxford, closed against those wh
wish to make the most of their privileges of college membe
now so many reside during July and August, that a visitor
might, if uninformed upon the matter, believe it to be full term
the suspension of lectures is in itself an evil may be
The lecturers get some quiet time for study and reflection, a
good as can be obtained by their pupils can probably be sec
twenty-four or twenty-five weeks during which they are at
The misfortune is that the Universities may seem to the coun
to set the example of laxity, and it is always most desirable t
appearance of evil. It will not surprise anyone if the co
make some change in the arrangement of the academical yea

The report lately issued by the Local Lectures Syndicate
the movement for organising "Lectures and classes in popul
is still vigorous. During last winter and spring sets of le
going on in twenty places, in two of which, namely, Notti
Sheffield, results of a very marked character have been arri
each of those towns the "extension scheme" has, in fact, b
being a local college, and communications have lately been
our Vice-Chancellor, both from Nottingham and Sheffield, p
the advisability of establishing under the auspices of the
Commissioners, new and definite relations between their respect
and either, or both, of the older Universities. It is unde
those who played the most energetic part in originating the s
not so far found its success realising their fondest hopes, b
else thinks that success remarkable. The "youthful Gamali
Alsager Hill once cuttingly called the lecturers, have made their w
and have not caused shame to their academical mother. A
bye, time has now matured several of those who commenced
as very young B.A.'s. It was hardly unwise in the syndicate
the commencement of their propagandism to men who would
it with all the freshness and buoyancy of youth, and who
readily adapt themselves to circumstances. They were the
over, whom upon economical grounds, it was best to employ.
bachelors of arts, and as yet bachelors in another sense of the
hundred and fifty pounds a year seemed very adequate compe
work, accompanied by so much pleasant excitement, move
valuable experience. The fact that so many towns have not
of paying all the expenses involved (for those expenses hav
borne by the University, nor have there been, I believe, mor
or three, if any, instances of the lectures being self-supporti
that the way in which the work has been done has been upon
deemed satisfactory. The movement has reacted favourably
the home life and work of the University. It has given a sti
more extended culture. It has introduced a new element of
college lectures, many of the resident lecturers having for a
the "peripatetic," and learnt much. It has made Cambridg
than ever the responsibilities of her national position.

Turning to small talk, I may tell you that the house nea
butts, which Mr. Champneys is building for a venerated ex-tu
college, and which, on account of its singular architectura
excites general remark, is nearly ready for habitation. I
suggested that Mr. Champneys resorted for the idea to a box
toy bricks.

St. John's College the Fellows have taken in hand a grand reform
e kitchen. Henceforward they are not to be at the tender mercies
reat farmer of the whole cooking department, but are to administer
nselves. The phenomenon has been observable, during the past
eeks, of one of their eminent body, a gentleman very much less
guished for his wardrobe than for his learning, proceeding with
d frequency to and from the railway station. He is in possession,
aid, of a season ticket, which enables him to buy in the Billingsgate
ther neighbourhoods, the fish, fruit, &c., required for St. John's
ge Hall.
e Professor of Latin meanwhile is, they say, abjuring all good
s, in order that he may discover by experiment the minimum
nt of food required to support life. Philanthropy, in the shape of
rn about the luxury of the age and about the sorrows of the poor,
sted, I believe, this course of experimentation; but I am not the
person who greatly regrets that the valuable body of Professor
r should be regarded by himself as a "corpus vile."

UNIVERSITY OF CALCUTTA,

July 16*th.*

University of Calcutta is an examining body, with power to confer
es. It was incorporated by Act No. 2 of 1857, and consists of a
cellor (the Governor-General of India for the time being), a Vice-
cellor, and Fellows. These constitute the Senate. The Senate is
d into four faculties, namely, arts, law, medicine, and engineering.
xecutive government of the University is vested in the syndicate,
consists of the vice-chancellor and six of the Fellows, who are
d for one year by the several faculties, in the following proportion:
by the faculty of arts, one by the faculty of law, one by the faculty
edicine, and one by the faculty of engineering. Colleges and
ls are affiliated to the University on complying with certain
ions. Thirty-nine institutions are at present affiliated in Arts up
Bachelor of Arts standard; and eighteen up to the First Arts or
-go standard. Eleven institutions are affiliated in Law and one in
ine, namely, the Medical College at Calcutta. Two are affiliated in
neering, the Presidency College at Calcutta, and the Thomason
ge at Roorkee, in the North-West Provinces. By its examinations
niversity influences education throughout the whole of the Bengal
lency, *i.e.*, from Calcutta to Peshawur. Besides, there are four
utions in Ceylon affiliated to the Calcutta University, and a few
ese candidates present themselves for the entrance or Matriculation
ination. This and the First Arts Examination, or Little-go, are
t various centres throughout the country; the examination for the
e of Bachelor of Arts is held at two centres only, Calcutta and
The total number of candidates that appeared for the Matricu-
Examination held last December was 2720, of whom 1166 were
ted. For the First Arts Examination or Little-go, which is held at
ame time, 791 candidates presented themselves, of whom 253

passed ; 228 appeared at the last examination for the degree of
of Arts, of whom 68 passed. For the degree of M.A., 62
themselves, of whom 28 were successful. I must apologise for
you with statistics so dear to the heart of every Anglo-Indian
same time, I submit that the figures given above are not who
of significance. In order to perceive the extent to which
education has developed in India of late years, we have on
back to 1857, the first year of the University's life. In this
244 candidates presented themselves for the Entrance Exa
Some idea of the nationality and religion of our student
gathered from the fact that in the last Entrance Examinati
were set in Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, Bengali, Arabic, Urdu
Hindi, Uriya, Burmese, and Armenian. Some candidates were
to translate certain passages given for translation into the stud
vernacular, into Mahratti ; one demanded to be allowed to tra
Assamese. Of course, the number of students who take u
usually very small ; it is principally confined to Europeans and
One candidate generally applies to be examined in Greek.
Little-go a classical language is imperative, and some Hin
of late years discarded Sanskrit for Latin. But, as a ge
Hindus take up Sanskrit, and Mahommedans Arabic or Persia

All matriculated students, who wish to appear at the s
examinations of the University, are required to study in an
college. In order to be admitted to the First Arts Exam
candidate must bring a certificate showing that he has studi
affiliated institution for two years, and the same period of
required for the B.A. Examination. The colleges may be divide
classes, Government and Missionary Colleges. In the latter som
instruction is given.

The students of these colleges are nearly all day boarders.
boarding-house at Hooghly College, and a Hindu hotel at C
which a few students live. A few students of the Mahommed
at Calcutta live on the premises. But these are exceptional ca

The students of these colleges are the undergraduates of o
sity. But they differ from the undergraduates of most
universities, in having no common character and very little
corps. The robust *alumni* of the Punjab colleges differ
appearance and dress from the youth of Bengal. But it i
province of Bengal proper that our examination hall is princip
and it is accordingly to Bengalee students that most of my s
remarks will apply.

The expense of a University career is very small in this co
student in Arts at the Presidency College, Calcutta (probably
expensive native college in India), pays a monthly fee of 12 r
an admission fee of 10 rupees. His board, if he does not liv
will cost him from 8 to 12 rupees a month. Indeed, it is not
his parent or guardian could afford to pay more for his educati
of the parents of our students have incomes between 100 and
a month. A great many of them are clerks in Government off
follow some liberal profession. It is from the children of pers
class that our schools and colleges are recruited. The old liter
the Brâhmans, Kâyasthas, and Baidyas maintain their chara
the English rule. Instead of learning Persian, as in th

nmedan supremacy, they learn English, enrol themselves in our
s, gain our degrees, and fill our law courts and public offices.
ject of a native in seeking English education is to get on in life.
ot for Englishmen to throw stones at them, for the object of a
nany students in our English universities is the same. But there
aps, in India less love of learning for learning's sake than there is
lish universities. Few rich men's sons display great zeal for their
. This, perhaps, may be due to the fact that our system of edu-
has pushed into the background those Sanskrit and Arabic
in which Hindus and Mahommedans take a real interest. At
ne time, it must be admitted that the general level of diligence is
in Indian than in English universities. The truth is, more
s upon a successful college career. The best proof of the import-
a University degree in this country is the (to Englishmen some-
urprising) fact, that it has a distinct value in the matrimonial
. We are told that the first question a rich Bengalee mamma asks
spect to a would-be son-in-law—who does not himself belong to a
do family—is, Has he passed the Entrance Examination? If the
who transacts these interesting affairs cannot give an answer in
rmative, there is little chance of a successful termination to the
tion. Possibly the answer may be—Yes! he is a failed F.A.
ate. The meaning of this queer phrase is, that the gentleman in
n has passed the Entrance Examination, read for two years in an
d college, and then been unsuccessful in the First Arts Exami-
Curious to say, the mere fact of his having gone up is considered
er in his cap. It may be remarked by the way that a large number
students in our colleges are fathers of families. The witticism of
" Papa is plucked again," would have no meaning in this country,
arly marriage is still the rule in spite of the exertions of Keshub
r Sen and other reformers. A great ferment has been lately
in Bengal by a proposal made by a Government Inspector of
, Mr. A. W. Garrett. He has had the audacity to recommend
o married man should be admitted to the University Entrance
nation. It is reported that, in spite of the conservative tendencies
an ladies, opinion in the *zenanas* of the capital and suburbs is in
of this proposal. It is not as revolutionary a proposal now as it
have been twenty years ago.
rge number of scholarships are awarded by Government to suc-
students on the result of the University Examinations. Indeed,
means of Government scholarships, awarded during a student's
and college career, that *la carrière ouverte aux talents* is made
e in India. A poor man's son may thus take a degree in Arts,
en in Law, become a pleader, and die a Judge of the High Court.
most important branch of University study in this country is the
n language and literature. English is studied as a classical
ge. The works and editions of Morris, Skeat, Earle, Aldis,
t, Abbot, &c., are largely used. The examination for this year's
legree includes Skeat's selections from Chaucer, three books of
lise Lost," Milton's "Areopagitica," three plays of Shakespeare,
me more modern works. Besides this, candidates are expected to
ome knowledge of composition and grammar. We may perhaps
that English is studied in India on much the same system as that
introduced by Abbott, Hales, and others into our English public
s. In 1874 an excellent manual, called "Hints on the Study of

English," was published by Messrs. Rowe and Webb, two prof
the Bengal Educational Department. Speaking of this
Saturday Review observes: "Messrs. Rowe and Webb have th
grasped not only the relations between the English tongue a
tongues, but the fact that there is an English tongue. . . .
thoroughly glad to see native students taught the history and
our language in a way in which, only a few years back, no o
have been taught at home."

It must, indeed, be admitted that few of our students attain
command of English during their University career. They g
acquaintance with the history of the language, and are familiar
masterpieces of English literature; but they cannot write Eng
perfect ease. This defect, however, is often remedied in after-life
released from the necessity of passing examinations in a v
subjects, they read in a more leisurely and liberal way, and t
attention more to contemporary literature. It cannot be deni
good many Bengalees write English with considerable flue
accuracy. It would be difficult to discover the nationality
Rajendra Lal Mitra or Baboo Kristo Dass Paul, or Dr. Mahe
Sircar from their English style. Educated Bengalees corresp
one another in English, and even introduce a great many Engli
into their conversations with one another in their mother-tongu
are discussing a literary, or scientific, or political question.
however, a mistake to suppose that the study of English i
Bengalee literature. The direct opposite of this view is ne
truth. The fact is, the study of English literature has opera
stimulus to the production of Bengalee works. Many Bengal
and novels, dealing with Indian scenes and stories, have been w
imitation of English models. I might instance the works of
Chandra Chattayea and Michael Madhusudan Dutt. The infl
English literature on Bengalee may be fairly compared to the
of the revival of Greek learning on the modern languages of Eu

The knowledge of Sanskrit is, as you well know, traditional
The study of Sanskrit is pursued in the old style in the native s
Banâras and Nodiya; but the schools and colleges affiliate
University of Calcutta follow to a certain extent the European
Still it is not taught with a due regard to comparative grammar
professors of the language in Bengal proper, who are all nativ
little acquaintance with the critical methods of modern German
In this respect we are far behind the University of Bombay, w
study of Sanskrit has been for a long time superintended by Dr
and Kielhorn, who have trained up a race of native scholars ac
with the works of European Sanskritists, and comprehending the
of the language to the kindred Aryan dialects and the positi
literature in the totality of human culture. The amusingl
hostility to Sanskrit displayed by the able and energetic Sir
Campbell, when Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, has had the
diminishing its importance in the University curriculum.
perhaps to be regretted. I entertain no high opinion of the
value of Sanskrit studies. It is, in my opinion, doubtful if the
enthusiasm for the language will continue in Europe. But, as l
does continue, it tends to promote good feeling between Ind
European scholars. A European student of Sanskrit literatu
that he has something in common with every *pundit*; and this is

nce, considering the gulf that subsists in India between natives
opeans—a gulf that is, I am afraid, widening every day.
nately for our University, the iron will of Sir George Campbell
mark upon education, not only in the depression of Sanskrit, but
evation of physical science. He brought out two able professors
ountry—Dr. Watts, who teaches botany at Hooghly College, and
Pedler, Professor of Chemistry in the Presidency College,
. Speaking of the progress made by our students in scientific
ge, the latter remarks: "The study of physical science in Bengal
n carried on for too short a time to enable us to judge
rely of its results. So far as can be ascertained at present, there
y grounds for anticipating favourable results in the future. That
as its attractions for the natives of Bengal is shown by the great
in the number of the students that has taken place during the
years; but it must be admitted that the intelligent appreciation
bject is confined to a somewhat limited number. In the majority
nts physical science is a mere exercise of memory, but the
show as clear an insight into the principles and methods of
s is ever shown by any body of English students. No originality
ht has been as yet shown, and can perhaps scarcely be looked for
ubject, for, up to the present time, there have been no facilities
ical study or training, nor has there been sufficient encourage-
ld out to induce any further study beyond the strict limits of the
ty career, which it is feared tends to give a general, and perhaps
superficial knowledge of several sciences and a thorough under-
of none."

ew Mahommedans display any zeal for English education. The
of our students are Hindus. Some of the most distinguished
ached themselves to the Brahma Samáj, a native Theistic church.
e doubted if all those who register themselves as Hindus have
lief in the Pauronic mythology. They do not openly break with
n of their forefathers, and no doubt go through most of the
ed ceremonies with edifying devoutness. If those reports which
ally reach us from the mystic seclusion of the Indian γυναικωνῖτις
e trusted, the Hindu ladies keep a vigilant eye upon the con-
if not upon the orthodoxy, of their male relatives. The following
will illustrate my meaning: Lectures in most of the colleges of
begin at half-past ten a.m. Once in my experience the time had
hanged in consequence of an eclipse which was to take place at
lf-past nine a.m. Now it appears that the ladies of an Indian
ld religiously break all their cooking vessels at the commence-
an eclipse, and replace them by new ones as soon as it is over.
sequence is that, until the monster Râhu, who is supposed to
he sun, has finished his morning meal, no Hindu can get his.
ground the native professors and students of a certain college
d that on the day of the eclipse the lectures might begin an hour
lf later. It was considered advisable to accede to this request.
n be no doubt that the women of India are more conservative in
of religion than the men, but it is difficult to decide how far an
l Hindu who has not become a Brahmist disbelieves the religion
refathers. Casual European observers are too apt to dogmatise
oint. The pantheistic tone of the Hindu mind renders it possible
cated natives to retain a *quasi*-belief in much that seems to us
The attitude of a Brahmist student towards the Hindu faith is

well described in "Dhûpnagar, or the City of Sunshine," a n
Allardyce. As far as I am able to judge, this gives a true p
religious feelings of the more serious and thoughtful stud
Indian colleges. Natives take readily to metaphysics and th
the shelves of our colleges which are set apart for works on th
receive what some would consider an undue share of atte
modern sect of Progressive Brahmists is more indebted to
of English and American theists than to the Uphanishads.
doubt due to the spread of English education, which, if
nothing else, has elevated the tone of thought on religious qu
improved the practical morality of the literary classes in Ben

Most of the affiliated colleges have libraries, and there is
university building containing a small collection of books
procurable elsewhere in Calcutta, viz., European editions
classics, and disquisitions on Oriental subjects, scientific tre
set of Latin, French, and German classics. For this library th
is indebted to the munificence of the Babu Joykissen M
Ooterparah, who presented the University with 5000 rupees
pose. This has since been supplemented from other sources.

There are no University professorships. It has often been
found some, but there are no rooms in the University building i
fessors could lecture, and their audience probably would not b
A Tagore lecturer on law is appointed every year. This lect
founded by the late Hon. Prosanna Kumár Tagore, C.S.I.
delivers his lectures in a room in the Presidency College, whi
at his disposal for the purpose. He is bound to publish his
months after delivery. Our other foundations are the four I
ships of 15 rupees a month, founded in honour of the late Dr
Eshan scholarship, founded by a native gentleman of that
Mouat medal, founded in honour of Dr. Mouat; the Râdhâk
founded in honour of the late Raja Râdhâkânta Dev, u
auspices was brought out the Sabdakalpa-druma, a magnificen
of the Sanskrit language; the Haris'-chendra prize, founded
chendra Chandhedri, a zemindar at Mymensingh; and the
foundation of the Premchand Roychand studentships.
founded in the year 1866, by Premchand Roychand, Esq.,
who presented the University with two lakhs of rupees for t
There are five studentships of the value of 1600 rupe
tenable for five years. An election is made annually. A
the University is eligible during eight years from the time
passed the Entrance Examination. Candidates have to selec
than five of the following subjects, viz.:—1. English. 2.
Greek. 4. Sanskrit. 5. Arabic. 6. History of Greece, Rom
and India, and a general view of the history of Modern E
Guizot, Hallam, &c., to include Political Economy. 7. Mor
viz., Ethics, Mental Philosophy, Logic. 8. Pure Mathe
Mixed Mathematics. 10. Physical Science. As a general
subjects only are taken up. The Premchand students ar
article we turn out from our educational mill. One of them, I
Bose, went to the University of Cambridge, and, in spite of th
he studied law at the same time, and had to learn two new la
order to pass his Little-go, he managed to come out sixtee
Mathematical Tripos. Since he returned to this country he
very successful barrister, and is known, it appears, even in

of Bengal as the Wrangler. I may here mention that the part of the yearly income of the University is derived from fees, the principal item in the yearly disbursements is remuneration iners.

udents of our colleges are not required to wear academical cos- ordinary occasions. The fact is, the multiplication of vestments onducive to comfort in a hot climate. But they appear in full cal costume on the day when degrees are conferred. The regu- or academical costume laid down in the Monthly Calendar con- rious mixture of the European and Oriental styles of dress. For it is enacted: "That graduates shall wear a European dress College cap, or a white chapkan and trousers, with a shawl and black taz.* They also shall wear gowns and hoods for the legrees, as described below: *For the degree of B.A.*, a black silk gown. The hood shall be of black silk or stuff, edged on the ith a border of dark blue silk." And so on for the other The costume for the degree of Doctor-in-Law is truly magni- "A violet silk gown with blue sleeves. The hood shall be of lk, with a lining of white satin." The degrees are usually con- out the middle of March. The University hall is filled with the arranged for spectators instead of the little tables used for the of examination. The students about to receive the degrees sit on ides of the daïs set apart for the Vice-chancellor and Fellows, clad academicals. A few of the front seats in the body of the hall are by European ladies, and perhaps a native Christian lady or two, nd them are arranged male European spectators, the friends of idates, and the graduates of preceding years. At the appointed Vice-Chancellor and Fellows enter in procession, and take their the daïs, and the Vice-Chancellor declares the convocation After the degrees are conferred the Vice-Chancellor addresses ting. Sir Henry Sumner Maine's polished and eloquent dis- will long be remembered as models of what a University address be.

eal with which our students devote themselves to athletic sports different parts of India. In the north-west provinces and the cricket flourishes in the cold weather. It is also cultivated in but the western Bengalees have not as yet displayed much for it. Gymnastics flourish in the schools and colleges of and some of the students attain considerable proficiency in this ; but no amount of gymnastics, however much it may develop cles, can give the moral and intellectual training of cricket and Some of the students take to boating in a mild way. An r Cambridge rowing man would call their boats tubs.

rous debating societies and essay societies exist among the . Discussions are apt to take a political turn, and much harm- son is said to be talked at some of these *réunions*. So pre- s the political instinct in Bengal that boys have been known to e the editorship of a paper before passing the Entrance tion. There is a graduate association composed of some sober o exert themselves to keep up a feeling of *esprit de corps* among uates of the University.

rincipal defect of the University of Calcutta is one inherent in

* Cap round which the shawl is folded.

its nature, that is, that it is an examining body. The original taint is, of course, ineradicable; but much might be done to diminish its evil effects. If the University were less precise in fixing text-books (often mere manuals) on every subject, greater freedom would be left to lecturers and students. At present a lecturer on history in a college affiliated to the University is depressed by the knowledge that the class take no interest in what he says. He has no motive to exert himself, to consult original authorities, or to put his subject in new lights. The student cares only for what is found within the four corners of his manual; for this alone, he knows, will be of importance in the examination, and upon the result of that depends his success in life. This is demoralising enough to a student whose only object is to "pass;" but when we reflect that the B.A. examination of this University is in one sense also a "class" examination, candidates being arranged in order of merit, it becomes infinitely more serious. The best historical scholar in the view of the Calcutta University is practically the man who can reproduce most of the manual. Strange to say, though Indian students have little or no memory for English poetry, their power of recollecting the very words of a nauseous handbook is something astonishing. The fact is, the University has adopted as its motto—width, not depth, *non multum sed multa.* It seems to consider all knowledge equally important, for the same man, and at the same time. Accordingly the unfortunate examinees of our Alma Mater are tortured with a bewildering multiplicity of subjects sufficient to confuse the brain of a Whewell. In fact, examination is here revealed in its most hateful form; those who worship that uncomely goddess (and her votaries seem to be increasing in England) may well turn to her shrine in Calcutta as their intellectual Mecca.

But a vigorous effort has been made of late to diminish the number of subjects, and raise the standard of knowledge required in each, and at the same time to afford a wide field of choice, so that each student may devote himself to his own *specialité.* Mr. A. W. Croft, the energetic Director of Public Instruction in Lower Bengal, has taken an active part in the movement, and through his exertions, in spite of vigorous opposition from the native members of the Senate, the University is now committed to the principle of this measure. If it should be carried out in the sense and to the extent contemplated by its supporters, a great educational reform will have been effected. It will then be possible for our schools and colleges to give a really liberal education to their pupils. I hope in some future letter to be able to announce that this sanguine anticipation has been fulfilled.

Little fault can be found with the examination for the degree of M.A. The standard must of course be revised some day, but I believe that this examination does even now really encourage genuine study. I only regret that so few proceed to the degree, for it is pretty generally admitted that those who receive it are the only *alumni* of our University who have any claim to be considered educated men.

UNIVERSITY OF GRANADA.

I KNOW not whether a few words from our University will interest your readers, but I send you this letter to represent it, if you think proper, in the "Spirit of the Universities," which you have intro-

duced into your valued magazine, as I think that the land of Boabdil "el Chico" should also raise its voice and join in the literary contest, and show that Granada, in spite of her age, can still place herself side by side with other literary centres. I shall hope, after giving you a short sketch of the original history and establishment of our University, to continue from time to time to inform you more fully of its interior life and the studies pursued.

The history of our University may be called almost ancient, for the institution dates from the year 1236, when Ferdinand III., surnamed the Saint, on gaining Cordova and Seville, transferred to our city the general Arab schools of Cordova, where, from the time of the first caliphs, the studies of mathematics, medicine, and fine arts had been cultivated with much fruit.

It appears to be a disputed point among men of letters where this general school was first installed, but it is currently believed to have been in the Alhambra; and this appears very possible, because astronomical observatories were established in the Albaicin. The foundation of these schools, which served as a beacon of enlightenment for Europe during the middle ages, proves that Arab Spain largely contributed to the civilisation of Christian Spain, and that Granada was the spot where the arts and sciences were gathered together. When, later on, Granada was wrested from the Moors by Ferdinand V. and Isabella, one of their first acts was to order the preservation in this city of all that appertained to science and enlightenment, purging it, however, of all Mahommedan superstitions, and, unfortunately for us, this zeal, in which perchance political reasons had more to do than piety, was the cause of casting to the flames a multitude of valuable Arabic manuscripts, a loss which is deeply deplored in our days by men of letters. Many, however, were saved from destruction and preserved by the learned; but the University proper was not founded until 1531, when the Emperor Charles V., not wishing that Granada should be deficient of the proudest jewel in her crown, obtained from Pope Clement VII. the Bull for its installation. This Bull declared the University of Granada to be ranked as one of the greater Universities, according to it all the privileges and rights granted to the Universities of Paris, Bologna, Salamanca, and Alcala de Henares, founding in it a school of medicine under the supervision of the celebrated Doctor Mellado. Other colleges were then added, viz., Santa Cruz de la Fé, Santa Catalina Martir, and the imperial college, called San Miguel Archangel.

When, in 1768, the Jesuit order was suppressed throughout the Spanish monarchy, by Don Carlos III., it was decided by royal assent and special council to incorporate the literary University of this city and kingdom, and apportion for its use the Colleges of San Pablo de Granada, Santa Catalina Martir, and San Miguel, leaving the rest of the building for extending the archiepiscopal offices of the Curia. The library of the University stands now where formerly stood the College of San Miguel, and the collection of books is very choice and admirably arranged.

The studies pursued at the present day in our University comprise philosophy and the learned professions, pharmacy, medicine, natural and exact sciences, and law, with the addition of a particular school of the *Notariado*; the usual attendance of students being about seven hundred. Among the studies pursued in this University, medicine has stood pre-eminent for some years past. This science has been much enhanced and augmented by the arduous labours and teaching of eminent professors,

such as the Señores Coca and Amado Salazar (now deceased), th
San Juan and Señor Creas, who has been lately transferre
University of Madrid, Lopez Argüeta, Garcia Duarte, and oth
Maestre San Juan has distinguished himself by his anatomica
of which he has given us his ripe experience in an excellent wo
subject.

Señor Creas is famous for his surgical operations, and
well-known author of several works, particularly one on surgical

Pharmacy is represented by Don Mariano del Amo, author of
tant "Flora Fanerogamica Española," published, in this ci
bulky volumes. He was formerly senior professor of this Univ

Our present senior professor, Don Manuel de Gongora, who
the studies of philosophy and science, is renowned for his arc
and geographical studies and for his able work on the p
antiquities of Andalucia ("Antiguedades Prehistoricas de An
We also enjoy the privilege of possessing among us, as pr
metaphysics and philosophy, Don Leopoldo Eguilar, the co
scholar of Spanish literature, who is preparing for the press a g
Spanish terms of Arab origin, "Glosario de Voces Españolas
Arabe"; and our professor of Arabic and of Arab litera
Francisco Javier Simonet, is at the present moment bringi
voluminous glossary of Iberic and Latin terms in use among
and Mozarabes, "Glosario de Voces Ibericas y Latinas usada
Arabes y Muzarabes." He is the author of several published
and geographical works of the period Arabigo-Hispano.

We have a private college, called Nuestra Señora de las A
founded in 1844, for the study of humanities, by its director, D
José de Alcaráz y Barreda, which is affiliated to the Unive
possesses all the necessary advantages for the four years'
philosophy, as well as the requirements and objects for the
physics, chemistry, and natural science.

Among the educational establishments worthy of note in this
foremost the renowned College del Sacro Monte, the Ecc
Seminary of San Cecilio, the ancient College of San Bartc
Santiago, the Provincial Institute, the School of Arts and Coll
National Schools, all of which possess rich libraries and are
by excellent professors. We also have a College of "Noble L
which orphans of tender age are received and educated. Th
was founded by Don Pedro Castro.

Granada has always merited the renown of being one of the
capitals of highest culture and enlightened literary advants
University and colleges and literary societies have formed the
characters of men who have distinguished themselves in every
science and learning in ancient as well as in modern times
preserves to this day her proverbial love for the arts and scien
this city, marvellously favoured by nature, hallowed by the
records, and monumental embellishments of so many diverse e
interesting events—which, too, has felt the footprints of m
none of which has passed away without leaving its own trace,
tradition for the thoughtful student—can proudly boast of ha
the birthplace of a Suarez, Alonso Cano, Bermudez de Pedraza
de la Rosa, Burgos, the Marquis de Gerona, and many oth
names are indelibly recorded in the pages of the literary a
history of Spain.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

r. By the Right Hon. W. E. dstone. Macmillan. 1878.

other laurel for the "Litera- Primers;" another trophy e versatility of our *Homme nt*, the distinguished states- f his day. Would that his of the pen had been always sefully or as innocently d, some may be ready to ex- ; be that as it may, none can that it has now, at least, well employed; and few will this tiny volume without ing in its condensation the of a wide and careful exami- , with well-considered con- ns. If we may hint at the w of a drawback in this r upon Homer, it is that r, as Homer, is hardly to be ised amidst the affluence lustration, the abounding ng, brought from the unexpected regions, with Homer is surrounded, till, he lady at the Latin gate, rich gifts with which he rned rather tend to his own action. Into the Homeric thropism, *e.g.*, Mr. Gladstone oured, p. 88, as the most d characteristic of the ian system of Homer, "the nation of the divine idea with ssential conditions of our nity." The whole page is minently rich and beautiful, is the next and the next; not Homer, it is Gladstone, he world of letters is hardly r; still, as a test, we could wished Mr. Gladstone had his eloquent periods into Homeric verse; were it only to see how in its comparatively cramped trammels, "the appetitive part of humanity," would come out, "not as the limitation of the divine idea, only as its vehicle," or how he would render in words the ideas with which he saturates the meagre lines he declares to possess them. It sometimes seems almost like getting out of a book what one has put into it, to read Homer by the electric light of Gladstonian illumination.

Seriously, great as is our enjoyment of Mr. Gladstone's disquisitions, sincerely grateful as we are for them, and valuing, apart from Homer, all they lead up to, we doubt whether this estimate of "Homer," whatever that accepted term is taken to mean, a man or a poetic collection, can by any possibility be correct; of necessity it presupposes a poet of a literary age, and in no wise can the Homeric era be so considered. That the Homeric poetry grew out of the real life of the people must be granted; that it is a most important historical record, like the Vedas, or the books of Moses, and that so far it belongs to all time in its grand unity, may all be admitted. But that a profound ethical system, "The Law of Duty" (p. 106), the relation of morals to religion, "a chain binding earth to Heaven" (p. 105), a morality sustained by ritual (p. 102); in fine a Divine revelation all but complete—that all this is to be found in the Homeric ballads is what hardly lies upon the surface; and at least

should be reserved for esoteric disciples, not poured forth in primers. Nevertheless, the obligation to Mr. Gladstone's ingenuity is very great. To use a phrase of his own this dissertation upon Homer is "incorporated thought;" the Homer of our schooldays sublimated and etherialised; the apotheosis is something too brilliant and too charming not to be cordially accepted; we would only return once and again to the sturdy critical Wolf and his prolegomena as a corrective; again correcting Wolf by Müller or Nitsch; not as an antidote, for we are well assured no poison lurks amidst the flowers of this many-hued garland, but only as a more sober and a more truthful estimate of Homer, *i.e.*, both of the Homeric poems, and of the Homeric age. Meanwhile this little volume has served to levy tribute from history, cosmology, ethnology, and mythology, polity and ethics, art and religion, for the illustration and the adornment of Homer; whilst "Homer" in return has added to each a gorgeous contribution, from the bounteous wealth of his commentator. Still, *Quo me rapis Tui plenum*, might be the exclamation of the traditional blind old Bard of the heroic age!

This crowning of the Primers reminds us that Professor Huxley's "Introduction" is still, as from the first, "preparing." It is almost tantalising to have so inordinately long an announcement; the parturition is formidable, what will be the evolution?"

Conversations with M. Thiers, M. Guizot, and other distinguished Persons during the Second Empire. By the late Nassau William Senior, &c., &c. Edited by his daughter, M. C. M. Simpson. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1878.

The political interest of these two volumes is of the utmost value; the literary interest is hardly less. The political *coup d'état* of December receives from these records additional light, and while they clear up some misapprehensions, and correct some mistakes, they show it to be unmistakeably a foul unmitigated atrocity. Hardly less curious as a literary matter is the story of the *coup d'état* aimed at the Institute in May, 1855, related by so well informed a narrator as M. Ampère, himself an Imperialist with intimate social relations at the Elysée (pp. 17, 19, vol. 2). The story of the *attentat*, and the hitherto unexplained reluctance to execute Orsini, with the reason for it, is another of the Second Empire episodes which is here unravelled. There is, indeed, hardly a circumstance of recent French history that does not in some way or other find, if not its solution, at least elucidation and discussion in these Conversations. The record of those held with M. Thiers are themselves history; and those with M. Guizot are history with *la haute politique* of statesmanship superadded. Topics of all kinds, indeed, come across the speakers; the effect of the six years' enforced celibacy imposed by the law of conscription on the population of France, the condemning to it annually 40,000 of the best picked men; Madame Ristori's reason for dying her own black hair yellow to play Cassandra; the piquant *causeries* with Madame Mohl, and her revelations of mysteries in the life of Madame Recamier; all this, and much more, the very cream of the salons, is detailed with sparkling vivacity; while disquisitions follow, giving M. Thiers' views on Free Trade, M. Guizot's on the prospects of Italy, on indifference to religion, on the difficulties of a good literary style, and the like. It would be almost sufficient to name Montalembert,

Mérimée, Duc de Broglie, Chevalier, Rémusat, Manin, Lamartine, Beaumont, as the minor *dramatis personæ* of the book, for our readers to be quite sure that in the hands of Mr. Senior, with the editing of Mrs. Simpson, the record of these Conversations cannot fail to be of permanent value as well as of interest. They are just the conversations which photograph the men and the subjects that occupied them; just the books which, if we could have had them for the age of Queen Elizabeth, or even of Queen Anne, could not be enough prized, and which posterity will prize as the best contemporary comment on the period they cover of the Second Empire in France, and concurrently and incidentally of Europe generally, and in particular of England. The record forms a most readable, charming book, as well as a work indispensable for historical reference.

The Cradle of the Blue Nile: a Visit to the Court of King John of Ethiopia. By E. A. de Cosson, F.R.G.S. Murray: London.

Abyssinia, ten years ago, had for Englishmen great interest, and later events have recalled it. Abyssinia then added the name of Magdala to the British peerage, and the Roman death of King Theodore left his heir a charge for guardianship to this country; but Abyssinia in the near future, and in regard to Egypt, may become of still higher political interest, though it is to be hoped that no second Abyssinian war may mark England's share in its fortunes. The encroachment of Egypt on the Abyssinian frontier is not alone as an element of disturbance; the slave trade of Upper Nubia is a matter of even greater moment; while, beyond everything else, civilisation in Africa is on every account becoming more and more of importance, while the vast empire, with the warlike people of Ethiopia, will be one factor in solving the problem. These two volumes are an account of a journey which expanded from a mere shooting excursion among the highlands of Abyssinia into a formal visit to King Yohannes, and that again afterwards took an almost official character. Capt. de Cosson, who writes this book, with his brother Baron de Cosson, not only penetrated into the interior of the country, reaching both Gondar, the capital of Ethiopia, and the Lake Tzana, the great reservoir of the Blue Nile, returning through Sennar, and seeing Berber, the plains of the Soudan, or country of the blacks and the junction there of the Atbara with the Nile; but they were so received by the remarkable man who now fills the throne of King Theodorus that they obtained access to every source of information, and had unusual opportunities of doing so. The result is an account of life at the Ethiopian court, and a record of conversations with the king, extremely curious in themselves, and which may prove to be of considerable value hereafter. It is not to be forgotten that the British Government has formally recognised the Emperor of Ethiopia, and has also approved the appointment in London of an Abyssinian Consul. That office is at this time held by Mr. Henry S. King, of Cornhill, a name familiar in literature. The complaints of encroachment on Ethiopian territory by the Khedive, and of aggressions by his troops, were carefully stated by King Yohannes, who seems to have well considered his frontiers. Pp. 35 to 48, vol. ii. ought to be read for their political bearing upon Egypt. And, still more, the question of slavery should be considered with the

papers forming the appendix, as well as the actual picture of the slave market itself at Galabat, forming chapter XXV. Of course this book deals much with sport, and sport in the Abyssinian highlands is of an exciting nature; but the geology, as well as the geographical character of the country, is most competently described. On both heads the information given is both new and apparently carefully verified. As a book of travels in a remote country of rising interest these volumes will be found very interesting, and they open up also many matters that have a wider bearing beyond the immediate subject. It is well written and lively without being flippant. We had marked for extract "a camel ride across the plains," but we can do no more than refer our readers to that heading and to the journey down the Blue Nile, as well as the description of Gondar. We expect, however, that the most attractive part will be the royal camp at Ambachara. Banquets of raw meat, with a master of the ceremonies robed in purple velvet and carrying his white wand, seem an incongruity; but they are fully matched by more incongruous blendings of barbarism and civilisation. If it may be regarded as in any measure a state of transition, this visit to the court of King John will at some future time form a curious picture of the Ethiopia of to-day. We are glad it has fallen to one so competent as the writer of these volumes to describe it, and that he has so well used the opportunities he had of doing so.

Dispauperisation: a Popular Treatise on Poor Law Evils and their Remedies. By J. R. Pretyman, M.A. Second edition, revised and enlarged. London: Longmans. 1878.

Mr. Pretyman is as severe upon the molluscous state to which inalienable right to poor relief reduces what should be the sturdy backbone of responsibility and independence, as Mr. Hornsby Wright is upon the evils due to unorganised charity.

"What is the use of saving? The parish must keep us," says Mr. Pretyman, is no uncommon language, but indeed the sentiment of a class. The problem of how to relieve the really destitute, and those temporarily unable to earn a maintenance, without discouraging thrift, is truly a difficult one to solve. The only certain way would be to make contribution to a benefit society compulsory; but what difficulties would stand in the way of carrying out so gigantic an ordinance! And questions which are but stilled might arise as to what is the equitable remuneration of labour, and upon what pittance it is possible to support life in a country where the territory is too small in relation to the population for nature to help the poor by her wild harvests.

In principle those are no doubt right who oppose the doctrine that the poor rate is to be regarded as the inalienable right of the able-bodied pauper. But before carrying out that principle, they ought first to make sure that social conditions have not been made to press unfairly upon the worker, by the want of knowledge or consideration of those who really have power. It is quite open to a capitalist to enter upon a trade which shall gather together a village of labourers, and then to lose his money in speculation and leave the helpless creatures without succour. Is it fair to blame the labourer that he cannot command the great forces that set industries in motion, or to refuse to make any provision for the con-

tributor who has done his best to produce wealth, if by no fault of his own, by no lack of such foresight as he is capable of, he is left resourceless?

Before rejecting the makeshift system of parish poor relief, reformers ought also to have settled what is to be done with the helpless. It might fairly be urged that a labourer in work shall be left to support a bed-ridden mother or a sickly child. But what if he has an invalid mother-in-law or aunt on his hands as well, or three weakly children instead of one? The clear-brained theorist cannot be allowed to settle social problems by a rigid intellectual rule; the motherly mind is required which will take account of small exceptions and bend its sympathetic attention to the homeliest details of life. We want the woman's mind to enter upon these questions; the trained woman's mind, that is to say, which has acquired method without loss of womanly characteristics, and quick insight into detail. Practical, kindly Florence Nightingale's "Note of Interrogation" has never yet been answered by words that deserve to conclude by a full stop. We feel that a great question is opened when she refers to "the prevailing fallacy that, if we do not give to vagrants, they will find work for themselves. While helping the industrious to help themselves there is a greater thing still to do yet—to help the helpless to help themselves."

Theorists have to discover whether what is given to the weak or ignorant with one hand is not taken away with the other, or whether something of greater value than the gift is not abstracted.

It seems idle, for instance, to preach virtue from the pulpit, and then to introduce politics into the village after the demoralising fashion of election time, when money and drink are extravagantly squandered because the wealthy have a temporary interest in the lower classes. It is hard to expect an unbroken decorous regularity and thrift from the public's servants, and yet so to overwork them during Society's seasons or times of fashionable festivity, that they cannot take their meals from a table, and, if they are not Herculean, end in finding liquor the only thing they can stomach. It is hard to preach the beneficent reign of law, and yet practically to force struggling masses into damp and ill-built houses (where a whole family has been known to sicken without knowing why); to turn ignorant folk, held to particular quarters by the necessities of their peculiar kind of bread-winning, into alleys where the air is unwholesome and depraving, and where their children, who rarely see sunlight or Nature's face, grow up into apt pauper material like their parents. Such matters as these are common enough, and are by no means to be reckoned as hardships; but it is no wonder that the position of the labouring class should come to be regarded by kindly folk with some little sentiment, rather than with scientific absolutism.

There is perhaps a danger in discussing pauperism, of confusing two widely-different classes. One is that of the associated artisans, who are the aristocracy of the classes who live by hand-labour, and are at present somewhat powerful; the other is the class consisting of members of the smaller and un-self-protecting trades, and the miscellaneous ruck of humanity that has been apprenticed to no craft, and lives by odd work of descriptions almost impossible to classify. There is a danger, in confusing such different kingdoms, of feeling strictly com-

mercial with regard to the poor, when we are only irritated by the assumptions of the powerful organisations which can fight for themselves, though they are perhaps scarcely strong enough, even had they the will, to bear the burden of the problem of the great "residuum."

To return to Mr. Pretyman's work, we cannot but say that it possesses a high value: the literary classes at least can be said to do their duty in the way of such work as they can do for social amelioration. But while a city of the wealth of London can be left to decay by the corrosion of its own smoke, which defiles the air breathed by aristocratic as well as plebeian; and, while the middle classes are content to dwell with sewer-gas modestly admitted by a pipe or two into each house, we can scarcely expect that any very great ardour will be felt for the improvement of the condition of the poor. Dispauperisation would at least be approached if those who have power were alive to the importance of better conditions both for the mind and the body of the nation. What is spent in unnecessary luxuries would amply cleanse and replace all the foul and depraving conditions of physical existence in our country. The money lent to Turkey might have reduced the percentage of disease by a rate at least larger than will ever be paid on the loans. We might surely as comfortably have built wholesome houses in England with the money as extravagant palaces in Turkey.

Mr. Pretyman is a believer in industrial schools, in the teaching of domestic economy to working girls, and in many other excellent plans which we may trust are gradually being brought into the region of the practical. But in preaching to, and arranging for the poor, there is a danger of o to preach to, or allow fo prevalent capitalist whos idea of the reality or pos his capital, whether the take be houses that hold beings, or a trade that de its apprentices, is as repre a sum of money earning se cent. at least.

A Handful of Honeysuck A. Mary F. Robinson. C. Paul and Co. 1878.

This little volume of poe interesting as it is modest. sionally its verses are feel nowhere is there deep passi every page contains true Although Miss Robinson feel complimented by the c son, we might liken some pieces to the work of C Rossetti.

The Passion of Dido; Fourth Book of the Æneid o freely rendered in Englis verse; with notes. By Johnson Thornhill, ex-sch Trinity College, Dublin, Can Patrick's Cathedral, &c. I G. Bell and Sons. 1878.

Canon Thornhill has a notion of blank verse tha popular poets that might be His rhythm is strong, and either monotony or mar We hope that we have befo earnest that a version of th of the Æneid, by the sam may one day be presente If we understand the aright, he has already co one-half of the task.

We ought not to pass work without reference notes, which are made es interesting by their very ful tion of parallelisms betw text and the work of writing poets.

Ballads. By the Lady Middleton. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co. 1878.

Our first observation of this little work is the daintiness of its appearance. Even a book of poetry, that modern drug, is not unwelcome when it comes in artistic guise.

To the poems themselves a little more attention to form would have availed much. The strength of will that characterises some of them might lead to good work under proper training. It is not given to every one to write as Browning, and live. We take it that the tendency of the author is rather intellectual and practical than strictly poetic.

The volume is dedicated to the clan chieftain Lochiel, and a large proportion of the poems show a trace of Scotland. What the free airs of the hills, mingled with "a waft of old ancestral lore," will eventually do for the "listing sense" of the writer, we cannot prophecy.

The following is a philosophic poem of fourteen lines, but not an orthodox sonnet:

TO CERTAIN SCIENTIFIC MEN.

Like a poor insect, labouring to scale
  Yon lofty mount piercing eternal snows,
Upon whose latest peak there hangs a veil
  Of shadowy cloud;—and up the Atom goes
With pain a foot or so—the weary trail;
  Then looking up, "Yonder's no light," he vows,
And spreads about with pride the assurèd tale,
  And crawls another inch, and dies, and knows!—

So are, as he, ye scientific men,
  Who of your scanty knowledge grow too fond;
How can ye hope in your three-score-and-ten
To win Heaven's secret to Earth's tirèd sod?
  Might ye but gain that height, and see beyond,
Would not the light be there attending God?

Allah-Akbar: an Arab Legend of the Siege and Conquest of Granada. From the Spanish. By Mariana Monteiro. London: R. Washbourne. 1878.

This is a story of the semi-oriental kind, and not without the Moorish glow and colour. We do not, however, find it as interesting as the shorter stories contained in Miss Monteiro's recently published "Gathered Gems from Spanish Authors;" and it would be well, when she brings out a translation, if she would at least cite the names of the original authors.

There are some quaint engraved headpieces in this little volume, many of them reproductions of Arab design. They are from the pencil of Miss Henriqueta Monteiro.

"*Bonnie Lesley.*" By Mrs. Herbert Martin, Author of "Cast Adrift," &c. London: Griffith and Farran. 1878.

The story of "Bonnie Lesley" opens with the rather hackneyed situation of two girls obliged on the death of their father, a professional man, to turn out to earn their own living. Both have received the ordinary education of young ladies, but not having gone in for competitive examinations and the higher education of women, are not qualified for governesses. Marjory, the elder, finds a home with the usual querulous old lady of title, a distant relation of the family, but the more adventurous Lesley, after in vain sending round her manuscripts to the leading periodicals, boldly resolves to go out as lady-help. She consults Lady Thornely, the benevolent woman with theories, who offers her the post of lady's-maid in her own establishment. Bonnie Lesley, choking down her pride, accepts the situation, and in that capacity accompanies Lady Thornely to her London residence.

Her duties as lady's-maid appear to be confined to looking out her mistress's evening dress and clasping her jewels for her before she goes down to dinner. Her own meals Lesley takes with the housekeeper, a very superior person, the widow of a surgeon, another of the destitute ladies whom it is Lady Thornely's "fad" to employ as domestics. Lesley is furnished with a little light occupation for an hour or two in the morning as amanuensis to her mistress, who is engaged in preparing a little work for the press; but the very first morning after her arrival Helen Thornely, the invalid daughter, takes a desperate fancy to her, and henceforth Lesley spends most of her time in Helen's apartment, reading to her and shaking up her pillows. Lionel, the only son of Sir Stephen and Lady Thornely, a languid young exquisite, attempts to get up a flirtation with his mother's handsome maid, but Lesley indignantly rejects his advances. He is so smitten, however, that he proceeds to insult his pretty little empty-headed *fiancée*, so that she breaks off their engagement. Now he is free to make real love to Lesley, whom he follows to the seaside, where Helen has been sent for the benefit of her health, with her bosom friend Lesley as a companion. Lionel urges his suit, and Lesley is half wavering, when Helen is opportunely seized with a sudden attack of illness. Her mother and sister are summoned and arrive only in time to see her die. Lesley of course does everything for everybody, and comforts them all round. When all is over Lionel renews his proposal, which is refused, Lesley having decided that she can never love him. Lady Thornely, who had been won over by Lesley's devotion to her lost c rather offended with h jecting her boy, but mously forgives her. however, concludes that better seek another which she finds with literary man, to whom as secretary, residing wit of her childhood, whom pens to meet in church is now married and settl don. Lesley winds up ing her blind empl thereupon goes to a Ge list and recovers his sig jory's irascible relative leaves her a fortune, whi her to marry a young c eighty pounds a year expectations. It is anachronism to represen with eighty pounds a y days of lady-helps. exemplary young man could get 150*l.* any day cordial welcome of man worked rector. Lionel himself with a clever girl, who makes him go liament; and Constan Thornely's only remaining also makes a very goo All these young marri dine together with Sir St Lady Thornely, and wit ner the story of "Bonn is brought to a conclus not a very exciting roma neither specially well no ill written. The charact Thornely is the best dr think it would not be ve to guess the origina character. But if youn a similar position to the should be tempted, on r story, to seek situation helps, we fear that the easily find any in real li be such a sinecure Lesley's.

THE

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1878.

THE REVOLUTION IN PROGRESS IN THE ARTS OF ATTACK AND DEFENCE.

By F. R. Conder, C.E.

The great object of the mariner, from that early prehistoric epoch when the trunk of some great tree was first hollowed by fire, and dressed by rude stone celts into a primitive canoe, down to the present century, has been the improvement of the art of navigation. To that end the whole range of rudimental art and incipient science was made to contribute. The shipbuilder was led, by the very condition to which his work was subjected, to acquire an experimental knowledge of the strength of materials, the laws of structural form, the power of resisting strains, and the action of wind and of currents, such as forms the primer of the technic art. The study of astronomy was shared between the navigator and the astrologer. If geodesy did not owe its origin to the need of delineating coasts and harbours and shoals and shallows, yet the work of the geographer has been aided and stimulated by the kindred toil of the hydrographer. Astronomical observations for maritime purposes led to the cultivation of mathematical science. Trigonometry affords the special notation in which observations of the visible parallaxes of the heavenly bodies naturally come to be recorded. And in trigonometry there is requisite, not only geometric definition of form, but a determination of proportions which led to the first recorded use of the value of place, or the adoption of a radix, in the degrees and scrupules of the Babylonian astronomers, in terms of which the earliest observations of eclipses are quoted by Claudius Ptolemy. Conceptions of the relation of the earth to the celestial planets, and thus of the form and movement of the former, must have originated from the combination of distant travel, for the most part carried on by sea, with astronomical observation. Knowledge of the difference of climates and of seasons followed, the notation of the different angles subtended between the zenith and the path of the sun, or between the pole star and the horizon, as the venturous mariner put forth beyond the pillars of Hercules, or even circumnavigated Africa before the

Nile had brought down the deposit that blocked the channel from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. These, to say nothing of the direct extension given to human knowledge by the acquirements of commerce—silk and gold, tin and amber, "ivory, apes, and peacocks"—the indirect stimulus to study and to industry which was afforded by the requirements of the navigator, have been such as to entitle the seaman to a foremost place among the instructors of mankind.

From the commencement of ship building in the form of the canoe, or the perhaps earlier invention of the catamaran or raft, down to the application of steam to the propulsion of ships, the chief aim of the shipbuilder has been to improve the navigable qualities of his craft. He has sought to combine capacity with such elegance of form as should pass with least resistance through the water. The use of the wind as a motor power has not only led to the perfection of masts, yards, and sails, but introduced a practical acquaintance with the important element of naval stability, that is to say, the resistance which a vessel offers to overthrow by wind or wave. To make a vessel thoroughly seaworthy was indispensable. And with the steady, though slow, progress from the triremes of the fleet of Pompey the Great to the first-rate man-of-war of the time of Nelson, the same consistent requisites have ever been the study of the shipbuilder.

The present century has witnessed a change in this respect. Change is hardly an adequate term; it would be more correct to say revolution. A mighty revolution is in full course with regard to naval construction, a revolution of which no one can foresee the upshot, although there are, as I propose to show, remarkable indications that it is about into a new phase. For an people, whose power and depend on their command sea, a knowledge of the cau of the course of this revol maritime construction, an cially in maritime war of primary interest and ance.

We may illustrate the di between the transformat naval construction within t two years and the slow adv preceding centuries and centuries, by the analogy insects, which, after s months, or even years, in state, steadily attending to great duty of finding and ing food, suddenly burst dignity of winged creatur tined to but an ephemeral li invention of Watt has ac automatic motive power ship quite as much in adv the capabilities of the tri even of the sailing packet the wings of the beetle co to the legs and pro-legs larva. At the same time the sive power of the ship of been developed in a no less degree. If we refer again transformation of the insec only be to remark how arms furnished to many *Hymenoptera*—effective as for the defence of the store of the hive, or for th building of the solitary —are proportionately inf aggressive power to the projectile. With this inc the motive power, and in the sive power, of the ship of been carried on a develop the resisting power of its s superior in proportion to the horny thorax or elytra most herculean beetle) wh be measured as the add more than an inch of solid

its thickness year by year for the last sixteen years.

Development in the means of attack naturally calls attention to development in the means of defence. Any great invention, which for a time may give apparent superiority to either the active or the passive side of a combat, is likely to turn the inventive faculty towards the discovery of a counterpoise for the new arm. The early use of stone projectiles from catapults or balistæ led to the attempts to protect walls by wool, by wood, or—according to an early fabulist—by leather. The first account which we have, in modern times, of any attempt to protect the decks and sides of war vessels from projectiles, such as were discharged from engines like those which they themselves carried, was at the Siege of Gibraltar in 1782. The French and Spaniards then constructed floating batteries for the assault of the isolated rock. They covered the sides of vessels with green timber, junk, and cowhides to a thickness of seven feet, and considered that they had made the decks bomb-proof. The largest of these vessels was 1400 tons burden. They were armed with 32-pounders, provided with furnaces for red-heating the shot, and manned each with five hundred men. They were repelled, and quickly set on fire by the use of the same novel and formidable projectile which they were built to use. Thirty years later, Fulton, who enjoyed the possession of a diabolical ingenuity in the fabrication of engines of destruction, constructed a steam floating battery for the United States.

To enable a body to float it is necessary that its weight shall be less than that of an equal bulk of the fluid in which it is to float. Wood, as generally lighter than water, no doubt gives the first idea, as it furnished the first material, for shipbuilding. Cork, which is still used for the construction of buoys—and the introduction of which into certain portions of a war ship is one of the latest improvements, or experiments, of the day—is less than one-fourth of the weight of the water which it displaces. Cedar, which is still used, where the utmost delicacy of line is combined with the least attainable weight of material, in the boats for the annual University matches, is about half the weight of fresh water. Dantzic fir varies in its specific gravity from ·478 to ·673, taking water as unity. English oak has a specific gravity of ·858; African teak, of ·993; Spanish oak, of 1·042; Australian blue gum, of 1·029; and Burmese iron wood, of 1·176. But boat-building cannot have very far advanced before the builders became aware that it was rather on the amount of water displaced by the hull of the vessel than on the thickness and weight of the sides and planks, that the flotation depended. The difference in the specific gravity of a pine or an oak plank was as nothing compared to the size of the hull of the vessel. Strength, in fact, is a more important quality in the material required for shipbuilding than lightness. The whole of the ancient, and now unfortunately obsolete, regulations that protected the growth of oak in our English forests were based on a tacit acknowledgment of this fact.

As oak to fir, however, it became evident, half a century ago, might iron become to oak. With the rapid advance made in the manufacture of iron, the applicability of that metal to the purposes of the shipbuilder became more and more obvious. The first iron vessel, the Aaron Manby, was built in

1820. In 1850, Mr White tells us,* out of 133,700 tons of shipping added to the British Mercantile Marine, only 12,800 tons, less than one-tenth, were iron ships. In 1860, out of 212,000 tons added to the navy, 64,700 tons, nearly one-third, were iron ships. In 1875, out of 420,000 tons of newly-built ships, 374,000 tons, nearly nine-tenths, were built of iron. If steam-vessels alone are regarded, the change is still more complete. During 1875 a tonnage of 179,000 was added to British steam shipping, and of these 176,000 tons were iron built.

Iron shipbuilding originated in England, and has received its most important development in English dockyards. It has rendered the country independent of foreign powers for the supply of materials for its navy. All the ships added to the Royal Navy within the last ten years have iron hulls, and not a single wooden vessel is now in course of construction for the Royal Navy.

The special advantages of iron, as compared with wood, are thus stated: 1. Superior lightness combined with strength; 2. Superior durability, when properly treated; 3. Superior ease and cheapness of construction and repair; and, 4. Superior safety, when properly constructed and divided into compartments. On the other hand, it is admitted that the bottom of an iron vessel is more easily damaged by contact with rocks or shoals; and that the fouling of the bottom, and consequent loss of speed, is more rapid in an iron than in the case of a wooden vessel. One feature of the iron ship, which at one time seemed likely to render the use of the material altogether unsuitable—that is, the disturbance of the compass—has been satisfactorily compensated and rected.

As to comparative lightnes percentage of nett to tare dis ment has been materially proved by the introduction of as a material. In wooden mer ships, the weight of the hulls from 35 to 45 per cent. o total displacement, leaving 55 to 65 per cent. for the c In iron merchant ships ten cent. of the former divisio weight is deducted from the and added to the cargo. In mastless type of ironclad vessels the weight of the hu from 30 to 35 per cent. of the placement, leaving 65 to 70 per for the cargo; and in the Ru circular type the proportion stated at 20 and 80 per respectively, of the total flo power.

The size of vessels has incre in proportion to the greater p given to the constructor by th of iron as a material for building. The St. Vincent, o our largest men-of-war in was 205 feet long, 53¾ broad had a displacement of 4700 The Inflexible, the latest typ mastless sea-going men-of-war a displacement of 11,400 tons dimensions are 320 feet by 75 her engines work to an indic power of 8000 horses. The G Eastern, completed by Mr. Br in 1858, had a length bet perpendiculars of 680 fee breadth of 83 feet, a depth 58 feet, and a displacement 30 feet draught of water, of 2 tons; the engines were of nominal, working up to 6600 cated, horse-power. The we of the hull, as launched, 11,000 tons.

The use of iron as a materia shipbuilding has had two dis

* Manual of Naval Architecture, p. 364.

phases. The first was that to which we have referred, as intended to insure greater lightness, strength, and capacity. The second was a step in a very different direction. It contemplated the increase of the efficiency of a ship as a man-of-war, by rendering it more or less impenetrable to the shot, and especially to the shell, of the enemy.

Mr. Reed, in a paper read at the eighteenth session of the Institute of Naval Architects, on the 22nd of March, 1877, stated that a hemisphere of iron, forming a shell of 100 feet in diameter, and 28 inches thick, would just float. The displacement would be 7480 tons. But the draught of 50 feet of water is too much for any ship. If the depth be reduced, by flattening the bottom, to 20 feet, the vessel would no longer float, as the buoyancy will have diminished more rapidly than the weight. The displacement will then be reduced to 4250 tons, and, in order to make the vessel float, the thickness must be reduced to 19 inches. But the least wave would sink a vessel of such exact equilibrium. The displacement would support the deck alone, leaving no buoyancy for vertical sides, bulwarks, deck, armament, cargo, and crew. To provide engines and boilers of an indicated horse-power of 3600 horses, 600 tons weight must be added, and an equal amount for coals. The weight of 1200 tons would be equal to that of about 5½ inches of iron all over the shell. But we have seen that the hull displacement of a war ship should not exceed 35 per cent. of its total displacement. We can, therefore, afford only 1500 tons for the weight of the hull, which would reduce the general thickness to a little under 10 inches. This, then, may be taken as indicating a limiting proportion between the size and the thickness of a wholly armoured vessel of this capacity, constructed so as to have the largest amount possible of buoyancy.

It will be observed that it is not the case that this mode of construction has as yet been used in our dockyards. The idea of a circular ship is taken from the Russian navy; and Mr. Froude pointed out, during the discussion cited, that the resistance to the passage through the water of such a vessel would be three times that of one constructed on more ship-shape lines. It is only at and above the water-line that solid armour has been hitherto applied. But Mr. Reed contemplates the probability that it will hereafter become necessary to plate the keel of a war ship heavily, in order to resist torpedoes. The deck must be no less strong, in order to resist vertical fire. The limits of flotation are therefore pretty clearly indicated, and are not very narrowly to be approached. Had a vessel of the given displacement of 4250 tons been constructed 245 feet long, and 40 feet wide, Mr. Reed says that the thickness of the armour must be from 5½ to 6 inches less than that of the before-mentioned "soup-plate" pattern. We are thus driven to suppose an enormous displacement necessary for any vessel that is to be covered, above, below, and on her sides, with more than 12 inches of iron. The limit of size and of resistance is readily attained. The limit of cost will be no less restricted.

On 26th September, 1854, Capt. Eriesson, formerly well known in England as a competitor with George Stephenson for the prize for a locomotive engine offered by the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company in 1829, forwarded to the French Emperor Louis Bonaparte a design and

specification of an iron-clad steam battery, with revolving cupola. The object which the inventor desired to achieve was the solution of the following problems: 1. The construction of a self-moving, shot-proof vessel. 2. That of an instrument capable of projecting very large shells at slow velocities, but very accurately, in accordance with previously determined rate. 3. A shell not subject to rotation in the direction of its course, and so contrived as to explode with infallible certainty at the instant of contact. 4. A shell capable of being projected under water (or what is now called a torpedo), certain to explode on contact, together with an instrument for projecting such a shell from the vessel at a certain depth below the water line.

The idea of a submarine shell, or mine, had been not only struck out, but carried to a high degree of perfection, in 1810, by Fulton, who also designed a boat which would sink at will and move beneath the surface of the water, in order to approach the vessel which it was intended to attack without being discovered. On 20th August, 1842, Colonel Samuel Colt utterly destroyed a schooner given for the purpose of experiment by the Government of the United States on the Potomac River, while stationed himself no less than five miles from the scene. Colonel Colt claimed to possess a secret, which died with him. But the peculiarity of Ericsson's vessel was, not that it should approach an enemy unseen, or indeed under water, as was the case with Fulton's torpedo boat, but that it should be an iron-clad battery, self-moving, and strong enough to resist the shot that would be directed on it from the enemy it wished to destroy.

This forlorn hope of the war navy of the future was composed entirely of iron. The midship section is triangular, with a broad hollow keel, loaded with about 200 tons of cast-iron blocks to balance the heavy upper works. Thus carefully did this great engineer provide against such a disaster as the capsizing of the Captain. The ends of the vessel are moderately sharp. The deck, made of iron, is curved both longitudinally and transversely, the curvature being 5 feet; it is made to project 8 feet over the rudder and propeller. The entire deck is covered with a lining of sheet iron 3 inches thick, with an opening in the centre of 16 feet in diameter. Over this opening is placed a semi-globular turret of plate iron 6 inches thick, revolving on a vertical column by means of steam power and appropriate gear work. The vessel is propelled by a powerful steam-engine and screw propeller. Air for combustion under the boiler and for ventilation is supplied by a large self-acting centrifugal blower, the fresh air being drawn in through numerous small holes in the turret.

A tube for projecting the shells of 20 inches diameter of bore, was placed on the platform of the revolving turret. It was loaded through a valve, and the shell was to be projected by the direct action of steam from the boiler. Two similar tubes were placed in the body of the vessel, at a fixed inclination of 22°, revolving on vertical pivots. The shell was of cast iron, with a tail of thin plate iron in the form of a cross attached, to prevent rotation in the line of flight. A percussive hammer and wafer were attached to the anterior part of the shell, giving an explosion at the moment of contact. The hydrostatic javelin, or torpedo carrier, for the discharge of a shell under water, is described with no less minuteness.

On April 5, 1862, Capt. Coles stated, in a letter to the *Times*, that his experience in the Baltic and Black Seas, in 1855, suggested to him the idea of building impregnable vessels; and that towards the latter part of that year he had a rough model made by the carpenter of the Stromboli. Capt. Coles consulted Isambard Brunel, who before this time had expressed to the writer of this paper the decided opinion that the first great object which the artillerist chiefly required at that time was to be able to insure the explosion of a shell exactly at a given moment of time, whether by percussion or by any other means. The fact which has hitherto checked the development of the torpedo, and to some degree rendered the shell a less fatal implement for the artillerist than would otherwise have been the case, namely, that a loss of time occurs between impact and explosion, was then pointed out by Mr. Brunel as the result of his own reflections, before any of the experiments were made which so fully justified the preformed anticipations.

Mr. Brunel gave Capt. Coles the aid of his draughtsmen; and in March, 1859, drawings were completed of "a shield fitted with turntables." In December, 1860, Captain Coles published, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, drawings of his gun shield and working platform, the platform being turned by manual power only. There seems to be no reason for suspecting that Captain Coles had in any way taken a hint from Captain Ericsson, or become aware of the suggestion made by the latter to the French Emperor in 1854. But comparisons of the above dates show the absolute priority of Ericsson's ironclad, however distinct may be the originality of that of Captain Coles.

During the Crimean war, in 1855, the French had gunboats of about 2000 tons displacement, 172 feet in length, 43 feet beam, and 17 feet deep, protected by 4½in. plating, while each mounted sixteen guns, all of which could be fought from one side. They were frequently struck by shot, and received no severe injury. During three months in the summer of 1863, according to reports from Admiral Dahlgren, eight of the monitors invented and introduced into the U.S. navy by Captain Ericsson, received, without injury, 1030 shot from the enemy, while themselves firing a total number of 2332 11-inch and 1255 15in. projectiles. Ericsson's first monitor, built in one hundred days in 1861, was 172 feet long, with 41 feet beam, 11½ feet hold, and 1255 tons displacement. Her armour consisted of superposed sheets of iron one inch thick.

The earliest English ironclad, the Warrior, was completed in 1861. She had 4½ inches iron, and a displacement of 6000 tons. The armour of the Bellerophon is 6 inches, with a tonnage of 4270 tons; that of the Hercules, launched in 1868, 9 inches, with 5234 tons tonnage. The load displacements of these three vessels are respectively 9137, 7551, and 8677 tons. The thickness of armouring has increased, together with the increase of skill in manipulation, and also that of power in the gun. The iron plates experimented on at Spezia were of the extraordinary thickness of 22 inches. The projectile of the 10-inch gun penetrated 14 inches into this plate, which is regarded as its full power of penetration; but Commander Grenfell, R.N., in a paper on cast iron and steel read before the Institute of Naval Architects on March 23, 1877, says: "We should not be too hasty in declaring the impossibility of employing far greater thicknesses than any yet

given, should the necessity of the defence demand it. The next ten years may see the introduction of cannon which shall bear the same relation to the 22-inch plates of the present that these do to the 4½-inch plates of sixteen years ago." It is, however, rather to the defence of land forts than to that of sea-going vessels that the gallant officer probably refers. For resisting the projectile of the 100-ton gun a thickness of about 4 feet of cast iron chilled on the outer side is suggested by Com. Grenfell. The proportions of targets to guns are shown by Mr. E. H. Knight in his "Practical Dictionary of Mechanism," from the thickness of 4 inches of iron, backed by 18 inches of timber and a 1¼-inch skin of iron, which has been pierced by a 7-inch gun with a 30lb. charge, throwing a 115lb. projectile 1200 yards; up to a 16in. plate, with 18-inch backing and 1¼-inch skin, pierced by the 700lb. bolt of the 12-inch 35 ton gun at 500 yards.

The penetrating power of this series of weapons rises from 54 foot tons per inch of the circumference of the shot in the first instance, to 188 foot tons in the last. But the mighty race has advanced rapidly since the publication of this well-designed table. The powder chamber of the 100-ton gun at Spezia has been enlarged, and the use of cake, or very large-grained, powder has enabled the artillerist to increase the muzzle velocity of the 2000lb. projectile, with a reduction of the tearing strain on the interior of the gun. By the enlargement of the chamber, the muzzle velocity has been increased from 1424 to 1585 feet per second, and the energy of the projectile from 28,130 to 34,836 foot tons. With the coarse powder, a velocity of 1661·5 feet per second has been attained, giving an energy of 38,316 foot tons. If the same rule were applicable to so tremendous a shock as that which has been found approximately to hold good in the series before mentioned, at least 30 inches of solid iron armour would be required to oppose penetration from such a missile.

It has thus become apparent to the naval constructor that the day of wholly-armoured vessels is nearly over. The increase of projectile power is already so great that no ship, of whatever form may be proposed, could swim if clad in armour which would be impenetrable to the projectiles of guns that are now ready for use. The mode, therefore, in which the designer of floating batteries is now endeavouring to keep out the shot is this. A central citadel, of an adequate thickness to resist the expected blow of the enemy's shot, is to be constructed, and an unarmoured prow and stern are to be attached, which shall be so lined with compartments filled with cork as to preserve flotation and stability even if riddled with shot. For the central citadel it is evident that independent stability is necessary. Not only must it be strong enough to resist horizontal and vertical fire, but, as Mr. Reed anticipates, it must be armoured below. It is not, indeed, proposed that this floating castle should be also navigable; the navigability is to depend on the unarmoured part. But the citadel must be able to float, independently of any aid from the rest of the ship; and, not only so, but she must possess a degree of stability sufficient to prevent any danger of her being capsized by a shock such as that which her armour is intended to resist. It is evident that the elements of the problem are such as to render the solution a matter of very great nicety.

But let us see whether we are

not at this moment in possession of facts which, if rightly used, will save the need for much learned puzzle. Instead of going into the question of the addition of 10,000 tons of solid armour plating to a vessel of the displacement of the Great Western, and calculating the size of the central citadel, which would be protected by that weight of iron, if 30 inches thick, let us suppose a citadel to be afloat, with due arrangement of buoyant stem and stern, of such strength that the bolt of the 100-ton gun, fired with the Fossano powder, would not penetrate a target of that thickness. Would this insure the safety of the craft? Far otherwise. The enormous amount of heat that would be developed by such a shock as the blow of such a projectile would inflict on an unyielding iron vessel, would at once raise the metal to a red heat, and thus destroy all the calculated conditions of resistance framed on the tensile strength of cold iron or steel. This consideration alone might be conclusive; but it by no means stands alone. The defenders of the floating citadel cannot, of course, choose where these towers should be hit. Let us suppose that it presents the least possible target to the enemy, a condition which seems to have been more fully attained in Ericsson's monster of 1858 than in any subsequent ironclad. There would still be the great semicircular or ovoid dome projecting above the surface of the sea. However skilfully the weights might be disposed, and whatever the distance of the metacentre from the centre of gravity, let us compare the effect of such a blow as that of the 2000 pound shot with that of the gust that caught the expanded sails of the Eurydice, or with the storm that overwhelmed the far less ample canvas of the Captain. Is there much doubt that, whatever stability the architect might have given to his floating citadel, such a blow delivered on the cupola would not fail to make the whole battery turn turtle and disappear beneath the waves?

Nor is it only from calculation, simple and conclusive as it may be, that we arrive at the result that a blow of the energy of 38,000 foot tons would sink any vessel of which the construction has been yet imagined, or at least of any heavily armoured vessel. If we had one of our old wooden men-of-war for a target, the mighty bolt of the 100-ton gun would probably cut a very sharp and well-defined hole through everything in the line of its course, and the stopping up of a hole of 18 inches or two feet diameter would keep the vessel afloat. The wooden ship would find an element of safety in the very weakness of her structure. The swift shot would pass through her like a swan shot through the web of a spider, leaving all the structure, except the strands actually severed, intact. But when we consider that the blow has to be met by an unyielding and impenetrable mass, we want to see what becomes of the *vis viva*. Of this we have had enough examples to construct a very workmanlike theory, if we had weights, speed, and time definitely recorded. We have had experimental proof at the battle of Lissa. We have had experimental proof in the sinking of the Vanguard. We have had the latest piece of information in the sinking of the Grosser Kurfürst. The König Wilhelm, the assailant in the latter case, is 345 feet long, 58½ feet beam, with 8-inch iron plating, and 23 guns. Of the actual displacement of the vessel, as well as of the real speed at the moment of collision,

details are wanting. But assuming the displacement to have been 6400 tons, and the speed at which the two vessels were approaching one another at the moment of collision to have been eight knots an hour, the force of the blow delivered, measured in foot tons, would have been rather less than the half of the 38,000 foot ton blow of the 2000 pound projectile. We know what was the effect of the blow of the König Wilhelm. Even if that vessel had possessed the 11,400 tons displacement of the Inflexible, the power of her ram, at eight knots per hour, would have been less than that of the impact of the bolt of her 100-ton gun. Of course, in the latter case, proper allowance must be made for the loss of velocity due to the distance from the muzzle of the piece. But suppose the gun to fire at a considerable distance. The above figures show that there is enough and to spare in the destructive energy.

It seems tolerably clear that in the face of such figures, and such facts, no naval officer would be justified in bringing even such a fortress as the Inflexible, the Dandolo, or the Duillio, under the fire of a 100-ton gun. The risk—we may say the certainty—would be too tremendous. 500 men were in the Grosser Kurfürst; a larger crew and garrison would probably occupy a yet larger vessel. And then the cost is something at which not only the commander of a vessel, but the Minister of War, must look with respect. When the old first-rate man-of-war had attained its highest state of perfection, its cost was roughly taken at £1000 per gun. For the Inflexible type of ship the estimated cost is £125,000 a gun. It is true that the guns are large and that they are only four in number. Still the exposure of a vessel which cost half a million of money and upwards, with its picked and immense crew, to instant submergence, is not what can properly be called war. It could only be described as the result of murderous stupidity.

Some slight degree of the same kind of blame can hardly fail to attach to those who are responsible for the foundering of the two great ironclads which were sunk by their partners. It may here be out of place for a landsman to offer an opinion on the subject; but what old salt hesitates to say there was a want of good seamanship at the bottom of each of these disasters? There can be no doubt that the dependence on automatic motive power has a tendency to diminish the wary skill which had attained so high a degree of perfection in our best naval officers when sailing vessels alone constituted the war navy. And at all events the public—probably the fleet—are unaware of the issue of any general steaming directions, such as it should be imperative on the captains of one of the costly and cumbrous monsters of our modern seas scrupulously to observe. The König Wilhelm is one-fifteenth of a mile in length. In how short a distance could she describe a circle? How readily did she answer to her helm? In one minute of her course at eight knots per hour, she would not much more than clear her own length. Within how many of their own lengths' distance ought two such vessels, under any circumstances but those of actual warfare, to be allowed to approach one another? Shall we say eight times their own length? That will be half a marine mile. Such a minimum distance apart might well be regarded as the least that could be maintained consistently with prudence. Yet had such an obvious rule been laid

down, and followed, the Vanguard and the Grosser Kurfürst would both be now afloat.

But it is not from the mighty energy of the bolt of the 100-ton gun alone that ironclads as powerful as any yet afloat may encounter irresistible damage. While the Italian Government has pursued experiments of the highest value to the artillerists at Spezia, Sir William Armstrong has been at work in the same direction at Elswick. The results already attained are prodigious. Nor is there any reason to suppose that they have yet reached their limit. The general course pursued in each case has been to attempt to concentrate the explosive force of the powder burned in the propulsion of the ball, rather than in the effort to burst the gun. For this purpose the powder has been granulated so as to explode more slowly; the chambers containing it have been enlarged in proportion to the diameter of the projectile; the tube of the gun has been lengthened so as to keep the shot as long as possible under the direct propelling force of the powder; and the fitting of shot and bore of gun has been so adjusted as to allow of the freest movement of the former within the latter that is consistent with giving a rotary movement to the bolt, while at the same time the escape of the gas between shot and gun is, as far as possible, absolutely prevented. By careful attention to these main requirements, Sir William Armstrong now claims to be able, from a 6-inch gun, to project a ball of 70lb. with a muzzle velocity of 2000, and a 64lb. shot with a velocity of 2070 feet per second. The speed of sound is somewhere about 1125 feet per second; that of the moon in her orbit is about 1100 miles per hour, which is 1614 feet per second. The penetrative power of the 4-ton gun is thus advanced to something more than that formerly given to the 12-ton gun. Eight-inch armour would be pierced by the 70lb. shot at a quarter of a mile distance. Such a weapon would be destructive to any portion of such a compound ship as Mr. Reed has imagined, and as our dockyards have in hand, unless it were the citadel itself.

We have not, however, by any means exhausted the means of attack. We have yet to speak of the tremendous power of the submarine mine, the torpedo. As to this, there can be no doubt that it can be readily constructed so as to destroy any craft that can be fashioned by human hands, if only the explosion be so timed as to take place at the very moment of contact. The actual contact is so essential to the development of the full power of the torpedo that fractions of a second become of essential moment. The time which a chemical fuse takes in igniting after the bottle containing the acid is broken, is enough to allow of a recoil which might save a vessel armoured underneath from destruction.

In the case of stationary torpedoes, of sufficient magnitude, fired by a sensitive and instantaneous fuse, the destruction of any imaginable assailant that should strike them is assured. But contact is unlikely. It requires a very poor seamanship to run a first-class ironclad against a 2000-pound torpedo. The effect of an engine of that kind (which was fired by electricity, and which was not therefore likely to be in absolute contact), was proved in the instant destruction of the "Commodore Jones," a large and heavily armed U.S. gunboat, on May 6, 1864. The vessel was passing a bend in the James river, at a place called Deep Bottom, where she received a signal that she was near torpedoes. She com-

menced backing her engines, but had hardly gathered stern way when suddenly, and without any apparent cause, she was bodily lifted from the river, her paddle wheels being seen to revolve in the air by spectators who declared that they could see the green ridge of the banks beneath her keel. An immense column of foaming water, followed by another column thick with mud, shot up through the unfortunate vessel, which seemed to crumble in pieces and dissolve in mid air, enveloped by spray, mud, smoke, and water. When the turbulence caused by the explosion had subsided, not a vestige of the great hull remained in sight, except small fragments of the frame which came shooting to the surface. An armour plate beneath would have been of little service to the "Commodore Jones."

The irresistible effect of the submarine mine, when absolute contact is attained at the moment of explosion, is due to the velocity generated by the liberation of the gas, which for gunpowder is calculated at 7000 feet per second, or three and a half times that of the 701b. shot at the muzzle of the 6-inch gun. And the destructive energy exerted is proportionate to the square of the velocity, that is as 49 in the case of the torpedo to 4 in the case of the gun. It follows that there is but one means of safety for a navigator as to powerful torpedoes; that is, to avoid contact with them. For that very reason it is the great aim of the artillerist to become able to insure such destructive contact at will.

Much skill and ingenuity have been devoted to this purpose. The fish torpedo, which is one of the results of this study, presents a very close approach to the action of an organised being. For speed, direction, and efficiency on striking, experiment led the inventor to

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near the surface, traversed the next 400 feet in ten seconds, being at the rate of 23¾ nautical miles an hour. A torpedo conductor, viz., an iron vessel 130 feet long, 12 feet beam, partially submerged, capable of outrunning ordinary ironclads, has recently been launched at the Delamater Iron Works for handling the projectile torpedo referred to.

It must be remembered that it is not on the shock due to an arrest of its course when moving at the speed of a railway train that the torpedo depends for the effect of its blow. Speed after discharge is of no other use in this warfare than in so far as it insures certainty of aim. A slight shock, or actual contact, is sufficient to ignite a fuse; and it is on the rapidity of the ignition of the fuse that the magnitude of the destructive effect will depend. There is of course considerable difficulty attendant on the investigation of the laws of explosion under water. The "Excellent" experiments, in 1843, showed that 25lb. of powder placed in contact with the bottom of an old line-of-battle ship six inches under water made an open hole of 35 square feet. But the depth below the water at which the discharge is effected is a serious element in the calculation. As to distance, it is stated by Commander Dawson, one of the most reliable authorities on the subject of torpedoes, that "a charge of 100lb. of gunpowder was exploded with ten feet immersion, at a horizontal distance of 17½ feet from a launch and of 4 feet from a water-logged frigate, without any injury being sustained by the boat." A radius of 10 feet 7 inches is given as the limit of the very destructive effect of a charge of 150lb. powder or 60lb. gun cotton, at an equal depth below the surface of the water. Experiments made by Major-General Uchatius, on shooting under water, of which some account is given in vol. 50 of the "Minutes of Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers," show that, although the ball of an Austrian service rifle, discharged at a depth of 1·6 feet under water, pierced an inch board at a distance of 3·28 feet, it only produced a slight indentation at a distance of 4·10 feet, and no impression whatever at a distance of 4·90 feet. Captain Moisson has investigated the laws of explosion under water theoretically, but his formulæ are too complicated for reproduction in our pages.* It is enough for our present purpose to call attention to the fact that extreme accuracy, both as regards the place and the moment of explosion, is indispensable for any effective use of that delicate but tremendous weapon.

Captain Ericsson's mode of propelling and guiding the torpedo is characterised by the singularly original invention of which that engineer has given so many extraordinary proofs. A reel of some 10 feet diameter, revolving on a horizontal axle, is applied near the chamber from which the torpedo is ejected; a tubular rope, the bore of which is about one inch in diameter, constructed of hemp and vulcanised indiarubber, is wound on this reel, one end being connected through the hollow axle of the reel with an air vessel under a pressure of 300lb. to the square inch, and the other with the rear of the torpedo.

* The charge of gunpowder required to produce destructive effects at any given distance, D, is given by the equation

$$\sqrt{C} = \frac{H^2 + D^2}{H} \times \frac{H^2 + D^2 + 24050}{1{,}377{,}000}$$

H is the depth below surface of water, and C the charge of powder.

Two propellers, revolving in opposite directions round a common centre, are set in motion by the compressed air thus supplied. The position of the torpedo as to level is determined, during its motion, by the weight of the machine itself and by the action of a horizontal rudder or fin. The steering of the implement (which might have been thought an operation that no one but a magician would dream of effecting) is thus done: A small elastic bag, connecting the tubular rope with the induction pipe of the little rotary engine on the torpedo, which turns the propeller, is attached to the side of the tiller of the torpedo's vertical rudder. As the compressed air must pass through the bag the latter expands or contracts, according to the internal pressure. This is regulated at will by a valve on the hollow axle of the reel, the pressure in the air-vessel being maintained steady by force-pumps worked by steam. The elasticity of the bag, or a similar arrangement with a loaded piston, is so proportioned that when the maximum pressure is admitted to the tube the swelling of the bag, or movement of the piston will move the tiller about 20 degrees to port. When the pressure is reduced 25 per cent. the opposite action will move the tiller 20 degrees to starboard. Thus, by admitting more or less air into the rope, the tiller can be made to assume any required angle within a range of 40°. The direction of the torpedo is as completely under the control of the hand which admits the compressed air into the tubular rope as if an intelligent directing power existed within the torpedo itself. "Probably," says Captain Ericsson, with great simplicity, no less than with great truth, "probably no greater mechanical feat than this can be instanced."

It must strike the student who pertinently reflects on t
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with one of these artificial demons, charged with 1000lb. of gun cotton, would be enough to seal the fate of any vessel hitherto built or even imagined. The thousands of tons of useless armour would only hasten the catastrophe.

Space fails to enter on the many important considerations to which this great revolution in the preponderance of the attack over the defence gives rise. It may be possible hereafter to return to this part of the question. The object of the present paper will have been attained if it has secured the acceptance of the following propositions: First, that actual experience of the force of blows delivered on ironclad vessels, attained at the cost of three vessels and more than a thousand lives, has shown that weapons in existence or in course of construction may be expected to prove destructive to the heaviest armoured vessels which we have yet attempted to design; secondly, that in the great race the defence is, so to speak, at its last gasp, while the attack has just gained its second breath. If these two propositions be proved, it must follow that the art of naval warfare is about to enter on a totally new phase. The elegant investigations of Mr. Froude as to the form of wave-line, and the proportion of length of ships to velocity of motion, are no less pregnant as to the future of our navy than are the points as to strength and weight, to which attention has been above directed.

THE MONK'S NEMESIS.

By M. le Marquis de Nangis.

No feature of an English landscape is more picturesque than the noble ecclesiastical ruins which so frequently stud the richest nooks of our woodland or agricultural districts. The names of some of the most famous of these ruins recur to the mind the moment the subject is broached. The magic of the Great Enchanter of the North has invested the name of Melrose with a charm which it only needs the words of the poet to throw over Fountains Abbey, Netley, Tintern, Bolton, Kirkstal, and who can tell how many more? It would be doing good service to the history of architecture for any students who can sketch with ability, or who can aptly use the camera of the photographer, to visit these sacred sites, county by county, and to draw up a record of the actual condition of the ancient shrines. Nor is it of abbeys and priories alone that such ruins abound. Here a roofless church stands on a sandy rock, unclothed even by ivy, and seeming to ask of some pious hand little more than roof and windows; there a low penthouse roof covers a chapel that witnessed royal marriages after the accession of Henry IV. to the throne, but which now is only a storehouse for fodder or a stall for cattle.

It is true that the ruins which are so dear to all lovers of what was sacred in past times, or what is pictorial in the actual landscape, are not all ecclesiastical. We have such ruins of ancient baronial splendour as Kenilworth, in the very heart of England. In Wales dismantled castles are very numerous. Pembroke, Carew, Kidwelly, Penelly, and other noble ruins lie within a short
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something less easy to pass, and less easy to repeal, than a modern Act of Parliament? I express no opinion on the subject. In very truth my own opinion is in suspense. But it is at least worth while to study the opinion of one who has profoundly studied the matter; who arrived at a conclusion adverse to his own family tradition, and to his own pecuniary interest; and whose effort to bring the question thoroughly home to the appreciation of his countrymen can be attributed only to patriotic and religious motives, whether they were controlled by perfectly good judgment or otherwise.

At the commencement of the 17th century, Sir Henry Spelman was in possession of the sites of Blackborough and Wormgay Abbeys, in Norfolk. He found himself, in consequence, involved in continual and expensive law suits. Finally, he gave up the property, saying that he had been "a great loser, and not beholden to Fortune; yet happy in this, that he was out of the briars, but especially that hereby he first discerned the infelicity of meddling with consecrated places."

It may be here observed, that the justification of an opinion is one thing, its prevalence another. If it prove that a strong and unsuspected current of popular belief has long eddied round the despoiled seats of ancient ecclesiastical charities, such a fact might go far to explain the preservation of the ruins, even if the idea was purely superstitious and unfounded. This much, those most hostile to traditions of any kind cannot deny. At the same time it will be seen that the facts collected by Spelman, if uncontradicted, point to something more than this.

About the year 1615 or 1616, it occurred to Sir Henry Spelman to describe with a pair of compasses on a map of Norfolk a circle of twelve miles radius, from a centre not far from Rougham, the chief seat of the Yelvertons. Within this circle lay the seats of twenty-five families of county gentry, and the sites of an equal number of monasteries, all of which were standing together at the time of the dissolution of the latter. The names of all these are given, and may be consulted by the curious, in the sixth chapter of Sir Henry Spelman's "History and Fate of Sacrilege," which was first published in 1632, and of which a second edition, with an introductory essay by two English clergymen, was published by Masters in 1853. Sir Henry was struck with the fact that at that day the gentlemen's seats continued in their own families and names, "But the monasteries had flung out their owners, with their names and families (all of them save two), thrice at least, and many of them four, or five, or six times, not only by fail of issue, or ordinary sale, but very often by grievous accidents and misfortunes. I observed yet further," he instances, "that though the seats of these monasteries were in the fattest and choicest places of all that part of the country (for our ancestors offered, like Abel, the best unto God), yet it hath not happened that any of them, to my knowledge, or any other in all this country, hath been the permanent habitation of any family of note; but, like desolate places, left to farmers and husbandmen, no man almost adventuring to build or dwell upon them for dread of infelicity that pursueth them." So strong was the popular feeling on this score, that Sir Clement Edmonds, clerk to the Privy Council, stated to Sir Henry Spelman, from his knowledge of the council books, that after the expulsion of the monks their abodes remained uninhabited

for many years; till, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, a great plague occurred. The poor people then betook themselves to the ruins of the monasteries, and finding many good rooms remaining, began to settle there, until at length they were put out by those to whom the grant of the leases and lands were made. This record proves how fearful English people were, until long after the dissolution, to meddle with consecrated buildings; a fact, as we observed before, distinct from that theory of fate or ill-fortune attending on the inhabitants or premises, as to which the volume we have cited contains so much curious information.

One by one Spelman records the history of the twenty-five monasteries in question, and of the ill-fortunes that attended their possessors. For this we must refer the reader to his book. The editors add a long list of similar details in other countries. Two appendices contain lists, as complete as could be compiled at the time of the publication of the work, first of the mitred abbeys of England, which were twenty-eight in number, then of the abbeys not mitred, amounting to 243; and, lastly, of twenty-one mitred abbeys and priories in Ireland; with the fate of the first possessor of each. Of these eleven mitred abbeys in Ireland, which are all of which records have been found, not one family of the original grantees remains in possession of the estate, with one exception in the direct, and one in a female line. Among these the fate of the great house of Desmond is the most striking. James, fourteenth Earl of Desmond, was the grantee of the Abbey of St. Mary's, Dublin. The family dated its honours from 1329. Gerald, son of Earl James, engaged in the rebellion of 1582. Reduced to extremities, he was hunted like a wild beast; and once h
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nificent ornaments of the kingdom, viz., 374 of the lesser monasteries, 186 of the greater sort, 90 colleges, 110 religious hospitals, 2374 charities, and free chapels. All these religious houses, churches, colleges, and hospitals, being above 3500 little and great, in the whole did amount to an inestimable sum, especially if their rents be accounted as more improved in these days; and yet the prophetical speech that the Archbishop of Canterbury used in the Parliament 6 Henry IV., seemed performed, that the king would not be one farthing the richer the next year following."

We must remember the wise caution not to confound *post hoc* and *propter hoc*. And in the case of many of the names above cited, the student will remember that the owners, in the stormy times of our history, were often men among whose misdeeds the spoliation of monasteries would neither be the only nor the blackest crimes. But even this view of the case is hardly adequate to explain such a case as that of the family of Seymour, which presents a most remarkable contrast in the consanguineous lines—one tainted, and the other untainted, with what Sir Henry Spelman calls sacrilege. Sir Edward Seymour, afterwards Duke of Somerset, the great church spoiler, who was beheaded in 1552, had two sons: Edward, by his first wife, and another Edward, by his second. The title was unprecedentedly and unjustly given in remainder to the younger son, issue male from whom failing, to the elder. Seven knights, each bearing the name of Edward, regularly succeeded in the elder line, the last, the eighth Edward, counting Somerset himself, became Duke of Somerset in 1750. In the other, which Spelman calls the sacrilegious branch, the grandson, and the great-great-grandson of the first duke, each died in the lifetime of their respective fathers. The third, fourth, fifth, and five sons of the sixth, duke died childless. The seventh duke, Algernon, the only married son of Charles, the sixth duke, had an only son, who died unmarried in his father's lifetime; and on Duke Algernon's death this branch of the house became extinct. The contrast between an uninterrupted descent of seven generations, from father to son, and a succession only passing from father to son twice, in seven successions, and the utter extinction of the ducal branch in 214 years, is extremely remarkable.

Not less appalling is the evil fate which dogged the two Royal lines of Valois and of Stuart. We may hesitate to attribute, with Sir Henry Spelman, that heritage of disaster to the punishment of the specific crime of sacrilege. But we must remember that the crime of stabbing Sir John the Red Comyn before the high altar of the Minorites Church of Dumfries, was one for which Robert Bruce himself vowed a pilgrimage to the Holy Land in expiation; and that not being able to fulfil his vow, he charged the Earl of Douglas to carry his heart thither. The heart, however (which is still borne in the Douglas arms), came back to Scotland, without having been carried further than Spain. Robert Bruce died of leprosy at fifty-four. His son, David II., was an exile in France for some time, and was then taken prisoner by the English at the battle of Neville's Cross, and kept in prison for eleven years. He was twice married, but died childless, being divorced from his second wife. With him terminated the male line of Bruce. Robert the Second succeeded, son of Marjory, daughter of Robert

Bruce, by Walter Stuart. He was nearly blind, and lived in retirement. He was succeeded by his son, Robert III., who was lamed from the kick of a horse. The eldest son, the Duke of Rothesay, was starved to death by his uncle, the Duke of Albany. James I., second son of Robert III., was taken prisoner by the English on his way to France, and his father died of a broken heart. James I. was a captive in England for eighteen years, and was murdered by his own subjects. His son, James II., constantly vexed by rebellion and civil war, was killed by the bursting of a cannon at Roxburgh. James III., his son, flying from the arms of the Homes and the Hepburns, his own subjects, at thirty was thrown from his horse, and stabbed on his bed, at the age of thirty-six, by a pretended priest. James IV., his son, slain at Floddan, died excommunicated, and was never buried until, years after his death, his remains were interred in a charnel house in St. Michael's, Wood-street. James V., two years old at the death of his father, died at thirty-one years of age of a broken heart after the rout at Solway. His two sons died before him; his daughter and heiress, Mary (born when he was dying), was murdered on the scaffold. The same fate befel his grandson; and royalty passed from the members of the family with the son of that grandson, still carrying the sad dowry of misfortune to the heads of the House of Stuart, down to the dethroned Duke of Modena, and the dethroned Emperor of Austria, in our own time. Here, again, we have a history of stormy times, and of a family of which the weakness and the violence appear to have been alike uncontrolled and disastrous. We may admit this much, and call Robert Bruce superstitious. Still, it cannot be said that Sir James Spelman refers to romance for his facts.

More germane to the argument are the records of the disastrous history attaching to places; such places being disestablished abbeys, monasteries, or nunneries. Among these, attention is especially called by the editors of the work cited, to the cases of Sion House, Newstead Abbey, and Abbotsford. Of these the first was kept by Henry VIII., in his own hands, on the dissolution; having been, with the exception of Shaftesbury, the most important nunnery in England. Here Queen Catherine Howard was confined for three months, leaving the house only for the scaffold. Here Henry's body lay in state, and Father Peto's prophecy was fulfilled, by the dogs licking his blood. Edward VI. granted the place to the Duke of Somerset, who perished on the scaffold. The ill-omened property reverted to the Crown, and Lady Jane Grey was there persuaded to accept the fatal title of Queen. In 1557 the ruins were reinstated, and two sides of the monastery were rebuilt. On the re-dissolution, by Elizabeth, Sion House came again to the Crown, and passed with that dignity to the House of Stuart, no grandchild of Henry VIII. having been born. James I. granted the place to Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, whose misfortunes were signal, including fifteen years' imprisonment. In the time of Earl Henry's son, Sion was used as a prison for the children of King Charles. Earl Jocelyn, the fifteenth Earl of Northumberland, and third possessor of Sion House, died without issue male. Lady Elizabeth, the heiress of six of the oldest baronies in England, was twice a wife and twice a widow before she was sixteen. After the murder of

her second husband she married Charles "the Proud" Duke of Somerset. One son only survived his father, and the male line again failed. The property came by marriage to the Smithson family, who assumed the name of Percy; but irregularity of lineal dissent has not ceased to accompany the title.

The misfortunes that seem, according to Sir Henry Spelman, to form the dowry of seized ecclesiastical property, consist not only in failure of heirs, but in the frequency of violent deaths, of strange and unusual accidents, and of detestable and enormous crimes. As to this, we must only refer our readers to the pages of Sir Henry Spelman. It would rather seem to be plausible to include spoliation, together with yet graver crimes, under some general law of evil inheritance of blood, than to attribute the latter to the influence of the former. It is in cases where accident is directly to be attributed to the occupation (or to the destruction) of abbey buildings, that the strongest cases are to be made out by those who believe in the abiding curse of sacrilege. Thus Netley Abbey was inhabited by the Marquis of Huntingdon, who converted the nave into a kitchen and offices. The materials of the church were sold, standing, to a builder of Southampton, of the name of Taylor, who commenced the demolition of the building. The objections raised to the procedure produced some effect on Mr. Taylor. He dreamed that he was taking down the Abbey, and that the keystone of the arch of the east window fell on him and killed him. He related his dream to the father of the well-known Dr. Isaac Watts, who advised him to have nothing to do, personally, with the work of demolition. Not heeding this advice, in endeavouring to remove some boards from the east window to admit air to the workmen, Mr. Taylor was struck by a falling stone which fractured his skull. The wound was not considered fatal, but Mr. Taylor died under the hands of the surgeon. The memory of this fatality still hangs around the ruins of the Abbey.

I must repeat that I do not write as either an advocate or an opponent of Sir Henry Spelman's view of sacrilege. But I urge the subject as one deserving of study, both as regards the pedigree of old lines and the architectural history of famous buildings. And it should not be forgotten that if any form of gift, dedication, or consecration, could be sanctioned and solemnised by the greatest care on the part of the grantors, such has been the case with the greater part of the property in question. Everything that man could do to insure the permanent application of the land and buildings to religious and charitable purposes was done. To the sanctity which the common warrant of Europe attaches to testamentary provisions was added the most formal, exhaustive, and solemn malediction on all those who should infringe them. The "tenor of the malediction" against the *pervasores, latrones, et prædones rerum Fontanellæ*, is given in the original Latin in an appendix to the work we have cited. It is not pleasant reading for anyone who can entertain a doubt, however slight, how far he or his may be affected by such a formula. For the public at large, I would rather turn attention to the charitable than to the ecclesiastical side of the question. The endowments of the religious houses were designed and applied to the relief of the poor, as directly as to the service of the Church. That great abuses may have occurred is very likely. Still, as matter of historic fact, it is the case that it

was on the final dissolution of the monasteries by Elizabeth that that terrible question of the support of a pauper population—a question that has assumed such colossal proportions in the United States since the close of the civil war—first came into prominent notice. If we regard the dissolution, not as the mature act of a national council diverting into a more appropriate channel funds already devoted to pious purposes, which had been perverted or abused, but as a gratification of private rapacity, or as secret service money paid for reasons not advisable to bring to light, it becomes striking to observe how the nation has had to pay the penalty. Whether abbey property brought evil fortune or no to those who became holders of a title originally stained with injustice, however innocently others may have succeeded, is matter for discussion. But that the sudden overthrow of all those ancient provisions for the solace of the poor has been bitterly paid for by the nation, will be evident to those who reflect that we are at this moment paying for the support of the indigent poor an annual sum equal to one-ninth of all the taxes voted by Parliament, or one-tenth of our national revenue, including the poor-rate.

One practical outcome of this curious inquiry may be suggested. The arguments of those who maintain the sanctity and permanence of the ecclesiastical or charitable title, once regularly given to an estate, and who hold that this permanence is sanctioned or vindicated by the occurrence of disaster to the spoliators and those who carry on their line or title, depend mainly on two considerations. First, it is thought that, as the donors imprecated such evils as a main guarantee or sanction of their gifts, it is probable, or at least possible, that the imprecation some effect. Secondly, if pare either the descents from the Conquest to the Henry VIII., or the des lands in families unconne ecclesiastical property, fr date to the present, v descents of spoliated prop fact is in accordance v presumption. We have s a strong *primâ facie* case out by Spelman. What r be made has yet to be se the remaining point is t the imprecations pray blessing of the Most H the recompense of their goo on those spoilers, or h spoilers, who make res Are there none of the owners of ancient eccl property in England who to take the ancient donors word? We speak with personality. It is not said the *Fontanella* in the re malediction we have cited tains Abbey, in Yorkshire, other of that not unusua But, if the most noble h that, or of any similar reli piety of our ancestors, make the experiment—to not broad lands to religiou but church or chantry to t of religion, and wonted do deserving poor—in order whether healthy lineag fortune, and the blessings s to have been withheld f detaining ancestors migh to the restoring descen would it not be worth his make the trial? If no otl were to result, he would ha a charitable and self- action, and struck a heavy an ancient and wide-spread stition. Should the pr good result, the visible rec of one such action might many to imitate the examp

PRIMITIVE BUDDHISM.

(*Concluded from page 266.*)

It has been somewhat too glibly assumed that because the Brahmanic conception of a God is represented as having been ridiculed by Sakya, and because he nowhere ascribes individuality to a Supreme Being, his system is an atheistic one. It is true that there is an avoidance of allusion to a personal deity, but it seems to be his reverence for his ideal of the universality of law that compels him to exclude any notion of personality. Personality, as the word is understood by the generality, would in his view imply a defect in that supreme ideal, a reduction to those lower elements wherein are limitations and impermanency.

If we trace the history of the word person, it would appear that we are more apt to employ it now to signify an integral entity than is warranted by its original use. The Latin word *persona*, from which we draw it, represents the very opposite of such a sense; it means a mask, a temporary manifestation, a mere appearance, an external show. The corresponding Greek word signifying person springs also from the same dramatic root. To personify an abstract conception is to bring forward a thought into dialogue and dramatic form. The word means essentially outward appearance rather than inward verity. In Judæo-Greek thought, a respecter of persons is literally an acceptor of faces, one who can penetrate no deeper than the outward show.

To the Buddhist, in whose vision the supremely reverenced Law was that alone which is ultimate and eternal, it would have seemed profane to invest it with any of the selfish attributes of personality whose constant clash makes up the seething drama of terrestrial existence, and whose conquest is the way into heavenly emancipation.

A limited Pantheism — if so paradoxical an expression be allowable—would perhaps best represent the Buddhist conception of divine perfection. The soul released from its low conditions enters into a life that is one with the unconditioned Infinite; while the soul that dwells still in the weary whirl of selfish pursuit and repeated transmigration, is outside that Pleroma, which is too vast for man's heart to embrace, too inconceivable for the conditioned mind to define or explain.

The conception of a Love which by its very nature can, as it were, humble itself to sympathise even with the backslidings, impatience, and feebly renewed efforts of a stumbling soul, is the element lacking in the Buddhist theology, which, so far only as that negation extends, may be regarded as atheistic.

With a conception of deity so exceedingly abstract as that of Buddha, it is little wonder that in minds tending to rigid intellectuality the doctrine should run on into negation or a kind of atheism. Similarly, as the idea of the eternal

unchangeable condition of life was, intellectually speaking, and apart from its appeal to the feelings, arrived at mainly by the remotion of all the attributes of every-day life, it is natural that with many followers of Buddha the doctrine of Nirvana should lead to a blank prospect of utter annihilation. With another school, on the contrary, the idea became that of "restoration to the true condition of being," which is akin to the ancient doctrine of the Parsis, and in more or less sympathy with an element which is to be found deep in the heart of most religious faiths.

Buddha himself was probably content to leave something of mystery in his exposition of that unexplored land of rest. It was enough for him that he saw the way out of the inherent falsities of corporeal existence to be by the vanquishment of the personal ambitions and fretful fevers of the untamed mind. A teacher, whose eyes were opened, might well have faith enough to leave undefined the undefinable, and yet hold it to be truth that inconceivable existence, when actually entered, might be positive, and not negative, life. But the logicians of the metaphysical schools could not be content with this. If the intellect by itself be raised to the throne, it ousts faith, hope, and finally charity. Whatever is not mathematically clear must be abandoned; the worship of the definite excludes the entertainment, even for a moment, of unrealisable dreams and of the glimmer of impossible stars.

What it is that the contemplative devotee reaches is a difficult matter to solve. To the undeveloped soul that enters meditative life when the practical were the easier and more suitable school, the result may well be something apparently not far removed from imbecility; but what is it that the dreamer of t countenance has found?

Warren Hastings, v neither be regarded as practical man nor as opportunities of observat wrote in 1784 upon the n faculty which was still an of the Indian ascetic: " who have never been ac to this separation of the n the notices of the sense not be easy to conceive means such a power attained, since even t studious men of our he will find it difficult so t their attention but tha wander to some object o sense or recollection; and buzzing of a fly will s have the power to disturb if we are told that there men who were success ages past, in the daily abstracted contemplatio in the earliest period and continued in man maturity of age, each ad portion of knowledge to accumulated by his prede is not assuming too muc clude that, as the mind ev strength, like the body, b so in such an exercise each have acquired the which they aspired, and collective studies may them to the discovery tracks and combination ment, totally different doctrines with which th of other nations are ac doctrines which, howeve tive and subtle, still, possess the advantage derived from a source so every adventitious mix be equally founded in t the most simple of our o

Perhaps a man well a to worldly ways is nea appreciation of that

wherein the turmoil of selfish ambition is imagined to be stilled, than the merely intellectual critic can be. To the latter, Nirvana presents itself as a condition that must be defined with scientific exactitude; to the former it appeals without argument with the rude force of fact. Our own Bacon, who, like Buddha, had seen something of the world, wrote that "the long and solicitous dwelling in matter, experience and the uncertainty of particulars . . . fixeth the mind to earth, or rather sinketh it into an abyss of confusion and perturbation, at the same time driving and keeping it aloof from the serenity and tranquillity of a much diviner state; a state of abstract wisdom!"

Many of the followers of Buddha who rushed in to define what he with greater knowledge of the undefinable had left indefinite, were doubtless holy friars from youth, and ignorant of almost everything in the world but devotion and metaphysics. They would naturally fail to appreciate his broad and simple notion of Nirvana. Hence arises the paradox that, to become a Buddhist after the primitive pattern, the best way is not to study Buddhism but to be a man of the world.

And here we find the flaw of Buddhism as a system; it is like an exaggerated teetotalism. The young monk is withdrawn from the world before he knows what it is, and is kept by a rigid disciplinary system from the real teaching of causes and effects, which, slow though it may be, no religious leading strings can equal in efficacy.

> The mills of God grind slowly,
> But they grind exceeding small.

The aim of Buddhism, or indeed of any monastic system, is to remove the individual as far as possible from this natural machinery of trial.

"Long is the night to him who is awake; long is a mile to him who is tired; long is life [transmigratory life, the constant revolution of birth and death] to the foolish who do not know the true law," says Buddha, according to the Pali Dhammapada; but so long as that kind of existence is not tedious to the individual immersed in it, the doctrine will take no hold on him. Better surely that he should be left to pass through the crucible of joys and pains than that he should become a monk before he knows what it is that he seeks to escape.

"Few there are among men who arrive at the other shore; the other people here run up and down the shore." Here is a recognition of the truth that many undeveloped souls prefer that running up and down the shore, that common uncertain life with its epochs of birth and death, to the most certain passage across to Nirvana.

How strong is the tendency to nominalism, which is worse than to have no religion at all, seems to have been a familiar thought with Buddha.

Here is his reply to a captious Brahman, in answer to the question, "Who is the true disciple?" "Not he who at stated times begs his food; not he who walks unrighteously, but hopes to be considered a disciple, desiring to establish a character (as a religious person), and that is all; but he who gives up every cause (karma) of guilt, and who lives continently and purely, who by wisdom is able to crush every evil (inclination)—this man is the true friar." "And who is the truly enlightened?" "Not he who is simply mute, whilst the busy work of his mind is impure — merely accommodating himself to the outer rule, and that

is all; but he whose heart is without preference (indifferent), whose inward life is pure and spiritual (empty), perfectly unmoved and dead to this or that (person or thing)—this man is called an inwardly enlightened man (Muni?)." "And who is a man of Bôdhi (an Ariya, or 'elected one')?" "Not he who saves the life of all things [this must mean by formality, as of the man who, on principle, would not destroy vermin], but he who is filled with universal benevolence, who has no malice in his heart—he is a man of Bôdhi. And the man who observes the law is not he who talks much, but one who keeps his body (himself) in subjection to the law (religion), although he be a plain, untaught man, always guarding the way without any forgetfulness—this man is an observer of the law." This passage is from Mr. Beal's version of the Chinese text of the Dhammapada.

If it is hard to attain this condition, so also, says Buddha, is ordinary life hard:—"To aim at supreme wisdom and to give up sin is hard; but to live in the world as a worldly man is also hard. To dwell in a religious community on terms of perfect equality as to worldly goods is difficult; but difficult beyond comparison is the possession of worldly goods. To beg one's food as a mendicant is hard; but what can a man do who does not restrain himself? By perseverance the duty becomes natural, and in the end there is no desire to have it otherwise."

This is as the precept which Bacon cites, "Optimum elige, suave et facile illud faciet consuetudo"—Fix upon that which is best, custom will make it easy and delightful. But even in this apparently perfect plan there is lurking danger, as an old gnomic philosopher, Publius Syrus, once discovered: — "Bonar consuetudo pessima e tomedness of good thi very worst of things.

The Buddhist friar w all evil behind might fall into spiritual dorm good things as the worl his worldliness, and mechanical religion, ren worldly activity not drawn into higher a activities, but as exchan for nothing better tha tion.

The Brahmans were to make saints of unrip they had a law which than one humorous asp a man at sixty years not reached wisdom, i duty to return to his marry a wife.

There is a curious sto Indian nuns which will the devotee is not alway devout. They had sent for an instructor, and l ponded by despatchin mendicant of poor fa knew only one stanza but had learned it thoroughly and could e The party of nuns, lea was to instruct them, laugh together, and la that when the old man should all repeat the wards, and so confuse a to shame. Their agre frustrated by some mi according to the acco have it; but the stor shows that the nun o even as seen by her o cannot have been much her less sanctified sister

Buddha again and himself with his full fo nominality; the follow of his, which was pr corner-stone upon which just quoted was cons

one evidence out of many:—"Although a man can repeat a thousand stanzas, but understand not the meaning of the lines he repeats, this is not equal to the repetition of one sentence well understood, which is able when heard to control thought. To repeat a thousand words without understanding, what profit is there in this? But to understand one truth, and hearing it to act accordingly, this is to find deliverance."

The following is Buddha's definition of the true Brahman, which ancient term he adopted, with all its accumulated prestige, as a designation of his truest followers:—"It is not by his clan, or his platted hair, that a man is called a Brahman, but he who walks truthfully and righteously, he is indeed rightly called a good man. What avails the platted hair, O fool! what good the garment of grass? Within there is no quittance of desire, then what advantage the outward denial of self? Put away lust, hatred, delusion, sloth, and all its evil consequences, as the snake puts off his skin, this is to be a Brahmachârin indeed."

This passage is from the Chinese version of the Dhammapada, and it may be interesting to compare it with the rendering from the Pali, from which it differs very little. Max Müller Englishes as follows: "A man does not become a Brahmana by his platted hair, by his family, or by both; in whom there is truth and righteousness he is blessed, he is a Brahmana. What is the use of platted hair, O fool? What of the raiment of goatskins? Within thee there is ravening, but the outside thou makest clean." We may add, also, the late Professor Childers's translation of the last paragraph, since it expresses a thought so familiar to Christendom: "Thou fool, what dost thou with the matted hair, what dost thou with the raiment of skin? Thine inward parts are full of wickedness, the outside thou makest clean."

Many a disappointment and rebuff must Sakya have experienced from the incurable frivolity of the generality before he could utter such words as follow: "Perceiving that the ignorant herd can never attain true wisdom, the wise man prefers in solitude to guard himself in virtuous conduct, not associating with the foolish; rejoicing in the practice of moral duties, and pursuing such conduct as becomes this mode of life, there is no need of a companion or associate in such practice—solitary in virtue without sorrow, a man rejoices as a wild elephant escaped from the herd."

A man of the present age, one who may almost be called prophet, has expressed the same truth of baffling as that uttered by Buddha and many other spiritual men, in verses that rise in parts to eloquence. They may help us to appreciate the young Indian prince who quitted the life of a palace for that of a vagrant preacher:

Reformers fail, because they change the letter,
And not the spirit, of the world's design;
Tyrant and slave create the scourge and fetter,
As is the worshipper will be the shrine.
The ideal fails, though perfect were the plan;
World harmony springs through the perfect man.

We burn out life in hot, impatient striving,
We dash ourselves upon the hostile spears;
The bale tree, that our naked hands are riving,
Unites to crush us. Ere our manhood's years,
We sow the rifled blossoms of the prime,
Then fruitlessly are gathered out of time.

We seek to change souls all unripe for changes;
We build upon a treacherous human soil
Of moral quicksand; and the world avenges
Its crime upon us, while we vainly toil.
In the black coal-pit of the popular heart,
Rain falls, light kindles, but no flowers upstart.

Know this!—For men of ignoble affection,
The social scheme that is were better far
Than the orbed sun's most exquisite perfection;
Man needs not heaven till he revolves a star.
Why seek to win the mad world from its strife?
Grow perfect in the sanity of life.

Grow perfect! bide thy time! in thine own being
Solve, by an actual test, the problems vast
That vex mankind; and, if the years are fleeing,
Wait patiently. Backward the shadow passed
Once at a prophet's word, and may for thee—
Nay, will, if thou from self art perfect-free.

Be chaste! be true! be wholly consecrated
To virgin right! So shall thy soul unchain
The powers that for the perfect man have waited.
Though thought and instinct fail, bear every pain,
Till thy resolving elements are free
From the dread curse thy fathers cast on thee.

New heavens of light shall dawn, the mind enskying;
Age shall decease, and youth revive the frame;
And, from the desert where men thought thee dying,
Thou shalt return, flushed with celestial flame.
But even then, with gentlest motion, stir
The corpses of the world's dread sepulchre.

Move as the air moves, rich with summer spice,
O'er fields of tropic bloom, and wheresoever
Thou meetest hearts self-locked in Arctic ice,
Know that they will re
endeavour
With many a shaft of malic
The gentle nations of thy in

Seek only those who pine, i
fusion,
To pour themselves int
great life,
As sunshine through the su
seclusion;
As music, when its haunt
rife,
Through all pure instrume
sweet,
Thou shalt attract them as
heat

Calls bloom into the woo
none
Rejoice at thy sweet com
Thy voice; infold thy bean
sun;
Pour not thy wine, O rap
cup.
God waits, and Nature
should'st thou;
Full oft thy silent presence

What if thy tropic soul
blossom!
It feeds with spice th
wandering by;
God's breath, impulsing
sacred bosom,
Shall stir full many
ecstacy.
Not powerless thou, unl
for so,
Still and invisible, the ang

This is the difficulty
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can save, others th
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Brahman caste were no doubt for him lesson enough for pride. The following words are among those attributed to him:—"If any man, whether he be learned or not, consider himself so great as to despise other men, he is like a blind man holding a candle—blind himself, he illumines others."

Buddha in his earnestness went so much deeper than the orthodox formalist that it need cause no surprise that his doctrines had to be modified to suit minds less passionately real. He was such as he describes—the man who, in striving after true religion, forgets himself. In his revolt against the luxurious ideal of a heaven realising all earth's most selfish gratifications without its pains, he taught that by the enlightened man not only were the sorrows of earth to be avoided, but the joys of heaven. We may remember another and an even more burning protest against spiritual selfishness: — he that would save his soul must lose it; he must absolutely cast away himself. In the continuing alertness of the highest faculties to be for ever used for the good of others, lies the only way of arriving at a soul-quality worth saving.

The incessant cry of early Buddhism is upon the inherent repulsiveness of the physical life, and tends to show how deep was the impression made upon Sakya's nature when developing into manhood, by the disabilities of humanity. This tendency developes into morbid excess when a preference is shown for regarding ugly or revolting objects in corporeal life because of the support they bring to his doctrine. If we believe at all that the circumstances of life are adjusted to our truest needs, we are bound to concede that the immitigable facts of mortal life are lesson enough to those who are awake; while the constant repetition of depictions of the more hideous ills to which man is heir would tend rather to a dull and deadened habit of mind with regard to life in general, than incite it toward higher ranges of spiritual vision, such as might open themselves to the eyes of the patient seeker after truth.

"What room for mirth, what room for laughter, remembering the everlasting burning?" (This expression must not be regarded as anywise betokening our conventionalised notion of hell; it denotes rather that burning of selfish lusts and eager ambitions which is regarded as the cause of the ceaseless succession of transmigration.) "Surely this dark and dreary world is not fit for one to seek security and rest in. Behold this body in its fashioning! What reliance can it afford as a resting place, filled with crowded thoughts, liable to every disease? Oh! how is it men do not perceive its false appearances? When old, then its beauty fades away; in sickness, what paleness and leanness—the skin wrinkled, the flesh withered, death and life both conjoined. And when the body dies, and the spirit flees, as when a royal personage rejects a broken chariot, so do the flesh and bones lie scattered and dispersed. What reliance, then, can one place on the body?"

This passage, as rendered from the Pali, is even more striking in its mournful and ghastly effect: "How is there laughter, how is there joy, as this world is always burning? Why do you not seek a light, ye who are surrounded by darkness? Look at this dressed-up lump, covered with wounds, joined together, sickly, full of many thoughts, which has no strength, no hold! This body is wasted, full of sickness, and frail; this heap of corruption breaks to pieces, the life in it is death.

These white bones, like gourds thrown away in the autumn, what pleasure is there in looking on them? After a frame has been made of the bones it is covered with flesh and blood, and there dwell in it old age and death, pride and deceit."

In a sunny country, life is apt to turn to a gaiety that may become mere carelessness. Buddha, no doubt, knew the life of the wealthy princes to be rarely more than a gay round of thoughtless pleasure, taken often to the detriment of their subjects. It was necessary to show how close were the sterner facts of life to this unreasoning revel. We to whom the daily newspaper brings the record of all the pains and calamities that are befalling the world from one end of it to the other, can scarcely need so much to be reminded of the disabilities of mortal life and the impermanence of the condition of humanity. But in the days when Buddha proclaimed his gospel with frequent use of phrases like the ghastly inscriptions we sometimes see on tombstones, there were no newspapers to bring close to men the story of the mishaps of their brethren; and the meaning of the lesson of human imperfection is perhaps less readily brought home to the individual in a land where the individual is of small account, and, unless he be the head of a village community, passes away with but little disturbance to the ways of his fellows.

The kind of love which Buddha manifests is compassion—pity for the human race, which is blinded by the hood of self upon its eyes, and struggling vainly in the clinging toils of the immediate surroundings of its existence. Apart from this pitiful affection, which extends to the minutest thing that has life, Buddhism is an abstract philosophy that conveys a sense of chill, as if a skeleton absolutely perfect in the order of its bones were our companion. We are told the only certain way of escape; it rests with us to pursue it. To reach it we must, so far as our mortal appetites are concerned, attain the Jesuit ideal, and become *perinde ac cadaver*. Thus—and thus only—by the conquest of the human frailties and selfishnesses that disturb us and keep us in the mesh of the lower elements, may we enter into the sight of the mystic promised land of Nirvana.

Man being in this world of sorrow and suffering, the question arises, How got he thither? This question, with its answer, is conspicuous in the Buddhist system. The belief on this point we may find in a popular form in the Pratyasataka (Century of Maxims):

> Not from the king that rules the realm proceed our ills and woes,
> Nor from the ministers of state, our kinsmen, or our foes!
> Nor from the shining host of orbs that glitter in the sky,
> Descend the ills that compass us, and shall do till we die,
> And after. But the real source of all our woes on earth,
> Is merit or demerit earned within a previous birth.

The following is a fair exposition of such an ontology:

"Uttering the sentiments of a Buddhist, a man might say—I regard myself as a sentient being, now existing in the world of men. But I have existed in a similar manner in many myriads of previous births; and may have passed through all possible states of being. I am now under the influence of all I have ever done in all those ages. This is my KARMA, the arbiter of my destiny. Until I attain NIRVANA, I must still continue to exist; but the states of being into which I shall pass, I cannot tell. The future is shrouded in darkness impenetrable." It

may be questioned whether Sakya himself would not have defined the future as consisting of light impenetrable rather than darkness, but truly the idea of the developed negationist is rather one of darkness.

"It is the mind alone (spirit)," according to the doctrine of the Dhammapada (Beal), "that determines the character of (life in) the three worlds. Just as the life has been virtuous or the contrary, is the subsequent career of the individual. Living in the dark, darkness will follow; the consequent birth is as the echo from the cavern; immersed in carnal desires, there cannot be anything but carnal appetite; all things result from previous conduct, as the traces follow the elephant step, or the shadow the substance."

The worthlessness of existence with the primitive Buddhist is not a doctrine of mere pessimism; what he means by existence is not pure being, but such life as is due to that quality in man or angel which Swedenborg called the *proprium*. Even the Dêvas, who dwell in higher worlds than man and in joys of long duration, eventually have to complain of their imperfect character, and to find that they are still in the net of transmigration. What it is to be absorbed into the universal life without loss of our own identity is a condition for us ineffable; but it is in the cutting off of every root of subjection to lower desire that, according to Buddha, the entrance into that sublime state of purity is to be found. Impurity is the cleaving to sensible objects; purity is the absence of such attachment. The substance of Buddha's doctrine is this: "That the spirit or soul is the individual, and the body is the habitation of the soul. As the spirit comes or goes, so the abode of the spirit (*i.e.*, the body) is perfected or destroyed. It may be objected to this that in such a theory there is no room for real birth—it is merely the soul coming into a body; and also, in case of death, it is merely the same soul going, and the abode falling to decay. But the fact is, men generally know nothing about this soul—they only think of their bodies—and so are led to desire life and fear death; and so their case is a pitiable one." Among the enlightened this ignorance vanishes; the knowledge of former existences is one of the definite attributes of arrival at the supernatural condition. Among the Buddhist legends is one of a father who, after the death of a young son who had shown a marvellous grace and knowledge, was allowed, in answer to his prayers, to be admitted to a sight of his child, who was in a city of such heavenly spirits as sometimes dwell among men. He addressed the child as his own, when the boy upbraided him for using such a foolish term as father or child, and refused to return with him to the earthly tabernacle. The story has no doubt been made to illustrate the doctrine of Buddha.

In superficial thought it may appear that such doctrines end in indifference to all that is beautiful, alike with all that is evil. It is true that in developed Buddhistic doctrine there is an overhaste for emancipation, a lack of acknowledgment of the fact that the beauty we find on the way of our pilgrimage is a kind gift, so long as rightly used. It is true that we find also a tendency to a cold selfishness such as that of Lucretius, but it may be presumed to arise from the pronounced intellectualism of the Hindu character, rather than from any characteristic of Buddha's teaching with which it is so manifestly inconsistent; for though we find even in the Dham-

mapada such a sentence as "Climbing the terraced heights of wisdom, the wise man looks down upon the fools, serene he looks upon the toiling crowd, as one that stands upon a mountain looks down upon them that stand upon the plain," it does not follow that it emanated from Buddha himself, while it seems probable enough that it proceeded from some disciple who had become somewhat puffed up by the new wine of a great teacher's words. And after all there is a truth in the crushing sarcasm of the Dhammapada: "If a fool be associated with a wise man all his life, he will perceive the truth as little as a spoon perceives the taste of soup." Buddha's own indifference may have been natural indifference, that is, disregard of what is physical and transitory, but he cannot be accused of spiritual indifference. The question on its own merits is a plausible one, whether, when the selfish passions that actuate mortal life are stilled, not by lapse of faculties as in old age, but through conquest of the lower by the higher, there does not arise a spiritual passion which fills the being of the truly earnest and enlightened individual with something that is very far removed from indifference. Buddha, who taught an indifference that would repel most persons who live strongly in the physical life, was a worker all his life for love.

A most striking passage in the Dhammapada we may speculatively attribute to Sakya as representing his feelings on the attainment of the gleam of vision for which he had so long striven, the illumination that sent him forth to preach with power for the remainder of his natural life. The passage requires to be studied carefully, for its expressions are otherwise apt to mislead. There is no antitheism in it, for there is no

reference either to a div
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discovered when the so
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of our state, the exact
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in selfish desires. We
more than one translat
passage.

Mr. D'Alwis renders:

"Through transmig
numerous births have
discovering (though) s
house-builder; birth
again (is) sorrow. O Hou
thou art (now) seen.
not again build a hous
All thy (rafters) ribs
(by me). The apex of t
destroyed. (My) mind
to *nibbana*. (It) has ar
extinction of desire."

Mr. Childers begins t
"I have run through th
of countless births s
architect of this dwe
finding him not; g
repeated birth."

Professor Max Müller
these scholars against
rendering the tense a
which also makes the pa
telligible:

"Without ceasing s
through a course
births, looking for
of this tabernacle, a
is birth again and a
now, maker of the
thou hast been s
shalt not make up
nacle again. All thy
broken, thy ridge-pole i
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paradoxical form of speech, is as follows. It must be premised that among deadly sins are reckoned the acts of matricide, parricide, killing an Arhat or devout Buddhist who has attained sanctification, shedding the blood of a Buddha, causing divisions among the priesthood, following strange teachers.

"The true Brahmin goes scatheless though he have killed father and mother, and two holy kings, and an eminent man besides:" (Childers.)

"The Bráhman goes placidly, having destroyed mother, father, and two valiant kings; and having also destroyed a kingdom with all its subjects." "The Bráhman goes placidly, having destroyed mother, father, and two venerable kings; and having also destroyed that which has the haunts of tigers for a fifth:" (D'Alwis.)

"A true Brâhmana, though he has killed father and mother, and two valiant kings, though he has destroyed a kingdom with all its subjects, is free from guilt. A true Brâhmana, though he has killed father and mother, and two holy kings, and even a fifth man, is free from guilt:" (Max Müller.)

The last-named translator takes it that these verses are either meant to show that a truly holy man who by accident commits all these crimes is guiltless, or that they refer to some particular event in Buddha's history. Mr. Childers gave it as his opinion that the verse was "intended to express in a forcible manner the Buddhist doctrine that the Arhat *cannot* commit a serious sin." Mr. D'Alwis argued that, according to Buddha, accidental homicide was sinless, but that accidental homicide is not here referred to. Accordingly, he advanced the theory that the depiction of the sanctified Brahman as going placidly after a murder was meant in a spirit of contradiction, and designed to startle and challenge discussion, whereupon the destruction of all that was held sacred by the Brahman society would be expounded as symbolic of the destruction of the germs of existence which are so fondly clung to. This would not be a correct rendering if, as has been said, Buddha had adopted the revered word Brahman for his own followers; but Mr. D'Alwis appears to have been right in taking the various destructions as purely symbolic. Mr. Beal has discovered in the Chinese Lankâvatâra Sûtra the following exposition of the doctrine, which ought to help our occidental minds in the difficult work of appreciating the oriental parabolism:—

"Mahâmati Bodhisatwa addressed Buddha and said: 'According to the assertion of the great teacher, if a male or female disciple should commit either of the unpardonable sins, he or she, nevertheless, shall not be cast into hell. World-honoured One! how can this be, that such a disciple shall escape though guilty of such sins?' To whom Buddha replied: 'Mahâmati! attend, and weigh my words well! . . . What are these five unpardonable sins of which you speak? They are these—to slay father and mother, to wound a Rahat, to offend (*i.e.*, to place a stumbling block in the way of) the members of the Sañgha (Church), to draw the blood from the body of a Buddha. Mahâmati! say, then, how a man committing these sins can be guiltless? In this way: is not Love [selfish attachment ought it not rather to read, not to profane the name of Love?] which covets pleasure more and more, and so produces 'birth,' is not this the mother of all? and is not ignorance the father of all? To destroy these two, then, is to slay

father and mother. And again, to cut off and destroy those ten '*kleshas*,' which, like the rat or the secret poison, work invisibly, and to get rid of all the consequences of these faults (*i.e.*, to destroy all material associations), this is to wound a Rahat. And so to cause offence and overthrow a church or assembly, what is this but to separate entirely the connection of the five *skandhas?* * (five *aggregates*, which is the same word as that used above for the 'church.') And, again, to draw the blood of a Buddha, what is this but to wound and get rid of the seven-fold body by the three methods of escape? (The seven-fold body, literally 'the body with seven kinds of knowledge'—the number *seven* in this connection evidently runs parallel with the *seven* Buddhas, whose blood is supposed to be spilt; the three methods of escape are the same as the three 'yânas,' or vehicles.†) Thus it is, Mahâmati, the holy male or female disciple may slay father and mother, wound a Rahat, overthrow the assembly, draw the blood of a Buddha, and yet escape the punishment of the lowest hell.'" And in order to explain and enforce this more fully, the World-honoured One added the following stanzas:

Lust, or carnal desire, this is the mother;
"Ignorance," this is the father;
The highest point of knowledge, this is Buddha;
All the "Kleshas," these are the Rahats;
The five Skandhas, these are the Priests;
To committ the five unpardonable sins is to destroy these five,
And yet not suffer the pains of hell.

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and of his enemies bein
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In another part of t
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symbols interpreted ab
says: "Learning first
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poison does not affect
no wound; nor is ther
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pronounced in Luke
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have their step. A m
no wound on his hand
gard to evil consequen
tion, he who is not o

* The five skandhas are representative of the animal life. Prob
employed in a more general signification, they became defined as (1) orga
objects of sense; (2) intelligence or consciousness of sensation; (3) ple
the absence of either; (4) The knowledge or belief arising from nam
(which distract the attention from qualities); (5) passions, as hatred, fe

† Vehicles of escape from the possibility of birth, methods of salvation
tary belongs evidently to developed rather than to primitive Buddhism, b
ows the true principle of interpretation of Buddha's paradox.

on which a particular temptation has force. Two men, for instance, shall pass by some vicious allurement, the one is conscious of struggle, of a drawing; the other is perfectly undisturbed in the spiritual state to which (after who knows how many warring years or lives?) he has attained. He has now, in this particular respect, no wound on his hand.

Two parables that seem to belong to primitive Buddhism, illustrate the positive ideal of Nirvana: they are known as the comparisons of the guest and the dust:

"As a traveller takes up his quarters at an inn, and, having rested and refreshed himself, sets out again on his weary journey, and has no leisure to Rest or remain fixed (so is man in his natural condition); whereas, the true master of the house moves not from the place of his abode. So, that which is impermanent and unfixed is like the traveller, but that which is fixed we call the Master of the House; this is the parable of the Guest."

"As in the case of a clear sky, when the bright sun is shining, a ray of light perchance enters through a crack in a door, and, spreading its brightness in the space through which it passes, exhibits all the particles of dust in commotion and unrest; but, as to the space in which the particles move, its nature is Rest; so also is the condition of man in the condition of unrest and in that of permanency: (Nirvâna.)"

The parable of the water, from the Sutra of the Forty-two Sections forms a pair with the last:—"A man who cherishes lust and desire, and does not aim after supreme knowledge, is like a vase of dirty water, in which all sorts of beautiful objects are placed. The water being shaken up, men can see nothing of the objects therein placed; so it is lust and desire, causing confusion and disorder in the heart, are like the mud in the water: they prevent our seeing the beauty of supreme reason (Religion). But . . . . the mud in the water being removed, all is clear and pure—remove the pollution, and immediately of itself comes forth the substantial form."

Again, the kingdom of heaven, and the obscuring influences of earth (to turn to more familiar imagery) are likened to water boiling in a pot upon a fire, into which if a man look he will see no image of himself. "So the three poisons [covetousness, anger, delusion], which range within the heart, and the five obscurities [envy, passion, sloth, vacillation, unbelief], which embrace it, effectually prevent one attaining (seeing) supreme reason. But once get rid of the pollution of the wicked heart, and then we perceive the spiritual portion of ourselves which we have had from the first, although involved in the net of life and death—gladly then we mount to the paradise (lands) of all the Buddhas, where reason and virtue continually abide." This at least is unspoiled Buddhism, and would seem to belong to the man whose disciples, to judge by the early sculptures, had no formal priestly tonsure, and who preached that no outward act or conformity was of any avail, but a new spirit only.

Other stories show the presence of the same man: "There was a Shaman who nightly recited the Scriptures with plaintive and husky voice, desiring to do penance for some thought of returning to sin. Buddha in a gentle voice addressed him thus: 'Tell me, my son, when you were living in the world, what did you practise yourself in learning?' He replied: 'I was always

playing on my lute.' Buddha said: 'And if the strings of your instrument were lax, what then?' He replied: 'They would not sound.' 'And if they were too tight, what then?' He replied: 'The sound would be too sharp.' 'But if they were tuned to a just medium, what then?' He replied: 'All the sounds would then be harmonious and agreeable.' Buddha addressed the Shaman—'The way of religion (learning) is ever so. Keep the mind well-adjusted, and you will be able to acquire reason.'"

Another caution, too, Buddha may have learned from his discovery that even the extravagance of asceticism formed no royal road to peace, "raw haste" being ever "half-sister to delay":—

"The practice of Religion is just like the process followed in an iron foundry: the metal being melted, is gradually separated from the dross, and drops down; so that the vessel made from the metal must needs be good. The way of wisdom is likewise a gradual process; consisting in the separation of all heart pollution, and so by perseverance reason is accomplished. Any other cause is but weariness of the flesh, and this results in mental sorrow, and this leads to apostacy, and this leads to hell (Asura)." Very simple indeed is the doctrine of one of the most primitive of the Gâthas:

Scrupulously avoiding all wicked actions;
Reverently performing all virtuous ones;
Purifying this intention from all selfish ends;
This is the doctrine of all the Buddhas.

The following, from the "Vásettha Sutta," would seem to be a mixture of Buddha's teachings with the ordinary asceticism of Hindu religion. Many of the passages are almost identical with verses of the "Dhammapada":

"I call him alone who, having severed does not tremble, and allurements, and r shackled.

"I call him alone who has destroyed en ment, scepticism with tants, and has demo rance and attained Bu

"I call him alone who, without anger, proach, torture, and has for his army his o endurance.

"I call him alone who is not wrathful, virtuous, unenslaved subdued, having attai body (birth).

"I call him alone who, like water on th or a mustard seed on t needle, does not cling t

"I call him alone whose knowledge is pr is wise, knows the ri wrong paths, and has highest good.

"I call him alone who mixes not with h or with the houseles both, who is freed f ment, and is contented

"I call him alone who, having laid do (of violence) in respec and immovable b not kill or cause t slaughtered.

"I call him alone who amongst the wra angry, who amongst tious is peaceful, w those given to attach of attachment.

"I call him alone from whom lust, ange envy have dropped mustard seed from th needle.

"I call him alone who utters true an

speech, freed from harshness and offence to any.

"I call him alone a Brahman who in the world takes nothing that is not given him, be it long or short, small or large, good or bad.

"I call him alone a Brahman to whom there is no desire for this world or the next, who is desireless and unshackled.

"I call him alone a Brahman who has no desire, who by his knowledge is freed from doubt, who has attained *nibbana*.

"I call him alone a Brahman who in this world has thrown off his attachment to merit and demerit both, is freed from grief and sin and is pure.

"I call him alone a Brahman who has gone past this difficult road, the impassable and deceptive circle of existence; who has passed through it to the other shore; who is meditative, free from desire and doubt, and released from attachments.

"I call him alone a Brahman who abandoning sensual pleasures in this world, becomes a houseless ascetic, and in whom the desire for a sensual existence is extinct.

"I call him alone a Brahman, who, abandoning covetousness in this world, becomes a houseless ascetic, and in whom the desire for existence is extinct.

"I call him alone a Brahman, who, having cast off liking and disliking is passionless, freed from the germs (of existence), and is a hero who has overcome all the elements (of existence).

"I call him alone a Brahman whose progress neither gods, demigods, nor men know, whose passions are extinct and who is a saint.

"I call him alone a Brahman who has nothing, whether in the past, future, or the present, who has nothing (whatever) and is desireless.

"I call him alone a Brahman who is fearless, eminent, heroic, a great sage, a conqueror, freed from attachments, one who has bathed (in the waters of wisdom) and is a Buddha.

"I call him alone a Brahman, who knows his former abode, who sees both Heaven and Hell, and has reached the extinction of births.

"What is called 'name' or 'tribe' in the world arises from usage only. It is adopted here and there by common consent.

"It comes from long and uninterrupted usage, and from the false belief of the ignorant. (Hence) the ignorant assert, 'that a Brahman is such from birth.'

"One is not a Brahman, nor a non-Brahman by birth; by his conduct (alone) is he a Brahman, and by his conduct (alone) he is a non-Brahman.

"By his conduct he is a husbandman; by his conduct he is an artisan; by his conduct he is a merchant; by his conduct he is a servant.

"By his conduct he is a thief; by his conduct a warrior; by his conduct a sacrificer; by his conduct a king.

"Thus the wise who see the cause of things and understand the results of action, know this (*kamma*) matter as it really is.

"The world exists by cause; all things exist by cause; and beings are bound by cause (even) as the rolling cart by the pin of an axle-tree.

"One is a Brahman from penance, chastity, observance of the (moral) precepts, and the subjugation of the passions. Such is the best kind of Brahmanism.

"Know, Vásetṭha, that to those who are wise, he who is accomplished in the threefold knowledge, is patient and has extinguished

future birth, is even a Brahma and Indra.

"Therefore (a man) becoming possessed of presence of mind at all times, should abandon the longing for objects of sense. Having forsaken them, he should cross the stream, even as one baling out a ship is in the habit of reaching the furthest shore."

Little need be said in connection with Buddha upon the supernatural. He professed to no more miracles than were believed to be within the power of any trained ascetic to accomplish. He claimed to no more than was open to his disciples. There was a regular plan of contemplation by pursuing which the patient disciple might at length perceive his physical body to be but "as a cloud or a shadow," and thus gradually attain to the different attributes of spiritual perfection. Abstract meditation is the first state, that of exercising the mind without disturbance from bodily influences, and thereby liberating the soul.

Harmonisation of the respiration was necessary for truly meditative thought. Broken and uneven respiration will not allow of the passage of equable thought without interruption. The mind as an entity in Buddhistic thought probably corresponds to what we understand by soul or spirit. "The faculties have the mind for their leader; they hold it as their chief; they are made up of the very mind," is the sentence that begins the Dhammapada. Again we find:

"As a fletcher makes straight his arrow, a wise man makes straight his trembling and unsteady thought, which is difficult to keep, difficult to turn.

"As a fish taken from his watery home and thrown on the dry ground, our thought trembles all over escape the dominion tempter).

"It is good to ta which is difficult and flighty, rushing listeth; a tamed min piness.

"Let the wise ma thoughts, for they a perceive, very artful, wherever they list: t guarded bring happi

"Those who bridle which travels far, alone, is without a bo in the chamber (of th be free from the bo (the tempter)."

Again, "Well-mak water (wherever fletchers the arrow; log of wood; wise p themselves."

The other attribute besides the meditat are those of assumi at will, of clairau clairvoyance, of thou of the extinction of of the knowledge o place in previous sta ence. The magical po saintly sages to walk air is gravely accepted dox scriptures of Bu the same power is sai at the present day. asserted that no man by outward acts. my disciples," he sa work miracles; but t good deeds and to sins."

Of Buddha himse legend is told that if h body in pain, the p intense, ceased instant his foot touched the g sprang up at every s belongs evidently to when a personal worsh had begun.

The way in which this worship accepts equally the man and his doctrine as its object is very curious, and throws some light upon the question how far a man may be reverenced as representing the ideal which is his legacy to humanity. Buddha, the law or doctrine, and the congregation of the Faithful constitute the Triple Gem of the Buddhists. The following is from the "Kusa Jataka:"

Him who, all lusts uprooting through long-continued strife,
Became the BUDDHA, and proclaimed the bliss of heavenly life!
The true and precious DOCTRINE which through the world was shown
By him, shall I unceasingly with adoration own.

Buddhism is the most philosophical of religions, as the teaching of Christ is the most full of love. But even Buddha felt that the human mind might easily lose itself in vagueness of thoughts too large to grasp, while in taking conduct rather than thought as the true object to be attained, there was no such danger of aberration. So he left a caution (which his followers have not followed) against overmuch speculation. According to Mr. Childers, who had made the Pali literature his special study, "Buddhism has four great problems; they are the First Cause (Karma), the Supernatural, the Origin of Matter, and the Attributes of a Buddha. These four subjects Gautama declared to be unthinkable, and he forbade his priests to dwell upon them, lest they should lose their reason."

The main principles of Buddhism are very simply summed up in its Four Truths, which are to be found in every compilation of the Scriptures. These truths are (1) The reality of misery, which is perceived in distinct marks of sorrow, such as birth, old age, disease, death, the removal of that which is loved, the presence of that which is disliked, the inability of obtaining what is sought; (2) the cause of the aggregation of misery; (3) the possibility of its destruction; (4) the means requisite.

"By rousing himself, by reflection, by restraint and control, the wise man may make for himself an island which no flood can overwhelm:" ("Dhammapada.")

"Make thyself an island, work hard, be wise! When thy impurities are blown away, and thou art free from guilt, thou wilt enter into the heavenly world of the elect (Ariya):" (*Ib.*)

Even rebirths and resurrections are of no value, without the quality of the life is regenerated.

Buddha's reasons for his teachings are deep and true, and show the result of his long years of earnest struggle and thought, for which we owe him a debt of gratitude; since there is much that the world may yet learn from him. Here is his golden rule: "As life is dear to oneself, it is dear also to other living beings; by comparing oneself with others, good people bestow pity on all beings." Again: "Victory breeds hatred, for the conquered is unhappy. He who has given up both victory and defeat, he, the contented, is happy." "Let a man overcome anger by love; let him overcome evil by good; let him overcome the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth." This is, in another form, "If in anyone smite thee on the one cheek, offer to him the other."

Perhaps the finest instance of splendid simplicity and loving truth for which we are indebted to India is to be found in the following stanzas from the Dhammapada:

"He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me—hatred in those who harbour such thoughts will never cease. . . . . For hatred

does not cease by hatred at any time: hatred ceases by love, this is an old rule. And some do not know that we must all come to an end here; but others know it, and hence their quarrels cease."

Not to speak o
Christianity, we may s
the world at large
reached the level
Buddhism.

IN THIS WORLD:

A NOVEL.

By Mabel Collins, Author of "An Innocent Sinner," &c.

Continued from page 286.

Chapter XXXVIII.

SOME CALLERS.

They had been in the drawing-room about half an hour, and Ernestine, who was looking very quiet in an arm-chair in the corner, was just beginning to talk about being obliged to go, as she had to see Miss Armine and a sick child before bedtime, when a visitor's card was brought to Coventry.

He looked at it in silence, and handed it on to Dorothy. She saw with considerable amazement the name of Lewis Lingen upon it.

"Into my study," said Coventry to the servant.

The visit was so unexpected, and the position was so critical, that he did not know whether he should be right in having Mr. Lingen shown in upon the small company then assembled.

He quickly went to the study, where he found Mr. Lingen, after his usual fashion in a strange room, walking about looking at everything.

He turned with his bright look as Coventry entered, but it was quickly replaced by another expression.

"I wanted to speak to you," he said, "about your note of this morning."

Coventry pricked his ears, but said nothing. In this affair he felt he was walking on thin ice—he might make a mistake at any moment if he were not exceedingly careful.

"I understand," Mr. Lingen went on, "that Dr. Doldy wants to have an explanation with Mrs. Doldy."

"Yes," said Coventry, "that is what I understand."

"Oh; well, we must prevent that explanation taking place yet."

Coventry shook his head.

"Without a reason why," he said, "I can't help at that: an explanation between them is just what I want."

"And," said Mr. Lingen, "do you think Dr. Doldy will push the matter now he has begun?"

"I do," said Coventry. "I have more reason to think so this evening than I had when I wrote to you. Knowing him as I do, I believe that, having brought himself to the frame of mind he is now in, he will probably see her and have it out with her in a day or two."

"Then," said Mr. Lingen under his breath, "there'll be the devil to pay, and no pitch hot."

Coventry smiled and leaned back in his chair with tranquillity.

"I don't know your game," he said; "mine is coming all right. They have met accidentally, which has upset their philosophic calm:

they are both discovering the widowed state to be insupportable; and before two days are over I expect them to meet on purpose."

"A shocking catastrophe that would be!" replied Mr. Lingen, half smiling as he spoke. "But, seriously, an explanation between them might do great mischief just now: I am sure you would help me, if I could tell you my game; but I have no right to do that. Would it be possible to get Mrs. Doldy out of town for a week or two?"

"Quite impossible," said Coventry—"unless," he went on, as a bright thought flashed upon his mind, "you could invent a paying patient in the country."

"Is Miss Armine fit to be moved yet?"

"I think not—indeed, I am sure not, because I heard them saying it would be some time yet before she could go to her brother's house."

"Then that is no good. Would she be quite unlikely to take a holiday under any circumstances just now?"

"Quite," said Coventry, adding maliciously, "and if she did I believe Dr. Doldy would find her out, and follow her. We hid her present address from him, at her request; but he has found it out and sent her some flowers."

"Eh! that's serious, indeed," exclaimed Mr. Lingen. "I believe I must see Mrs. Doldy myself. She is a sensible woman, is she not?"

"Sensible, certainly: whether common-sensible, I don't know."

"Well, I must risk it. What is her address?"

"If you want to see her," said Coventry, "she is in this house now."

"And will she see me for a little while alone, do you think?"

"Oh, yes," said Coventr
rising, left the room.

Mr. Lingen walked abou
his absence, the Greek π
his eyebrows very deeply

In a few minutes
returned, bringing with hi
tine.

Lewis Lingen was a pro
student of character. He
keen glance upon Ernestin
showed him that, if dr
and depth made her da
beautiful, their gaze w
peculiar for its honesty.

"Miss Laura is not
amateur at character ske
he said to himself as
entered: "although it is
impossible that she can a
such a woman, yet she ga
very good idea of what to

Ernestine was almost a
the flower she wore. Sh
dreamed of refusing to
thing Coventry wanted he
but he had rather mysti
alarmed her in this sud
private introduction to t
lawyer.

He introduced them, pu
tine into his favourite c
then left them to return to
who was almost dancing
pressed curiosity.

"Nothing to tell me!" s
with the deepest contem
Coventry had assured her
had no fresh news. "O
if I had been ten minut
with that man who know
thing about everybody, wo
have got some news out of

Meantime, in Coventry
these two people who ap
life from two opposite ave
viewed it through different
spectacles, were trying to
an understanding.

"I daresay you are aware
we have never met," be
Lingen, "that I am a
friend of the Doldy family

"I have often heard Dr. Doldy speak of you," said Ernestine with an effort. She found it difficult to speak unconcernedly, for she was in great dread as to what might be coming.

"An old friend—I think I may say a privileged friend," said Mr. Lingen, "otherwise I should scarcely have ventured to ask to see you for the first time for the purpose of speaking about a confidential matter."

He paused, but Ernestine relapsed into a familiar habit of hers when anyone was trying to find his way to a difficult subject in a delicate manner: she was silent. The consequence was that Mr. Lingen, like many another before him, was driven to the point with inelegant abruptness. He did not think it worth while to waste words in fencing, with those perplexed, honest eyes fixed on him.

"In order that you may not think me impertinent," he said, "I must tell you that I am in the confidence of both Dr. Doldy and Miss Doldy. I stand in the midst of a very critical situation at this time, and, unless matters are allowed to consummate themselves without hindrance, there will be a great deal of unnecessary suffering. I saw Miss Doldy yesterday, and I imagine, from what she said, that you understand what I mean."

"Why," said Ernestine, "I suppose I do; at all events, I may allow that I think I do. But there is no reason for you to speak about this to me. I shall do nothing to hinder matters. Why should you suspect me of it? I left my home principally that I might not be tempted to interfere in things with which I had no concern. I have removed myself from Miss Doldy's connexions entirely; then why suspect me?"

"Forgive me," said Mr. Lingen, with rather more hesitation than was usual in his manner, "if I trench upon affairs which I do not pretend to know anything about; but supposing that Dr. Doldy should meet you—should demand a further explanation——."

"I have already met him, and refused any further explanation," said Ernestine, a little ominous red spot appearing in each cheek. She was getting angry. Mr. Lingen saw it and was glad. He had had considerable experience with angry women, and flattered himself that he knew how to manage them. He was about to speak, when Ernestine interrupted him.

"If this comes from Laura Doldy," she said—"if Laura Doldy is afraid that I shall betray her intrigues and her falsehoods—tell her that I gave my word not to betray her, and I shall not do so. I suppose she distrusts me because I could not be paid for my silence! because I would not live in a household which derived its luxuries from her wealth! because I could not endure my life under the shadow of her secrets and her benefits!"

"Well, that is likely enough," said Mr. Lingen quietly. "Doubtless, in your place Miss Doldy would have made capital out of her knowledge. But I do not know that she distrusts you. What she fears is the course of events. If Dr. Doldy's suspicions are aroused, and he refuses to be kept in the dark any longer, then Miss Doldy naturally has some fears about the consequences. Her position is difficult. Dr. Doldy's indignation, if he discovered the deceptions practised on him at the last moment, would be very dangerous. Miss Doldy must marry at once; there is no time to waste now, if she is to avert a ruin the extent of which they themselves hardly guess at, from herself and her uncle. Pos-

sibly the marriage might not be broken off. She can do anything with Sir Percy, and I hardly think he knows the difference between truth and falsehood. But it is quite likely that the Flaxen family would refuse to allow the marriage if the whole affair concerning Yriarte should come out. And there is no knowing what Dr. Doldy might not consider it his duty to do if he discovered how that case had been managed. If Yriarte were not such a scoundrel, I should think it rather hard upon him myself: we ought to have got a lighter sentence. And I am unable to calculate what effect the revelation of this might have on Dr. Doldy."

"But," said Ernestine, "why speak of this to me?—I have given my word to be silent."

She was very angry now. She rose from her seat and moved towards the door as she spoke.

"Because," replied Mr. Lingen, "we have reason to suppose that Dr. Doldy's suspicions have been aroused, and that he will not submit for long to this separation without making an attempt to end it."

Ernestine's eyes fell upon the white flower she wore, and the two red spots of anger developed suddenly into a crimson blush. Mr. Lingen, looking at her, was puzzled. The white blossom (which seemed to her to speak with such shamefaced distinctness) was to him an unintelligible symbol.

"I don't know what you want," she said, impatiently and nervously; "I cannot promise anything more than to preserve silence under any circumstances."

"And that course," said Mr. Lingen, "will naturally confirm every suspicion he may choose to harbour."

"You don't expect me to tell him lies, do you?" exclaimed Ernestine, turning on him in a blaze.

"No; but your influen him is boundless: persuad silence."

"If," said Ernestine, " fluence were boundless—if persuade him to be indepe Laura's money—if he wou all that she has made over to Laura's child, then I m some good in the attempt me," she said, with a change of manner, "do y if Laura's child is still aliv

"Yes; it is alive."

"Poor little orphan, mo and fatherless! I have that child in my arms, and thought of it since many and pitied it from my hear it been taken care of?"

"Yes, after a fashion. T would have fared ill if it h left to the mercies of its but Mr. Yriarte seemed some strange sort of patern ing. He took it to a lady devoted to him and has jewels and plate many a help him out of his dif She is altogether infatu him, and when he took baby I hear that she rec with open arms for his sake actually bringing it up un own supervision."

"And can she do this?" Ernestine, wonderingly.

"Not easily," said Mr. with a shrug of his shoulde has already sacrificed nearl thing for Yriarte. She is a title and position: only a of genius could have retai position in society and do she has done: only a born could have sacrificed her possessions and given up comfort and pride, while it all with smiles. And wasted on Yriarte."

"And ought Laura's

burdens to be put on her?" said Ernestine, hesitatingly. "Surely something might be done for the child."

Mr. Lingen looked at her with triumph lurking in his eye. He thought he had laid a harmless snare for her.

"I don't know," he said demurely; "anything done must be done quietly. An exposure now would only make matters worse for everybody."

"No exposure can come through me," said Ernestine, annoyed at his returning to this point; "I am quite unlikely to see Dr. Doldy. Do not disturb yourself about it."

The words died on her lips. From outside came the sound of a voice which they both recognised instantly. There was no doubt about it. Dr. Doldy was in the house.

Mr. Lingen said nothing. Luckily for him, there was a fire on the hearth. He covered his amusement by stirring it.

Chapter XXXIX.

A WINDY NIGHT.

Dr. Doldy had not been two minutes in the drawing-room before his eyes fell upon something which moved him exceedingly.

Yet it was a very simple thing—only a dark shawl that lay upon a chair.

But he knew it instantly. It was Ernestine's. He did not think he could mistake anything which she had ever worn; but he felt certain in this case, for he had himself given her the shawl. The very sight of it recalled so vividly to him the warmth and sweetness of her presence, that he felt almost as if she were within reach of the clasp of his arms.

And yet—she might have left it there—forgotten it, on some former visit to the house? No: he saw, looking closely, that within its folds, half hidden, lay a little soft-feathered hat which he also remembered very well.

What could this mean but that Ernestine was in the house?

Although it had given her a husband, a few months of marriage had certainly not deprived Ernestine of a lover. Dr. Doldy, having found a clue which gave him a new idea as to Ernestine's desertion of him, looked upon the traces of her near presence with all that keenness and excitement which in respect of most women can only be produced by novelty. Few women, indeed, can twice arouse in any man's breast the thrill which the first romantic contact with her may produce. But Ernestine, by the fact that she had an intense life and a very real sphere of her own, was one of these few women. A man who had once entered her atmosphere, and then been excluded from it, felt that he had really lost something beyond the pleasure of gazing upon a pretty face or figure. The sight of a mere shawl which belonged to her brought to Dr. Doldy—almost too intensely for him to bear it in silence—the realisation of her individuality, the desire for her presence.

But he said nothing about those tell-tale garments. He watched his host and hostess, and followed their lead in conversation, for he was quick enough to intercept a glance of perplexity exchanged between them. This made him sure that Ernestine was in the house; so he talked quietly, keeping his senses wide awake to every sound.

He was soon rewarded. His alert ear caught the sound of the closing of the house door. He started up, and, going to the window, drew back the curtain. He was just in time to see Ernes-

tine's bright hair beneath the lamp which was in front of the house.

He turned and snatched the shawl from the chair.

"She has gone without this!" he said to Mrs. Silburn, with an appealing look. "You will excuse me!"

He was gone, and Dorothy was left looking in comical bewilderment from the door through which the doctor's figure had vanished, to the chair where Ernestine's shawl had been lying.

"Well," said she at last to Coventry, who stood gazing upon her with equal surprise, "no one could have helped that, and I'm awfully glad—I do hope they will make it up now!"

"In the meantime," said Coventry, "I had better go and look after Lingen, who, I suppose, has been left alone downstairs."

"Do," said Dorothy, "be quick, and bring him up here if he is not in a hurry. I want to see him. I may have to write a 'Lewis Lingen at Home' some day for the *Weekly Modesty*, and it's really rather easier if one has met the man."

"I will attend to your interests, my journalistic craftswoman," said Coventry, as he departed to look after his neglected visitor.

Dr. Doldy meanwhile, with Ernestine's shawl and hat upon his arm, was pursuing her down the street. It was a windy night; and Ernestine—aware that she was doing a very mad thing in thus rushing out into the night air without her wraps — went very quickly. But Dr. Doldy had been a great pedestrian before he settled down to London practice. Excitement now lent him unusual speed; and he soon overtook her. He startled her so much that she almost screamed aloud; for, coming behind her, he opened the shawl in his two hands, and, as he overtook her, clasped it arou shoulders. For a second of fear passed through he looking down before she d look back, she recognis shawl, and recognised a hands which held it arou and the cry of alarm died throat.

They stood in silence a n the wind came whistling d street, and the dark clouds overhead. The shawl fe pleasant to Ernestine, who gun to shiver, though she so quickly; and the clasp determined arms which wo unloose themselves—did n penetrate with a delicious to the heart within the tr form?

She steadied herself after and looked up with a fli smile. "Thank you," sh and made as to take the h him (which he still held ribbon) and go on her way.

Her faint smile was answ one which had a savour of t in it.

"Now," he said, "I have you"—he suited his actio words by clasping his han firmly (and indeed it was p on that blustering and lone to be held so warm and so str "I shall not let you go understand what all this is I can't get on without you, tine; and if this is the resu difference of opinion abo confounded Richy's glauc give in. I am ready to all you are the better doctor two."

"Don't be ridiculous, Ernestine, in a voice which she was just ready either t or cry. "As if I cared that!"

"I thought you did, a Ernestine," he said, very te "and I wondered where my

-who, if a much too clever
, was indeed a woman—had
ied. But I was stupid then
ried, bewildered. I am
ced now that you have not
ed me out of mere profes-
pique; and, if so, I think
eed, I am sure, Ernestine
owe it to me to explain
rs."

cannot do that," she said.

is a secret?" he asked, a little
and dreariness perceptible
tone.

es," she answered; "but not
my own."

believe that," he said, quickly.
lines of your character are
enough even for me, who
stupidly judged you harshly
e, to know that you are in-
le of keeping a secret of your
And so—you cannot explain
conduct because it has to do
he secret of somebody else?"

es," said Ernestine.

hen," exclaimed he, "come
o me and don't explain any-
"

this time they were still
ing in the street, the keen
blowing upon them, the wild
s casting dim shadows over
osed and shuttered houses.
— I am ashamed," said
tine, her cheek flushing
e the chill air which blew
t; "when you are so generous
y conduct must seem so un-
ntable—I am ashamed to
a condition before I can
respond to your generosity."
condition!—tell me, what is

hat you will consent to use
of Laura's money."

Doldy loosed the clasp of his
and drew back from her.

ou are driving me rather
ard, are you not, Ernestine?
you desert me without cause
planation; and then when I
ou to return you will only do
so on condition that I effect my own ruin."

"Forgive me for reminding you," said Ernestine, "but I only left your house when you had told me to do so."

"Don't recur to that," he answered pitiably; "we quarrelled—at least I did—I was angry, I insulted you; but you must grant that I was bitterly provoked. You were doing your utmost to ruin me then in another way—why are you so anxious to accomplish that still?"

Where was this to end?—this altercation between two people who loved one another, yet were altogether at cross purposes—whose answers could not but be crooked?

Ernestine wondered, and made no answer. But after a moment the tears came suddenly upon her cheeks, and she turned to him in a gust of passion such as he had but once before seen in her.

"I don't want to harm you—why should I, for I love you! I am but a child crying for the light while the darkness is all about me."

"Well, child," he answered rather sadly, "cannot you take my love as a gleam of light out of the darkness?—for it is true."

"I have taken it," she cried. "It has been the light of my life—see here," and she threw off the dark shawl as she spoke, and showed him the white flower which lay upon her breast—"the token was so sweet to me, I could not part with it."

He came to her, as she stood there with her soft short curls tossing in the wind.

"Ernestine," he said, "we cannot be separated; we are really more united than ever now that pain has come between us. Come home with me, and let us help each other through the world. If our individualities are too strongly

marked, we must rub the edges off. If you have secrets to keep from me, why, I must help you to keep them. I won't say that I will let you sin against professional etiquette and correct an elder doctor: indeed, I'll not promise but that I shall lock you out of my consulting room altogether: but, Ernestine, I cannot do without you in my life—come back to it."

His tone and manner had a quaint blending of humour and passion as he spoke. Ernestine smiled.

"And my condition?"

"Oh—the money. Well, you can hardly expect me to do a mad and unaccountable action like that without a reason."

"But if I am allowed—in a little while—to give you a reason," she said timidly.

"That would make it a different matter of course," he said; and drew her hand within his arm.

"We shall quarrel again to a certainty," she said, smiling faintly.

"Never mind, dear; if we do quarrel a little, we can make it up a great deal;" and he ended all further hesitation in a very practical fashion by hailing a passing hansom."

Ernestine, driven swiftly to her old home, wrapped in her warm shawl, yielded to the delicious sense of utter dependence which forms one of the selfish elements in a woman's love.

Entering the house and finding herself once more by her husband's side, she could scarcely believe but that all the pain and confusion and separation had been a dream. She felt that the reality of her life was with him; and, feeling that, she recognised that they must find their way together through the difficult entanglements and subtleties of right and wrong in this world.

And with this new light in her heart she could yield herself utterly to the heaven-born breath of love, and let it fill her life anew with its sweetness and rose-colour.

(To be continued.)

NOTES AND REMINISCENCES.

By the late W. H. Harrison.

(*Continued from page* 323.)

JOHN KEATS,

The poet, although not caring much for the quality of his food, was very particular as to its being well cooked. While at Rome during his last illness, which terminated in his death, he was lodging at a house where he had constant occasion to complain of the indifferent cooking; and, after he had borne with it for some time, one day his dinner was served up in such a state that he removed the covers one after another and then proceeded to throw them out of the window. From that day there was a decided improvement on the part of the cook, and he had no further cause of complaint. My authority for this anecdote is a gentleman who was a very dear and most devoted friend of the poet, and was present when the scene occurred.

I had once an album sent to me with a request that I would insert a few lines, which I did; and, looking through its contents, I found them to consist largely of extracts from known authors, but generally with the names of the transcribers appended. Among them were some lines which struck me as being singularly tender and touching, and which I had never met with before; but whether they were original and written by the person whose signature they bore, or were merely transcribed by her, I could not tell, nor could the owner of the book inform me; but I strongly incline to the latter hypothesis, and therefore I do not quote the name. I may add, that I copy them by permission:

The last day of John Keats, who died at Rome, in February, 1821, in the arms of his friend, Joseph Severn, the painter, and who shortly before his death said, "I feel the daisies growing over me."

Be still, my heart; aye soon thou wilt be still,
I feel that rest is coming—blessed rest,
Which I have woo'd so long, and woo'd so ill
That it hath been a stranger to my breast,
But it will come—be still, my heart, be still!

Nay, how thou'rt throbbing now! and yet the life
Within thy hot-going veins is ebbing fast;
And all the bitterness and all the strife
Which have so wearied thee will soon be past—
What! shall the victory be the world's at last?

How comes it *thou* art here? How have I won
Such holy friendship? Let me look on thee
In shape like other men, yet dost thou shun
The child of sorrow! Thou hast nobly done,
And God will bless thee for thy truth to me.

And now come near me, for I feel the night
Is drawing on apace—ay, nearer yet,
I cannot see thee now, for this dim sight
Is all so dark without, but there is light—
A glorious light—within, which will not set.

I feel the daisies growing o'er my grave:
I love to think their modest heads will peep
Out from the fresh green turf, and yew trees wave
Their solemn branches, and soft showers lave
My lonely bed—Oh! I shall sweetly sleep!

I shall not speak again, except to pray,
And so farewell, as calm a death be thine;
My little strength is ebbing fast away,
I cannot clasp thy hand, but let it lay,
So would I die with that true palm in mine!

The last word of the penultimate line is ungrammatical. The substitution of "stay" for "lay" would put it right, without, except in a slight degree, weakening the line.

Mr. Severn, I need scarcely add, was for many years Her Majesty's Consul in Rome, where, equally popular with Catholics and Protestants, he won golden opinions by his genial and engaging manners, and by his ready help to all who had occasion for his official interference. If he had no other claim to distinction, his name will live as that of the devoted friend of the poet Keats, whom he accompanied to Rome, and was with him to the last. But Mr. Severn has achieved no mean celebrity by his paintings, which the visitors to the Academy in days past must well remember. His picture of the "Phantom Ship" in the "Antient Mariner" is one of the most original and striking conceptions of genius, and will never be forgotten by those who had the privilege of seeing it. I know that it was engraved on a large scale, but I do not think it was ever published. It is much to be regretted that the public is deprived of it.

JOHN HUNTER.

It is related of Hunter that, while he was superintending the taking a cast of a living negro of remarkably fine physical development, he had occasion to leave the room; and in the interval of his absence the attendants had allowed the plaster to harden, so that there was not room left for the play of the lungs. Hunter, returning, at once saw that the man was dying, and with one vigorous kick, knocked the poor African head over heels, and relieved him of the incumbrance in a moment.

SIR ANDREW SMITH,

An army medical officer, who attained to the highest post in the service of which he was a very distinguished ornament, and who was equally eminent for his researches in natural history, told me that while on service in Southern Africa he devoted much attention to the classification of serpents, his main purpose being to distinguish the venomous from the harmless ones. And to this end he offered rewards to the natives for the finest specimens of each tribe. There was one species in particular whose bite was said to produce death in twenty minutes. It is a short, flat serpent, of extremely repulsive aspect; and of this a remarkably large specimen was one day brought to him. His custom was to plunge the reptile into a bottle of spirits, which caused instant death, and preserved it until he had leisure to dissect it. In thrusting this specimen into the bottle, he gave its head too much play, and the serpent bit his thumb. He instantly tied a ligature round it very tightly, and plunged his thumb into a glass of French brandy. He then took out his watch and waited the result. Five minutes passed; ten; and then twenty, the fatal number, and still there was no perceptible change in the sensation or appearance of his thumb. He continued the

immersion for an hour without experiencing any pain or inconvenience. Whether he then removed the ligature I did not ask him, but I know that he dined the same day at the mess, and never suffered from the bite.

Since writing the preceding paragraph, I have heard of the death of Sir Andrew Smith. He was one of my oldest and kindest friends —a noble-minded, gifted, and true-hearted man. Many years ago it happened to me—then a stranger to him, and having been introduced by my then publishers, Messrs. Smith and Elder—to render him some slight, very slight service, which, however, his kindness magnified into an obligation which he never forgot, and was the foundation of an enduring friendship which death only terminated. He had travelled much in Kaffirland and in the Zulu country. During the Kaffir war he was more in the Kaffir lines than in the British, and had acquired great popularity by the exercise of his professional skill among the natives, especially by successfully couching the eyes of a Kaffir chief who had never, until his sight was thus restored, seen his wife and children, and whose gratitude was unbounded on his recovery.

There was a Kaffir of very intemperate habits, to whom he was once called when the man was in a state of helpless intoxication, and whom he was earnestly requested to bleed; but he refused, saying the man was only very drunk, and would recover if they let him alone. However, Dr. Smith had no sooner turned his back than an old rusty lancet was found and a vein was opened in the arm of the drunkard. The blood flowed copiously, and his friends, not knowing how to stop it, sent a man to recall Dr. Smith, who, returning, found the man lying in a shallow pool of water, the surface of which was covered with the blood. The doctor instantly pressed his finger on the orifice, and, the man having regained his consciousness, my friend said, "Now, if I remove my finger you will soon be a dead man; what will you give me if I save your life?" The man commenced with a rather high bidding, and at last said he would give him all his possessions. The doctor of course bound up the arm and left him, exacting a solemn promise that he would never get drunk again; and my friend says that the fright cured the patient, who kept his word.

On another occasion, when in the Zulu country, it came to his knowledge that it was the intention of one of the chiefs to seize the cattle of some missionaries who had a station in the neighbourhood. The doctor well knew that a direct remonstrance would be utterly unavailing, and accordingly he got into conversation with the savage, and, as they were sitting on the trunk of a tree, related to him the story of Pharoah and his dealings with the people of Israel, and how severely he was punished for oppressing God's people. The chief listened with rapt attention, but made no remark or sign of relenting; but the result was that the cattle of the missionaries were not molested. The Doctor had a high opinion of the intelligence and shrewdness of the savage of the country, and remarked on the wonderful readiness with which they detected any attempt, as he said, to humbug them. They would at once discover the insincerity of a white man, and tell him that "his face was not white."

On one occasion, while he was in the Kaffir lines, he was asked, "Why it was that, being one of their enemies, they should not kill him, seeing that he was alone and

in their power." "Because," he said, with his characteristic coolness, "it would be against your interests to do so. I cure your sick."

Sir Andrew, on his return to England, was placed on the staff, and was for a long time stationed at Fort Pitt, Chatham, and not long afterwards was made Director-General of the Army Medical Department, where he was distinguished not less by his ability and administrative powers than by his unswerving impartiality and strict sense of justice. I may mention a case in point. A young officer in his department, conceiving himself to be under great obligation to him, requested me to present to him a curious silver ornament which my friend had picked up during the mutiny in India. I told the young gentleman at once that the Doctor would not take it, and I would have declined the commission. However, the officer persisted in his request, and the next time I called on the Doctor I offered him the present with the result I anticipated. The Director-General then told me that offerings in great number and variety were made to him by officers in his department, adding, that there were several now in his hall; among the rest, a splendid Cashmere shawl, intended for Mrs. Smith, waiting to be taken away by the parties presenting them, to whom he had written to desire them to do so. Doubtless many of the offerings were made in a spirit of genuine gratitude, but many also in that spurious gratitude which has been aptly designated, "a lively sense of favours to be received." It will be remembered that during the Crimean war the Director-General was attacked by the press (the *Times* especially, in long leading articles) on his neglect to provide against many of the wants and disasters which were suffered by our army. I saw the Doctor often during the continuance of these attacks, and, knowing how cruelly unfounded they were, could not help expressing my indignation and sympathy. He merely replied by one of his bright smiles, and said he "could bide his time;" and months afterwards, in obedience to a motion made in the House of Commons, the correspondence between Sir Andrew and the Government, relating to the medical administration in the Crimean army, was printed in a blue book which he sent to me; and from which it appeared that the very requisitions which the press asserted should have been made by the Director-General had actually been urged on the Government, and by it had been distinctly and unequivocally refused. I never knew a man whose conscious integrity was so entirely proof against the attacks of the press, no matter from what quarter they emanated.

As an instance of the great caution and prudence which marked his official career, I may mention that the Government once proposed to erect a hospital at Netley, and, I suppose, as a matter of routine, mentioned the design to the Doctor. He said he would give no opinion until he had visited the spot, in which he spent several days in investigating the locality, testing the water, &c., and finally reported in favour of the project. I know also that some high influence was once brought to bear upon him in favour of a particular measure connected with his department, but which, it not meeting with his approval, he firmly and successfully resisted.

Dr. Smith brought from the Cape a large collection of objects of natural history, some of them unique—amongst these, the two-horned rhinoceros, now, I believe,

in the British Museum. This collection was exhibited at the Egyptian Hall for many months. He also produced a magnificent and richly illustrated work, in a series of numbers; but whether it was designed for private circulation, or that its costliness, if it were published, impeded its sale, I know not; but I do not remember to have seen it in any bookseller's shop. His services were recognised on his retirement by a Knight Commandership of the Bath being conferred upon him, a distinction which was denied to the late Director-General of the Navy Medical Department, Dr. Bryson, an old officer, who administered his high office with distinguished ability, and was a man of high honour and the warmest benevolence. This being denied a distinction which was conferred on his predecessor in office, I believe broke his heart.

I may add that Sir Andrew had some notions about the African lion which do not accord with the traditions of the royal beast, which he did not think remarkable for its sagacity. Two illustrative instances came under his own eye. An African was pursued by a lion which nearly overtook him, when, coming to a tree, the pursued threw off his *caross* and climbed the trunk. The lion came up, tore the garment, and, not finding it to his taste, trotted away without casting a look at the native's hiding-place.

Again, a native was pursued by a lion in a desert, where there was neither tree nor shrub or other place of refuge or hiding. The native, finding that his friend was gaining upon him, stuck his staff, ornamented, as is common in the country, with a plume of ostrich feathers in the sand, and then struck off at a right angle. The lion went straight to the staff, mumbled the feathers in his mouth in a state of apparent mystification, and pursued his way, not regarding the native's flight in another direction.

On one occasion a large party were travelling in the desert, when they perceived a lion approaching them—indeed, the brute was almost upon them before it was seen. The party being in a sort of crescent, divided in the middle, when the lion dashed through the opening and continued his course.*

TIGERS AND COBRAS.

I was conversing at C.'s with an Indian officer, who confirmed the statement I had before heard, that the tiger will almost as a rule escape if he can, and only turns when he is wounded. He told me that the weapon first used by the animal is his paw, one blow of which has been known to fracture the skull of his victim, whom he then tears with tooth and claw. Some tigers, he says, will fight to the death; others, to use his own words, "will die like a cow."

He also confirmed the account given to me by my friend the late Sir Andrew Smith, the distinguished naturalist and African traveller, that the cobra, unlike others of the serpent tribe, is the first to "show fight." It has the power of projecting itself to the length of half its body. He (my Indian informant) said that the cobra is killed with the slightest blow. He was one day riding through a jungle when he saw a cobra in the tangle, and made a slash at him with his whip, but missed him, when the snake made a dart, happily striking only the flap of the saddle. In reply to my inquiries as to the serpent-charmers, he expressed his

* These must surely have been very countrified lions.—Ed.

belief that the reptiles operated upon were first deprived of their fangs. He said as much once to a serpent-charmer, who vehemently denied it. The officer happened to have captured a cobra, and the man readily consented to deal with it. Some of these jugglers are so expert that they will catch a snake by the tail with one hand, and run the other with the rapidity of lightning up the creature's body to his head before he has time to turn round. Unfortunately, however, the experiment failed in this case; the reptile turned on the man, who died in twenty minutes. My friend said that, in all his experience, he had never known of recovery from the bite of a cobra in full health; and that in cases where the bite had not produced death, the cobra had exhausted or reduced the poison under the fang by his having recently bitten some man or animal.

He told me that he once had a leopard's cub a few days' old, and brought it up until it was nearly full grown, and was comparatively tame. He was one day exhibiting his *pet* to some friends, when, happening to turn from the animal to speak to a lady, the brute made a dash at him with his paws and slightly wounded him through his boot and trousers.

A PLEASANT BEDFELLOW.

The wife of an Indian military officer once told me that she had for a neighbour a captain of artillery who on retiring for the night did not feel inclined for sleep, and accordingly took a book, intending to read it in bed, and, of course, not extinguishing the light. On turning down the bedclothes he saw, to his inexpressible horror, a huge cobra di capello coiled up in the centre of the bed. He instantly summoned his servants, who quickly despatched the intruder. It almost invariably happens that, when one of that species of serpent is found, another is not far off. Accordingly, on the following morning, the serpent-charmer of the village was sent for, who, immediately on entering the compound, began to play on his pipe. After a few minutes another cobra crawled from out the thatch of the bungalow, and was at once seized by the serpent-charmer, who tied it in a knot round his neck, and went through the usual manipulations with the reptile, which was finally destroyed, the performer sustaining not the slightest injury.

INDIAN GOSSIP.

I met at dinner, at an old friend's, a Colonel W., an officer in the Indian Army, who was engaged in the Sikh war, and was also present during the Mutiny of the native troops. With regard to the latter event he said that the rising of a few regiments some ten or twelve days before the date which had been fixed for a simultaneous insurrection was a most providential occurrence, acting as it did as a warning, adding that if the rising had been general the difficulty of dealing with it would have been greater if not insurmountable. He said that he believed that if the regiment which first revolted had been shot down, instead of disbanded to spread sedition broadcast, the rising would have been crushed at once. It is generally affirmed, and I doubt not with reason, that there was but a slight tie of attachment between native soldiers and their European officers. The colonel mentioned an instance of devotion on the part of a body of troops, comprised of Mahommedans and Hindoos, during the Sikh war, which forms a noble exception to the rule. He was on

horseback, and very much exposed to fire, and one bullet actually knocked the turban from his head. His men remonstrated with him for unnecessarily, as they thought, exposing himself, and, finding they could not prevail, they lifted him bodily from his horse, and thus he believes saved his life.

With regard to tiger hunting, the colonel was by no means inclined to magnify the dangers of the sport. He said that the elevated and comparatively safe position of his opponents, and their number and arms, deprived the poor brute of a chance. He said that the claws of the tiger made little impression on the hide of the elephant, while his only vulnerable part, his trunk, he took care to elevate beyond the risk of mischief. He told us that a lady, on her own suggestion, accompanied him one day on a tiger-hunting expedition. He ventured to hint that the lady's legs, which were rather dangerously pendant, had better be "tucked up," it being *possible* that the tiger might spring on the elephant. The lady, who had not contemplated such a possibility, became suddenly very nervous, and was not at all disappointed by their failure in beating up a tiger.

The colonel related an instance of an icthyophagous tiger—the only one he had ever heard of. A man was fishing on the banks of a river, with a basket by his side, in which were the results of his success. He was roused by a noise near him, and, turning round, perceived a huge tiger devouring the fish. The animal resented the interruption by a blow with his paw on the fisherman's head, of which the poor fellow died the next day.

As a rule, the colonel said, the tiger will slink away from man, unless he is wounded, and then he is furious. The reward for killing a tiger in India is about two pounds, except in the case of a man-eater—that is, a tiger who has once tasted human blood, and who, thereafter, prefers it to that of other animals, and then the reward is ten pounds and often much more. He stated that a tiger will attack a single buffalo, but never when the latter is in company with another or more.

I asked him if he thought we were tolerably safe from another Indian Mutiny. He said he thought we were; and he mentioned as one of the precautions against such a contingency the withholding great guns from the native troops, of which, well trained to their exercise, the revolted regiments made such terrible use in the Mutiny.

He said that, of the two elements of which native troops are composed, the Mahommedans were more disposed to be insolent, the Hindoos being more quiet and amenable to discipline.

With regard to intellectual endowments, he remarked that the Hindoos were clever in mathematics. Of the native population, the Parsees were more at home in finance.

A VETERAN.

I was staying for a month in a village on the southern coast when I made the acquaintance of an old Artilleryman, who had served under some officers whom I happened to know, and we became confidential.

He was in the Crimean war, and was one day working in the trenches filling sand bags. While he was thus engaged General D—— rode up, and asked him to what arm of the service he belonged, his working dress not being distinctive. "Royal Artillery, General!" was the reply. "What's your name?"

asked the officer, who, taking a piece of writing paper from his pocket, pencilled down the reply. The artilleryman, had he been a scholar, would have exclaimed "*Ubi lapsus? Quid feci?*" As it was, he could only wonder, with his fellow-labourers, what they had done to be reported, as they fully expected to be.

On the following day the general rode by the party again, and calling out to the man whose name he had taken down, he said, "I'm trying to get you made a sergeant." "Many thanks to you, general; you can do it if you like." And he was promoted accordingly, and he is now enjoying a pension of about a pound a week as a retired master gunner. He married a very pretty girl in the village, in which I found him, and has a family of six children. I conclude that General D—— was struck by the other's energy in his work of sand-bag filling, and thus rewarded it.

LAW AND SYMPATHY.

There was a certain Captain Macnamara—not the Macnamara who had acquired a reputation for duelling in England—who had a feud with a man of the name of Wallace, the *casus belli* being that the latter was an adverse witness in a cause in which the Captain was defendant. The Captain challenged him upon that issue; but the other was a man of peace and would not fight, whereupon the Captain beat him within an inch of his life, and left him bleeding under the statue of Nelson in Dublin. He rushed into the court, where Lord Norbury was presiding on the unfinished cause, and stated the outrage. Lord Norbury did not like the man, but he expressed his sympathy as well as his indignation at the assault; "but never mind," said the judge, "no man can doubt your courage, since you have bled under Nelson."

The Captain was grievously out at elbows, and repaired his fortunes by marrying a rich widow, who declared she would marry none other than a "fighting man." No sooner, however, was the marriage announced than three actions for breach of promise of marriage were brought against him by ladies whom he had made love to in England, and his letters to the fair victims were read in evidence against him. One of them contained an urgent petition for the loan of half-a-crown to redeem his pledged "regimental smallclothes," that he might be enabled to appear on parade.

On the same authority—a chance fellow-traveller on a railway—I was told of a creditor who, having obtained a writ against his debtor, met the latter at a meeting at which the sheriff of the county, as well as his debtor, was present. He rushed up to the latter and presented the writ, demanding the instant service of it. "This is most unusual," said the sheriff; "wherefore this unseemly haste?" The man explained that the debtor was within sight of him, and he should not have another chance. The man was pointed out, in whom the sheriff recognised an intimate friend. The latter was standing a short distance from a bridge that divided two counties, and, perceiving his creditor in conference with the functionary, moved off in that direction. "Well," said the sheriff, "the writ shall be served; but let me see if it is all right." And he proceeded to take out his spectacles, carefully wiping them with his silk handkerchief, and read the document deliberately from end to end. "Now," said he, "come along," and he and the creditor started in pursuit. They had nearly overtaken the fugitive when the sheriff said, "Ah! we're

too late; he has passed the middle of the bridge, and is in another county, where I have no authority." As Lord Norbury remarked once on another occasion, with reference to a bridge, "It was an *arch* way of getting over it."

DINNER TALK.

At a dinner the other day I met an illustrious Art Critic and Philanthropist, when, the conversation turning upon picture galleries, he remarked that of all the galleries and collections of pictures he had seen, that of Samuel Rogers was one—I understood him to say the *only* one—in which he had found no *copies*—they were all originals.

The theory of Darwin having been alluded to, S—— remarked on the absurdity of supposing that the midge and the elephant had a common, or a like, origin. For my own part, I give all credence to the *stories* of our illustrious ancestors, but I don't believe in their *tails*.

S—— mentioned a curious fact in natural history—namely, wherever red clover is found in abundance, there is a superfluity of cats; adding, that the wild bee feeds on the clover, the field mouse on the bee, and the cat on the field mouse.

One of the party quoted a story of R——, whom I have known for years, and in whom I have full faith. The father of L——, a distinguished artist, was complimented by a friend on the talents and reputation of his son, and on the comfort he must be to his father. "Yes," was the reply, "he is a very good son—a very good son, if he did not swear at his mother so." I met the father thirty years ago at dinner, and can well imagine his making such a rejoinder.

With reference to the recent acquisition of the British Museum of a portion of a pillar (the drum, I think) from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, a high authority was quoted for a suspicion that the exquisite sculpture on it was the subsequent work of a Roman artist of the time of Hadrian.

One of the party mentioned the startling fact that the smoke from the steamers in the Italian ports, evolving some acid, he said, was producing serious injury to the marble of buildings and sculpture, not discolouring it merely, but causing it to crumble. S—— mentioned the fact of a present of white stags having, two centuries ago, been made to the owner of an extensive park in the north, where there now exists a herd of stags of the same colour, which keep themselves apart from the rest of the deer, and are much fiercer.

One of the guests, who had devoted some attention to the subject, was suggesting the building of a boat in two distinct halves, each half having a separate keel, and (of course) two gunwales; and that the two half sections should be united by intervening planks, at intervals, so that the water would have a free passage between, and thus, he maintained, that the craft could not capsize; while a mast or masts might be *stepped* on the planks of junction.

One of the party had recently, in the company of an M.P., paid a visit to a gentleman who kept a private *snakery*, which had been the subject of some proceedings in Chancery and of correspondence in the newspapers. He was much struck by the unmistakeable marks of affection displayed by the reptiles to their owner and his family, as well as by the attachment of the family to their strange *pets*. This love on the part of the snakes was expressed by their twining round their friends, in the case of the larger serpents, and they had a boa

constrictor and a python, which the children would kiss and fondle with great effusion. On one occasion, when the family went into the country, the boa was left in the charge of the Zoological Gardens, where, however, it pined, and was evidently in great misery, disconsolate at separation from its friends. When, however, they came to the Gardens to reclaim it, the reptile manifested signs of the most lively joy, rushing upon them and entwining itself round them, doubtless preserving the distinction in the closeness of its embrace between its benefactor and a buffalo.

A son of a very dear friend of my own was not so fortunate in his serpentine experiments. He had brought from the country two of the species, believing them to be the common innocuous snake, and he kept them for two or three days. His elder brother was playing one day with one of them, which suddenly bit the top of his finger. The effects of the poison were instantaneous, the reptile being an adder or viper. Medical assistance was sent for, but too late to prevent a sinking of the whole body, and for some day or two the victim was in great danger. Delays, in such cases, are especially dangerous. The viper catchers of Devonshire, where they are sold to the chemists for the sake of the *fat*, always carry ammonia about with them, and find that its instant application prevents serious consequences.

I remember that some years ago the *accouchement* of a python at the Zoological Gardens created a great commotion among the Buffons and Cuviers of the day; and, there being some eighty eggs or more, the result was looked for with great anxiety by the eye of science. Nor was my anxiety less intense than that of the philosophers, dreaming nightly as I did of pythons on my strawberry beds. Happily, however, for my fears, the eggs were addled, and the "interesting strangers" stillborn. The safe custody of so large a young family would have been almost impossible, while the escape of even half a dozen would have spread consternation throughout the neighbourhood.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Anthony Trollope told me that, on his way from a visit to his son in Australia, he passed through the United States, taking the Salt Lake in his way, and took the opportunity of interviewing the great Mormon High Priest. "Guess you're a miner," said Brigham Young. "No," replied Trollope, "I am not." "Guess you're a miner," reiterated the other. "Indeed, I am not, I assure you." "Do you work for your living?" "Yes," said Trollope. "Guess you're a miner," with a sceptical shake of the head; "what do you work at?" "I get my living by making books." "Guess you're a miner, though," with another shake. I asked Trollope if Young knew who he was or what he was. He said, "I sent in my card, but he had never heard of me — not very flattering, was it?" Trollope's stalwart look and frame possibly suggested to the Mormon chief fitness for the rough work of a gold digger.

EMBALMING.

Dr. R—— mentioned that some time ago he had a letter, dated Pewsey, from a Mr. F——, inquiring the amount of his fee for embalming a body in that place. On receiving the information, he objected to the sum, and asked what would be the fee if the embalming was performed in London. That

having been named to him, he expressed himself satisfied, but mentioned the somewhat startling fact that the person to whom the inquiry related was not dead; but that, being afflicted with morbus Brightii, he would not probably recover, and it was proposed that he should come to London, where, at his decease, the embalming might take place. Dr. R—— heard nothing more on the matter for five or six months, when he received a letter, dated New York, from Mr. F——, referring to their correspondence, and adding that he was happy to say he was not dead; but, as the doctor had had considerable trouble in the matter, he begged to acknowledge it by inclosing a draft for ten guineas.

"IF YOU HAD TOLD ME."

I called on an old friend to-day (June 17, 1873), one of the ancient school of British merchants: the architect of his own fortune, who came to London, not penniless, but yet dependent on his own exertions for his future, which was a successful one. I happened to mention the name of a Cornish friend, when he said, "Ah! I was deeply *enamoured* (I quote his word, old-fashioned like himself) with one of his daughters—a very lovely girl—but I was too poor to speak; and when my circumstances enabled me to marry, I found she was engaged, and in congratulating her upon her approaching marriage, I wisely or not told her of my old attachment. "Ah!" she said, "I did not know it. If you had told me *I would have waited.*" Oh, the pathos and misery of those few words!

LORD PALMERSTON'S DEN.

A diplomatic friend of mine was on a temporary visit at Broadlands, the family seat near Romsey, and among other objects of interest was introduced to his Lordship's *den.* He wrote *standing*, and my friend was shown the desk at which he stood; and afterwards the inside of it. It was a litter of papers of a very miscellaneous character; among them, scraps of verse, in which he was known to indulge, and also a journal of a visit to France, in which he says that he landed on the back of a Frenchman, adding, "as every Englishman should land in France." My friend said, "I landed on the back of a woman."

THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

A friend who has been diplomatically employed in Persia tells me that in religion the Shah is a She-ite, a member a sect of Mahommedans who differ from the Turks so slightly that my informant could discover no other difference than consists in Persians washing from the shoulder to the wrist, while the Turks perform the operation from the wrist to the shoulder. As in most other cases where the line of separation is narrow, the virulence of sectarian feeling is in an inverse ratio; and thus, when a mixed party of Persians and Turks are washing at a fountain, the scene is one of indescribable uproar and vituperation. The Orientals have a rich vocabulary of abuse; and the women are especially eloquent in that line. A Turkish woman will converse freely with a Frank until a Turk heaves in sight, when, to save appearances, she breaks forth into a torrent of abuse. A celebrated general officer once told me that he was engaged in such an encounter, and under like circumstances, with a Turkish woman, whom, however, he fairly beat with her own weapons, and prided himself immensely on the achievement.

BRUTAL LANGUAGE.

I will not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau
If birds confabulate or no;

but will relate a fact which would warrant an affirmative to the question in the case of dogs; and if of dogs, why not of birds, which, like brutes, are known to act in concert for a common object. A friend of mine was once on a visit to Mr. Walter, at Bearwood, when one day during dinner a greyhound came into the room, shortly afterwards followed by a small spaniel of the Blenheim or Marlborough breed. They were observed to be laying their heads together, nose to nose, when Mrs. Walter remarked that something would come of it. Her words were verified, for on the following morning the confederates were discovered feasting on a newly caught hare, which doubtless the spaniel, by means of his faculty of scent, had found, and the greyhound by her keen sight and speed had run down. Nor was it an unprecedented achievement of the two friends. The end of the poor spaniel was a melancholy one; he, having followed a rabbit into a drain, was unable to retrace his steps, *revocare gradum, hic labor hoc opus est*, and perished miserably.

MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE.

A barrister friend, a Q.C., was once engaged in a trial for forgery, he representing a banking firm who were interested in the case. The prisoner was a money-lending Jew and a great rascal; the prosecutor a young scamp who had borrowed money of him, and had doubtless been thoroughly victimised in the transaction. It was a charge of the forgery of a bill of exchange for the nominal amount of the loan. The young gentleman swore that the signature was not his. The defence set up was, that the prosecutor being under age, and therefore incompetent to enter into any engagement, had been induced to write his name across a blank bill stamp, which, when he had attained his majority, the Jew filled up, thus completing the bill of exchange. The plea was discredited by the jury, and a conviction followed. My friend remarked to me, "You know how I hate a Jew; and this man was a consummate rascal into the bargain, who richly deserved for other offences the doom pronounced on him." But, from certain circumstances in the proceedings, my friend had a strong impression that the facts were as alleged in the defence. He accordingly got possession of the bill which formed the basis of the indictment, and procured the assistance of very powerful microscopes, when he discovered that the writing on the body of the bill passed over the signature of the prosecutor. This fact he was enabled to establish to the satisfaction of the judge who tried the case, and the man was eventually, by a strange anomaly of the law, *pardoned* for an offence which he never committed.

SAMUEL WILBERFORCE.

There is not in my recollection, nor do I believe that there is a second in history, an instance of the death of any public man which has occasioned so genuine and profound a sensation throughout a nation as that of the late Bishop of Winchester. Other men have been taken from us—Spencer Perceval, for example, by the hand of an assassin; Sir Robert Peel, by an accident similar to that which killed the prelate—both men who played important parts in political life, and each leaving a blank which it was difficult to supply. Each, too, a man of vast mind, talents, and

accomplishments, and admired and loved by a large circle of friends, but neither combining such rare administrative capacity with such untiring energy, commanding eloquence, and general benevolence, which won his way to the hearts of all with whom he came in contact; while his brilliant wit and fascinating manner made him the idol of society, to which, however, it is to his honour, he never sacrificed a single duty.

For myself, I had the privilege of his friendship for eighteen years, and of late years of his confidence, and never, but by the loss of a parent or a child, have I been so shocked and saddened.

His taking the chair at the festival of a society in the administration of whose affairs I have taken an active part for forty years, was the origin of our acquaintance. He immediately afterwards became a vice-president and a member of the managing committee, and proved a most valuable accession to the society, which owes much to his eloquent and powerful advocacy during a period of some trial and active opposition from a party of whom I wish to say no more than that they were unfortunate in their "facts," as they were in the result of the contest. On the eve of one of these annual combats I had asked the bishop to come down. His words were, "Give me my brief;" and he came, answering a somewhat violent philippic from a very distinguished and popular writer, to whose genius the bishop paid a fitting compliment, and then demolished him. On another similar occasion, when I had asked for his presence, the bishop said to me, "Tell me what I am to say, and I'll say it—I'm not afraid of anything." Once, on a committee, I remember a nobleman remarked of a question before us that "we must look at it on both sides." "We must look *all round* it," said the bishop. Perhaps of all men he was the most successful in turning the flank of an adversary and converting him to his own views. I remember once happening to differ in opinion from some of my colleagues on an important point. I felt a little overpowered by the weight and number of my opponents, and was evidently, though confident in my cause, getting the worst of it, when the bishop, who, never wasting a moment, was writing some notes, looked up from his paper, seemed to take in the whole subject at a glance, and carried me off the field triumphantly. On another, a public and far more momentous occasion—the grand gathering at Bradford, when the town had been placarded against him before his arrival—the bishop faced the hooting multitude with an air as calm and undaunted as if he had been in a drawing-room. A Lancashire magistrate, who was present, wrote to me: "I shall never forget the bishop's triumph at Bradford, when he confronted a large tumultuous assembly who had come to shout him down, and whom he not only subdued to silence, but converted to cordial acquiescence and clamorous applause. Like the old orator, he *made the mind of the multitude*, which is the greatest achievement of an orator."

The bishop's popularity among children was quite wonderful; in fact, it was only one of the results of his genial and persuasive manner. I never presented a child to him but he had a really sweet greeting in words which will dwell in its memory for ever. Shortly after the terrible event—terrible to us only—I had a letter of sympathy in what she knew would be my sorrow, from a young lady in the North, whom in her

girlhood I had presented to the bishop. She tells me that she shall ever look back on the interview and treasure the precious words he addressed to her. Once, on presenting to him my grandson, a youth at school, he shook him heartily by the hand and said, "My boy, take care that you sustain the reputation and character of your grandfather. You will find it no easy duty."

It was little more than a month before his death that I met the bishop at the table of a friend, the party, including the host, consisting of only seven persons. I never saw the bishop so brilliant and genial. Among the guests was a clergyman of the old school, who, doubtless enjoying "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," was equally alive to the merits of the turtle and the port, which last was exceptionally fine. "I see," said my clerical neighbour, addressing myself, "you stick to port." "Yes," I said, "and so am safe from being half seas over;" on which the bishop remarked, "That's new to me." "My lord," I said, "I *believe* it is my own; but my confidence in my own originality has been greatly shaken since I wrote an epigram which enshrined a perfect gem of a thought, and looking into Sir John Suckling the next day, I found almost the identical idea."

A few days afterwards I met the bishop on the occasion of the distribution of some prizes, and shook hands with him as he mounted his horse on his departure, and could but admire his perfect seat in the saddle. He broke into a gallop and was soon out of sight. This was on a Friday. On the following Wednesday I met him in committee, little thinking that it was the last time I should grasp that dear hearty hand.

During the eighteen years of my connection with hi
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than, I asked of him
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with which he met a
made to him, an e
be formed from a
Romsey, soon after
Bishop of Winchester.

"I am quite vexed t
my letters being dela
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the diocese, there shou
the delay of a single
reply to your letter.
add my name to the
It is a great pleasure
able in any way to
unfeigned respect an
you."

Again, in acknowl
little literary trifle of
writes:

"I thank you mos
your pleasant present
sant in itself, very p
testimony of your kin

On another occasio
sorrow in my own
says:

"Though I hope
on Wednesday, yet I
one line to say how
you in your anxiety, a
how very heartily I t
your words of kindn
Such words are very
this cold, hard world."

In one of his past
the Channel Islands,
made the acquaintance
oldest friends, Genera
A. Collingwood Dick

of Inkermann fame, then on a professional tour as Inspector-General of Artillery. Each distinguished in the highest degree for the qualities of courage, energy, and intelligence, they met as kindred spirits, and were mutually gratified. Referring to the meeting, the bishop writes, in Feb. 1871:

"I was much struck with General Dickson, and thank you for telling me those interesting particulars concerning him."

I have been with the bishop on occasions when he has held two confirmations in one day, and preached in the evening. He never exhibited symptoms of fatigue, his energy seemed inexhaustible. I could perceive, however, by his taking every opportunity of leaning on a table or chair, that his physical powers were severely taxed. In more than one instance I have asked him if he felt well. "Yes," he would reply, "quite well, but *very* tired."

The bishop was utterly devoid of bigotry. I have found many warm admirers of his not only in the rank and file of dissent, but among its ministers. A remarkable illustration of the largeness and liberality of his mind once came under my immediate notice. A question had arisen as to a grant from a benevolent institution to an aged dissenting minister, and one of a sect which was least likely to find favour in the eyes of the bishop. One of the conditions of the grant was personal integrity on the part of the applicant for the bounty. It happened that a member of the committee with whom the decision rested was in possession of a fact bearing on that particular point. Sitting next to the bishop, he asked his opinion as to whether he was bound to reveal it to the committee, and his lordship, who was a young member, took me aside, and propounded the other's doubt. I said that I thought the member was bound to give his colleagues the benefit of any information bearing on the case, and it was accordingly revealed that the applicant, whose honour had during a long life been unimpeached, at the age of nearly eighty, under the strong temptation of want, had been guilty of some pecuniary irregularity, and it then became a question if the grant should be made. The bishop said: "Here is a man who has walked straight for more than the usual life of man. Will you refuse him help because he has made one stumble at the close of his long pilgrimage?" The bishop's appeal prevailed, and the poor man was relieved.

The bishop had a wonderful eye. Nothing escaped it. I attended many of the special evening services when he preached in Westminster Abbey, to which he gave me an order of admission through the cloisters, thereby saving me and my friends from the preface of the immense crowds that on these occasions thronged the ordinary entrance. After one of these attendances, the bishop in his next letter says: "I was very glad to see you in a good place in the Abbey."

I believe it is not disputed that he was the most eloquent preacher of his day. His voice was perfect music, while he had the marvellous power of making his emphatic whisper audible throughout that vast building.

To hear him quote poetry was a treat, which I never enjoyed but once, and his words are still ringing in my ears. His object was to set forth the merit of the author. There was nothing specially remarkable in the verses, but he threw a power and a pathos into them which went to the breast of

everyone of the small party of listeners. And he gained his point. A friend of mine, a member of the Royal Academy—distinguished, also, not less for his graceful manners than the elegance of his mind—was once so fortunate as to hear the bishop read Tennyson's "May Morning." He says that by degrees every head drooped, and he saw tears fast falling from many eyes.

It was with reluctance that the bishop ever declined to answer an appeal to his bounty. Here is a letter from him, dated Feb. 27, 1873:

"I am very sorry to trouble you, but have you any means of finding out whether such an application is one that ought to be made to me, and for which there is any particular reason I should respond to, with the vast claims already made upon me in various parts of my diocese?"

On very rare occasions his notes to me were written by one of his secretaries. One ended with "yours sincerely," to which the bishop, before signing it, added, "and affectionately." This is quite characteristic of his thoughtful kindness.

DRINKING FAIR.

At a dinner of an Irish Volunteer regiment a member, appealing to the president, said: "Colonel, I wish ye'd spake to Sargeant Skurray, he won't drink fair." "Oh! Sergeant Skurray," exclaimed the colonel, "fill your glass, man, and pass the bottle." "Oh!" was the reply, "it is not that I mane at all at all! He's taking two for one!"

EMPHATIC.

A friend once related to me an interview he had on a matter of business at Cork, at which a certain Mr. M'Carthy was quoted as authority for an important fact on which the question turned. "M'Carthy, is it?" exclaimed one of the opposite party. "If M'Carthy were to take his oath on a bag of Bibles, before a bench of bishops, I wouldn't belave a word he said." The emphasis is enhanced by "alliteration's artful aid," which is here very apt indeed.

RECTIFICATION.

An *attaché* of the French Embassy had the charge of the bag containing the money for petty disbursements, and not being very particular in entering a payment, it naturally occurred that there was a deficiency at the end of the month, when he balanced the account by an entry under the head of "Rectification" for the sum wanting. I should mention that he was a son of the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Paris, and so the accounts were passed.

A FALL IN PRICES.

A friend of mine told me that he was dining at the British Embassy in a foreign city when the minister's lady inquired of a gentleman from Manchester if she had been rightly informed that things were so much cheaper in England than they had been. "Yes, your ladyship," was the reply; "for instance, my father died last year, and I buried him for fifty pounds, and now I could have done it for twenty."

THE AMBASSADORS FROM NEPAUL.

In the summer of 1850 the arrival of this embassy occasioned a great sensation in the metropolis. There is a story, which I believe to be true, that the ambassador's attention was drawn to a Hindoo who for some time past had swept the crossing from St. Paul's Church-

yard to Cheapside. The Ambassador stopped his carriage, into which, after a brief colloquy, the sweeper, abandoning his staff of office, *videlicet* his broom, ascended, and, it was understood, was taken into the service of the embassy as interpreter. Corroborative of this story is the fact that the Hindoo has never appeared at the crossing since.

His Excellency, and his brothers who accompanied him, are Rajpoots, and their religion, of course, Hindoo, whose gods are three—Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Siva the Destroyer. The belief in all is universal among them, but Siva has the greatest number of worshippers, whose supplications, it is scarcely necessary to add, are of a deprecatory character. I have the following notes of a visit made by the embassy to the Arsenal at Woolwich, where they were received on the Parade, in front of the Artillery Barracks, by the general commanding the garrison, Sir Thomas Downman, Brigade-major Bingham, and other officers. A friend of mine, an officer of Horse Artillery, who has since attained to high rank, honours, and an important staff appointment, presented me to the commandant, and I became one of the party of visitors. Alighting from their carriage the embassy were mounted on horses provided for the occasion, and were first conducted to the Repository at the Rotunda. The eldest of the three is half brother to the other two, who are of a Tartar family, and partake of the physiognomy of the tribe, which distinguishes them in a very marked degree from their elder brother. He is a man about the middle height; and his complexion is much lighter than that of the other two. There is a highly intellectual expression in his features, which have a grave and somewhat pensive cast. His hair, as is indeed that of his brothers, is straight and perfectly black, and, like them, he has dark and singularly piercing eyes. He is well formed, somewhat slender, and very dignified and graceful is his movements. His age is about three-and-thirty. His position in his own country is, I believe, that of Prime Minister, and we were told Commander-in-Chief of the Army. He was dressed in an orange-brown silk jacket, with slightly spotted muslin trousers and a kind of under vest reaching to his knees of a similar material. On his head a cap resembling very much that of our racing jockeys, but having a projection behind as well as before, and made somewhat flatter than the type to which I have referred. It was of crimson velvet, but was almost covered by an embroidery of small, but exquisitely beautiful pearls. His sword belt, worn across his shoulder, was almost one mass of small pearls, relieved by rubies and turquoises, and, I think, diamonds. His sword had an apparently gold hilt, with a crimson velvet sheath, the lower part of which was cased in gold. The jacket of one of his brothers was of lilac silk; that of the other of black satin, while on both these garments, as well as on that of the elder brother, the Chinese symbol of the dragon was elaborately embroidered in gold. The caps of the two younger were of similar material and workmanship to that of the elder brother, but somewhat different in form, having four flaps or ears, which were turned up and fastened to the crown by a small jewel. The three officers in attendance were two colonels and an inferior officer of the Nepaul army. Their complexions were by many degrees darker than those of their superiors, and there was a marked difference

in the cast of their features, their noses being aquiline, while that of the eldest prince was straight, and those of his brothers rather flat. The dress of one of these officers greatly resembled in colour that of an artillery officer in our service, and one of them had epaulettes exactly like those in our army. These three wore turbans, in the front of which were short plumes, and, in the instance of two of them, a large diamond ornament, and, in the other case, one of gold, with two or three jewels of large size. Two of them also wore large diamond rosettes, but which (and the remark applies to them all) appeared to me to have been indifferently cut, and were consequently not so brilliant as they might have been from the hands of a European lapidary. I was much struck by the appearance of spots, black and red, one over the other, above the nose, and immediately between the eyes of each, and varied in number. I inquired of an English officer, familiar with Oriental customs, the meaning of these marks, and was informed that they indicate *caste*, the science of which, he added, was the study of a lifetime. One of them, the subordinate officer, spoke English remarkably well, and had a most pleasing and intelligent expression of countenance and wonderfully bright eyes. He had a moustache on the upper lip, as had also the eldest of the brothers. I should have said that his jacket was so covered with diamonds, between which a pin's point could scarcely have been inserted, that the material of which it was made could hardly have been distinguished. But they were what are called *table* diamonds, in contradistinction to the more valuable brilliant and rose diamond, badly cut and of comparative little brilliancy. He had a scarf of very bright colours over his cap and tied under his chin, and another round his waist. In the Repository they were shown the hearse which bore the remains of the first Napoleon to their first resting-place at St. Helena, and also a travelling oven which formed part of the ex-emperor's camp equipage. They next visited the officers' model room, and thence passed to the grand object of interest—the Arsenal. They were particularly struck by the carriage department, which was explained to them by the veteran artillery officer Col. Colquhoun, the head of the department. In the true *nil admirari* spirit of an Oriental, they betrayed little sign of surprise; though the Ambassador made one exclamation, which my friend, who understood the language, interpreted, "Wonderful, wonderful; they will never believe this at home!" The elder brother showed the most perfect self-possession and nerve, of which he gave a remarkable instance. Some red-hot masses of iron were passed through two cylinders, to show the process of their manufacture into bars, when one of them, from some cause or other, exploded with a report like that of a cannon, scattering iron sparks like a shower. I was standing close to him at the time, but he betrayed not the slightest emotion either by start or change of countenance. The elder brother examined everything he saw with great attention and minuteness.

Those who knew Woolwich twenty years ago may remember a very tall horse — eighteen hands high, at least. This animal was assigned to the chief, who, not being very tall, I feared would have some difficulty in mounting him; but, no—he put his foot in the stirrup, and was on the horse's back in an instant.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

On the sad and sudden death of this remarkable man, various stories of him found their way into the papers. I had heard that he uniformly repaid his official salary into the Treasury, and that he had refused a peerage; but I did not know, what was equally true, that he had enjoined upon his family not to accept one if it should be offered after his death.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE WEALTH OF NATIONS."

To speak of the days of Edinburgh's glory is to speak of that renaissance epoch during which Scott was filling the world's head with romance; Jeffrey, Macaulay, and others were gaining in their Review a reputation little behind that of the Encyclopædists; Brougham was leaping up the steps of power with prodigious bounds; Christopher North and his cronies were mingling the poetry of laughter with the fierce gibings of party spirit over the steaming hippocrene; Mackintosh, Horner, Cockburn, Mackenzie, Leyden, Erskine, and many little inferior to these were making their names household words. Mothers' milk was surely stronger then than it is now. But before these, were men whose lights burned more steadily if less brilliantly. Hume, Robertson, Fergusson, these are no contemptible historians; Adam Smith was the first to make the British people think, upon one question at least; Dr. Black had opened up in chemistry a path leading to glorious results; of metaphysicians there were, some say, too many—Hume, Fergusson, Stewart, for instance; in natural philosophy there were such as Robison, and Clerk of Eldin, who taught the sailor the road to assured conquest. Solid foundations these laid, in dogged, enduring earnestness, yet not without wassail when the day's work was done. Intellect was then to be found at questionable boards. As I heard one of their number say the other day, Professors do not now gather of an evening in the Cowgate. Scottish manners were indeed only emerging from the darkness of Egypt. The worshipful Lady Pumphraston, receiving as a present a pound of that which even the Cowgate slattern decocts nightly, and without which a modern social evening would be as day without the sun—tea (the best green tea, too)—buttered it carefully and dressed it in a dish with salt beef, complaining afterwards to her guests that no amount of boiling would make these foreign greens tender. They knew more about claret and whiskey toddy then. What afternoons were those at the Carriers' Inn, in the West Bow, where the members of the Poker Club dined at a shilling a head! To have peeped over the shoulder of honest Nelly as she carried in the punch-bowl! To have seen Chemistry in all the peacock glory of court dress, mincing in the new-fangled southern tongue; and his bosom friend, Geology, in snuffy coat, wrangling in honest Doric and mighty-sounding oaths; the History of Rome—wonderful wreck of fighting chaplain, ruddy and healthy withal, clothed from top to toe in fur, with silky white hair, thin lips, tricky, merry blue eyes—rioting over a glass of water and a turnip; the History of Charles V. digging his learned chin into the mince collops, intent on the business before him; the Wealth of Nations hectoring away, in his laughable, lamb-like manner, about tithes, or

the militia, or the French poets; Moral Philosophy blandly beaming on all with serene gray eyes; the Assassin plunging his dagger into the roast hen; the dismal Essay on Human Nature, rosy and round of paunch, gurgling with very good humour! To have seen these and such, down to Carlyle even—"Jupiter Carlyle, forsooth, the meanest god among them!"

Of that set Adam Smith was the Nestor, not in age exactly, but experience. The only other who approached him in breadth of mind was Dugald Stewart, considerably his junior. For the rest, his English training had given Smith the advantage over them in polite learning, while only one or two had seen the world as much as he. His friends were all distinguishing themselves in walks of literature already hallowed: he was the virtual discoverer of a new path.

Some would have it that even in Adam Smith's birth Providence had an eye to the Wealth of Nations, for his father was a comptroller of customs. It surely cannot be said that custom-house proclivities run in the blood, or are bred in the bone; and the fact that the comptroller died several months before the child's birth proves that it was indebted to him for little more than its begetting. The child was born at Kirkcaldy, June 5, 1723. When three years of age he was carried off from his uncle's house by a band of gipsies, a fact which has enabled not a few of his biographers to take breath in moralising the spectacle. Certainly Smith would have made a sorry tinker, and at telling fortunes he would have been little better, for he was no judge of character. Escaping from the tents of the enemy, and so ending the only adventure of his life, the boy went to school with a worthy and successful teacher named Miller, proceeded to Glasgow College when fourteen, and three years later entered Balliol with the Snell Exhibition.

The University of Oxford was not then at its best: it was rather at its worst. Seven long years, however, did Smith here devote to study, learning languages, translating copiously from the French, and pursuing mathematical science; which last he must have done alone, as there was none to teach him. He was apt to study only that which he liked, and embroiled himself with the authorities by being found closeted with "Hume's Essays." College authorities would not now object to see every student with this book in his hand. On the whole, if he had trusted to teachers alone, Smith's seven years would have been wellnigh wasted. "In the University of Oxford," he writes, "the greater part of the public professors have for these many years given up altogether even the pretence of teaching."

He returned homewards, nevertheless, with good store of Greek; nor can it be doubted that he had been deeply pondering the instruction he had received from Hutcheson at Glasgow. His intentions of entering the Church had by this time given way, and, on leaving Oxford, he, in Kirkcaldy, joined his mother, his tender gratitude to whom forms the finest trait in his character. At Kirkcaldy he lived two years, doing much, no doubt, but earning no money. This might have ended in England, as Mr. Bagehot remarks, in "writing for the booksellers;" but luckily Scotland loved philosophy well enough to induce some of her sons to pursue it exclusively. Smith evidently waited for a professional chair: meanwhile he removed to Edinburgh, where, in 1748, he began a course of lectures on

rhetoric under the patronage of Lord Kames—one who very well represented the most cultivated section of Edinburgh society. Three years of this work served to introduce him to most of the celebrities of his day, and with their good wishes he, in 1751, entered on the duties of professor of logic in Glasgow University. "In the professorship of logic to which Mr. Smith was appointed on his first introduction into this University," says Professor Millar, an old pupil, "he soon saw the necessity of departing widely from the plan that had been followed by his predecessors, and of directing the attention of his pupils to studies of a more interesting and useful nature than the logic and metaphysics of the schools." There can be little doubt that the possession of a series of lectures already written on rhetoric and *belles lettres* was the main argument against the logic and metaphysics of the schools, and perhaps we are also right in supposing that Smith saw his way to another chair, that of moral philosophy, which was given to him in the following year. Here had he attained the summit of his ambition, the post formerly held so worthily by his revered master, Hutcheson; and the thirteen years spent in this position he ever afterwards referred to as the happiest in his life. His lectures seem to have drawn all eyes towards the University; and certainly the young man who, more than a hundred years ago, ventured to give in a single course of lectures a historical account "of the general principles of law and government, and of the different revolutions which they have undergone in the different ages and periods of society," not only departed from the usage of a moral philosophy chair, but showed himself a bold student of history. design made appare conspicuous in all an inability to perce scope of moral philo easy for us, using Germany has given this; yet, even when the state of the scien time, and the teachin son, his predecessor, that, as regards perc origin of morals, Smit his age. His own heart seems to have d injury in his philoso lations, making him examine into the idea than to discover whet continue to do our world without so str perious a mentor. content to limit hi consideration of man man—a relation he define without referr dependence on some than himself. Accord the argument of h theory of moral senti veritable instance of *cipii*.

If we are to accept we do not approve actions because we tentions of the agent sequences of such a we may be fully awa necessarily pronounci Before we reach mor a further process is g we picture to ourselv of the agent along the persons whom affect. If we feel with the supposed actuated the agent, responsive state of gratitude — which h those whom he affe not till then, do w proval.

In regard to our

we reverse this process. By a still more complicated act of imagination we contemplate others sympathising with us, or dissenting from us; and according as we, in turn, indorse their sympathy or their dissent do we judge ourselves. Thus Adam Smith denies to man the power of being sole arbitrator upon his own conduct; and it may surely be asked why he should consider his fellows better judges of his own acts than himself, when they cannot pronounce upon their own. *Ex nihilo nihil fit.* It is hard to suppose that, if we are not so constituted as to be able to pronounce upon ourselves, we are able to pronounce upon others by virtue of some inherent power. Where does this sympathy originate? The theory, if true, may be applied without absurdity to the conduct of Adam and Eve. When Eve took the baleful apple in her hand, and was about to eat, we are to suppose that, in order to ascertain if what she did was right, she tried to imagine what Adam would say to it. She asked herself whether his sympathies would be with her, were he aware of what she did. But before Adam could give an opinion it would be necessary for him to consult the sympathies of Eve, which, by the very supposition, did not yet exist.

Furthermore, upon what grounds are we to accept the sympathies of our neighbours as infallible guides to our judgment? If sympathy be no intuition, it must be an act of reason. But if by exercising reason men often differ widely about the expediency of an act, why should they not also differ about its rightness?

This theory of the moral sentiments, in its main argument, reversed the true relation of cause and effect. It derived moral law from sympathy, when it should have found the root of sympathy in moral law. It made the individual judge himself by the measure of his fellows, when it is rather true that he judges others only by his own acts and thoughts. In morals, *homo mensura* holds good universally.

If it failed as a complete scheme of morals, the "Theory of Moral Sentiments," the first of his published writings except two unimportant review articles, gained for its author the most unqualified praise as a work of learned ingenuity. Certainly he was the first to philosophically examine the nature of sympathy, and its extensive influence in all departments of life. As a mere collection of valuable historical facts and theories his book possesses extreme interest, and in its minor analyses, details, and illustrations it presents a philosophic beauty seldom rivalled. While Berkeley holds the palm for pure beauty of English and perspicuity of style, Smith might be placed next to him in the ranks of elegant English writers on philosophy, for the charm he contrives to throw around the most abstruse subject, and the modest grace with which he envelops true learning.

Whatever the author's hopes regarding his book, they must have been more than realised. The cultivated world made him its deepest bow, and witty, worldly Charles Townsend perceived he might now do a very pretty thing. In the character of patron of learning, he offered Smith an opportunity of adding to his information by accompanying the young Duke of Buccleuch to the continent: in the character of that duke's stepfather and guardian he devised this plan for getting rid of that nobleman's acting tutor, a certain troublesome Dr. Hallam, who looked for a few years' travel in the company of his Grace, with

the pleasant prospect of an agreeable sojourn in foreign lands and a perpetual annuity of £300. Adam Smith resigned his chair and accepted the charge of the young duke.

We have seen that Smith's bent was towards the study of Social Economy rather than of Moral Philosophy proper. We have seen also how varied and far-reaching were his stores of information on such subjects. Having cast out of his ordinary class-lectures such matter as was treated of in his published book, he had latterly been devoting still more of his students' attention to the practical questions of government. Altogether the drift of his thoughts was very apparent, and it is a very likely supposition that the honour and emoluments of his new position influenced him much less than the simple desire to gain in a wider world than he was accustomed to the materials necessary for the work which long after took the name of "The Wealth of Nations."

After a brief stay in Paris, Smith and his pupil settled in Toulouse, no doubt with the intention of there acquiring the language in quiet. "The Life which I led at Glasgow," he wrote at first to David Hume, "was a pleasurable dissipated life in comparison of that which I led here. I have begun to write a book in order to pass away the time. You may believe I have very little to do." We know what the book was. It must be presumed that ere long the Scotch visitors changed their opinion of Toulouse, a beautiful city, which possessed a university with excellent library, and society of considerable culture, much of it military. Upon leaving Toulouse in 1765, after a stay of eighteen months, the travellers made a tour through the south of France to Geneva, where I always picture to

myself Adam Smith
the atmosphere of
which was still the l
Nowadays the Ge
more respect to Calv
than to his precepts.

When Smith return
one man whom he
desired to meet was
there — Voltaire. T
genius had been fi
politics rather unpleas
his wit, and had t
with Frederick the
Frederick, growing so
of his petulance, was o
day to say, "We
orange, and when we
the juice, we throw
peel," upon which Volt
on taking all possible
peel. He and Madam
therefore lying quiet
when Smith was at G
no mention has ever b
his paying a visit to
able man. His admir
is made sufficiently cle
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has never been quo
biographer of Smith, h
very characteristic.
young man," writes
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of introduction to A
Robertson, and other
first saw Smith he was
eating strawberries, a
canted on the superio
those grown in Scotlan
(what Robertson was
who had seen a great
world. Once, in cours
sation, I happened to
some writer that he
superficial—*a* Voltaire.
Smith, 'there has be
Voltaire!'"

But if the greatest l
not shining in wonted
there were such in
D'Alembert, Necker,
Helvetius, Morellet, T

nay, ready to give the Scotch philosopher a courteous welcome. Smith must very soon have discovered how much these were in sympathy with his own opinions. Marmontel, indeed, was not much of an economist, and confesses himself unable to understand the many private lessons on agricultural axioms Quesnay had given him in the pleasant *entresol* of Pompadour's apartment. Pompadour had died the year before Smith's arrival, so Quesnay could not receive him in her establishment; and could he have done so, one is glad to believe Smith would not have crossed its door. That was the time in which "ancient abuses and new theories" were throttling each other before the eyes of France. Liberty raved in her sleep, and was soon to awake to terrible deeds.

While the moral abuses of society were then iniquitous beyond belief, the errors current regarding economics were, in their way, quite as great.

France, fitted by nature for agriculture, a great producer of corn and wine, had struggled for several generations against the policy of her State administrators, who, perceiving the influence countries comparatively so small as England and Holland acquired by maritime power and by manufactures, determined on forcing their country to undertake such manufactures and trade, as the only method of procuring wealth. They virtually prohibited importation of manufactured articles, and devoted part of the State funds to the endowment of home industries. They also attempted to found extensive colonies, which should act merely as restricted markets for French trade.

This narrow policy was ruining the country; nor were there wanting those who loudly proclaimed this. The Economists, in particular, advocated free trade with astonishing vigour, considering the enmity they thus incurred from those in power. Occasionally one of their number took actual part in government; and in the notable case of Turgot a firm attempt was made to apply their principles broadly to the reform of the State.

Accordingly Smith found himself among men who were continually exclaiming against the whole structure of French laws as corrupt, and asserting that dearness in trade caused plenty, that competition alone fixed prices with equity, proclaiming with Quesnay, as the first maxim of commerce, "Acheter c'est vendre; vendre c'est acheter." As far as this, he must have rejoiced in completely agreeing with them. But when, as the natural reaction from existing extremes led them to do, they maintained that agriculture alone produces wealth, he was able to pass beyond them to a truer comprehension of value. His views, however, must have received great quickening from his contact with those distinguished men. While he was thus gaining his own ends as a thinker, he also mixed with the fashionable society of the time. He spoke French, if badly, at least much better than David Hume; and it is certain that in the *salons* he frequented, if the author of the "Theory of the Moral Sentiments" did not pass for such a man of talent as Gibbon or Hume, he at least earned a reputation for modesty and common sense greater than theirs.

After enjoying to the full the intellectual gaiety of Paris, which he could now have described as "a pleasurable dissipated life in comparison with that which I led in Glasgow," Smith returned with his charge, and once more joined his mother in his native town, which

he did not leave for ten years. These ten years Hume reproached his friend with wasting in great part; but Hume was wrong. Smith was ruminating his experience and reading, and to good purpose. When on a certain Sunday morning the meditative peripatetic startled the good church-going folk of Dunfermline by his maundering looks and his comparative nakedness—for he had walked the twelve miles in a fit of abstraction, with only a dressing gown about him—no doubt a book of the "Wealth of Nations" was being licked into shape. He was not one of those who by a flash of genius cast sudden illumination on the world, but of those rather who attain truth by dint of honest, persevering experiment. "You will read in a few hours," said Montesquieu, in sending to his friend his celebrated "Esprit des Lois," "a work which has cost me so much labour that it has whitened my hair."

The two years following that of the publication of his work, and of David Hume's death, were spent by Smith in London, where he became for a time the lion of society. He was then appointed a Commissioner of Customs, upon which he returned to Edinburgh. In 1762 Glasgow University had conferred on him the degree of doctor of laws, and in 1788 he was chosen its Lord Rector.

The appointment of Smith as Customs Commissioner has always been looked upon as reflecting disgrace on Government. Certainly to reward the benefactor of his nation with some five hundred pounds a year, for which he had to perform much galling routine work for which he was unfit, was not doing all that might have been done. It was just about that time Pitt said, in reply to a statement of Robert Burns's claims to notice, "Literature will take care of itself;" and so, as Carlyle puts it, "this new Norse Thor had to put up with what was going, to gauge ale, and be thankful," until, "as was rather fit of him, the Thundergod departed early, still in the noon of life, somewhat weary of gauging ale."

To Smith it never occurred that he was being shabbily treated. On the contrary, he was at pains to show his gratitude to the Duke of Buccleuch for the post, and wished him to withhold the pension formerly granted—a thing the Duke would by no means consent to do. Smith's mother and cousin—the two around whom his affections all clung—died soon after his appointment; and it shortly became apparent to his friends that sorrow and the fret of business were bowing him quickly. No more ridiculous Commissioner of Customs could well have been found. Vigilance, the acuteness of suspicion, were foreign to his nature. In an old review article I find a story which exhibits our degraded philosopher to our sympathy: "The Board of Commissioners had in their service, as porter, a stately person, who, dressed in a huge scarlet gown or cloak, covered with frogs of worsted lace, and holding in his hand a staff about seven feet high, as an emblem of his office, used to mount guard before the Custom House when a board was to be held. It was the etiquette that, as each commissioner entered, the porter should go through a sort of salute with his staff of office, resembling that which officers used formerly to perform with their spontoon, and then marshal the dignitary to the hall of meeting. This ceremony had been performed before the great economist perhaps five hundred times. Nevertheless, one day, as he was about to enter the Custom House, the motions of this janitor

seem to have attracted his eye without their character or purpose reaching his apprehension; and, on a sudden, he began to imitate his gestures, as a recruit does those of his drill-sergeant. The porter, having drawn up in front of the door, presented his staff, as a soldier does his musket; the commissioner, raising his cane, and holding it with both hands by the middle, returned the salute with the utmost gravity. The inferior officer, much amazed, recovered his weapon, wheeled to the right, stepping a pace back to give the commissioner room to pass, lowering his staff at the same time in token of obeisance. Dr. Smith, instead of passing on, drew up on the opposite side, and lowered his cane at the same angle. The functionary, much out of consequence, next moved up stairs with his staff advanced, while the author of the "Wealth of Nations" followed with his bamboo in precisely the same posture, and his whole soul apparently wrapped up in the purpose of placing his foot exactly on the same spot of each step which had been occupied by the officer who preceded him. At the door of the hall the porter again drew off, saluted with his staff, and bowed reverentially. The philosopher again imitated his motions, and returned his bow with the most profound gravity. When the doctor entered the apartment, the spell under which he seemed to act was entirely broken, and our informant, who, very much amused, had followed him the whole way, had some difficulty to convince him that he had been doing anything extraordinary."

A somewhat poorly-told story, but very characteristic. There are many such anecdotes current regarding Smith, who was, as Stewart rather absurdly puts it, "very absent in company."

On a Sunday evening in July, 1790, some of his friends assembled at his accustomed supper party, too many of them conscious that this was the last of such meetings, for their host was evidently dying. As the hours wore on he became exhausted, and at last rising to go he said, "I believe we must adjourn this meeting to another place." He died a few days afterwards.

Smith was a man of great common sense and vigour of mind, but no genius; of cultivated taste, but none of the highest imagination, and therefore, although by nature provided with a strong moral sensibility, not possessed of spiritual or religious earnestness. Hume and he were perhaps the worst critics of their day, yet not the least critical. He once declared that the author of Clym of the Cleugh could not be a gentleman; upon which Wordsworth called him a weed. His taste in poetry was altogether Parisian.

Otherwise, the man earns an esteem and reverence in every way, for his honesty and generosity and simplicity of soul. The sturdy benevolence and justice of his character are nowhere better illustrated than in the following story, taken from Fraser Tytler's Life of Lord Kames: "After concluding his last lecture"—at Glasgow, prior to his departure for the continent—"and publicly announcing from the chair that he was now taking final leave of his auditors, acquainting them at the same time with the arrangements he had made to the best of his power for their benefit, he drew from his pocket the several fees of his students wrapped up in separate paper parcels, and calling up each man by his name, he delivered to the first who was called the money into his hand. The young man peremptorily refused to accept it, declaring

that the instruction and pleasure he had already received was much more than he either had repaid, or ever could compensate; and a general cry was heard from everyone in the room to the same effect. But Mr. Smith was not to be bent from his purpose. After warmly expressing his feelings of gratitude and the strong sense he had of the regard shown him by his young friends, he told them this was a matter betwixt him and his own mind, and that he could not rest satisfied unless he performed what he deemed right and proper. 'You must not refuse me this satisfaction. Nay, by Heavens, gentlemen, you shall not!' and seizing by the coat the young man who stood next him, he thrust the money into his pocket, and then pushed him from him. The rest saw it was in vain to contest the matter, and were obliged to let him take his own way." "It is not always," adds Mr. Tytler with truth, "that the speculative doctrines of the philosopher thus influence his conduct and practice." There shines Smith at once in modesty and greatness.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere.

"The Wealth of Nations" was not an inspiration, but an achievement of reason; it did not drop from the skies a heavenly ancile, but was forged by human hands, the materials and designs in some measure being furnished to the artificer by others, principally the French.

During the first few years of the present century appeared a collection of the greatest importance, put forth by the Italian Government, and edited by Custodi—the entire works of the Italian political economists, in fifty-one octavo volumes. Truly an extensive mine of information, doubtless blocked in parts with mere rubbish, more than it would be profitable for one man nowadays to explore, and yet grander, as the work of a Government, than any specimens of the mineral, however well selected, would have been, let Gioja say what he will. Of this band of reformers, the first is Antonio Bandini, of Siena, who addressed a memoir to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, in 1737, upon proposed improvements of the Maremma district. This memoir recommended free trade in corn, the granting of leases to tenants, the repeal of vexatious imposts, with a substitution in their stead of one equally distributed tax upon all property, even that of the nobility and the Church. It may surprise many to find those doctrines of justice and common sense preached so early, and preached by Italians. Italians were the first to suggest such reforms, because they were the worst governed people in Europe, and most urgently needed them. From the time of Boetius, in whose "De Consolatione" we read of a "Coemptio," by which the subjects of the provinces were obliged to bring their produce to the king's store-houses, sell them there at a low price, and buy them out again at a greater; from his time and before it, onwards through that of kings, tyrants, and republics, Italy had borne the most grievous commercial oppression. And since extreme always points to extreme, it is matter of little wonder that Italians of the better sort, believing that at last the governing powers were not so much determined on restriction as restricted themselves, cried up the salvation of liberty in the face of all monopolies.

Bandini's work was not published until 1775. Before that time Fernando Galiani, of Naples, had produced his treatise, "Della Moneta," a great advance on the

times, full of error as it is considered now. Then came another free-trade discourse, "Sopra i Bilanci delle Nazione," by Carli, 1771—a companion work to Pillo Verri's "Sulle Leggi Vincolanti." These writings all breathed the same spirit of hostility to restriction in all its forms.

While the Italians thus wrote and preached and prayed, the French were not idle. The Alps between the two nations fitly typify the mountains of flinty prejudice which had to be tunnelled through. Vincent Seigneur de Gournay, a learned merchant, holds a place in the first rank of French free-traders. In 1751 he became Intendant de Commerce, a sort of President of the Board of Trade; but his views were reckoned simply revolutionary, as indeed they were —in the best sense. In spite of the most powerful opposition, however, his reforming policy prevailed somewhat. According to Turgot, he maintained that Government should protect the general community from the monopolising tendencies of classes, that it should protect a man in any investment of his capital not immoral, and that it should promote competition, trusting to the natural operations of men's interests for the increase of national wealth and the general improvement of society.

Some years after Gournay had thrown up the reins of trade, Quesnay began to theorise. Quesnay, son of a common labourer, reached the age of sixteen without having acquired as much as the knowledge of reading. The "Maison Rustique" of Liebaut having fallen into his hands, he managed to spell it out with the help of a gardener of his village, and thenceforward he was assiduous in the pursuit of information. How he afterwards rose in the medical profession, till Louis XV. made him consulting physician and "*son penseur*' (would that he had been!) need not here be told. Not until he was a somewhat old and infirm man did Quesnay turn from medicine to economics, contributing the articles "Fermier" and "Grains" to the Encyclopédie. In the second of these contributions he made his distinction between the *produit total* and the *produit net*, between the productiveness of agriculture and the unproductiveness (as he supposed) of other employments. In this article also, it is only fair to state, he advocated unrestricted commerce. To the influence of Quesnay may be traced the disposition of French writers on political economy to insist so much on recognition of the "ordre naturel et essentiel des sociétés politiques." Their science, as one of them puts it, becomes "L'étude et la démonstration des loix de la nature rélatives à la subsistence et la multiplication du genre humain." Their systems have never lacked the characteristic of consistency with the highest humanity. They took man as he is—not a mere productive and consuming machine, but a being with wants, and senses of pleasure and pain. The mercantile system had worked its evil work; its dregs still poisoned the minds of many statesmen. That Colbert—a man who, in the early years of his ministry, passed so many laws favourable to free trade—should in his later policy have adopted this system, is indeed matter of wonder. but he was not the father of it. "Colbertisme" was a name given to the system by adult baptism; Blanqui has shown it to be the creation of Charles V. and the Spaniards. "Vendre toujours sans acheter jamais"—it is impossible to estimate the harm this theory did to France. Long before its inevitable result came, in foreign rivalry and victorious competition, it had

brought labourers under the most absolute bondage to the capitalist, and while a few reaped fortune, the majority reaped misery. The theory had but to be put in the form of general law to be exposed. If a nation sold without buying—or, rather, wished to sell without buying—it would require to force its neighbour to buy without selling; and thus on one side would be prosperity (as it was supposed), but at the expense of ruin on the other. But the blindness of self-interest prevented the detection of this great error, and led to the glorification of money as that which provided for and commanded labour. *La richesse, c'est l'argent.* Truly the love of money was here the root of all evil. Nor let us think that we ourselves have completely escaped from the fetters of this theory; it is to be found at the root of every objection to free trade.

The excesses and the mistakes of Law, his credit system and his stock-jobbing, acted on France like a storm, sweeping away many abuses, yet leaving disaster behind it. Law, having lived to see the prospects of his system brighten and then become obscured, left the field of reform to Quesnay.

The manufactories established by Colbert were empty; the country was on the verge of bankruptcy. Where was help to be looked for? Sully's dictum revived itself in the minds of many: *Labourage et pâturage sont les mamelles de l'état.* This was the natural cry of reaction; landed property alone had withstood the storm; from it must be expected reparation of France's losses. Here was a sudden transition! But lately men had imagined that gold, and even paper, meant wealth, that full coffers commanded the world; now they saw that the simple multiplication of credit notes was too easy a way of acquiring wealth to be true; not gold, therefore, or money i but the soil, produ This, they thought, more gaining *terra fi hilo nihil fit*; dust we our wealth. Like B kiss our mother ea throne of commerce w

The system of Que followers had the m formulated with preci therefore a second m was easily apprehen common mind. Whe of modern days talk o average profits and they are by many sup with refinements of need not trouble pr But to say that the ea us with all we enjoy, a what we receive from our own, was to say w the face of it an amo appreciable by the sim standing. No need o rising; we are nearest therefore nearest orde tivating the soil. For what liberal hand nat not merely bare sus wealth. The man wh very moderate amoun tion upon the soil obta suffices for aliment labour; he receives dance or excess, that for future use. This s *produit net.*

But where else is found the same ex reproduction? M agents, shopkeepers— any miracle increase t into their hands by Agriculture alone is t goods; all men empl thing else are not a capital of the world obtain what suffices f sistence during emplo cordingly, whether ag like be few or many,

leave the world the richer for their work.

Here was the first great error. The second was a necessary consequence. Those who do not cultivate the soil do not contribute to the national wealth; but taxes must have their source in the surplus income of the nation; therefore taxes must be levied on the agricultural section of the community alone—must be drawn from the *produit net.* Thus agriculture fills the state purse. "*Pauvres paysans, pauvre royaume; pauvre royaume, pauvre roi.* The sovereign and the nation must never forget that the soil is the only source of riches, and that it is agriculture that increases them. For the augmentation of riches insures that of the population; while men and riches cause agriculture to flourish, extend commerce, revive industry, and once more increase and perpetuate wealth."

This one-sided view of society was only to be expected. Those disposed to smile at it have only to observe the tendency existing until quite lately among modern economists to bestow exclusive study on production at the expense of consumption. Nor was the extravagance of the system without good fruit. It was partly the result, and assuredly the punishment, of corrupt corporations, custom-houses, and guilds. A good market for the produce of the soil was as necessary as good soil itself, all barriers to the freedom of trade were to be struck at: *laissez faire, laissez passer.* Free trade must count the French economists, with a stray Italian or two, for its fathers.

Quesnay and his friends sat in their studies and theorised; Turgot put their doctrines into action. "I will dare to say"—thus he addresses the King when appointed minister—"I will dare to say that in ten years the nation will not be recognisable." Such was his faith in the freedom of commerce and territorial taxation. How well he fought for his opinions, how these opinions were misunderstood, how he triumphed, and how he failed, is known very well. One thing is certain, that the doctrines of the Economistes in his hands received as fair a trial as the times would have allowed.

In our own country also the way had been partially prepared for Adam Smith's system. In the earlier part of the eighteenth century two men were winning the name of great philosophers—Butler and Hutcheson. These, more especially the latter, gave to ethics a practical application which had been, perhaps, too strange to systems immediately preceding; and moral philosophy, during their time, and for a considerable space after, comprehended not only an investigation of duties and capacities, moral law, and the relation of man to God; but the theory of government, of trade, education, and the like; in a word, ethics became equivalent to the "politics" of Plato or Aristotle. Locke had long before thrown out some useful hints, suggestive rather than sound, upon political science, and leaves mention of some good books on the subject, as Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," Algernon Sydney's "Discourses concerning Government," Paxton's "Civil Polity," Puffendorff's "De Officio Hominis et Civis" and "De Jure Naturali et Gentium." In his "Thoughts concerning Reading and Study" he recommends for perusal, with the honest confidence of an Englishman, his own two "Treatises of Government." One can go far enough back, and yet find works in which lay germs of our modern systems. Some of these germs never

took root in the minds of reformers; others did. It is likely that, in the writings of Henry More and Sir Thomas More, Smith found hints sufficient to set him thinking to purpose. Mun, too, in his "Increase of Foreign Trade" and other works, dispelled some popular errors regarding the precious metals considered as wealth. Petty discussed political economy in a way that drew upon him the attention of many; and Sir Joshua Child, albeit a man groping out of the darkness, threw out some valuable hints on trade, on population, money, and monopolies. Sir Dudley North's "Discourse" (1691) was aimed at the jealousies of nationality and was really a prelude to free trade.

But Hutcheson's was the influence that most powerfully directed the current of Smith's speculations. Property, labour, and such topics were soundly dealt with in the lectures delivered at Dublin, and afterwards at Glasgow. In these lectures, above all, were some remarks on Value, which could not have failed to stimulate their author's successor in the moral philosophy chair to inquiry. Such sentences as the following have plainly an echo in the "Wealth of Nations": "The natural ground of all value or price is some sort of use which goods afford in life; this is prerequisite to all estimation." "Prices of goods depend on these two jointly: the *demand* on account of some use or other which many desire, and the *difficulty* of acquiring or cultivating for human use. When goods are equal in these respects, men are willing to interchange them with each other; nor can any artifice or policy make the value of goods depend on anything else. When there is no demand, there is no price, were the difficulty of acquiring never so great; and were there no difficulty or labour requisite to acquire, the most universal demand will not cause a price. Where the demand for two sorts of goods is equal, the prices are as the difficulty; where the difficulty is equal, the prices are as the demand." So upon coinage, interest, and other subjects, there are many observations well worthy quotation here, were space available. It only remains to refer to Hume's essays as the source of some enlightenment to our author. The essays of Hume on Commerce, Money, Interest, Balance of Trade, Taxes, and Public Credit are as shrewd as we should naturally expect. In that on Commerce, the Economistes were already struck at, perhaps unconsciously. Thus, among first of its sentences is, "The bulk of every State may be divided into husbandmen and manufacturers;" and in the sequel he makes them alike producers. Another suggestive sentence is this, "Every thing in the world is purchased by labour, and our passions are only causes of labour." Again he says: "Foreign trade increases the stock of labour in the nation . . . . by its imports, it furnishes materials for new manufactures; and by its exports, it produces labour in particular commodities which could not be consumed at home. In short, a kingdom that has a large import and export must abound more with labour, and that upon delicacies and luxuries, than a kingdom which rests contented with its native commodities." Here is the finger pointing to free trade. Once more: "We lost the French market for our woollen manufactures, and transferred the commerce of wine to Spain and Portugal, where we buy much worse liquor at a higher price" (thanks to the Methven Treaty).

"There are few Englishmen who would not think their country absolutely ruined were French wines sold in England so cheap, and in such abundance, as to supplant, in some measure, all ale and home-brewed liquors; but, would we lay aside prejudice, it would not be difficult to prove that nothing could be more innocent, perhaps advantageous. Each new acre of vineyard planted in France, in order to supply England with wine, would make it requisite for the French to take the product of an English acre, sown in wheat or barley, in order to subsist themselves; and 'tis evident we have thereby got command of the better commodity." Such extracts show an exactitude of notions in regard to economical matters which would not by some be thought likely to exist prior to the birth of the "Wealth of Nations."

The political economy of Adam Smith has been to other systems what the Scottish philosophy of common sense was to other philosophies. Very properly Buckle has remarked that the "Wealth of Nations" should be taken as a part only of Smith's system of philosophy. In the theory of "Moral Sentiments," man's sympathy is examined; in the "Wealth of Nations," his selfishness. Political economy formed part of a course of lectures delivered in Glasgow by Smith, which comprised natural theology, ethics, and the philosophy of law.

It should further be borne in mind that in Adam Smith's time there were before the public two theories of society widely differing from each other—the one ideal, *à priori*, natural, deductive; the other (that of Montesquieu) inductive, investigating history, contenting itself with the real, as contrasted with the ideal. Adam Smith's method is such an odd mixture of both of these that Buckle is almost justified in saying that "'The Wealth of Nations' is entirely deductive," while we should also be justified in calling it inductive. In the principle of which the keynote is struck in the famous sentence about "truck, barter, and exchange," selfishness (not necessarily in a bad sense) is laid down as the basis of economies. On the other hand all that is valuable in the book is not this vein of *à priori* reasoning, but the constant appeal to facts, the suggestive gleanings from history, the illustrations drawn from everyday trade and commerce. It is interesting to see how this combination of methods reproduced itself in Malthus and Mill. Ricardo, indeed, adopted the deductive method entirely, discarding induction either for premises or for verification of the conclusion of his argument; but Malthus and Mill, while their tendency was first to theorise deductively, always took pains to compare results with actual fact.

"The great and leading object of his speculations," says Stewart of his friend, "is to illustrate the provisions made by nature in the principles of the human mind, and in the circumstances of man's external situation, for a gradual and progressive augmentation in the means of national wealth, and to demonstrate that the most effectual means of advancing a people to greatness is to maintain that order of things which nature has pointed out."

This theory of nature was old enough; it descended from Greek philosophy through Roman law, and taught that there is a code of nature which human nature has disturbed. Shortly before Smith's time, as in the speculations (philosophical and political) of the Economistes—in his time, as in the

writings of Rousseau—and after his time, as in the brilliant invective of Godwin, this theory was insisted upon with peculiar force. It never did any good, and even in Smith it worked mischief. No man ever had a feebler scent for the *à priori* than Smith. His "Theory" evinces this; like the "Wealth of Nations" it abounds in entertaining disquisition, and presents varied accumulations of learning; but its pure philosophy is scarcely worth that name. So, when in the "Wealth of Nations" we are told that, according to nature, the State has but three duties to attend to —the protection of the nation from foreign aggression, the administration of justice, and the maintenance of certain great institutions beyond the reach of private enterprise—we smile at Nature as at the *vox humana* of the Delphic Oracle.

Sometimes Smith takes a higher stand, but one which contains quite as much assumption. In the "Theory of Moral Sentiments" he says: "The rich consume little more than the poor, and in spite of their natural selfishness and rapacity, though they mean only their own conveniency, though the sole end which they propose from the labours of all the thousands whom they employ be the gratification of their own vain and insatiable desires, they divide with the poor the produce of all their improvements. *They are led by an invisible hand* to make nearly the same distribution of the necessaries of life which would have been made had the earth been divided into equal portions among its inhabitants," &c.

The grand ally which Smith found for the nature hypothesis was Liberty. Labour and liberty are the two themes upon which Adam Smith has discoursed to us best. In the seventeenth century this idea of civil and religious liberty was rapidly leavening society, perhaps too rapidly; its slower progress might have been surer. The eighteenth century, in its first half, developed this liberty as theoretically applied to trade and commerce; the Economistes never rested till the seeds of the Revolution were sown. But the Economistes were not practical enough; they preached eloquently about natural rights and divine order, but were apt to content themselves with unverified deductions, and begin vapouring with philosophico-political notions. Smith, too, had been fitting together a system of nature. When he went to France, he was surprised to find Quesnay and others so much in accord with him. But he also saw the weakness of their method, and the insufficiency of its end. All that they said of liberty he approved and adopted; but he went further, and, above all, he took care to verify every deduction by appeal to fact. The Economistes built a castle in the air; he put a solid foundation beneath it. And now there are few countries but have such a castle and such a foundation.

Thus it was the inductive method of Montesquieu which most of all helped Smith on to success and fame. He answered well enough (we must remember that the answer is ultimately one of philosophy) the question, "What is the prime origin of opulence?" but he answered better the other question, "What is the actual history of opulence?" His faculty for accumulating and selecting facts bearing on his subject was wonderful. Any man ordinarily informed on economics at the present day understands it with greater theoretical accuracy than did Smith himself; but none could,

at call, produce such another storehouse of valuable and pertinent information. Whatever we think of his reasoning, we at least acknowledge that he first gave us full opportunities for reasoning. Nor must we forget that the materials so gained were often the result of his valuable destructive criticism, which relieved the world of many decaying and useless systems. Indeed, beyond taking part in this great destructive movement of the age, Adam Smith cannot be said to have proposed any definite aim to his system. To point out the futility, the injustice, the impolicy of all restraint on industry was his great work. He seemed to think that once Nature was left unshackled she would be sufficient guide to herself. The French Revolution had not dispelled that notion.

We find that Adam Smith was a man of his own age—no seer, no genius born out of time. All the ideas he made use of were in other men's minds as well. The air was thick with them. He cast a beam of light across the field of vision, and made the ideas visible like dust motes.

The outcry about the perplexed and illogical arrangement of "The Wealth of Nations" is much too loud. The illogical arrangement was not considered in the time of the writer. No treatise written in his century would stand our tests as to order. There was a learned slovenliness in all that appeared then; even style was sluggish and inelegant; sentences were crowded with ridiculous colons and semicolons that check the reader's progress like five-barred gates on a highway. If the best scholars and men of science in Smith's time had been asked to prepare a series of primers such as we are so fond of now, they would have made a sorry job of it. Smith had no intention of writing a text-book. He did not dream that people would suppose his work to evolve a complete system. He rarely argued. A volume of essays is not looked upon as a treatise; nothing more than the cover and the common title connects the separate essays. Smith did little more than put forth such a series of essays, each of which dealt with some economic subject. He would have said, "If you want to know what I think of such and such a matter read such and such a chapter of my book, but I publish no political economy Bible!" Of all books on the subject of economics, probably the "Wealth of Nations" is the worst from which to teach principles. Of all books from which to teach the scope of the subject it remains to this day the best. It is with the "Treatise on the Law of War and Peace" as it is with the "Spirit of Laws" and the "Essay on Human Understanding." Their method seems cumbersome to moderns, and nothing is easier than to pick errors in them; yet Mackintosh groups these along with the "Wealth of Nations" as forming with it "the works which have most directly influenced the opinion of Europe during the last two centuries." The faults of the "Wealth of Nations" are only those we should expect from one who uses the inductive method in exploring a region of confused facts. The only wonder is that the "Wealth of Nations" can pretend to system at all. Nowadays we easily enough attain system, but not so easily interest. A hundred people still read the "Wealth of Nations" with fascination for every single reader of more orderly treatises on economics.

This apology only goes the length of saying that the "Wealth of Nations" had as much system as was needed for its author's

purpose. There are some novelists who write for the mere love of discoursiug agreeably and analysing wittily. There are others who do not care to digress or linger, wherever they are tempted so to do; they cut and fit so as to produce a rounded, perfect plot. So there are philosophers who love to dabble in facts—to worm out curiosities of history, to make a museum, and leave others to form an opinion on what they produce. Adam Smith certainly had his own opinion on what he observed, but he was first of all the observer. In short, his *forte* was analysis, not synthesis. And so the chief charm of his book is *description*. In the very first chapter he wins the attention of the very child by rambling through a pin manufactory, and finding all the marvels of industry in a single pin. So in that wonderful chapter on Rent. His theorising is not very good, or very convincing; but each page is turned faster than the other, as we skip from the price of corn to the price of butcher's meat in Prince Henry's time; from that to affairs in Holland; from that to ancient Italy; then to Columella and the extravagant gentleman-farmers; then to Maryland through Cochin China; then to kitchen gardens, vineyards, sugar plantations, tobacco, rice, potatoes, and the effect of these last on the beauty of the women and the strength of the men in Ireland.

It is curious to read the notes of Wakefield, or Buchanan, or M'Culloch, on the "Wealth of Nations," and observe how upon every chapter of the text they—at least the first* and last—have corrections to record. These corrections are not all satisfactory; many of them are untenable contradictions. But they discountenance the notion reigning in some minds, that the "Wealth of Nations" is the standard by which all other systems are to be judged.

If a lecturer were appointed for the special purpose of publicly examining that book in the light of modern speculation, he would be sure—no matter whether he belonged to the school of Ricardo, or Mill, or Bastiat—to find faults in every chapter. We are not like the middle-age pedants, who covered the face of the earth with commentaries on Aristotle, all assuming at the outset the infallibility of that philosopher. We now judge Adam Smith as we judge Aristotle. We point the finger at every error they made; and yet we call one the father of ancient political economy, and the other the father of modern political economy.

ERIC S. ROBERTSON.

* The first, Wakefield, so far as he annotates at all.

CHARLES LAMB AT EDMONTON.

To whatever region the Christ's Hospitallers may migrate, it is to be hoped that they will not forget the grave of their old school-fellow, Charles Lamb. The sexton at Edmonton will tell you that a party of "Blues" pay periodical visits to the churchyard, and, winding through a grove of memorial masonry of the usual ugliness, proceed to do honour to the narrow resting-place of the Lambs. What unclean beasts, with appetites more ghoulish than the ghouls, are supposed to browse in English churchyards, that the monuments of the dead should be fenced off with iron railings? The grave of Charles and Mary Lamb is neither walled nor hurdled off; it has the simple green coverlid that, one fancies, gives sounder sleep than any other—a grass mound kept free from weeds by the blue-coat boys, among others. The headstone bears Cary's inscription, the footstone the initials and dates, "C. L., 1834, M.A.L. 1847."

The stones and grave are as modest and unpretending as were the pair they commemorate, and it is to be hoped that well-meaning meddlers will let them continue as they are. In 1875, the centenary of Lamb's birth, Mr. Bell, the then head master of Christ's Hospital, proposed to raise a fund for one or more of the following objects: "An English essay prize, in the shape of books or medals (which might bear on one face the profile of Lamb); a scholarship for the encouragement of the study of English literature and composition; a mural or sculptural record." By another, who wrote at the same time, it was suggested that granite was the proper material for the headstone, and that a bust and tablet might find a place in the neighbouring church. Surely the man had never entered Edmonton Church—fusty, and beetling with galleries! And did he suppose that Lamb ever entered it? The end of all these proposals has been better served by the several editions of Lamb's works published since 1875, among which is the good and cheap "Popular Centenary Edition," edited by Charles Kent.

It is said at Edmonton that Americans in large numbers visit the grave. Lamb has certainly been fully appreciated across the Atlantic. It is to the "Eliana" first collected by Mr. J. E. Babson, of Boston, U.S., that we owe the completeness of our recent editions of the works; and articles from time to time in the *Atlantic Monthly* by the same hand show that Mr. Babson's countrymen retain their interest in everything pertaining to the gentle essayist.

Nearly two years were spent by the Lambs at Edmonton, extending from Charles's fifty-eighth year to his sixtieth, when he died. They were almost barren of literary fruit. For the sister's sake, the household gods had been transplanted from the stir of the great city to the quiet, first of Enfield, and then of Edmonton, and they seemed to dwindle, peak, and

pine in this retirement. Not only did Mary's illness grow upon her; but the survivors among her brother's friends, none of them men of leisure, could see very little of him at that distance from London. In those days you did not reach Edmonton in half an hour from Liverpool-street, but intrusted yourself to the tender mercies of the stage from the "Swan," Snow Hill. By this stage, no doubt, came the parcels of books hot from the press of friend and publisher Moxon. The fearful joy of peeping between the leaves of these—leaves not to be cut, for the books were to be returned in saleable condition—was one of the pleasures of these later days. Mary's taste always ran more after novels than folios,* and the village library was ransacked in her interest; but for Charles, for whom social intercourse and troops of friends had taken the place of close literary studies, the time was out of joint. It is not surprising to hear that the hostelries about Enfield and Edmonton knew him well. To one especially, near Edmonton, bearing the queer sign of "The Cart Overthrown," and decorated with pictures of the angler's gentle craft, one can fancy his steps often directed. But his walk, say those villagers who remember him, was oftenest along the road to London.

The field walks between Edmonton and Enfield are still pleasant, and Lamb professed to enjoy them; but it was to London that his thoughts turned, measuring the distance in miles and minutes, thinking only of when he should next go there, and when next his friends would come to see him. To the Temple clung memories of the time when he and his sister had to live on the salary of a clerkship in the East India House, beginning at a bare £70 a year; of his first appearance in print as a sonneteer in Coleridge's company; of those famous Wednesday evenings when men met, "the mere reckoning of whose names is like counting the stars in a constellation"—evenings which Talfourd has compared to the evenings at Holland House. Some of us would have enjoyed the Wednesday parties most. Cold beef on the sideboard, where everyone helped themselves, the prints cut out of all Charles's old books pasted on the walls, darling folios on the shelves, porter, punch, and cards, Hazlitt's brilliant talk, with now and then a lay sermon from Coleridge. Even busier and noisier than the Temple was that first-floor over the brazier's shop at the corner of Russell-street, Covent Garden, the home of the Lambs for six years. Authors and actors came and went all day long and after playhouse hours, till even their host unwillingly confessed that he was too little alone. The removals to Colebrooke Cottage, Islington—where George Dyer, "dear blundering old soul," stepped from their door into the New River†

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* "We are both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton, or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale, or adventure, whereof our common reading-table is daily fed with assiduous fresh supplies."—"*Mackery End, in Hertfordshire*," "*Essays of Elia.*"

† "I do not know when I have experienced a stranger sensation, than on seeing my old friend G. D., who had been paying me a morning visit, a few Sundays back, at my cottage at Islington, upon taking leave, instead of turning down the right-hand path by which he had entered—with staff in hand, and at noonday, deliberately march right forwards into the midst of the stream that runs by us, and totally disappear."—"*Amicus Redivivus*," "*Last Essays of Elia.*"

—to Chase Side, Enfield, and finally, in the spring of 1833, to Edmonton, were for Mary Lamb's sake; but the quiet and seclusion of country life did not keep her malady in check. Absolute restraint became necessary, and this was found at the house of the Waldens, in Church-street, Edmonton. The Waldens were used to such cases, and had taken care of Mary Lamb before. They now agreed to take no other patients, and the brother and sister lodged and boarded there till Charles's death. Mary stayed with Mrs. Walden for several years longer, until she was removed to a similar establishment in St. John's Wood, where she died.

A daughter of Mrs. Walden, a school girl at the time of Charles's death, and who recalls that event as happening during one of her Christmas holidays, tells me that Mary was ill for more than six months out of the twelve at that time. She describes her as a troublesome and unhappy patient, her mind constantly running upon her mother's death. During a fit of insanity thirty-seven years before Mary Lamb had killed her mother with a table knife. Mrs. Moxon, Lamb's adopted daughter—the "Emma Isola" of his correspondence—tells an anecdote which sadly illustrates the relation in which Mary stood to this tragedy of her early life. During the whole of Mrs. Moxon's "residence with the Lambs she was completely ignorant of the terrible event. One night Charles and Mary Lamb and herself were seated at table. The conversation turned on the elder Lamb, when Miss Isola asked why she never heard mention of the mother. Mary thereupon uttered a sharp, piercing cry, for which Charles playfully and laughingly rebuked her, but he made no allusion to the cause." Another informant, still living in Edmonton, remembers a cloud of feathers blowing across the road, which poor Mary had torn from the bed and was strewing out of the window. Another, the late parish clerk of Edmonton, remembered being startled, as he worked in the next garden, by Mary Lamb rattling at the bars of her window. These recollections of the villagers give a melancholy significance to Lamb's words when writing to Wordsworth in 1833: "I see little of her; alas! I too often hear her. *Sunt lachrymæ rerum!* and you and I must bear it."

Let it not be forgotten that when Charles died he had "borne it" for nearly forty years. Alone and unaided he had supported his sister from the day of their mother's death onwards, to save her from what John Lamb, the elder brother, thought her proper doom—life-long confinement in an asylum. His was more than a husband's care for her. Through all these forty years he never let her leave him, except when certain signs well known to both of them foretold the approach of a severe attack. On one such occasion they were met walking hand-in-hand on the field-path to the asylum, and it was noticed that they were crying.

After Charles's death his works followed him, for Mary was awarded a pension by the authorities of the East India House as if she had been his widow.

Bay Cottage, Church-street, Edmonton, stands back from the road mid-way between the railway station and the church, and nearly opposite a building described on its walls as "a structure of hope founded in faith, on the basis of charity, 1784," a charity school for girls. The aspect of the cottage has not changed since the Waldens owned it. Close high iron palings and a long strip of garden, crossed

by a flagged pathway, separate it from the road. The houses on both sides project beyond the frontage of Bay Cottage, and darken the house and garden. There are only four windows looking to the front, two on the first-floor, one with the door on the ground-floor, and one in the roof. In the rear the house is twice as wide, extending behind its left-hand neighbour, and opening on to a walled kitchen garden, with apple trees that must have been veterans in the Lambs' time. Mary Lamb's room looked to the back; her brother used the small front sitting-room with the solitary window on the ground-floor, and (I believe) the bed-room above it. The ground-floor room is barely twelve feet square, with a beam in the low ceiling, and a deep window seat savouring of antiquity. It was from here that Lamb wrote to Wordsworth: "I am three or four miles nearer the great city" (than at Enfield); "coaches half-price less, and going always, of which I will avail myself;" and to Mrs. Hazlitt: "I am nearer town, and will get up to you somehow before long."

His thoughts and affections were in town. "But town," as he wrote from Enfield, "with all my native hankering after it, is not what it was. The streets, the shops are left; but all old friends are gone! And in London I was frightfully convinced of this as I passed houses and places, empty caskets now. I have ceased to care almost about anybody. The bodies I cared for are in graves or dispersed. My old clubs, that lived so long and flourished so steadily, are crumbled away." Hazlitt was dead, Coleridge dying; we hear nothing of Dyer, of Rickman, of Manning. A few of his younger friends were left to him, Procter, Talfourd, Moxon, John Foster, and Cary, the translator of Dante. A dinner with Cary at the British Museum every third Wednesday in the month was a fixture in these day—"a zodiac of third Wednesdays irradiating by glimpses the Edmonton dulness." At other times he was very urgent for his friends to come to him. To John Foster he writes, "Come down tomorrow or Saturday, be here by two or half after; coaches from Snow Hill." And in the same letter, "Come down with Procter and Dante on Sunday."

"The Last Essays of Elia," collected from various magazines, were published by Moxon in 1833, and Lamb seems to have set himself no literary work afterwards, content to live and die as "Elia."

He never aspired to the fame of men who keep their names alive by writing much and often. As a writer for the press he was unknown. The only work he did for the *Quarterly Review*, a review of Wordsworth's "Excursion," undertaken out of love for the poet, cost him immense labour and mortification. He contributed to the *Morning Chronicle*, but only as a manufacturer of jests, and that not for long; his articles in the *Examiner* remained many years buried. Still he thought well of his own style as a writer of prose, and a certain amount of literary fame accrued to him before he died. Unknown admirers sent him presents of game. A second edition of his earlier essays appeared in 1833. The younger men of the literary world began to know him.*

But Charles Lamb was not meant for passive pleasures and

* Among these was Macready, who met him for the first and only time at supper in 1834 (the year of his death), and records the following characteristic saying: "I should like my last breath to be inhaled through a pipe and exhaled in a pun."

a sunny old age. To enjoy life he must be surrounded by old friends, and these were failing him. Popularity and a name would have come,* but they would have rather annoyed than solaced him. The world he cared for—the world of old associations, old habits, old friends, old haunts—was slipping from his grasp. The long watch over his afflicted sister was coming to an end; Emma Isola, "whose mirthful spirits were the youth of our house," had married his friend Moxon, and Lamb was practically alone in his household. His letters at this time were few and short, and he ended them by saying that "his hand shook." But they breathed the spirit of unselfishness: theatre orders were begged for his landlord, Wordsworth's interest was asked for "Louisa Martin who is in trouble," and "establishing a school at Carlisle." "Mr. Tuff" is informed that Covent Garden, from its thin houses, is likely to close, and that he had better lose no time "in using the orders."

The mistress of the charity school opposite Bay Cottage is, or was till lately, living. She "was often drawn to the window by Lamb's cheery voice as he issued from Mr. Walden's, chatting loudly with anyone he chanced to meet. Otherwise he was not noticeable, except as a spare middle-sized man in pantaloons."† One day, while making for the "Bell," John Gilpin's hostelry, "the middle-sized man in pantaloons" stumbled in the road. The fall brought on erysipelas, the erysipelas death, and "Elia" was buried, on December 27th, 1834, in a spot which, about a fortnight before, he had pointed out to his sister, on an afternoon wintry walk, as the place where he wished to be buried."

Rumour says that Lamb was very kind to the poor, visiting especially the old people in the almshouses, but the oldest of the present inmates have not lived long enough there to remember him.

HENRY F. COX.

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* New editions of "Elia," after the second edition in 1833, appeared in 1835, 1839, 1840, &c.; of "The Last Essays of Elia" in 1835, 1839, 1847, &c. A collection of his works was published in Paris in 1835; and Talfourd's editions of his life and works were reprinted several times in the decade succeeding his death.

† From an article of mine in the *Globe*.—H. F. C.

CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS.

NEW SERIES.—No. 10.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

When we think of the position held at Oxford, and throughout England, by the present occupant of the chair of Comparative Philology, who is of German birth, we are reminded of the old days when scholarship was almost cosmopolitan in the cultivated portions of Europe, and noted lecturers were able to set up their schools in university centres, by reason of the recognition not of their nationality but of their power.

Friedrich Max Müller was born at Dessau on the 6th December, 1823. His father was Wilhelm Müller, a German poet, who died young, after obtaining a great popularity in his own country, especially for his Songs of the Greeks, written and sung at the time of the Greek insurrection. To be the son of a poet, who is a lover of language, is probably to inherit a facility of style and an aptitude for linguistic study. Certainly such has been the inheritance in the case of Max Müller, whom—not to name his well-known philologic labours—most persons who read his books published in this country and do not know his birthplace, must take for an Englishman, so natural and spontaneous and powerful is his language.

Through his mother he is the great-grandson of Basedow, the reformer of national education in Germany, the friend of Goethe, and the precursor of Pestalozzi. Professor Max Müller has lately published a short life of his great-grandfather in the "Deutsche Biographie." Though his family name is Müller, this name has long ago been changed in Germany, and in England also, into Max-Müller, for the simple reason that Müller in Germany, as Smith in England, has ceased to be a name, and it would have seemed conceited for any scholar in Germany to claim to be known by the name of Müller, *pur et simple*, with such rivals as Otfried Müller, Johannes Müller, Friedrich Müller, and others in the field.

The elements of Max Müller's education were received at the ducal school of Dessau, where he was distinguished as a bright and industrious boy, with a special talent for music. When twelve years old he was sent to Leipzig, continuing his studies at the Nicolai School, where nearly two centuries previously Leibniz had been a pupil. In

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UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, 1878. WOODBURY MECHANICAL PROCESS

Yours most respectfully

Max Müller

1841 he passed from the school to the University of Leipzig, where he began those studies to which, pursued as they have been so faithfully during his lifetime, he mostly owes his fame. At Leipzig he made considerable progress in classical and comparative philology under Professors Hermann, Haupt, and Brockhaus, and in the Hebrew, Arabic, and Sanskrit languages. In 1844 appeared his first work, a translation into German of the Hitopadesa, a collection in the Sanskrit language of ancient Indian fables.

In the same year he removed from Leipsig to Berlin to attend the lectures of Bopp and Schelling, and to examine a collection of Sanskrit manuscripts which the Prussian Government had recently purchased in England from the executors of Sir Robert Chambers. In Berlin Max Müller made the acquaintance of Alexander von Humboldt and Boeckh, and also studied Persian under Friedrich Rückert. He was invited by Gottfried Hermann, the famous Greek scholar, to return to Leipzig, in order to take his degree there, free of expense; and in 1845 proceeded to Paris under the attraction of the reputation of the great Sanskritist, Eugène Burnouf, père, at the College of France. At the suggestion of Burnouf, who recognised in him the spirit of a fellow-worker, he began to collect materials for an edition of the "Rig Veda," the earliest sacred hymns of the Brahmans, together with the Indian commentary upon them. Another young German scholar, Friedrich Rosen, had attempted the same task, but had died before he had done much more than begin it. In pursuance of this undertaking, after copying and collating the manuscripts in the Royal Library at Paris, Max Müller came to England, in June, 1846, to collate the manuscripts belonging to the East India Company and those of the Bodleian Library. This stay in England was fruitful of more consequences than were at first anticipated. As Max Müller was on the point of returning to Germany with the results of his labours, he made the acquaintance of the late Baron Bunsen, then Prussian Ambassador in London, who induced him to prolong his stay on the plea that his great work could be carried on undisturbed in this peaceful island, which would not be the case in the whirlpool of the Fatherland. On the recommendation of Bunsen and the late Professor Wilson, the East India Company arranged to bear the expense of printing the "Rig Veda." In 1848, accordingly, Max Müller settled in Oxford to see the work through the press; and in 1849 the first volume appeared, a thousand pages quarto in extent.

In 1850 Max Müller was invited by the University of Oxford to give courses of lectures on Comparative Philology, as deputy to his friend Francis Trithen, the Taylorian Professor of Modern European Languages. Four years later, on Trithen's death, he succeeded him in the chair. In 1850 also he was made Honorary M.A., and in 1854 a member of Christ Church. Oxford seems to have appreciated the

stranger's usefulness, for in 1856 he was appointed Curator, as far as regarded Oriental Literature, of the Bodleian Library. He is one of the Senior Fellows of All Souls' College, having been elected in 1858. He is also LL.D. of Cambridge and of Edinburgh.

After the death of Professor Wilson, Max Müller was supported by the Liberal party at Oxford as candidate for the chair of Sanskrit, but defeated by a large majority of conservative, ecclesiastic, and anti-German voters. Some years later, however, in 1868, the University founded a new chair of Comparative Philology expressly for him, which he continues to hold, the Rev. A. H. Sayce being deputy.

After having lectured at Oxford for just twenty-five years, Max Müller, on the 1st Dec. 1875, resigned his professorship, intending to return to Germany, and to devote his remaining time exclusively to literary work. Invitations came to him from several German Universities, and even from Florence, to settle there; but when the University of Oxford offered to appoint a deputy, and charged him at the same time with the editorship of a large literary undertaking, a translation of the "Second Books of the East," he returned to Oxford after an absence of a year and a half. He lectures from time to time at Oxford and in other places, but he is able to devote most of his time to his own work.

Max Müller is a member of nearly all the great academies and literary societies in Europe. Among these distinctions those which are limited to a small number are naturally the most prized. The *Institut de France* consists of five academies: (1) Académie Française; (2) Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres; (3) Académie des Sciences; (4) Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques; (5) Académie des Beaux-Arts. In each of these, except the Académie Française, there are eight places for foreign members. Professor Max Müller was elected one of the eight foreign members of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres in 1869, succeeding Welcker.

In a similar manner the Royal Academy of Turin restricted formerly the number of its foreign members to eight for Physical Sciences, and eight for Historical Sciences. Max Müller was elected in 1865, the other members being Thiers, Barante, Boeckh, Cousin, Grote, and Mommsen. In Germany the highest literary distinction is the *Ordre pour le Mérite*. It is not given by the Emperor, but by the Chapter of Knights. That Chapter consists of twenty knights for Literature and Science, and ten for Art. It is open to the whole of Germany, and in 1874 Max Müller was elected one of the twenty German knights at the same time with Moltke (military science), Von Sybel (historical science), and Kirchhoff (physical science).

Max Müller has naturalised himself in the best way possible by finding an English wife. And he joined himself by marriage with a remarkable group of persons, who must both have enlarged his social

influence, and have provided him with most congenial relationships. Charles Kingsley, "S. G. O.," and J. A. Froude married three sisters, daughters of Mr. Pascoe Grenfell. The late Mrs. Theodore Walrond and Mrs. Max Müller, who were sisters, were nieces on the father's side to the three other sisters, who have become wives of such distinguished men.

By an out-of-the-way chance, we are able to give a very pleasant instance of Max Müller's aimiability and superiority to that form of arrogance which is known as "Donnishness." Something over a dozen years ago two young ladies—two rather wild young ladies, we may perhaps be allowed to say—knowing our scholar by his reputation only, wrote to ask him to counsel them upon the choice of a language which no one else in England knew, and which they might learn with pleasure and profit. The following, which we quote from the reply that was forwarded from Oxford to the young querists, has a value in itself, and may be useful to other would-be students:

"It is by no means easy to reply to your inquiry. To take up any work in good earnest is a most excellent thing, and I should be the last person to find fault with anybody for fixing on learning a language, even for the mere sake of learning something. Yet it is right that our work should have some useful object beyond the mere pleasure of working. Thus in selecting a language we might look at three ulterior objects—literature, travel, or science of language. Now, as I have no reason to suppose that you want to learn a language that might be useful to you in travelling, or that might furnish promising material for scientific analysis, I will take it for granted that literature would form an object of interest to you in the choice of a language. As it is to be a language which few people in England are likely to know, I should say take Portuguese, if you like Romance, or take Swedish, if you like Teutonic languages. The books for learning these languages are easily procured, and there is a literature both in Swedish and Portuguese very little known in this country, and well deserving the interest of two young ladies. But I am afraid you will consider both Portuguese and Swedish as far too commonplace. Well, in that case, take Siamese. You will have some difficulty in getting grammars and dictionaries, yet, if you are in earnest and apply to Messrs. Williams and Norgate, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, you will with some little trouble and expense get what you want. There is not a single man in Europe, I believe, who knows Siamese. The French, however, are opening the country, and some of their agents and missionaries have begun to study the language. The alphabet is troublesome, the grammar itself seems easy. There is a vast literature, as yet almost unknown. The King of Siam is a man of literary tastes, a man who reads and writes English, and who would no doubt be delighted to receive, say two or three years hence—for it will

take at least that time—a letter written in his own language by two English ladies. With this little glimpse of romance looming in the distance I must close my letter and beg to remain with best wishes for perseverance and success, &c., &c."

The "Chips from a German Workshop" is perhaps the work of Max Müller's that has been most widely known. It consists of essays on the science of religion, and on mythology, traditions, and customs, and is in four volumes, the first being especially devoted to the science of religion, the second to mythology and legends, the third to literature, and the fourth to the science of language. The last volume contains, moreover, Max Müller's remarkable lay-sermon, entitled, "A Lecture on Missions," delivered in the nave of Westminster Abbey, on December 3, 1873, and also the sermon on "The End and the Means of Christian Missions," preached earlier on the same day by Max Müller's friend, and in this matter *decus et tutamen*, Dean Stanley.

The work that may fairly be styled Professor Max Müller's *magnum opus* is his edition of the "Rig-Veda-Sanhitâ," "The Sacred Hymns of the Brahmans," with the compiled native "Commentary of Sayanacharya." It was to this publication that Bunsen referred when he said to Max Müller, "Now you have got a work for life—a large block that will take years to plane and polish." And it is manifest whence came the suggestion of the very happily chosen title of the work previously mentioned, when we quote the further words of Bunsen, "But mind, let us have from time to time some chips from your workshop." These chips, before they were collected into their four bulky baskets, had mostly been published in the form of lectures and articles in the reviews and magazines.

Thirty years were spent in collecting and publishing the great text of the Veda, which was printed in six quarto volumes. The question may very naturally present itself, what have the Hindus themselves to say to the publication of their most ancient sacred literature? Very noteworthy testimony is given upon this point by the late Dr. Martin Haug, himself an accomplished Sanskrit and Zend scholar, who records how at an assembly of seven hundred learned Brahmans, at Poonah, in 1862, the year in which the fourth volume was published, it was declared that the text was better and more complete than their own manuscripts, which they proceeded to correct by it. A singular instance of contrast between the perseverance and laboriousness of the western, and the *laisser-aller* of the eastern world.

The translation of the Veda, we regret to say, is proceeding at a slower rate, only one volume having yet appeared, the "Hymns to the Maruts or Storm Gods," which was published in England in 1869. A treatise from the Veda, on phonetics, one volume quarto, has also been published with Sanskrit text and German translation. If the pressure of Professor

Max Müller's work in other directions should only allow a volume of this work every ten years, a hope expressed by the learned professor himself must inevitably be falsified. "Fifty years hence," he expresses himself, "I hope that my translation may be antiquated and forgotten." According to Max Müller's own account, there remain large portions of the Veda which, notwithstanding the great advance of knowledge and the busy labours of students, as yet can be made to yield no intelligible sense. If so brief a period as fifty years is to make antiquated and almost valueless work which is attended with such extreme difficulties now, there would seem little cause for wonder if Professor Max Müller should show some reluctance to give himself wholly to such a work.

He is probably right in keeping his energies turned toward those portions of Vedic and Sanskrit literature which at present can be made intelligible, leaving to the students of the future the remainder of the task, at which he has done his full share of service in the unravelling of difficulties towards the solution of which each year with its added gains from the ingenuity of each younger co-operator in the work is bringing its aid; time is on the side of new workers. The kind of translation at which Professor Max Müller aimed was, it should be borne in mind, not a mere scrambled rendering into a modern language, but such a version, with critical notes, as the editor of a Greek play or the decipherer of an inscription would be expected to give. For such a decipherment Professor Max Müller submits the expression *traduction raisonée.*

Among other works published by Professor Max Müller may be named "The German Classics from the Fourth to the Nineteenth Century," a considerable work, containing extracts arranged in chronological sequence, together with biographical notices of many of the writers, and translations from their works and notes interesting to the student and general reader alike. Of his "Lectures on the Science of Language," the first series appeared in 1861, the second in 1864. Besides passing through many editions in England, this work met with a warm reception from the learned world at large. It has been reprinted in the United States, and translated into French, Italian, German, Swedish, Hungarian, and Russian. "A History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature, so far as it illustrates the Primitive Religion of the Brahmans," is believed to have gained its author his place in the French Institute. The first edition was published in 1859. The Rede Lecture, "On the Stratification of Language," delivered before the University of Cambridge in May, 1868, was published in a separate form during the same year.

As the conception of a science of the earth, or geology, was reserved for the eighteenth century, so, says Max Müller, the conception of a

science of language, of Glottology, was reserved for the nineteenth century.

To the student of the science of language, Professor Max Müller holds that languages which may be called jargons, such as are spoken by Mongol hordes and Polynesian savages, are equally, and even more useful than concentrated and perfected languages like Sanskrit and Greek, Latin and Hebrew.

The comparisons made between Sanskrit and Greek are most interesting; the veriest schoolboy must feel that Sanskrit is not altogether a stranger when he conjugates the Sanskrit optative "syâm, syâs, syât, syâma, syâta, syus," or the future of the word "to be"—"syâmi, syasi, syati, syâmas, syâtha, syanti."

The hundred thousand words of English, and indeed furthermore, the many hundred thousand words in all the dictionaries of other Aryan languages, have been reduced to about five hundred roots. What an interesting lexicon might be made of these noble old paternal words, which unconsciously to ourselves form the strength of the speech we daily utter! In time, perhaps, we shall drop off some of our slang corruptions, and be taught in the schools to employ such words by preference as show a clear pedigree up to an Aryan fountain head.

Max Müller's letters in the *Times*, in defence of Germany, during the Danish and Franco-German wars, should not be forgotten; some of them have since been published with others by Mommsen, Strauss, and Carlyle.

Though Max Müller has carefully abstained from any political partisanship, his sympathies are naturally with the Liberal party of Oxford. He would have the vast resources of the University employed for high uses rather than in the support of sinecures. The following is from the Inaugural Lecture delivered immediately after his assumption of the Professorial chair, which he now occupies: "'*Noblesse oblige*' is an old saying that is sometimes addressed to those who have inherited an illustrious name, and who are proud of their ancestors. But what are the ancestors of the oldest and proudest of families compared with the ancestors of this University! '*Noblesse oblige*' applies to Oxford at the present moment more than ever, when knowledge, for its own sake, and a chivalrous devotion to studies which command no price in the fair of the world, and lead to no places of emolument in Church or State, are looked down upon and ridiculed by almost everybody.

"There is no career in England at the present time for scholars and students. No father could honestly advise his son, whatever talent he might display, to devote himself exclusively to classical, historical, or physical studies. The few men who still keep up the fair name of England by independent research and new discoveries in the fields of political and natural history, do not always come from our Universities;

and, unless they possess independent means, they cannot devote more than their leisure hours, left by their official duties in Church or State, to the prosecution of their favourite studies. This ought not to be; nor need it be so. . . . If only twenty men in Oxford and Cambridge had the will, everything is ready for a reform—that is, for a restoration of the ancient glory of Oxford. The funds which are scattered away in so-called prize-fellowships would enable the Universities to-morrow to invite the best talent of England back to its legitimate home. . . . Why should not a Fellowship be made into a career for life, beginning with little, but rising like the incomes of the other professions? Why should the grotesque condition of celibacy be imposed on a Fellowship, instead of the really salutary condition of no work no pay? Why should not some special literary and scientific work be assigned to each Fellow, whether resident in Oxford or sent abroad on scientific missions? Why, instead of having fifty young men scattered about in England, should we not have ten of the best workers in every branch of human knowledge resident at Oxford, whether as teachers, or as guides, or as examples?"

The reason that meets these pertinent queries is the shameful one that Oxford is of the world, and that in the world's ways the ideally best must hide its shamefaced beauty before the power of position, the scorn of vested interests, the laziness of the luxurious, the intrigues of self-seekers, the worshippers of material *prestige*.

Professor Müller's works are especially wholesome in that they show a real religious feeling in their author, a modest and not an arrogant faith. In his lecture on Missions, to which we have already referred, he said: "There is one kind of faith that revels in words, there is another that can hardly find utterance; the former is like riches that come to us by inheritance, the latter is like the daily bread which each of us has to win in the sweat of his brow. We cannot expect the former from new converts; we ought not to expect it or to exact it, for fear it might lead to hypocrisy or superstition. The mere believing of miracles, the mere repeating of formulas, requires no efforts in converts brought up to believe in the Purânas of the Brahmans or the Buddhist *G*âtakas. They find it much easier to accept a legend than to love God, to repeat a creed than to forgive their enemies. In this respect they are exactly like ourselves. Let missionaries remember that the Christian faith at home is no longer what it was, and that it is impossible to have one creed to preach abroad, another to preach at home. Much that was formerly considered as essential is now neglected; much that was formerly neglected is now considered essential. I think of the laity more than the clergy, but what would the clergy be without the laity? There are many of our best men, men of the greatest power and influence in literature, science, art, politics, ay, even in the Church itself, who are no longer Christians in the old sense of the word. Some imagine they have ceased

to be Christians altogether, because they feel that they cannot believe as much as others profess to believe. We cannot afford to lose these men, nor shall we lose them if we learn to be satisfied with what satisfies Christ and the Apostles, with what satisfies many a hard-working missionary. If Christianity is to retain its hold on Europe and America, if it is to conquer in the Holy War of the future, it must throw off its heavy armour, the helmet of brass and the coat of mail, and face the world like David, with his staff, his stone, and his sling. We want less of creeds, but more of trust; less of ceremony, but more of work; less of solemnity, but more of genial honesty; less of doctrine, but more of love. There is a faith, as small as a grain of mustard-seed, but that grain alone can move mountains, and more than that, it can move hearts. Whatever the world may say of us, of us of little faith, let us remember that there was one who accepted the offering of the poor widow. She threw in but two mites, but that was all she had, even all her living."

Max Müller is not a believer in the general origin of language being found in the rude imitation of sounds. There are a few names in every language formed in this way, but the theory will account for but very few of the most ordinary roots. The same question arises with regard to religion.

The question of the origin of religious conceptions is very exhaustively discussed in Professor Max Müller's latest and considerable contribution to literature and philology, the Hibbert Lectures, delivered in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey during the spring months of the present year. These discourses manifest the ripe scholar drawing his conclusions, and are deeply interesting and suggestive. The subject of the seven lectures was "The Origin and Growth of Religion, as illustrated by the Religions of India," and amongst the audience were eminent men of widely differing schools of thought. Max Müller's question, "Whence comes that something else which neither sense nor reason can supply?" is one that has not been fairly met by the sensualistic, or agnostic, or negative schools of the day. Religion is an aspiration, fetichism is a corruption; this is an assertion for the truth of which we have at least the support of instinct.

We append a list of the works of Professor Max Müller, which may be convenient for reference. The publication of these, it will be observed, extends over the space of more than a third of a century. A good working life this in length, to say nothing of the very large amount of work done in the time; but nevertheless, we may reasonably believe, as well as hope, that Max Müller has yet much more to do for us.

1. Hitopadesa, eine alte indische Fabelsammung, aus dem Sanskrit zum ersten Mal in das Deutsche übersetzt. Leipzig (Brockhaus), 1844.

2. MEGHADÛTA, oder der Wolkenbote, eine altindische elegie, dem Kalidâsa nachgedichtet und mit Anmerkungen begleitet. Königsberg (Samter), 1847.

3. ON THE RELATION OF THE BENGALI TO THE ARIAN AND ABORIGINAL LANGUAGES OF INDIA. (Three Linguistic Dissertations, read at the meeting of the British Association in Oxford, by Chevalier Bunsen, Charles Meyer, and Max Müller.) London, 1847. (Out of print.)

4. THE LANGUAGES OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN THE EAST, with a Survey of the Three Families of Languages, Semitic, Arian, and Turanian. Second edition. London, 1855. (Out of print.)

5. PROPOSALS FOR A MISSIONARY ALPHABET, submitted to the Alphabetical Conference held at the residence of Chevalier Bunsen, Jan., 1854. London.

6. LETTER ON THE TURANIAN LANGUAGES to Chevalier Bunsen, 1853. (In Bunsen's "Christianity and Mankind," vol. iii., pp. 263-521. London.

7. RIG-VEDA-SANHITA, the Sacred Hymns of the Brahmans, together with the Commentary of Sayanacharya, vol. i., 1849, pp. 1022, 4to.; vol. ii., 1854, pp. 1068; vol. iii., 1856, pp. 1044; vol. iv., 1862, pp. 1058; vol. v., 1872, pp. 1074; vol. vi., 1874, pp. 1246.

8. THE GERMAN CLASSICS, from the Fourth to the Nineteenth Century: containing extracts arranged chronologically, with Biographical Notices, Translations, and Notes. London: 1858. (Out of print.)

9. A HISTORY OF ANCIENT SANSKRIT LITERATURE, so far as illustrates the primitive religion of the Brahmas. 2nd edition, 1860. (Out of print.)

10. LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE. 2 vols., 9th edition. London: 1877.

11. ON THE STRATIFICATION OF LANGUAGE. Rede Lecture, delivered at Cambridge. London: 1868. (Translated by M. Havet into French in 1869.)

12. CHIPS FROM A GERMAN WORKSHOP, 4 vols. London: 1868-75.

13. HANDBOOKS FOR THE STUDY OF SANSKRIT. Edited by Max Müller, M.A.

The First Book of the Hitopadesa: containing the Sanskrit Text, with Interlinear Transliteration, Grammatical Analysis, and English Translation.

The Sanskrit Text of the First Book.

The Second, Third, and Fourth Books of the Hitopadesa: containing the Sanskrit Text, with Interlinear Translation.

The Sanskrit Text of the Second, Third, and Fourth Books.

Sanskrit—English Dictionary, in Devanâgarî and Roman Letters throughout. By Professor Th. Benfey.

A Sanskrit Grammar for Beginners, in Devanâgarî and Roman Letters throughout. Second Edition, Revised and Accentuated, 1870.

14. RIG-VEDA-PRÂTISÂKHYA, Das älteste Lehrbuch der Vedischen Phonetik. Sanskrit Text mit Übersetzung and Anmerkungen. Leipzig: 1869.

15. RIG-VEDA-SANHITA, The Sacred Hymns of the Brahmans. Translated and Explained. Vol. i., Hymns to the Maruts, or the Storm Gods. London: 1869.

16. THE HYMNS OF THE RIG-VEDA IN THE SAMHITA TEXT. Reprinted from the Editio Princeps. London: 1873.

17. THE HYMNS OF THE RIG-VEDA IN THE PADA TEXT. Reprinted from the Editio Princeps. London: 1873.

(A Second Edition of these two, on parallel pages, appeared in 1877.)

18. LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION, with Two Essays on False Analogies and the Philosophy of Mythology. London: 1873.

19. On Missions. A Lecture Delivered in Westminster Abbey. Dec. 3, 1873, with an Introductory Sermon by A. P. Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. London: 1873.

20. Letters on the War between Germany and France. By Mommsen, Strauss, Max Müller, and Carlyle. London: 1871.

21. Schiller's Briefwechsel mit dem Herzog Friedrich Christian von Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg. Berlin: 1875.

22. Die Resultate der Sprachwissenschaft. Strasburg: 3rd edit. 1875.

23. Lectures on Mr. Darwin's Philosophy of Language. In Fraser's Magazine, 1873.

24. Buddhaghosha's Parables, with an Introduction containing Buddha's Dhammapada. Translated from Pali by Max Müller. 1870. (Out of print.)

25. The Origin and Growth of Religion, as illustrated by the Religions of India. (In the Press.)

EPIGRAM.—A DILEMMA.

"'Tis weary living here on earth below;
To life eternal, oh! what joy to go!
Here must one lag beneath a sinful load,
In bliss safe-housed we shall forget its road.
Here, rugged tearful steps we tedious gain;
There we are healed of every trace of pain.
With triumph, glory, pleasure, stand we crowned,
In sweet oblivion lessons stern are drowned;
Heaven's stars we shine, who on earth's darksome wold
Were weakling lambs forgotten from the fold."

Good friend, I would not seek to spoil your hymn,
Or dreams divine that soften worlds so grim;
But if, at radiance dimmed, faint tendrils failed
In this world's nursery-ground whence heaven is veiled,
How shall they bear Light's central flash? You blinked your
Eyes at my question harsh! From out the cincture
That holds the child as yet untaught to walk
Dare you emerge, on heights unknown to stalk?
Earth must be mastered first! Sap of life's root,
You quail to quaff it softened and dilute;
Seek you to drain the fiery mother tincture?

AN EASY HOLIDAY.

In describing a holiday tour just at the time when the equinoctial gales are frightening home the last pleasure-seekers, we have to face the doubt whether what we do will be able to interest others. Either they have had their tour and are full of memories of their own, or they have missed a holiday altogether and are overworked and spiteful. The latter we would fain propitiate by telling them that the Indian summer may yet afford a fine opportunity for some such little run as ours, wherein we wish them good speed.

There are two of us, physically not very strong, and not good sailors. We began our holiday in a state of considerable exhaustion from intellectual overwork, combined with the weariness arising from the heavy stormy days of August, with their troubled skies and the electrical depression that was not kindly to the nerves. The question we put to ourselves, which will only interest busy people, was this—Which is the greater rest, to vegetate in some tranquil village among the hills or by the sea, or to oust by a rapid succession of new impressions the old series that was fagging the mind? We chose the latter, and have not regretted our choice. The best of friends may quarrel when there is no distraction from vacancy but such yawns as fresh air produces when the body is allowed to realise quietly that it is tired.

Distance from home is an essential of holiday. It might be thought that, given proper conditions of air and scenery, the nearest farmhouse to our own residence might become a sufficient arbour of recreation. It is not so, however; our immediate surroundings seem to become as tired of us as we are of them, and it is necessary to cut the links absolutely which bind us to our everyday life.

To get on to the water is the best way of cutting these links. There is such an evident impossibility of immediate return, such a manifest frustration for the time being of letters, telegrams, and messages, that the old horizon which seemed so impervious is broken up at once. Instead of passing from London through the ordinary gateways of the Continent with the English mails, we chose therefore the more plebeian route from the Irongate and St. Katherine's Wharf, near the Tower, to Boulogne. Incidentally, it may be named that this is a very cheap journey, a dozen shillings being the fare. Passengers who have to make arrangements for a continuation of their journey beyond Boulogne should be warned of the mistake (we are almost tempted to say deliberate untruth) of the time-tables, that eight hours is the time of passage; ten is nearer the mark, under the most favourable circumstances.

There is no need to recount the marvels of the Thames, the evidences of the wealth of the port of London. And it is too absurd to relate how a tug named "Orion," passing close to a boat bearing a too conspicuous cargo of "horn,'

reminded us of a friend of ours, an old poet, one of whose finest lines is inscribed upon the sundial on Brighton pier. Nor perhaps is it wise to wander off into a disquisition upon the vicissitudes in the lives of bargees; how, when two barges are floating down with the tide and a steamer passes them, the water rushes up between the two, and comes down upon their decks like small cataracts. This is not so bad as for a barge to be gently pushed out of its course by a steamboat, and as it slides astern for the big boat's discharge pipes to play down freely upon it.

Our position was made unique in a way, by reason of a semi-French old spinster informing the public confidently that she had never been before in the regions where we were, and never would be there again. We had several quasi-historical characters on board; there was an undoubted Miss Wardle from "Pickwick," a type whose curls are growing rare; while the most conspicuous passenger was a mighty Falstaff in modern dress. He wore a broad-brimmed beaver, and huge coats pervaded by huger pockets, which contained a large assortment of newspapers and pamphlets, and untold supplies of drink and food. His husky throat was making deep, hoarse music all the way. He was not Phelps, but we suspected him of leader-writing for the most gushing of the dailies. After exhausting his pockets, within and without, of their bottles of sundry liquors, he was forced to content himself with a large bottle of the steward's sherry. With this he had three wineglasses set, to which he invited many; but, after thus disposing of about half a glass, he battled through the remainder by himself most manfully. He had the politics of the world at the tip of his tongue, and might have passed for wise if his inflated utterances had not made him so conspicuous. For a time he had two young women for an audience, but, as is always the case with Falstaff, he ended by being despised and deserted. He afterwards enchained a somewhat plebeian youth, for whose benefit he poured out political leaders, which might have been worth guineas in their proper place, but evidently fell upon ears unable to appreciate them, however spell-bound by the guttural music of that fat red throat and the vinous sparkle of the style. He seemed to go through alternate processes of becoming stupid through his potations and of recovery through the fresh stimulus of the air.

At an early hour of our journey we passed a sobering sight. Near the Powder Magazine, by Woolwich, lay, drawn up on the shore, the fore part of a beautiful boat that once carried barbaric royalty. Another great fragment of wreck as we passed was being towed towards the shore, where a crowd was anxiously waiting. Saturday, the 7th of September, was the first lovely day of early autumn, and the bright river shining in the sun showed no guilty face as if engulfing in the depths over which we passed hundreds of human corpses. Of these we saw no trace; there was not a shred of anything unusual afloat. We did, indeed, see several unclothed bodies, but they were those of live beings. A pack of boys were bathing most unconcernedly within not very many yards of the spot where no doubt lay the greater number of the army of the dead.

We are compelled soon to forget disasters at the present day, for new ones jostle the old out of our attention. We thought of no dangers of the sea in the calm evening as we neared Boulogne.

The sun slowly sank below a very substantial cloud with an irregular edge that lay low upon the horizon. Through the clear dry air the vanishing rays shone upwards upon the upper edge of that western cloud, until at last, when the sun had gone below, the sharp and jagged edge was marked out by a slender brilliant line of gold—as it were, a flash of lightning flying in horizontal forkings that had been arrested in transit. The peculiar form of this solidified flash gave it nearly the air and vitality of motion. A few moments and it died away, and nothing was to be seen but the gaunt cape of the Grey Nose, at which a Capt. Webb swimming the Channel might be glad to land. We, however ready to do the same, had to steam on and leave it behind us in the darkness, until we came to the bustle and jabber of our landing place. The Customs inspection was to be in half an hour, we were told, so we went off to select our hotel, and on our return within the time specified found the whole process over, the *vérificateur* gone home, and our heavy baggage impounded until the morning. Fortunately we had taken the precaution of stowing simple necessaries in a handbag, so that our injuries were slight, being comprised in the payment of a small fee to a pseudo-official on the spot, which payment had to be repeated to the authorised recipients in the morning.

Boulogne was in excitement, preparing for its *fête*. This public rejoicing was not over anything actually accomplished, but over an intention to accomplish. The deep-sea harbour was authorised by law. It may take twenty years to complete, but that will afford an opportunity for another *fête*. There is surely no harm in rejoicing at a bold inception. The official ground for the *fête* was the laying of the first stone of a monument commemorative of the legal authorisation. This perhaps was a trifle absurd, for the harbour itself might be taken to be its own best monument.

We remained in Boulogne for the *fête*, finding plenty of amusement in watching the preparations, and in being jolted about in the *voitures baignoires* every morning. Two francs for a carriage in two compartments, twenty-five centimes for a *costume*, and fifteen for a *maillot*, with a sous or two for the driver, who enjoys cracking his long whip, and does not understand reckoning in centimes; this is the cost at the municipal establishment of the baths. There might with advantage be a few more long planks laid over the deep soft sand on the way. The Boulogne hotels are amusing, though horribly infested by Cockneydom. There the great British tradesman turns to champagne with a sort of awesome joy, and his wife learns the first exultation of riches. We were fortunate in finding some Muscat Lunel in the wine-list, which had apparently been neglected, for it had been in the house long enough to have developed from its original sickly sweetness into an excellent vigour. It was three francs a bottle, and we tried in vain to match it at a higher price at a merchant's afterwards. The dinner generally was fair; we had occasion to criticise once when there came *epigrammes* as an *entrée*, with no note upon what the epigram was founded—a fact which it did not even reveal in its tail.

Our hotel was so placed on the side of a hill that the bedrooms on the second floor opened at the back upon the beginning of a garden which stretched far away upwards. It was pleasant to walk

out and see the lights increase over the town, and the various illuminations shine out. Our greatest fun was in watching the praiseworthy efforts of the people of our own hotel. It had a fine courtyard, surrounded with shrubs and flowers in pots. During the day we had remarked a large collection of tin pattypans filled with solidified grease and holding a thick cotton wick, pattypans which one of us wickedly suggested were alternately used for making tarts. When the evening came Monsieur would take it into his own head to find places for these little lamps. He first lighted them, which heated the metal, then endeavoured to fix them right way up in each green bush and in each flower-pot. We appealed to Madame to show how here a fuchsia, and there a geranium, was having the life scorched out of it, while in another place the pattypan was fixed awry, and the grease was running down a valuable evergreen; but it was *fête* time, and all she could do was to hold her sides and laugh at her good man's enthusiasm.

The streets blazed with bright-coloured flags. To take our station among the crowd where four ways met and look up each avenue filled with gay pennons fluttering in the wind, even made us strangers feel the fête-day hilarity. As the evening came, Chinese lanterns blossomed over the houses, made festoons across the streets, hung from every doorway. Transparencies stretched across windows, bearing a device, four letters to a pane, that might have been difficult to decipher had we not the clue: PORT—AEAU—PROF—ONDE. There were fireworks playing from cunning chemists' shops, catherine-wheels, and roman candles, and Bengal fire; but the most effective demonstration was a procession of a band of young men with burning Chinese lanterns. Each bore a slender pole with a horizontal cross affixed, to each arm of which was fastened one of these orbs of soft warm-coloured light. In ranks and in double-quick time, with eager faces, and with much swift badinage, these raced up and down the streets, a crowd preceding and following. Without thinking of a pun, the priestly Galli at their revels came to the mind, but fortunately this was a lighter kind of revelry than that of the maddening mysteries of Cybele. But, alas! it was just as feverish and short-lived, for a shower came on; and the last we saw of what had been so bright a galaxy was a draggle-tailed irregular procession of weary men, half of whose lamps had fallen, and of what were left half had gone out.

A French *fête* gathers a crowd in which one can mix with vastly less discomfort than in that which is brought forth by an English holiday. The gaiety of the French is lighter and more spontaneous, and requires less to be evoked by potations. The natural politeness of the race, which, however artificial it may be, is an excellent thing and a true step towards a real consideration, is a very appreciable quality in the crowd, in which there is next to nothing of that rude rough jostling by hulking vagabonds such as we find ourselves confronted by in a London mob.

So soon as we left Boulogne we had done with Anglicisms. We started by rail for solid-looking, old-fashioned Abbeville, where we saw no Cockneys or any familiar face. We left by rail in the evening; and, as we passed on by French Neufchatel, heavy white mists were resting in the low-lying fields like thick gauzes, which, in the moonlight, became resplendent sheets of silver. Where we passed a lonely part—and these fields

were many—the scene realised indeed, the dream of "faery seas forlorn." At Abbeville station the omnibuses of the hotels were waiting; and, after a rattle over the stones, we soon found ourselves in a comfortable, old-fashioned inn, looking out from our room and balcony upon a court that in the bright moonlight seemed more appropriate to a Romeo and Juliet than to ourselves. A great mountain ash shone with plentiful red berries. The horses were being walked into their stables, and soon the house was asleep. We had come by the last train. Had we not waited for the *fête* at Boulogne we might have seen more of Abbeville or other places. As it was, we found in the morning that a vehicle of some kind went to Tréport on the coast once a day at eleven o'clock; so, dispensing with further breakfast than the *café-au-lait*, we made for this conveyance, which was to start from a neighbouring hotel. Our pecuniary relations with Abbeville were consequently not extensive. The account of "La Tête de Bœuf" will show the manner of them: Omnibus one franc, coffee and milk, which was about a gill of strong coffee to a pint and a half of milk, as usual, with rolls and delicate butter, three francs; bed-room, four; service, one; and candles, half a franc. The boy who carried our baggage in a truck, when a franc was given to him, looked as if he had even such coins but seldom for his own; he must have been junior "boots."

In company with a very stout priest who regaled himself alternately with prayer-book and with peach from some rich convent garden, and some chattering peasant women, with the functionary who carried the mails, on the box, we jogged on towards Tréport in a rusty sort of omnibus. One of the women had two great flat loaves with her, which served the stout priest for something to lean on, while another bore his broad-brim upon her knee. It is worthy of remark, considering how clean and delicate the French generally are with their cookery, even in the humbler inns, how very reckless they are with their loaves, which are to be seen everywhere tumbled about at random in any dirty corner, it being thought sufficient to wipe them with an apron, or not at all, before they are used. "Nos-très-chers-frères" are nearly as plentiful as loaves, their black petticoats being seen flying about every railway station and in every town. From Abbeville our journey was, we took it, something over twenty miles, with one change of horses. The road for the greater part of the way, which led up and down some steep hills, was flanked by regular rows of trees and looked like an interminable avenue. Great fields of what we believed to be hemp were lying in shocks or being reaped by the side of the way. Apples grew abundantly overhanging the road. If any hungry wayfarer had plucked of them, it could not have been noticed. Why should not apple trees be planted in that way along every country road in England? We passed shrines at intervals and one or two great ghastly crucifixes. A more modern life was manifested in the placards posted up on the occasional houses urging "Messieurs les électeurs" to vote, with "pas d'abstentions."

As we were booked for Tréport, when the omnibus stopped in a busy little village, and we were told to descend, we supposed we were in Tréport, but rather marvelled at its being a fashionable watering place, and wondered on which side the sea lay. A host of waiters from hotels and restaurants buzzed

about us, and we were finally entrapped by a most energetic individual from the "Cygne." At that little hostelry, strange to say, the landlord or manager could speak English, of which accomplishment he seemed somewhat proud. On our expressing our puzzlement about the place, he promptly informed us that we were not at Le Tréport. Where then? we inquired. He replied in one word, smiling as he said it, and endeavouring to pronounce in English fashion, which did not improve the word. We were at Eu, a little place two or three miles inland from Le Tréport, whence the omnibus did not pass, renewing its route for Dieppe, before several hours. The enterprising waiter we suspected had an idea of somehow prolonging our lunch into dinner. It was about three o'clock, but we would none of him, and, after admiring his napkins, elegantly twisted into the form of a swan in honour of the sign of the hotel, and the wonderful restlessness of this being, wasted on two insignificant travellers, which enabled him to clean all the windows and dust all the chairs of the dining-room in about a minute and a half, whilst we were there, we made a further effort towards approaching Le Tréport by engaging what we supposed to be an open carriage. To our surprise, we had no sooner taken our seats in this vehicle than the inhabitants of Eu seemed to be at once inspired with a wish to follow our example. First, a large man came and placidly deposited himself on the opposite seat; a second after, a thin man with a large basket on his knees and a large pipe in his mouth, took his place beside the other. The driver then began to fill the seat beside himself with great bags of mysterious merchandise; but a servant girl made him take some of them off again to make room for herself and her bundles. We now began to understand that we were in a public conveyance, and contented ourselves with retaining our places and paying an absurdly small sum for the journey to Tréport. So we drove along a pretty road, and entered the watering-place in a "shandyrand" filled to the brim with Eu-ites, and pulled by one horse, which was continually urged by a vociferous blue-bloused driver.

But at Tréport we soon found consolation for all our fatigues. We found our way, by good fortune, to a pleasant hotel right upon the sea, newly built, and furnished in the sensible modern style. We had rooms that would have charmed Shelley, who once, if we remember rightly, insisted upon taking some lodgings for the sole reason that the walls were papered with roses. The wall papers here were bright with flowers; and the bed hangings and curtains were made of a chintz of the same pattern as the paper, which produced a charming effect. The floors were uncarpeted save by a single small thick mat, and were stained and polished, which in an hotel is a thing to be thankful for indeed. The rooms contained the least amount of furniture possible, and that very simple; but it was new, bright, and sufficient, and had been made to fit the rooms. Indeed, so fresh was everything that when we discovered that all the chambermaids were men in this hotel, we began to wonder whether in England, when women encroach upon the lucrative labours of the other sex, men had not best reply by taking what have been considered the special occupations of women out of their hands and doing them better.

At Tréport we first came upon

the mode of bathing of the fashionable French watering-places. We undressed in canvas huts far back from the sea; and then, in remarkable bathing costumes, walked down a narrow plank over the pebbles, The visitors not at the moment bathing formed a thick wall on each side of this plank, to stare at the extensively revealed manly proportions of the gentlemen bathers and the dresses of the lady bathers. An elegantly made Minerva costume, with helmet, is effective in the water; but it should surely be worn by a good swimmer. It is a little funny to see an elaborate sea costume made by a lady who, when invested in it, can only make up her mind to splash feebly on the brink.

But the average French mind is too enthusiastic in its worship to be over-critical. With equal facility is the dedication made—in pencil on a bathing hut—of "mon cœur à Domino rose," and—in carving on a rosary—of "Nôtre Dame de Lourdes, je vous consacre mon cœur."

There is as little of Tréport as there well can be; it appears to be a small fishing village adjoining, but just divided from, a new quarter containing a few hotels and terraces of tiny villas for visitors. There are also the bathing tents and a casino. When you climb the cliff under which it is nestled, and have reached the great crucifix, which from its summit is seen both inland and over the sea, the village looks like a collection of toy houses put neatly in a succession of rows. There are just one or two narrow streets of the people, where the women clatter their eternal wooden shoes, and where the wandering Savoyard and his obedient bear may be seen; and there are one or two charming bits of archway and old steps, with the inevitable artist in the foreground with his camp-stool and colour-box.

But Tréport is, in fact, admirably calculated for the true seaside existence, in which café-au-lait, bathing, breakfast, a walk, flirtation, dinner, and a cigar on the beach, fill the day completely. We took a languid amusement one evening in watching what was called a children's ball at the casino, at which figured a good many large infants in the shape of timid young ladies and bashful officers. There is a very pretty billiard-room attached to the casino, with large and handsome china plates hung upon its dark green walls, where some of these elder young gentlemen lingered until the last moment.

But notwithstanding these excitements, one day at Tréport is much the same as the last: the tired mind finds rest, but not the distraction on which we were bent; so when the first yawn of boredom manifested itself, we took wing for Rouen.

We had to spend an hour half way at a solitary little station in the middle of orchards and gardens. In our railway journeys hitherto we had covetously contemplated the trees overburdened with rosy apples; and when we found ourselves with idle hands—Satan, of course, at our elbow—and an orchard gate ajar, what could be expected but that we should get into mischief? We only took windfalls at first—and soon afterwards left the orchard. We had found neither mantraps nor an aggrieved farmer, but we were properly punished for our sin by not finding a single palatable apple in our store. The French apples are mostly chippy and uninteresting; like the French women, they go in for appearances. They are rosy enough to drive schoolboys to distraction, and their chief use seems to be to make a poor, pale, vapid cider.

What a city is Rouen! It is so definite, so unspoiled yet in its old idiosyncrasy, that it made a deeper impression on us than any other place we visited, though we spent but one evening, a long day, and two nights there. We arrived in the late afternoon, and our first introduction to it was the sight of a sweep of curving valley, flooded by the setting sun with that light which transfigures even a commonplace and prosaic scene; falling upon Rouen it created a vision to be dreamed of at silent moments with closed eyes, but no more to be described by ink than a picture of Turner's later days.

Alas! the train went on, and the picture was hidden. The sun had sunk still lower when we got out at Rouen station, where we left our "bagages" and wandered out, with a delicious sense of freedom and newness, into the city whose beauties were to us unknown. We walked along a broad road made into an avenue by noble trees; the picture was completed by a studious priest, who, book in hand, sauntered in the shade. It is a well-worn proverb that "extremes meet," but, nevertheless, it was a little startling when our eyes fell upon a monster in the distance—a modern dragon desecrating with the breath from its ugly nostrils this picture of a bygone life. But we could not stay to venture nearer to this gasping monster, which was the traction engine of the "Tramways de Rouen," for the light was growing dim, and we were in search of an hotel—and dinner.

We very soon found ourselves in a labyrinth of narrow streets where the gabled houses leaned towards one another; where the drainage ran in rivulets across the way, broad enough to require some activity to clear them dry shod; where soldiers sat all over the pavement and never thought of moving for anybody; where children with pitchers gathered round queer old fountains (some of them beautiful) from which water spurted endlessly on to the pathway; where the soles of the shoes seemed to be made here of clattering wood and there of soundless hemp; where in the stoney *carrefours* we were stared at as if we were something strange; where everything was half beautiful, half ugly, and altogether picturesque. It was worth while visiting Rouen if but to see this thronging life of its lower classes; but, when it began to grow darker and yet darker, and our limbs grew somewhat wearier, we said one to the other, "Can Rouen be hotel-less?" We had got out of the tracks of civilisation, and into a quarter where, save an occasional "chambre à louer" of an uninviting appearance, nothing of the nature of an hostelry, however humble, had greeted our longing eyes. We would not look in guide-books, we would not take a carriage, we did not even ask the way; we said to ourselves, "We have decided to see Rouen in our own fashion, and we must take the consequences. We can take a carriage if we don't find an hotel soon." Take a carriage! We looked round, and our position reminded us of the man who went for a country walk and when it began to rain asked somebody to call a hansom. It was plain that, wherever carriages were to be found in Rouen, it was not in this locality. So we wandered on through the strange old streets, until at last we came to a mighty and magnificent edifice which we took for the cathedral. We afterwards found it to be the Church of St. Ouen. Passing along it, we found a wide space: trees, under which was a stand of carriages, and some large cafés; but even here there were no hotels.

We did not know that we were but a little way from the Rue Jeanne d'Arc, where we should soon have found what we sought; so we were very glad when we stumbled upon a quaint sort of inn in a small street, where they gave us a room which seemed a very haven of rest, though the stable was beneath us, where a horse was rather restless, and the other parts of the building seen from the window seemed like angular pigeon-houses ingeniously balanced one upon another.

The next day was wholly absorbed in wandering about Rouen—into one great church and then another, into whose quiet grey recesses streamed rich soft lights from painted windows, and where the oriels seemed like masses of jewels. Through quaint streets again we wandered and down by the riverside, and thence up to the public gardens, with their rockeries and greenish pool, and well-grown trees, by which we lunched on grapes and ripe figs from the market near by. At the end of that long bright day we felt as if we had known the city for years, so many sides had we seen of its life. We obtained a general idea of it by making a more intimate acquaintance with the monster before named—a convenient and tractable monster, who did not frighten the horses even when it had grown dark, who stopped when desired, and required no whipping to move on again.

Our Rouen landlord was decidedly primitive in his ways. We had given him an English sovereign for some small expenses, saying to his daughter at the time that it was twenty-five francs. When we came to settle our account at leaving, the coin was entered as twenty francs, and it took some time, by instituting comparisons as to weight and size between a sovereign and a twenty-franc piece which we produced, to make our good hosts appreciate that there was any difference between the two; and then it was discovered that the old man had paid away our sovereign in the market as twenty francs. Eventually we were credited with the correct amount, and can but hope that Mother Amboise, of the market, has ere this been found with the English gold upon her. After all our landlord was not to be blamed so much as a photograph seller in the Norman capital, who gives a prominent place in his window to a photograph of the late Earl of Derby labelled "Lord Russell."

How change of place alters one's habits! The man who at home likes the world well-aired before he ventures out, when he finds himself at some outlandish place will rise at four in the morning in order to commence a day's journey under a decent veil of white mist. We decide to go down the Seine from Rouen to the sea; so we finish our inspection of that city by walking through it at the first creeping of dawn upon night. The streets, in their silence and emptiness, look more than ever like an old world. As we pass one of the larger houses a couple emerge and walk down the road, the gentleman smoking. Are they, too, for the boat? we wonder. No, they are but going home from an evening party.

Rouen is not quite all old France; the most characteristic, so far as we could judge, of the older buildings are tottering, and must soon vanish. Several are deserted, others half covered by hoardings. A bit of ordinary Parisian street is gliding in and displacing old Rouen. There is already a Rouen that is gone, and what is left is passing away little by little.

In our shadowy walk we soon came upon distinct traces of life. Here is the market-place, and we cannot resist a second's pause to

look at the busy preparations already going forward. We cannot help thinking of Covent Garden with its thundering waggons which spoil the rest of those who sleep within hearing. Here in Rouen, where fruit well worthy of Covent Garden is displayed, the concourse consists of a number of quiet old women who carry a basket on each arm and sit on the pavements arranging their show. Rouen is great in pumpkins; the fields just outside the city show yellow monsters enough to set up a thousand Cinderellas.

We cannot stay to watch the quaint figures of the market-place just visible in the half light; we hurry on, wishing for breakfast, to the river, where we find the boat, shrouded in white mist, with a few sleepy passengers walking on the deck in the chill. We collect our heavy baggage, sent down to the packet office over-night, and for a considerable time our greatest excitement is the hot coffee which the stewardess makes; for it is quite impossible to see anything. But by and by the mist lifts, the sun penetrates through it, and we see before us that river scene which is held in comparison with that of the Rhine. We see also that we have on board a typical countryman—a substantial Englishman, of majestic carriage, clothed in a sturdy Ulster, and bearing an open Murray in his hand and a field-glass over his shoulder. Murray was his companion and his friend; he seemed to need no other, but occupied himself with diligent observance of all that the guide-book ordained. Guide-booked or not, Rouen had vanished from us, and we felt like losing an old friend, as some seem like old friends when known only a day.

Rouen a disparu. Les *vapeurs littorales*
Se tordent à ses tours en *brumeuses spirales*,
Et si l'on peut encore l'entrevoir, à travers
Les îles, balançant leurs bouquets d'arbres verts,
Ce n'est plus que derrière un *transparent de gaze*
Qui semble le couvrir du *sommet* à la *base*.
Mais déjà Canteleu, SAINT-CLOUD DES CITADINS,
Nous *jette* les parfums de ses nombreux jardins.
Dieppedalle et Croisset montrent au bord des ondes,
Dans les rochers béants leurs caves si profondes;
Déville un peu plus bas amène de Cailly
Son limpide ruisseau qui, tout enorgueilli
D'avoir fertilisé cette admirable plaine,
S'en vient dormir après dans le lit de la Seine.

The mist still hangs upon the water, but the air grows clearer above, save that the white shroud is still upon the crests of the hills, and enables them to pass for mountains. At Bouille we see indented nooks in the hills, warm with ferns and shrubs and verdure, and no doubt very pleasant for the picnic parties that frequent this *charmant séjour*. The sleepy valleys come with their greenery close to the water's edge; here and there dark caverns run into the rock ranges that alternate with the valleys. A little further and we come upon cottages excavated in the flank of the hill, apparently by making the windows first and then cutting out the rooms, the chimneys being put on afterwards to complete the whole. We see a garden, too, cut in terraces on the hill side, so as to have three south walls for fruit. At long intervals we see a chateau of cunningly chosen site; at Yville-sur-Seine there is one at some distance from the river, with a grand avenue of trees slanting towards it until it touches a fine curve at a tangent. Now and again our steamer stops a moment to take up a passenger from a small boat, or to allow a boat to be fastened alongside,

when a swift transfer goes on of a score or two of hampers of fruit for some place further down the river, and, this business over, the boat is loosened and falls astern.

Jumiéges is a peninsula of ancient renown, almost the whole of it being once rich abbey land, whereon twelve centuries ago one religious establishment was founded on the ruins of another. The Normans destroyed the abbey in 840, and it was several times burned and rebuilt, lasting to the year 1790. Among the visitors to its eighty successive Abbés are reported to have been our Edward the Confessor and Harold.

At Caudebec-en-Caux is a church with a curious spire, upon which three garlands of fleurs-de-lys of different sizes appear to have been naturally dropped, and so encircle it at regular intervals, making it like the triple crown.

Villequier, with its wooded views, is a place for painters, but it is complained that it is too far from Paris for artists, who flock to inferior beauties on the Marne and elsewhere. The river here has an unenviable notoriety for storms and peculiar tides. Some five-and-thirty years ago a daughter of Victor Hugo's was drowned here with the other persons of her party in the boat. The bore, caused by the jump of the tide over a sand bar at the mouth of the firth, used to make itself felt here with terrible intensity, but its force has now been somewhat lessened by dams and other works lower down the river. We had the honour of meeting the phenomenon, which made our boat quiver and rock. From bank to bank like a straight wall advanced up the river wave after wave, at short intervals, five or six in all. We were at the time from thirty to forty miles from the sea. Had we been nearer no doubt these strange waves would have met us with still greater volume and force.

After some woods like small editions of Cliefden, the river opened out, its banks became low alluvial plains, the great resort of sportsmen, and the life of the sea begins. We met fishing boats with their nets lying across them, and larger vessels also, for, since the river works, foreign ships can penetrate to Rouen with the aid of a pilot.

Lillebonne we soon pass, which affords an instance of the survival and modification of ancient names, it being the Juliobona of the Romans. Lillebonne has another distinction, namely, that in a castle there, at an assembly of barons, bishops, and abbés, the attempt on England was decided upon, which we know as the Norman Conquest.

The estuary widens further, and soon we are at Honfleur, whence half an hour's steam from bank to bank brings us to Havre-de-Grace. The voyage down the winding river from Rouen had taken about seven hours.

Havre, as we saw it during a brief search for the post-office and the baths on Sunday morning, was a place of small charm. The crowd in the streets reminded one of a fancy ball, so numerous and mixed were the nationalities, so extraordinary some of the personages. Women, overdressed in a style which would astonish Regent-street, accompanied by little dogs ornamented with coloured bows, are jostled by Lascar sailors and strange uncouth beings whose nation or occupation it were hard to guess. In the midst of it all there walk a number of persons whom, from their dress and the smug faces they wear, one may judge to be the shopkeeping class taking its Sunday out; and yet many of the more garish and useless shops are open.

The frequent bird shops form a suitable background to the passing

crowd, with their gaudy-coloured parrots and strange, vivid-hued little birds, some so tiny that their small life is fascinating to contemplate. But Havre is only a crowded town—a great port where the individuality of the place itself seems almost destroyed by the clashing of many different forms of life. To a sensitive nature there is a certain jar and jangle in too indiscriminate a mixture of many kinds of men.

We gave ourselves little time to reform our opinion of the town; we were off early next morning. We had hoped to take the boat to Trouville, and thence to Caen, but the weather was too bad for the steamer to go at all. Determined not to stay at Havre, where we felt sure we should yawn ere the day was out, we discovered that we could get a boat to Honfleur, and thence go on by rail to Caen. We soon embarked on this steamer, and were much amused to see some of our travelling acquaintance reappear on this little vessel, which seemed prepared to take everyone to Honfleur who could not get a boat for anywhere else. At the very last moment the stately Englishman with the Murray marched on board, a trifle more flurried than usual, and soon took up a commanding position on the bridge, his dearly-loved book open in his hand, and his keen gaze intent on missing no point of interest recorded in the volume. Some Englishmen who stood among the little crowd to see us off remarked encouragingly that the "white horses were out and no mistake;" and, indeed, to look out from the harbour to the open sea was something rather alarming. Once outside the harbour we found ourselves riding waves so large that the rising upon them was something exhilarating. The sea was marvellous to look on; the dark, angry, wind-blown water, raised by the rushing tide and a storm not quite over, being illumined from between the wild clouds by that strange and vivid sunshine which makes a stormy day so startling. It was living fast, as one of us said, to ride such a sea as this; the succession of sensations each moment was so rapid and so opposite in character. To rise triumphantly upon a great wave fills one with a sense of power; the sight from the summit of the wave is a thing to awaken every artistic faculty that lies within us. But, descending into that great hollow which lies between us and the next rearing monster of the deep—then is one reduced only to a sense of the body, and a fancy that one is being whirled into nothingness dominates over all emotions of the mind.

From Honfleur a long and tedious railway journey took us to Granville, where we arrived in that sleepy and dismal condition when people are an easy prey to the first hotel porter who presents himself. This was the first day which we considered could scarcely be called one of easy holiday, yet it was luxurious compared with the life of those continental travellers who sit for twenty-four hours in a railway carriage, bolt upright, because there is the full number of passengers in the compartment, owing to the necessity for economy caused by the tax on carriages.

At Caen we broke the journey, and wandered to where two avenues meet at right angles, while near by are washerwomen of all ages in a shed over the river, performing their process with the river for a tub, a huge piece of soap with which they rub the linen, and a wooden spatula with which they beat it. We saw them afterwards at Granville following a similar plan, as indeed they may be seen

at Paris, but at Granville they seemed to have especially bare legs.

Normandy swarms with priests, and one nearly succeeded in making us miss a train. In exchange for a five-pound note twenty-five five-franc pieces had been sent from a *bureau*. These formed a heavy load, and the majority of them were treated as luggage. A ticket came to more than was expected; and, after the delay caused by finding up some more coins, one of "nos très chers frères" was in possession of the ticket window. He was slowly producing important-looking documents relative to himself and his *confrères*, which had to be inspected and countersigned at the office whilst other passengers were waiting for ordinary tickets. These documents were first a command to Brother So-and-So to remove himself from one locality to another; and, secondly, a prayer to the railway official to favour the good brother with *half a place* in the train. This is at worst, however, better than being a tailor.

On these journeys there was much to see. Normandy is a rich province, and there were noble stretches of lowlands to admire, where the cattle looked sleek and large and comfortable, and there was little to tell that we were on the south side of the Channel. We saw on that journey gleaning, ploughing, raking, and mowing; fields that we were told were of chicory in deep red harvest, and others with the herb in sheaves. We were sorry to have missed our journey by boat from the glimpses we obtained of the river, as, winding between thick fringes of young forest trees, it crossed our road. It is here, however, above Caen, at which place the steamer stops. There must have been a considerable amount of nursery planting of late years, perhaps owing to the effect of the scornful expression of M. Thiers, that there was more good timber in the London parks than in the whole of France.

Saint Remy might be chosen by anyone seeking a charming village among hills, where the people have a really pastoral air. We saw somewhere near here—or was it at Morgny?—a shepherd of the old-fashioned kind known to children's books, a patriarchal man with a blue cloak reaching to his feet, a large flock and several obedient colley dogs.

Granville at first sight is a very unintelligible place. The baths at Granville one sees advertised at railway stations; but on arriving at the place itself there seems a remarkable absence of any such luxuries. Inspect the coast how you will, you can see nothing so civilised. But, after wearying yourself in useless investigation, if you inquire of the unwashed-looking inhabitants they will direct you to go inland, as it seems, to a casino. You will then find yourself suddenly in a little hidden bay, clean, bright and pretty, where there is a casino and a colony of bathing huts. But the situation of this place ever remained a mystery to us. We failed to mount one of the high cliffs, whence perhaps we might have been better able to understand the perplexing geography of the place. This little nook, being the only clean place in the town, was the haunt of its aristocracy; that is to say, the few well-dressed visitors compelled to pass a day or two in Granville, appeared to find it more endurable to use the reading-room of the casino than to remain in the dirty and uncomfortable hotels. At the hotel where we were located (which is said to

be the best in the town) the bare floor of the great dining-room was so flagrantly unwashed as to take away one's appetite; and the managers had discovered an eminently economical mode of furnishing dessert. Fine dishes of peaches adorned the table; but we observed to our surprise, when they were handed round, that every person shook his head without even looking at the offered fruit. When they came to us, we warily felt them—hard, as hard as stones. They must have been windfalls in a storm. Dessert on this system is an inexpensive item in a dinner, as the same peaches might well serve for several months, and it is but little use to complain; the hotel contained more people than it could properly serve, or cared to serve; people must sleep somewhere on their way to Jersey. Surely few people can look back on Granville with regret as they steam away from it. We did not, although we had a rough sea to cross, and had the sort of voyage in which pretty women disappear early in the day, and come on deck again at the last moment looking several years older. The delights of such a passage were added to by drenching rain, and the arrivals at Jersey certainly presented a ludicrously pitiable appearance.

The Channel Islands to our fancy pleasantly complete our wanderings and bring us home by a new road. But there is such a special character in both Jersey and Guernsey that justice can perhaps scarcely be done to this part of old Normandy at the end of a holiday, nor yet at the end of an article. But to us they are old favourites, and though we had left ourselves a very brief time to spend there, it was pleasant to scent the Guernsey sea breeze, which, as some think, is fresher and sweeter and more filled with health-giving power than any other.

At the hotel at Guernsey we found we had been preceded a short time before by one of the earliest of English sensational novelists and her husband. The latter had endeavoured to obtain consideration from the hotel proprietor by representing that his wife's visit would be a feather in said proprietor's cap, since she was in England what Victor Hugo was in France. Why cannot people who blow their own trumpets bring out a true note?

At Jersey we noticed a very beautiful pink and white lily, which made us think of the soubriquet of the pretty daughter of the Dean. It is found in great profusion in Guernsey also, but is neither the Jersey lily nor the Guernsey, but the Belladonna. Only one gentleman in Jersey, it appears, had discovered that the lady in question possessed beauty before she became a reigning belle; and now the lily after which she is named cannot be identified.

Guernsey we quitted the morning after a storm, in which one boat had gone down, and another had been brought disabled into harbour by the rescue tug. After passing the dreaded Casquets, the water was quieter, and the day gradually improved. The air was so clear that, before we had lost sight of La Hogue, we could see the white headlands of Dorset. To the Needles we passed so near as to see them with unusual advantage, and the chalk stained with greens, purples, and oranges might have inspired Turner.

We are in Southampton Water in very good time, but there is the bother of the Customs, and the special train seems to be unable for an hour to make up its mind to

start, and then eternally to stand still on the way for the amusement of the officials. But near midnight it dawdles into Waterloo. Ugly as is the station, it wears a homelike face; and, there being only a cab drive more, hath a presage and promise about it of supper and bed at hand, which are never more welcome than after sixteen days of the easiest holiday, ending in a fifteen hours' journey.

THE VISITORS' BOOK AT THE INN.

Only a shower;—swift-darting thunder, rain;
Linger awhile; the blue will come again:
Meantime, with idle fingers turn this page
Of ink-stained relics that such hours engage.
Here is a stream, along whose narrow bank
Lies the dead refuse, dry and stale and dank,
While, like the brook that stranded litter shames,
Runs the clear record of mere modest names.
This book's a glass which shows the varied face
Of wisdom, folly, gaiety, or grimace.
Here, the pure laugh has rippled o'er the page;
There, the rank jest betrays too cunning age.
Here, the keen flash has lighted up the leaf;
There, heavy wit has dragged its ponderous sheaf.
Here, kind good nature notices good cheer;
There, clumsy folly shows its vacant leer.
See ponderous Pride here grand approval mark,
While snug Contentment soothes the cynic's bark.
Look how the boor has left his blotted trail;
But the deft scholar's arrows pierce the veil,
And teach the graceless witling or dull fool,
His thoughts to chasten, or his manners school.
But "such is life,"—itself a curious glass
O'er which the varied visions flit and pass;
Or roadside inn at which one stays a day,
Then vanishes;—and so goes on the Play!
Ah see! Heaven smiles, the fretful storm is past.
Shut the poor book; light shines o'er all at last.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

SPIRIT OF THE UNIVERSITIES.

[Trinity College, Cambridge,]

Sept. 23, 1878.

The University, so far as its *personnel* is concerned, is scattered in September to the four winds. Towards the close of the month, indeed, there appear the faces of the handful of candidates for the Trinity Fellowship—faces which in general betray less than might have been expected the severe and anxious study required in preparation for the examination. To read upon the college notice board the list of dissertation subjects is almost enough to induce a headache. A melancholy event has lately added one to the number of fellowships vacant this autumn, and has cast a shadow over Trinity. A very brilliant scholar, at a time of life when the mind is perhaps in its fullest vigour, and a man's power of enjoyment of living at its keenest, was suddenly snatched away by death a few weeks since, whilst bathing in Lake Como.

Before leaving Cambridge at the end of August (for I, like other people, am away just now), I was gratified to find that our honoured Vice-Master was making satisfactory progress towards recovery from the effects of a paralytic stroke, which gave all his friends considerable concern some months ago. His presence is much missed in Hall, where he is one of the most genial of presidents and most courteous of hosts.

The number of guests, by the way, who are entertained in the course of the year at the high table is generally urged as a reason against making one of the most needed of minor reforms in the College institutions. Why, it has again and again been asked of late, should our fellows deem it necessary to dine nightly at the rate of about seven shillings per head? Guests are as likely to run away with tales of our extravagance and waste of educational endowments, as to be pleased with their good dinner; and the present state of things is not dignified, but rather very undignified.

A reform of much more importance, and one relating to the whole University and to the town, is the radical alteration of what has been called our "great and glorious credit system." Tradesmen have to wait many months for payment of their bills, and unlucky "coaches" are in the same predicament. The latter are perhaps the more to be pitied, for they have to live at great expense, and are unable to raise their fees above a certain conventional sum per term; whereas the tradesmen can, and most certainly do, avenge themselves upon the academical public by putting an enormous profit on their wares. The College tutors, after receiving money from their pupils for payment of the various bills and fees, allow it to lie at interest at their bankers' for half a year or longer. Their conduct in this matter has the sanction of long-standing custom, but is none the less vicious in principle; and one wonders that so very few of them, placed as they are in a position not only very lucrative but also of great responsibility so far as influence and example are concerned, adopt a more considerate and better course.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY,

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY—the largest and most important educational institution in the United States—was founded in 1636 upon a grant of money by the General Court of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. In 1638 a munificent donation was made to it by the Rev. John Harvard, of Charlestown, a graduate of Cambridge, England, and in gratitude the young college was named after him.

It is situated in the small town of Cambridge which adjoins the city of Boston, in the eastern part of the State of Massachusetts. Street cars—tramways—pass every five minutes between Boston and Cambridge, and the distance of three miles and a half is accomplished regularly in thirty minutes. The proximity of the University to a large and rich city is attended by results both good and bad. The students have many opportunities for literary and musical culture, but at the same time the numerous theatres—one of which is the largest in America—and other more questionable places of amusement, offer temptations which make sad raids upon the time of some of the richer students.

The composition of our American Universities is so different from that of the English ones that it may be interesting to enter into some detail. The University buildings are all—with a few exceptions to be afterwards named—within a circumscribed area commonly called the "college grounds." In them are the dormitories, the students' rooms, recitation halls, professional school buildings, library, chapels and gymnasium. These buildings are mostly the gifts of friends of Harvard, often alumni, and, having been erected between 1700 and the present time, show different styles of architecture and different materials of construction. New ones are being added almost every year, so that the University is gradually spreading itself beyond the original grounds. Most of the land in Cambridge is its property.

A student's suite of rooms consists generally of a bedroom and study, or, if intended for two students, two bedrooms and a larger study. The following is a list of the dormitories with the number of suites they respectively contain, with the costs of some of them: Matthew's Hall, Gothic (120,000 dollars), sixty suites; Thayer Hall (115,000 dollars), sixty-eight suites; Holworthy Hall (about 10,000 dollars), twenty-four double suites; Weld Hall, Elizabethan, fifty-four suites; Gray's Hall, fifty-two suites; Stoughton Hall (24,000 dollars), thirty-two rooms; Hollis Hall, thirty-two rooms. All these buildings stand within the college quadrangle, familiarly called "the yard." There are also two large dormitories outside the quadrangle, and besides these, several built as investments by private individuals, who rival one another in their attempts to make the rooms attractive to the students. In Beck Hall and Felton Block—the two most elegant of these—the suites consist of a large study, one or two bedrooms, clothes closet, bath room, &c., heated by steam, fitted up luxuriously, and connected with the janitor of the building by electric bell and speaking tube. These are the homes of the very wealthy students, of whom we have a great number.

Gore Hall, a fine Gothic building of white granite, was built in 1841, and enlarged in 1877 at a total cost of 160,000 dollars. It is the repository of the college library, and contains over 170,000 volumes, the third largest collection of books in America. The Boston Public Library stands first; then the Library of Congress at Washington; then our own library. It has just come under the management of Mr. Justice Winsor, for many years the celebrated librarian of the Boston Public Library.

University Hall is a large white marble building, containing examination and recitation rooms, and the offices of the president and dean. Appleton Chapel is the college chapel where prayers are held in the mornings, and services by the Divinity Professors on Sunday. We have rather a small gymnasium, but a very large and complete one is to be finished before Christmas.

But by far the largest and handsomest college building in America is the Memorial Hall, built by subscriptions from the alumni in memory of the sons of Harvard who fell in the war for the defence of the Union. It is a large and imposing building, of brick and buff sandstone, 310 by 115 feet, with the longer axis running east and west. It contains a large hall, where the students take their meals, capable of accommodating more than a thousand persons at the tables. It is magnificently decorated inside, and contains the portraits and busts belonging to the University. At the west end is a handsome memorial window, 25 by 30 feet.

At the other end of Memorial Hall is Sanders Theatre, a building of classical form, accommodating 1500 persons, in which are held all the public exercises, orations, &c., of the college. Between the dining hall and Sanders Theatre is the vestibule, which is really the memorial part of the building. The pavement is of marble, and the vaulting, fifty-eight feet above, is of brown ash. The sides, to a height of eighteen feet, are covered with a black walnut screen, in which are inlaid large white marble tablets, each of which bears in the centre the name, class, and profession of the student, and the name and date of the battle in which he fell. Memorial Hall is easily recognised from a long distance by its tower, 200 feet high and about 35 feet square.

Besides the above buildings there are two large museums, the Divinity School, the Medical School, the Law School, the Scientific School, the Observatory, and the Botanical Garden.

The above is a brief, and of course incomplete, description of the exterior of Harvard. I will now endeavour to explain its interior regulations and arrangements.

In the Harvard Catalogue there is the following official statement of the composition of the University: "Harvard University comprehends the following departments: Harvard College, the Divinity School, the Law School, the Medical School, the Dental School, the Lawrence Scientific School, the Bussey (Agricultural) Institution, the Observatory, the Botanic Garden and Herbarium, the Museum of Comparative Zöology, and the Library. The Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology is a constituent part of the University, but its relations to it are affected by certain peculiar provisions."

It will be seen from the above list that Harvard College is entirely distinct from Harvard University, that it is merely one of its parts. The College gives the degree of B.A., or rather A.B., as it is always

written thus in the States. The various professional schools give degrees of Bachelor or Doctor in their respective studies.

The College or Academic Course is of four years, and aims at giving the student a thorough general education, with, during the last two years, a leaning towards the profession which he is to adopt. Thus a college student preparing for a medical career would choose such studies as Chemistry and Botany. One studying for the ministry, on the other hand, might take Hebrew. This choosing of studies brings one to the elective system, which is the great glory of Harvard. In his first year a student is termed a Freshman; in his second, a Sophomore; in his third, a Junior; in his fourth, a Senior. To explain the elective system of studies I will quote a few sentences from the Harvard Catalogue. "The course of study to be pursued by a candidate for the Bachelor's degree is made up in part of studies which are prescribed, and pursued by all students alike, and in part of studies selected by the student himself from the various courses of instruction given by the College. The prescribed studies occupy the whole of the Freshman year and about one-third of the Sophomore and Junior years. In the Senior year only certain written exercises are prescribed." "In addition to the prescribed studies each Sophomore is required to pursue courses, chosen by himself from the elective studies, amounting to *ten* exercises a week for the year; each Junior, courses amounting to *twelve* exercises a week; and each Senior, courses amounting to *twelve* exercises a week." "In choosing his electives the student must satisfy his instructors that he is qualified by his previous training to pursue those which he selects. With this limitation all the courses given in the College are open to him in making his choice; but he is strongly recommended to make his choice with great care, under the best advice, and in such a manner that his elective courses from first to last may form a rationally connected whole."

The foregoing quotations will explain to you our elective system. The idea is that there are certain studies which all must know, such as Greek, Latin, rhetoric, French or German, philosophy, &c., and, these being successfully studied, the student is supposed to know his own business best, and to be man enough to select from a hundred elective courses of study, including Fine Arts (3), Music (4), Romance, Philology, Italian (3), Spanish (3), Sanskrit (2), and other advanced studies, besides many courses in each of such studies, as Greek (11), Latin (11), English (4), French (4), German (4), Mathematics (10), Philosophy (6), History (9), Physics (6), Chemistry (7), and Natural History (10), those which will be of most service to him in his future life. The figures in brackets give the number of courses in each subject.

The academic student is examined semi-annually and annually, and the successful termination of his four years' course of study entitles him to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The University confers the following degrees: Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Divinity, Bachelor of Laws, Bachelor of Science, Civil Engineer, Doctor of Dental Medicine, Doctor of Medicine, Doctor of Philosophy, Doctor of Science, Master of Arts, and Mining Engineer.

Before entering one of the professional schools, the student is supposed to have the degree of A.B. or an equivalent training; if he has not the degree he is examined as to his fitness to pursue the studies in the school. A successful course of two or three years, as the case may

be, in a professional school, the examinations being passed and the dissertations all approved, entitles to the degree given by that school.

The degree of M.A. implies two degrees. For instance, an A.B. and B.D. may try for his M.A. after one year's extra study at the University.

The degrees of D.D. and LL.D. are honorary.

In 1876-77 the whole number of Instructors at Harvard was 124; of students, 1370.

We have students both very rich and very poor; it is the Harvard boast that no good scholar is ever obliged to leave college for lack of means. For the indigent students there are many funds to support them through college, and a man is not sociably disparaged because he is poor. Many a fellow has come from the plough or the workshop and taken the highest honours Harvard had to give. And we are proud of it! I have no doubt this will call forth a sneer from some of the aristocrats of the English Universities; but we have many aristocrats at Harvard, and still we do not forget that we are all men, and therefore we prefer the hearty goodwill of real manhood to any pharisaism. Of course I do not mean to imply that a rich and cultivated young fellow would probably choose for his companion a poverty-stricken and rustic lad; but, if the latter be only a gentleman by instinct and a diligent scholar, the former will not make any assumption of inherent superiority.

At present we are much exercised over the question of Greek and Latin entrance examinations. Up to the present time portions of Greek and Latin authors have been assigned for examination, but in the future a fairly proficient general knowledge of the two languages will be required, and the candidate will not know in what author he is to be examined till he sees the question-paper before him. This is a long step in the direction of anti-cram.

A condensation of our entrance examination paper—the matriculation examination—may be surprising to some of your readers: Latin Grammar, composition and translation at sight; large portions of Cæsar, Sallust, Ovid, Cicero, and Virgil; Greek Grammar and Composition; large portions of the Anabasis and the Iliad, and a portion of Herodotus; Arithmetic, Algebra, Plain Geometry, Ancient History and Geography, Modern and Physical Geography, English Composition, French or German, Physical Science. Not a selection from these subjects, but all of them must be taken up to enter college. There is also a second list of subjects, containing less of classics and more of mathematics. The matriculation examination may be passed in halves, one half being reserved until the year following the first.

The cost of living at Harvard varies with the purse of the individual. I suppose the minimum would be about 300 dollars, and the maximum 3000 dollars.

The lectures and recitations take place chiefly before 3 p.m., so that in the afternoon the students are left free. The afternoon is generally spent in base ball, although cricket, lawn tennis, and other games have a few devotees. Riding is in vogue with those who can afford it.

Prayers are at 7.45 each morning, so that between 9.0—the hour of the first lecture—and 3.0 p.m. much work may be done.

A large bell calls to prayers and lectures. Many are the attempts that have been made to prevent the awful regularity of its tolling. It has been nailed up in the belfry, filled with plaster of Paris, its tongue

has been stolen; but old Jones, who has rung it for forty years, has very seldom been outwitted.

There are numerous societies among the students, although really secret societies have ceased at Harvard. The Base-ball Association, the Boat Club, the Porcelain Club, the Hasty Pudding Club, the H. H., the Φ. B. K., the Signet, the Glee Club, the Pierian Sodality, and the Institute of 1770 are some of these. Some of them are very wealthy, and have buildings of their own; the others have suites of rooms. They are either social, literary, or both. The Pierian is the college musical society.

The following well-known men are Professors at Harvard: Frederick Henry Hedge, D.D., Rev. A. P. Peabody, D.D., O. W. Holmes, M.D., Benjamin Pierce, LL.D., the mathematician, E. A. Sophocles, James Russell Lowell, F. J. Child, the English scholar, and C. C. Everett and Francis Bowen, well known in philosophical circles.

A few of the celebrated graduates of Harvard are Chas. Sumner, Edward Everett, Chas. Ticknor, O. W. Holmes, Edward E. Hale, W. H. Prescott, Ralph Waldo Emerson, H. D. Thoreau, Theodore Parker.

Most of the statistics in this letter are drawn from the catalogue of 1867-77, as, away in the long vacation, I did not have this year's catalogue with me.

I must close here this already too long letter, and perhaps at some future time will write you about the student life and habits, which are much more amusing subjects, and perhaps at the same time more truly characteristic of the spirit of our Alma Mater.

University of Virginia.

An amusing paragraph, purporting to be the reply of Mr. Thomas Carlyle to the announcement of Harvard University that it had conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., went a good many months ago the round of the American newspaper press. The spirit of this pseudo-reply was one of extreme indignation at the audacity exhibited by the unknown institution somewhere down in Arkansas in presuming to bring up the rearguard of the hobbling files of degree men with the writer's name. The imitation of the distinguished gentleman's peculiar style was extremely clever; and it was not for a long time that the public perceived it to be a hoax. That the knowledge of educated Englishmen anent American institutions of learning is so limited as to leave it a matter of doubt with them whether Harvard is down in Arkansas or not, is of course preposterous; but concerning many of these seats of learning whose names are famous even in Europe, the average Englishman perhaps knows little beyond name and station. For example, how many scores of Cambridge or Oxford men, comparatively well versed in American history and American politics, are aware of the flourishing existence of a university in the United States which had its origin in that fertile brain whence emanated the famous Declaration of Independence, and which to-day is carried on in the spirit and the letter of Mr. Jefferson's original plan for a great university? When the ex-president obtained from the Virginia Legislature in the early part of this century a

charter for the establishment of the University of Virginia, William and Mary, the aristocratic old English college of colonial antecedents situated at Williamsburg, was in the heyday of its prosperity and usefulness. But William and Mary was a curriculum college, and Jefferson's ideas on the subject of education were as radical as were his views in politics. The mind which doubted the utility of a law of entail under a democratic form of government likewise entertained doubts as to the advantages of the curriculum in the instruction of the higher sciences; and so it happened that the State university, organised under his auspices, became a university in the true sense of the word more nearly perhaps than any other institution claiming the name in the New World. Long ago Henry Ward Beecher pronounced an eulogium upon the school and the system, in saying that every other institution in America was fifty years behind the University of Virginia. That the compliment was a deserved one is evidenced by the fact that Harvard and Yale have recently in degree superseded the curriculum by the eclecticism of the University of Virginia; and that William and Mary, the second college in America in point of venerable old age, clinging religiously to her conservative theories and curriculum course, has lapsed into comparative poverty and impotence.

As in the foundation of the University, Jefferson looked to the old world for a system, so in its organisation and equipment, thither he resorted likewise for his professors; and from England in the main came the first corps of instructors. Of these nearly all are dead in the fifty years that have elapsed since that time. Of those who survive, Professor George Long, who filled the chair of Ancient Languages, and is now professor in the University of London, is doubtless the best known. His name is held in reverence and kindly thought in Virginia, not only for the sake of his sojourn among her people, but also for the distinguished tribute which he paid General Lee in the preface to his translation of the "Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius."

While the University in its religious tendencies is pledged to no one dogma or creed, with professors and students alike of widely differing denominations, yet its politics, naturally (if as a University it may be said to entertain politics), and this more especially since the Civil War, have been and are those of its distinguished founder. The autonomy of the States, and the diminution of the powers of the Central Government, are doctrines inhaled with the air of the place rather than inculcated in its schools.

With a ready sympathy for his misfortune at the hands of the electoral commission, no less than for the sake of his great reputation as a scholar and a speaker, the students in the University societies invited many months ago the Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, the late nominee of the democratic party for vice-president of the United States, to deliver the annual address before them at the close of last season.

These literary societies of the University are old and cherished institutions; and it is a worthy pride of the oldest of them, the Jefferson, that its roster contains the name of America's most gifted though wayward and eccentric poet, Edgar A. Poe. The minute-books of the society bear witness to the fact that Poe made his mark in college as a speaker, no less than as a graceful and easy prose essayist. As a poet, however, he achieved no reputation during his academical life.

As there is no curriculum, and as no honorary degrees are conferred under any circumstances, the examinations which fall at the end of the three-months' session are fraught with much significance, and are a period of much distress to the feelings of the ambitious undergraduate. No four-years' course of lectures, studied or neglected as the case may be, will suffice of itself to secure the coveted diploma. Nor can the aspiring student forget that never after the University gates are once closed behind him, can any subsequent success bring him the parchment scroll which proclaims him Master of Arts of the University of Virginia.

A topic of much interest for the annual meeting of the Society of Alumni is the consideration of methods to properly accommodate and provide for the great M'Cormick telescope, recently presented to the University by Leander J. M'Cormick, Esq., of Chicago, Illinois. This instrument is from the factory of Alvan Clarke, who is known as well in England as in America for his superior skill in work of the kind; and it is said to be of a larger size and more perfect workmanship than any other in this country, excelling even the gigantic instrument in the National Observatory at Washington.

News reached the University a short time ago that one of the twenty scholarships recently established in the School of Political Sciences in Paris for the benefit of foreigners had been awarded to the University of Virginia.

Apropos of Paris, Professor J. W. Mallet, of the School of Chemistry, was tendered by the President of the United States the position of a National Commissioner to the Exposition in the city on the Seine; but the honour was declined, as to it was superadded the necessity of a renunciation of allegiance to Her Majesty the Queen, which Dr. Mallet was unwilling to consent to.

Mr. James C. Southall, whose "Recent Origin of Man" has attracted the attention and elicited the praise of some of the most distinguished English scientists, delivers the address on the occasion of opening the new Lewis Brooks Museum of Natural Science in connection with the Schools of Zoology and of Mineralogy and Geology.

Professor Venable, of the School of Mathematics, by a recent invitation from the President of the United States, represents the South on the Board of Visitors to the National Military Academy at West Point, New York.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Practical Political Economy. By Professor Bonamy Price. C. Kegan Paul and Co. 1878.

We regard this as the most accurate and most interesting statement of approved doctrines in political economy that is to be had. It is, indeed, strange that economics, a science that pretends to great exactitude, should have among its students so many differing schools. No economist of note has ever fully indorsed the views of any single predecessor; and to this statement Professor Price is no exception. He is constantly questioning the results of others, and takes up towards his fellow-labourers the attitude Sir William Hamilton assumed towards philosophers in general. Still, the book is a sound and valuable addition to the literature of its subject, and is to be praised for nothing more than its bold iteration of the Free Trade note. It might be described as different from other treatises of its kind in being philosophical. It upholds a doctrine of common sense. The reader who wishes to find this out for himself should turn to Professor Price's first pages on "Capital," where is controverted the arbitrary distinction between labour productive and unproductive, according as its result is or is not material wealth. We cordially agree with all put forth in these paragraphs. The root of capital is to be found in mind alone. If not, any theory we fall back on is analogous to that of the physiocrats. Their argument was, that we can only trade upon what nature gives us, and that therefore only those contribute to wealth who, so to speak, take the gift from nature's hand—that is, produce raw material. The physiocrat thus grudged any tribute to work, for his aim was to trace all benefits to mother-earth. There is nothing we know of but matter and mind. Now, if matter or material exist apart from man or mind, it cannot be capital; for nothing is capital except in relation to man's wants. Even were there miles of corn growing in some western prairie, and some settler came upon it, it would not practically be capital until he bestowed his labour upon it, either in mowing it down, or in some other way exercising his power over it. Why, then, should there be distinction between one kind of labour bestowed on it and another? A wheelbarrow is called capital, because it saves labour; but is it not to Pascal's genius that humanity owes the saving of labour by this means? A clerk is in a certain office paid so much a year for calculating. His employer might conceivably gain his end by using a calculating machine, but is really using the clerk's calculating machine.

As we agree with Professor Price regarding capital, so we approve his criticism of the prevalent theory of rent. "The determination of rent does not belong to the landlord, but to the tenant."

Altogether, we hope for this book a wide and careful reading.

The Future Australian Race. By Marcus Clarke. Melbourne. 1877.

We presume that this is the Marcus Clarke who is the author of a very striking novel in three volumes, "His Natural Life." Here he presents us with a paper that fairly takes our breath away. In its twenty-two pages we have a physiognomic history of the British race from the earliest times, with comparative sketches from France and Germany; we have likewise a treatise on the physiological development of nations; and towards the end there is presented to us an examination of the average Australian's temples, eyes, nose, and teeth, with a prophecy of his future, drawn from this inspection. This is altogether the most startling piece of work we can remember to have met within the unassuming and unpromising covers of a pamphlet. Mr. Clarke is a man of great culture, and apparently holds well in command his stores of wide reading. Every sentence he writes is striking. There is much truth in all he says; but he is extravagant, and reduces the study of sociology to the study of digestion. One or two of his extreme utterances may prove amusing to the reader of these pages. After discussing the broad noses and coarse minds of Henry VIII. and his set, Mr. Clarke writes: "Elizabeth's fine and haughty face comes like a burst of sunshine among these gloomy intellects. Who is accountable for that aquiline nose, and that firm, sweetly moulded chin of Louis de Hervé's picture? Anne Boleyn perhaps alone could tell. Elizabeth's nose is a revelation in national physiognomy."

"It is an absolute fact that religion is, in all cases, a matter of diet and climate. The Greek, with pure air, light soil, and placid scenery, invented an exquisite anthropomorphism, in which he deified all his own attributes. The Egyptian, the Mexican, and the dweller by the Ganges invented a cruel and monstrous creed of torture and death. The influence of climate was so strong upon the ancient Jews that they were perpetually relapsing from Theism into the congenial cruelties of Moloch and Astarte. Remove them into another country, and history has no record of a people—save, perhaps, the modern Pagans of our universities—more devotedly attached to the purest form of intelligent adoration of the Almighty. The Christian faith, transported to the Lybian deserts, or the rocks of Spain, became burdened with horrors, and oppressed with saint worship. The ferocious African's Mumbo Jumbo, the West Indian's Debbel-debbel, are merely the products of climate and the result of a dietary scale. Cabanis says that religious emotion is secreted by the smaller intestines. Men think they are pious when they are only bilious. Men who habitually eat non-nitrogenous substances, and pay little attention to the state of their bowels, are always prone to gloomy piety. This is the reason why Scotch men and women are usually inclined to religion."

"There is plenty of oxygen in Australian air, and our Australasians will have capacious chests—also, *cæteris paribus*, large nostrils. The climate is unfavourable to the development of a strumous diathesis; therefore, we cannot expect men of genius unless we beget them by frequent intermarriage. Genius is to the physiologist but another form of scrofula, and to call a man a poet is to physiologically insult the mother who bore him. When Mr. Edmund Yates termed one of his acquaintances a 'scrofulous Scotch poet,' he intended to be per-

sonal—he was merely tautological. It may be accepted as an axiom that there has never existed a man of genius who was not strumous. Take the list from Julius Cæsar to Napoleon, or from Job to Keats, and point out one great mind that existed in a non-strumous body. The Australasians will be freed from the highest burden of intellectual development."

Notwithstanding that the Australian race is to escape from the evil effects of genius, its future is thus described:

"The conclusion of all this is, therefore, that in another hundred years the average Australasian will be a tall, coarse, strong-jawed, greedy, pushing, talented man, excelling in swimming and horsemanship. His religion will be a form of Presbyterianism; his national policy a democracy tempered by the rate of exchange. His wife will be a thin, narrow woman, very fond of dress and idleness, caring little for her children, but without sufficient brain power to sin with zest. In five hundred years — unless recruited from foreign nations—the breed will be wholly extinct; but in that five hundred years it will have changed the face of nature, and swallowed up all our contemporary civilisation."

It will be seen that, at his worst, Mr. Clarke is very amusing. Taking account of the really clever bits of his pamphlet, together with his dismal prognostications regarding the future Australia, we should be inclined to hint that this melancholy author himself has in him a touch of that genius he teaches us to dread; and, at the risk of being personal, we also hint a fear that his own smile might betray decay, for he assures us that "bad teeth mean bad digestion and bad digestion means melancholy."

The Human Eye; its Optical Construction Popularly Explained. By Rev. E. Dudgeon, M.D. Hardwicke and Bogue. 1878.

In this little book there is explained all that any but a professional man need know about the eye. It is popular, without ceasing at any page to be accurate and scientific. Nothing of it is new, except the author's theory of vision under water, and his ingenious adaptation of air lenses to the sight of divers. These air lenses are such that, while they bring sub-aqueous objects into their proper size and position to anyone using them, they do not hinder ordinary vision above water. Perhaps Dr. Dudgeon exaggerates the importance of his discovery; yet he appears to have made good its truth against critics who formerly assailed it.

Uniform Local Time Table (Terrestrial Time). By Sandford Fleming, Engineer-in-Chief, Canadian Pacific Railway.

This pamphlet deals with an important and practical problem—the reduction of terrestrial time to one common standard. In Great Britain the differences in terrestrial time put us to little inconvenience, save when we pass from or to Ireland. The continental traveller experiences greater difficulty in the management of his watch. The railway passenger from Halifax to Toronto at the end of his journey finds his watch more than an hour fast. New York differs from San Francisco time by three hours and a half; that of England from that of China by eight hours. Mr. Fleming's plan for the reformation of chronometry is elaborately detailed in this treatise, and takes as its unit measure of time the mean solar day. This is divided into twenty-four parts, and each of

these into minutes and seconds. Each of the twenty-four divisions is to correspond with certain known meridians of longitude; and this arrangement being indexed on an ordinary chronometer, the hour hand shall point to each division as it becomes noon at the corresponding meridian. The hour hand shall revolve from east to west with the speed of the earth round its axis. It is proposed that these divisions be known by letters of the alphabet; and as each letter would indicate a true hour, or a twenty-fourth part of the mean time occupied by the diurnal revolution of the earth, the standard thus established might be readily adjusted to and compared with any local time. Thus all railway time tables might have their figures reduced to the common A B C standard; and one system would suffice for the globe. The theory is very ingenious, but not quite so simple as its author would have us believe, for it will work easily only on an absolute meridian. Still, any calculation it involves would be small compared to that demanded in the comparison of time tables published in different countries.

Verney Court: An Irish Novel. By M. Nethercott. 2 vols. London: Remington.

This is a novel that may be described as only a novel, and for its perusal is required a condition of more or less mental *ennui*. The story is somewhat improbable, or, we might rather say, is constructed on an old-fashioned model, with an orthodox villain, a weak tool, a servant whose conscience is his master's, a distressed heroine, a gallant gentleman, an oppressed family, &c., &c. A characteristic of the novel which it is possible to praise is its occasional manifestation of the peculiar quality of Irish romantic *feeling*—a sort of mingling of a sense of desolation with the flicker of a fiery purpose, which is not unpoetic in its way.

THE

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1878.

AN APPEAL FROM THE JUDGMENT OF MALTHUS.

By Eric S. Robertson.

> The destinee, ministre general,
> That executeth in the world over al
> The purveiance that God hath sen beforne,—
> So strong it is, that though the world had sworne
> The contrary of a thing by ya or nay,
> Yet somtime it shall fallen. . . . .
> For certainly our appetites here,
> Be it of werre, or pees, or hate, or love,
> All is this ruled by the eight above.
>
> Chaucer's "Knight's Tale."

La nature donne des passions et des désirs conformes à l'état présent. Ce ne sont que les craintes que nous nous donnons nous-mêmes, et non pas la nature, qui nous troublent.—"Pensées de Pascal," ix. 19.

Pessimism is the great fact of philosophical development to which future historians of our age will turn for its explanation. Long before it became fashionable so to think, many earnest minds, not long passed away, were sadly listening to the great world symphony, and finding that, however the melody may rise or fall, the sullen unvarying bass carries away the burthen. The history of pessimism has yet to be written—and by a future generation, for we are in the thick of it ourselves. It was only at the beginning of the present century that the wave of the Renaissance at last spent its force. It is drawing back: we hear the pebbles rattle in its clutch; we are perhaps about to ebb into a kind of mediævalism—a mediævalism of the schools, not of the church, of barren logics, not of religion—with neither the lavish architecture of worship nor the sad Christ to look to, but only a half-ambitious, half-despairing individualism for creed. There is none but shares this feeling. How with protest, yet with liking, we turn to the gloomy poetical philosophy that is the only original philosophy of our time, whether it be the harsh prophetic strain of Schopenhauer, or the sublime negations of Strauss, or the pathos of "Gravenhurst," or even the flippant criticism of the "New Republic!" To say that Strauss, or Smith, or Mallock (great with little!) is a pessimist would be far from true, no doubt; but they

would be little listened to except for their tendency to pessimism. There is a sense in which meditative souls "love darkness rather than the light." The moon, that is said to disorder the minds of men, makes the earth fairer with her silver than the sun with his gold. So the mysteriously potent evil gives us firm outlines and suggestive shadows possessed of almost irresistible fascination. But it is when we are tired of the day that we love the night. An era of intellectual illumination has closed for us; under the few stars left to us we ponder the work done.

It has just been said that about the beginning of the present century the Renaissance wave spent its force. It was a mighty wave, yet perhaps it had died away before then. Goethe, at any rate, combined in himself the whole philosophy of the Renaissance; Byron plucked from it the individualism it produced; Shelley etherealised it; Godwin added to it the ethics of government. For these, what have we now? The English poem is "In Memoriam;" the continental poet is Alfred de Musset; European philosophy is the cold system of Mill, the fierce despair of Schopenhauer, or the dregs of Hume's nonchalant scepticism—too nonchalant to take any name; and in economics the Malthusian theory—verily a "dismal science"—is either accepted as proved, or accepted as unrefuted, like Berkeley's theory of perception. It would have been strange if the result to economics had not been the same as that to literature and philosophy. A critical age is never a joyful age.

After the Revolution had compressed the lesson of human history into the deeds of a few months; after poets like Southey and Coleridge, and philosophers like Robert Owen and Fourier and St. Simon had seen their visions of earthly paradise dispelled; after Godwin's "Political Justice" had thrilled the world with an enthusiasm comparable for intensity and brief duration only to electricity;—after this, men were prepared to listen to what such a man as Malthus had to say to them, with some patience, and even encouragement. The perfectibility, either of the poetical state of nature or of the highest civilisation, was declared to be an idea utterly chimerical. We were said to be hastening, not to social harmony, and wealth, and ease, but to over-population, and starvation, and misery. Blind, indeed, had we been, priding ourselves on productive powers, forgetting that only some produce, and that the possibility of production has bounds, while every being that draws the breath of life is of necessity a consumer. Certain commodities we have been rather proud of producing—children—we were to produce no longer *ad libitum*; we were rather to check the begetting of them. Since the days of Plato how much invention had been wasted in contriving the hatching of every egg that looked goodly! Undeterred by the failure of all such inventions, Plato's especially, Malthus proposed an artificial—or, at least, a hitherto neglected mode of regulating marriage and the whole relation of the sexes. He showed us, for a picture of society, the board spread by Nature for her favourites by a kind of predestination; but to this board some came hungry, and were turned away to die. The Mirza Bridge rocked with the load of human beings trampling across it. At the entrance sat Death, and snatched innocent babes from brothers and sisters, or gave them load of disease they sank under ere they had travelled far. The crowd could only proceed by launching the old and infirm from the other end into the yawning

river. These were the pictures men were led to form for themselves. Or they looked still further forward. The old-world traditions had framed many a legend of the last man left to die monarch of the universe. How different the truth! Mankind grows hungrier and poorer; cities swallow up the fields; the whole earth becomes one gigantic city, a cosmopole city of death. What imagination can picture or describe the writhing, swarming, groaning blaspheming mortals turned to beasts of prey, with only garbage to prey upon, gasping, gaping in the agonies of hunger and death, and falling, millions together, to blacken and rot—a hecatomb to the sun! The words of Goncourt echo in the heart of him who is forced to believe this the deliverance of Fate: "Nature is for me an enemy; the country seems to me funereal. This green earth suggests a cemetery awaiting its dead. That grass feeds on man. Those trees grow upon and blossom from what has died. This sun which shines so brightly, imperturbable and peaceful, is but the great force which putrifies. Trees, sky, water, all appear to me merely as a life-grant of land, where the gardener sets out a few new flowers every spring around a small basin of gold fish."

But surely there is something in each of us that condemns this morbid plaint, and human feeling is difficult to subdue by the rules of Logic.

A picture would be nothing without shadow; life would be weary but for the presence of death. The curious thing is the fertility of Death's invention; for he has killed his man a minute for some thousands of years, yet each in a different way. Death used to be a strong arguer for socialism. He whipped off a duke as easily as a beggar; so it was thought. But no, says Malthus. Death has no credit by his adroitness; it is you who put yourselves to pains that he may have victims. You may educate and morally purify the masses, but you are in this only making Death's morsel the daintier. It is your nature to produce children too fast; your very constitution and instincts are leading the world to ruin.

This was bold of Malthus. A pious bishop once thought to make men believe in God by causing them to throw overboard what they had understood to be common sense, and agree that there was no such thing as matter. The few who did convincedly accept his theory were by no means thereby disposed to adore God. Quite the contrary. They founded modern philosophical scepticism.

So Mr. Malthus, perhaps as truly pious a man as lived, by destroying our faith in the instincts of nature would have us led to rely the more upon Providence. I have never heard that any man has declared the reading of Malthus's books to have strengthened his belief in the mercy of God. Unless Adam and Eve were intended by the Creator to be unique patterns of a species, and unless the sexual instinct be from beginning to end identified with original sin, it is impossible to doubt that instincts are the commands of God. The Malthusian doctrine seems capable of producing nothing but scepticism. How strange to find two men so different as Godwin and Malthus coming to conclusions regarding the same problem quite opposite to those we might expect from them. Both inquired into existing evils and their cure. But the sceptical Godwin found goodness everywhere in man's original nature, and proclaimed that he might yet attain perfection were he rightly to govern circumstances

under his own control. The Rev. Mr. Malthus proclaimed that man by his nature was drifting to misery, and could only save himself by mutilating that nature. Not only the hunger of the senses, but the hunger of the heart must be denied gratification. If this were so, how much oftener should we hear the still too frequent question, Is life worth living? The world has lived till now with shackles enough; it could scarcely endure more. All the innocent poetry of life must now be looked upon with caution. There is no joy born without its invisible twin brother sorrow. And gaiety of heart has only lied when it sang, "C'est l'amour qui fait la ronde et le monde." That one heart the more should be broken for this theory would be strong argument against it.

The theory, then, with which we have to deal is that population increases in geometrical proportion, subsistence in arithmetical. The survey of facts must have been very exact to produce so exact a formula. Further, we are told that but three checks upon this tendency to over-population exist —vice, misery, and moral restraint. It would seem, this doctrine, to say that one comfort is only to be obtained by loss of another, since the subsistence necessary for all is only to be gained by the death of countless innocent babes, dearer to parents than bread—by the premature decay of the flower of man —or by foregoing habitually for a season—and that the season when it acts most powerfully—and often foregoing altogether, the strongest instinct of our nature—that, as Montaigne declares, which is to the others as sun to planets.

How should this teaching, if true, change the face of society! The peopling of the world was merely furthered as eagerly as the sowing of seed in the field. The smallness of population was deplored. Montesquieu, in his "Lettres Persanes," calculated that in Julius Cæsar's time there existed fifty times more people than in his time. Those were found who maintained that riches increased as population increased.

And what becomes of all the dreams of civilisation and education and the spiritual elevation of man? To produce men in order to educate them must be wrong, to some extent at least: we must be educated not to produce men. Our glory has been that, rising above the wants of the body, we are gaining time for the wants of the soul. But, if this theory be true, future generations must bestow less and less attention on the soul, and more and more on provision for the body. We may therefore conclude that humanity has reached its highest level of prosperity.

I. The actual fecundity of the human race has never approached its possible fecundity.

The possible rate of increase in the human species is said, upon good and almost undisputed authority, to be a doubling in every ten years. Nothing like this, at any rate upon any considerable scale, has occurred. Humboldt judged, according to the rate of births and deaths, that in some parts of Mexico population might double itself in nineteen years. This is the highest instance of fecundity. In the States, and in Canada, population is supposed to double in twenty-five years. This is the next highest instance.

Again, the possible number of children to a marriage, since it has been sometimes attained, may be moderately put at twenty-five. But how much smaller the average number? In England, for in-

stance, Mr. Malthus himself calculates the average family at 4·5. In Switzerland the average is said to be 5·5; but it is not so. The calculation was made for *mothers*. Now, every married woman is not a mother. Without entering into statistics any further, we may affirm without fear of contradiction that in the case of no nation, however crowded, or however scattered, has actual fecundity approached possible fecundity. What is the reason of this? Has the check been vice, misery, or moral restraint? The last it has never been, nor has it been in great part either of the others. In the healthiest countries, where food was to be had in abundance, where the parents were in the enjoyment of the full vigour of life, where every encouragement was given to fecundity by opportunity for marriage, the population fell far short of the possible number. Health, then morals, favourable situation, wealth—all combined have not produced anything like what this theory might lead us to expect. We may therefore conclude that the possible is not probable, and that reproduction of the species will never proportionately increase. But what does this limitation of actual fecundity point to—in no way related, it would appear, to the ratio of vice or misery? It points to some hidden check far more powerful than any moral; one that exists, and has existed, in all places and at all times, in the beginning of the world as now, when the great ambition of nations and families and mothers was to beget sons, when there was neither vice nor misery nor moral restraint to curb fecundity.

II. The natural rate of increase of man's food is out of all proportion greater than man's own rate of increase.

One potato produces twenty in the course of a single year. We all know the story of the woman who was presented with a potato, and promised land for so many years wherein to cultivate its produce. She quickly gained a small estate. Godwin calculated, perhaps extravagantly, that if every individual in a community devoted half an hour in the day to cultivation of the earth, that community would be supplied with an abundance of food. There can be no doubt, at any rate, that a comparatively small portion of the day would be spent for mankind in work if each individual were to continue producing, whether for direct consumption or for exchange. A man is at present easily able to produce food to sustain himself and all dependent on him, and also food to exchange for other necessaries, and even luxuries. This, of course, when those disabled by disease or age are excluded from consideration. "Some seed brought forth an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold." Malthus himself admits that "the rate at which food could be made to increase would far exceed what was necessary to keep pace with the most rapid increase of population which the laws of nature in relation to human kind permit."

In considering nature, we cannot fail to find cause for wonder in the prodigious power of increase in plants. What is used in cultivation is often less than what is wasted. In the growth of wheat, for example, a vast amount of seed is lost. When it is dibbled, instead of being sown in the common way, two pecks of seed wheat yield as large a crop as two bushels; and thus they quadruple the proportion of the return to the quantity of seed put into the ground. There is on record an experiment in which,

by the separation of roots obtained from a single grain of wheat and their transference to a favourable soil, a return was obtained of over 500,000 grains. Humboldt entered into such questions with laborious minuteness, and made it appear that in France, the north of Germany, Poland, and Sweden, one grain produces from five to six grains; the most fertile parts of France, indeed, produce fifteen for one; Picardy produces nine for one; Hungary, Croatia, and Sclavonia yield from eight to ten grains for one; in La Plata twelve are produced for one; near Buenos Ayres, sixteen for one; in the northern parts of Mexico, seventeen; in the equinoctial regions of Mexico, twenty-four. These facts show, first, that in the majority of countries, at any rate, the production of food does not nearly approach its possible rate of production; and, secondly, that, even in countries below the average, wheat increases in at least a geometric ratio. It has been calculated that if the rate of production in one single acre were six grains for one, and if soil of the same kind could be prepared fast enough, the whole earthy portion of the globe would be covered in fourteen years. Even after food necessary for the present population of the globe is deducted from this, there remains by far the greater portion. That such a quantity is not produced is owing to one of these two facts—either that mankind are not willing to exert themselves to the necessary cultivation, or that the ground cannot be prepared fast enough. That the first is the cause, and not the second, is shown by the number of idle labourers in every town. "Look at the listless loiterers about an Irish town," writes Sir Arthur Helps; "you would naturally say to yourself, 'Surely this people have done all that there can be for them to do.' You walk out of the town, and find the adjacent fields as listless-looking and neglected as the men themselves. Think what a want there must be of masters of labour, that those hands and these weeds are not in closer contact!"

If, then, the reproduction of man be by nature in geometric ratio, his food, by nature, increases in a geometric ratio still more rapid.

It may be said that all of the earthy portion of the globe could never be brought under cultivation, on account of unsuitability in various ways. It may be said that the best soils are first laid under contribution, afterwards the inferior. It may be said that the Malthusian theory points incessantly to the truth that, however fertile man's brain be, the earth has a limit to its fertility.

As to the first statement, we need only allow that, in present circumstances, much of the entire surface of the globe is not practicable for cultivation; but we have no absolute proof that any single spot will for ever remain devoid of utility to the farmer.

The second statement admits of no contradiction, so far as it points to the principle that guides man in selecting soils; but there is this to be borne in mind, that perhaps the richest soils have not yet been discovered; and, at any rate, many rich soils are yet uncultivated.

The third statement, we allow, must always be kept in view as absolutely true. But the scientific achievements of civilisation have year by year lightened the toil of man — that is, have made the earth yield more per unit of labour; and to what invention still may do towards the fertilisation of the soil, we have no right to prescribe limits. The great result of science is insight into the thrift of Nature. As we grow more scientific we learn to copy nature, wast-

ing nothing, doing more and more, yet using proportionately less and less means. For instance, the construction of the great pyramid of Egypt employed a hundred thousand labourers for twenty years; and it is the puzzle of history to divine the means employed to raise its enormous blocks of stone to their proper places. Could these Egyptians have been told, what engineers now tell us, that the whole of the pyramid's materials might be raised to the proper position at the expense of not more than a hundred and eighty tons of coal, they would have scouted the statement as incredible. So, if our fathers were brought from their graves, shown the stupendous Menai Bridge, and informed that the whole mass might be raised from the level of the water to its present height—one hundred and twenty feet—by the combustion of four bushels of coal, how slow of belief would they be.

Let us then learn, however slight the probability may seem, to admit the possibility of discoveries which may alter the economy of food to a marvellous extent. There may yet arise a chemist to do in the food department what a Hargreaves or a Watt has done elsewhere. Within the last few years, machinery and chemical applications have been adapted to the soil with rapidly increasing effect. Never an agricultural show but there is some new instrument to tickle the earth into generosity. Before this progress of agricultural science, between 1811 and 1831, while the population of our island was increasing at the rate of 34 per cent., the number of persons agriculturally employed increased only 7¼ per cent. It may be said that importation of food is here overlooked. So it is; but if it had been in great demand, we may be sure that more than 7¼ per cent. of the population would have turned to home competition. On the other hand, from the calculation was excluded *all exportation* also. Porter says that the comparative smallness of the labour thus called for additionally in a great degree resulted from the application of capital to the improvement of the soil by drainage and manuring, by the throwing down of a great part of the fences with which our forefathers were accustomed to divide their farms into small patches, by improvements on implements of husbandry, and, above all, through the better enforcement of rotation of crops. About the same period as that just referred to, Sir John Sinclair instituted his inquiries into the statistics of Scotland; and from his accounts may be gathered interesting facts regarding agricultural advances. In Roxburghshire, for instance, he says that in a few years cultivation so rapidly improved that a parish rental rose from £4000 to £20,000. Within the lives of some, the production of their counties had much more than doubled. And this, as has already been pointed out, was before agricultural science had been more than born. Crowded as our own country is, it contains vast tracts of land yet, possibly, to be made in the highest degree productive. The Duke of Sutherland's steam ploughs are working miracles in the north. Such reclamations of waste land may shortly be made elsewhere. Chat Moss stretches between Manchester and Liverpool for miles; the bogs of Ireland measure more than two million eight hundred thousand English acres. In Scotland we have every here and there many square miles of uncultivated land. Sir T. B. Head says of Africa that, although it is sentenced to roast eternally in the sun, "if it were well watered, it would become a most productive, luxuriant gar-

den, the superabundance of which Europe would scarcely be able to contain." Perhaps it may yet become so fruitful. Even climatology shows that the work of man affects its subject. If the felling of trees sensibly change a climate for the worse, why should it not be possible to change a climate for the better, to some extent at least, by scientific methods? It is well known that one half of Africa is a desert and the other half is a swamp. Engineers may consider it impracticable to irrigate the one by draining the other; but the bare notion of such a project points to possibilities that should be taken into account by us.

Such are a few considerations tending to throw doubt on the Malthusian doctrine that food increases only in arithmetical ratio. That any man may at present produce food enough for himself and family by daily work of a few hours, and that an agriculturist works less now to produce a certain result than he had to do thirty years ago—these facts would seem to show that as yet the finger of experience does not point to any alarming future. Why should we proclaim that the tendency of population is to outstrip food, when food has hitherto increased faster than population? Excluding consideration of the special case of India, we may affirm that where famines were of frequent occurrence they are now almost unknown, while in these very places population has rapidly increased. Famine, indeed, is associated in the modern mind with India alone, and it is probable that within fifty years famines may there also be prevented or checked. It is matter of knowledge to everyone that while one part of India suffers from lack of corn another part is producing in abundance. During the last famine several millions of quarters of wheat were shipped to England from India. This of course is explained by the difficulty of transit from one province to another. Canals and railroads will obviate this. But probably the true preventive of famine will be the education of the natives in the simple rules of agricultural economy, and the enforced construction of water tanks on every farm.

Furthermore, it is observed that scarcity of food rarely varies inversely with the amount of population. The most sparsely peopled countries suffer the most from famine. This is well known. There is not therefore any connection proved between dense population and scarcity of food as cause and effect. An ambiguity in the use of the word "tendency" it may be well here to point out. Senior and Whately have both convicted Malthus of using it in a double sense. Whately puts the matter thus: "By a 'tendency' towards a certain result is sometimes meant the existence of a cause which, if operating unimpeded, would produce the result. In this sense it may be said with truth that the earth, or any other body moving round a centre, has a tendency to fly off at a tangent, *i.e.*, the centrifugal force operates in that direction, though it is controlled by the centripetal. Or, again, that man has a greater tendency to fall prostrate than to stand erect, *i.e.*, the attraction of gravitation and the position of the centre of gravity are such that the least breath of air would overset him, but for the voluntary exertion of muscular force. And, again, that population has a tendency to increase beyond subsistence, *i.e.*, there are in man propensities which, if unrestrained, lead to that result.

"But sometimes, again, 'ten-

dency towards a certain result' is understood to mean the 'existence of such a state of things that that result may be expected to take place.' Now, it is in these two senses that the word is used in the premisses of the argument in question; but in this latter sense the earth has a greater tendency to remain in its orbit than to fly off from it. Man has a greater tendency to stand erect than to fall prostrate; and in the progress of society subsistence has a tendency to increase at a greater rate than population, or at least with a continually diminishing inferiority."

Mr. Senior gives to the first of these another name: "I admit the abstract power of population to increase so as to press upon the means of subsistence. I deny the habitual tendency."

A tendency, in this last sense, would indeed be hard to prove from history, since it would negative the belief in the march of civilisation. Now, a tendency in the first sense may be said to exist in seed;—*i.e.*, but for certain natural restrictions seed would reproduce itself in even greater proportion than it yet has done. Calculating upon facts of experience, we have already seen that the average production of food is nothing like that which has been actually obtained. We might now go a step further, were it necessary, and say that there is a possibility of science—or even of nature, as in climate—changing the conditions of production by reducing the existing restrictions; so that what has been actually proved possible may yet be far outstripped by what is to be proved possible. Intense heat in smelting furnaces was always a desideratum with manufacturers; but the simple hot blast came upon them like a revelation—like a second theft of Prometheus. There is no logical ground for doubting the possibility of such a discovery applicable to the stimulating of the soil's productive powers. It has been shown that grain has an abstract power (or tendency in the first sense) to cover every earthy portion of the globe in sixteen years. Man's tendency, in the same sense, is nothing like this. And, taking tendency in the other sense, we affirm also that, all hindrances considered, food yet increases in greater ratio than the human species. We have already adduced considerations to prove this. In either case, therefore, if we keep to the one interpretation of the term, Malthus's proposition seems to lack foundation.

And to show how far the logical contrast is from supporting Malthus, let us take that which is illogical. The result will not be very exact, of course, but may show how wide of the truth he is. The contrast may be made in two ways. If we take the one, and contrast the abstract power of increase in seed (that is, its tendency in the first sense) with the tendency (in the second sense) of man to reproduction, the first is seen to be infinitely greater than the other. If we contrast the abstract power of man to increase (that is, his tendency in the first sense) with the tendency, in the second sense, of seed to reproduction, no such infinite difference is the result. I suppose Malthus would think a couple, even theoretically, would approach their limit of fecundity pretty nearly if they produced thirty children. Considering the average duration of the marriage period, we of course know that, theoretically, such a number is far from possible, except in a few cases. Still, in a former page was quoted a statement of Humboldt to the effect that in Mexico one seed

produced twenty-four. Thus we surely see that, even when using the term "tendency" differently in different propositions of his syllogism, Malthus would not be borne out by facts when he declares the increase of the human species to take place geometrically, while that of food takes place arithmetically. No analogy bears out this theory. Consider animals of prey, and you will find the contrary proved. Larger animals feed upon smaller. Are the larger animals, or the smaller, becoming extinct? The larger. Although food in plenty exists for them, they are forced out of existence from causes other than starvation.

Let us not appear to take too much from our argument. At present we are contrasting the production of food with the increase of the human species. We have said that hitherto food has increased faster than population; we may add that there is every reason to believe that, *until the limit of the earth's fertility be reached*, that difference of rate will not only be kept up, but be made greater. What does civilisation mean, with its science, but that? It is not the case, then, that we are awakened to a state of affairs that forms an actual crisis. We are not upon the top of the wave. Sustenance has not hitherto increased under our hands, only to fail us now. Next year the world will produce more food than ever. Since man lived it has systematically progressed in productive power. Thus there can be no well-grounded complaint as to the check of food on population at any period of the world's history up to this moment. What, then, are we told to look forward to? or what, at least, is that which the Malthusian theory is entitled to assume alone? We see an evolution of nature all around us, evincing a harmony that is never broken. The principles of modern science, especially of biology, discountenance the idea that superfluity anywhere exists. The system of planetary space is not more perfectly balanced than that of nature on the earth. The microscope detects more astonishing harmonies than the telescope. "Harmony,"—the very word, you will notice, is constantly on the lips of scientific men. "Adaptation" is often used for it. The harmony of food and the human species has never been disturbed. The two have grown easily together. The theoretical *power* of grain to reproduce itself is shown to be greater by far than the theoretical power of man to increase. The practical tendency of man is also shown to be that of increasing faster than population. Is there any harmony between the Malthusian theory and these facts? Does it not introduce discord at once? Does it not in theory introduce a law that has no existence in reality? Hitherto the tendency of the world has been to increase in life, animal and vegetable. Its tendency has been to multiply the seed of man like the stars of the sky, and yet to heap on each mortal greater and greater natural advantages. Its tendency has been never to retrench, but to develop. What tendency can be defined upon ascertained grounds that will thus delude man from height to height, with his immortal soul in his hand to light him on, as he thinks, to yet further discovery—what tendency so deludes and draws him on, until he plant his foot on the edge of the precipice, and by his *very constitution* be hurled into vacancy?

III. The Malthusian theory fails to take account of many causes operating to limit the fecundity of

man in certain circumstances, with growing stringency*. The whole science of physiology, or perhaps better say biology, has been ignored. The considerations already given were for the purpose of showing that the facts of history prove no tendency at present existing for population to outstrip food. But, for all Malthus knew, since he did not study the question in the light of development, there might be a real tendency in human nature to reduce the fecundity of the race, and that in such a way as to silence his theory at once. No such triumphant answer, of course, has come from science; but it may yet come. I do not know whether any modern writer has thoroughly sifted the question of ancient population, or compared that with the modern. Hume quotes some curious passages from the ancients tending to show a greater fecundity then than now, such as the statement of Columella that the "bearing of twins in Egypt was frequent, and even customary." Among the ancient Jews, sterility was a reproach; but in our own times it is no reproach, probably because it is far commoner. If food be more plentiful now than ever before, and if the tendency of the human race, even if it increase on the whole, be for the proportion between a unit and its increase to be smaller, we should have another fact to weight the scale against Malthus. It is not among the hungry poor, but among the luxurious rich, that lack of issue occurs with frequency. It is the most civilised class, the class most favoured by wealth and situation, the class in which the breed is high, the class in which selection is of the finest kind, the class in which every opportunity for comfortable married life is given, that barrenness results so often. So far is this from proving the existence of the check of hunger on population, that it would rather prove abundance of food a check on it. The physiological effects of hunger in strengthening the sexual appetites bear this out. To enter into the physiology of this part of the subject is luckily not absolutely necessary, though it would produce countless cases as arguments against the check of hunger.

Doubleday tried to make out a law that decrease of fecundity varies inversely as the increase of food. Criticism has since discredited the assertion of this law as absolutely exact. But it points to a tendency in the artificial conditions of civilisation to favour production less than would a state of nature.

Greg and Spencer, founding upon the researches of Darwin, have established an argument against Malthus in the tendency of cerebral development to lessen fecundity. They conclude that fecundity diminishes with that intellectual and moral development which attends civilisation, and assert that such *must* physiologically be the case. "We must conceive the type gradually so modified that the more developed nervous system irresistibly draws off, for its normal and enforced activities, a larger proportion of the common stock of nutriment, and while thus increasing the intensity, completeness, and length of the individual life, necessarily diminishing the reserve applicable to the setting up of new lives—no longer required to be so

* The reader acquainted with the literature of this subject will perceive that these three heads are suggested in Greg's "Malthus Notwithstanding." That essay is the ablest criticism of Malthus ever printed; and those of its propositions here enlarged upon are essential to such a cumulative argument as is now attempted.

numerous." — Princ. of Biology. So elsewhere this cautious thinker does not hesitate to say: "The excess of fertility has rendered the process of civilisation inevitable; and the process of civilisation must inevitably diminish fertility, and at last destroy its excess."

The artificial surroundings of tamed animals often hinder their breeding, as in the well-known case of elephants. Cattle breeders know that the slightest change of diet may make a vast difference in the reproduction of their stock; they also know that by diet, and by change of situation, they have it in their power considerably to modify the breed—to enlarge the head or to shorten the back, for instance. The highest types of animals produce seldomest, and few at a time. This is in accordance with the law of development. We should expect to find that the finest specimens of mankind would produce others like themselves seldomer than the inferior specimens. We do find it so. We find it to be true historically of the general race; we find it to be true when we compare classes in our own day. I suppose a working man could trace his line back in unbroken, direct, genealogical succession till he came above the surface, so to speak—till he rose from humble forefathers to those of rank. Then the tree would branch out. But how proud are the wealthy if they can boast of unbroken family succession! In the majority of cases—if we go far enough back, we shall find in *all* cases—the stock of nobility is only maintained by admixture with plebeian blood, as coinage, to last, must be mixed with alloy. It may be presumed that, as more and more of the plebeian element becomes ennobled, it will, if we may say so, run less to seed. And if this be so, we would have much more security for the operation of a physiological check than for the operation of any moral restraint.

IV. The Malthusian theory would blind us to the fact that increase of food, *at present*, is only attained by increase of population. This statement must not be misunderstood. Were the generation suddenly to stand where it is in point of numbers for some years, during these years the powers of production might be increased by science. But were the population, instead of standing still, to be increased, while science also improved, food would be multiplied not merely by the labour of the increase of population *at the old rate*, but by their labour with improved appliances. Therefore, in comparing the labour of few with that of many, we suppose both numbers to work at the same rate. So we may leave improvements of science out of the question.

We say, then, that increase of food can only be obtained through increase of population. Were ten men placed, scythe in hand, in a large field of corn, they would possess each twice as much as if there were twenty to cut the grain. But were ten men placed on a large, naturally fertile, but uncultivated farm, the probability is that they would each produce less than if twenty were working together. So, at present, we need even more men on the earth to carry out the division of labour with greater perfection. In short, much as science has helped each man to intensify his production, we have room for still more of it. Therefore it is wrong to suppose that we should be better to stop, at once, the producing of more men. Our production of food would not thereby be greater. We should work on just as we are doing. Already we are producing enough food for our wants. We may increase the pro-

duction of food, but we cannot increase our appetites. Even, therefore, were we enabled to double our production of food, our numbers being the same, who would relieve us of its effects at a remunerative price? In order that we might increase our consumption, and therefore our production, we should require an additional number of men to take our surplus food from us, and give us in return other commodities, or services. Now, true as this statement is, it seems to clash with a statement, supposed to be no less true, that was made in the last page. Here we say that increased production is only to be gained by increased population. There we said that civilisation diminishes the fecundity of the individual. Our last proposition (No. IV.) was meant to tell against what seems to lie as an assumption in the Malthusian theory—the idea that, were population to stay where it is, unlimited food would lie around. This would be to say that the population had unlimited powers of labour; and even had it these powers of labour, it would be to say that it had unlimited powers of consumption. Thus the fallacy of supposing the production of corn to increase, while the production of the human species stands where it is, is exposed. But our other argument is quite compatible with this. It was not an argument for sterility. Issueless baronets were not held up as perfect types; we leave them to act as such for the Malthusian theory. Moderate fecundity is what it was calculated to uphold. The baronet, with a tendency to produce less than the workman, has been enfeebled by habits of life or transmitted vices which would have only partially destroyed the workman's fecundity. The ideal state of marriage for us is that in which a few are born and properly cared for. The two arguments would therefore prove the benefit of a state in which population increased uniformly, not here in an immense family, with there an entirely unproductive marriage, but in, perhaps, twos or threes. It will be seen that, were this the real state of matters generally, many blessings would accrue to humanity, not the least of which, but the greatest, would be that the check of infant mortality and premature disease would be largely dispensed with.

V. A fact that also confirms me in my antagonism to the Malthusian theory is that that theory receives countenance not the slightest from Biblical teaching, but is rather opposed by it.

We find the design of nature in regard to the preservation of the human species so determined that our instincts have been overweighted in favour of propagation; as if, even at the expense of much moral evil and suffering, that end should be attained with certainty. If this dictate of nature be tending to over-population—that is, if we were safer to keep it under restraint even in marriage, we should expect a divine revelation to warn us of our danger. I do not, indeed, think that nature's dictates in any way clash with God's, the two being ultimately one. If in this case, certainly in no other, do we find that Nature says, "Thou shalt," and God says, "Thou shalt not." Yet it would be hard to find any dictate of Nature so enforced by direct command in the Bible as this of which we speak. From the first page of Genesis to the last page of Revelation there is not a word of prohibition, rather an encouragement, to holy matrimony. It would take long to enumerate the texts in which this encouragement is more distinctly expressed. They are such as these: "Enlarge

the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thy habitations; *spare not*, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes." "The Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone: I will make him an helpmeet for him. Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh." "Marriage is honourable in all." "I will therefore that the younger women marry, bear children, guide the house." "Lo, children are our heritage of the Lord; and the fruit of the womb is His reward." "The children of thy servants shall continue ("God forbid!" says Malthus), and their seed shall be established before thee." "Yet setteth He the poor on high from affliction, and maketh him families like a flock."

Nay, did the zealous Mr. Sadler remember this text?—In 1 Tim. iv. 1 to 3, it is said: "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; . . . *forbidding to marry.*" Mr. Sadler would have made a brave show with this weapon!

To enlarge upon this topic is perhaps needless. Surely it will not be denied that precept after precept of the Bible encourages marriage, while not one is there against it. Tolerating it at one time, the Jewish law frowned on polygamy, and especially on eunuchism, its necessary concomitant; and it is to Christianity principally that the sacredness of marriage and the elevation of woman at present are due.

VI. Thus we approach a conclusion by saying that the testimony of history does not bear out the Malthusian theory, and further that this theory is not borne out by the common sense and by the instincts of humanity. The whole tendency of science, it is vain to deny, has been to establish confidence in the providence of nature. The faith of science is a faith that, once established, cannot be shaken. In all departments of research we find nothing but revelation of order, immutable system, singleness of aim. There is no alternative in nature. Now, nature teaches us what Christianity teaches us, that marriage is that state which it is proper for man to seek. Marriage is the only lawful method—at least in the most civilised countries—by which he may gratify his instincts. But it is physiologically well established that, as it is the most holy, so marriage is the most prolific connection man may form. Polygamy and all the connections, down to the most vicious, are less productive than the "marriage of one husband with one wife." Here, again, an objection to the Malthusian theory. It is conceivable that Divine laws and human instincts might have sanctioned fuller gratification of passion with less fruit; but from the lowest order of nature to the highest we find it otherwise.

The hesitancy and apology with which all Malthusian philosophers defend their doctrines, as if they would fain have been convinced otherwise, point to a deep denial in their own natures. To the abstract mathematical mind this theory may seem as demonstrably correct as a proposition of Euclid; but to the man of feeling, of imagination, it can never appear absolutely convincing. It will to him at most appear irrefutable. Why men should be born only to be subjected to starvation and death, innocent as they are, is a sad enough question to put to the Malthusian. But when we ask, What check is starvation on the

life of the souls so brought into being? he has no answer. That a beneficent Creator, by whose instrumentality alone anything is created, should allow bodies to be born at the gates of the graveyard is hard enough to believe. But that immortal souls should be hustled into life, with no fair provision for them, no fair chance given them to expand—that they should be ushered into an atmosphere of poison that chokes them instantly; that they should be foul moral embryos; that this is the end towards which civilisation "tends"—it is well-nigh impossible to believe. One cannot move through a scene of squalid misery and vice such as is to be seen in the lower district of every town without confessing that *there* is over-population. Did these depraved insensate human beings produce bodies of children alone—mere bodies, that would sicken and die—we might believe that with the ignorant parents rested the whole responsibility of their death. But when we reflect that each infant cry is the cry of an eternal life—that all the misery in the world may only defile, not extinguish—we are forced to leave the responsibility with God, and believe that the child was a fair and useful gift, had there been such provision made as could have been made. As the Physiocrats thought that coin alone was wealth, and ignored the arts and sciences, so this Malthusian theory deals with the body and its food, ignoring the true life, the soul and its end.

We have already seen that, not where hunger is, but where plenty is, there is lessened fecundity—a result the reverse of that the Malthusian theory would lead us to expect. Where, then, should restraint be brought to bear? Where it is most needed. It is to the New Cut the apostle of Malthus must carry his gospel. May he gain ten converts in ten centuries! To ignorant labourers what have you to say that will prove convincing? You say that it is expedient that marriage be eschewed by some. They reply that marriage is the sole alleviation of their toilsome state; let those possessed of every other pleasure in life refrain first. By the time you have brought the lower classes into a state in which they are fit to understand what moral restraint means, you have lifted them a step higher into civilisation, and rendered the restraint a degree less necessary, since, as we saw, the tendency of civilisation is to diminish the size of families.

If, however, you leave the lowest classes in despair, and appeal to the refined and educated, what is the answer you must expect? You are told that many are possessed of such moral force that they would willingly put themselves under the restraint required. But these are the first to see that their sacrifice would not benefit the world generally. These of all human beings are the men who have the greatest right to marry, are the men who should be encouraged to marry; for they have energy of character to provide for children, and educate them when born. These see that were they to refrain from matrimony, the more of the thoughtless and penniless would there be ready to rush into it. I do not hesitate to say that this would be the only resource of Nature, for she aims at the preservation of the species; and as the agriculturist, when he cannot procure the best quality of land, rears produce from an inferior soil, so she, denied the best conditions to reproduction, seeks it in conditions less desirable. Thus we may be sure that if the check of moral restraint be ever called into activity, it will only check the

best class of population, and give more room for the development of the worst. Montesquieu ironically illustrates this truth when he says, "Those who have absolutely nothing, like the beggars, have many children; for it costs a beggar nothing to teach his art to his children, who are, as soon as born, themselves instruments of that art." (Esp. des Lois xxiii., ii.)

And even were many of the lowest classes convinced of the hopelessness of looking forward to marriage, would that necessarily put a stop to reproduction? Would bachelorhood mean virtue? The hopelessness of the moral restraint where it is most needed—where we must all admit it is greatly needed—points to the truer check of education. Raise men and women from the slough in which they live; tell them to enjoy life to the full, and show them what true enjoyments are; lighten the darkness of their minds; make them intelligent producers and thrifty savers; and they will cease to litter like pigs. If I were impressed with the idea that future generations would not have work provided for them, and would consequently starve, I would not cry up the moral restraint on instincts, but moral restraint to spending; I would cry "Save! Save! Save bread for your children."

We saw in what the system of Malthus had its origin; it arose from his contemplation of the evil that is in the world. This evil was to be accounted for—he accounted for it in over-population. His great error was in attributing this existing evil to over-population exclusively, without taking into consideration a hundred other possible sources. So elated was he by the discovery of this law, that he must needs reduce it to a formula as exact as any of Newton's: it was to be a grand generalisation, upon which no improvements could be made. How he could blind himself to the denial of all history to his doctrine, it is hard to understand.

Had he been asked if, in his own time, notwithstanding the increase of population, men enjoyed many more comforts, were better clothed, better fed, better housed, less exposed to danger of all kinds, better educated than ever before, he must have answered Yes. In a word, if he had been asked if civilisation was at a higher point than in former times, he could not but have answered in the affirmative. The tendency of the argument in these pages has been to show that, from first to last of human history, increase of population has been accompanied by a still greater increase of food; that any distress short of absolute starvation had no efficacy in checking population, that plenty and education *had* efficacy in checking, or at least equalising, population; and that what *has been* is to be accepted as a guarantee of what *will be*. Notwithstanding his dogmatism about "tendency" to over-population, it would be hard for any Malthusian to instance a case in the history of the world in which population outstripped its means of subsistence—that is, was reduced by famine other than temporary. If this Malthusian doctrine be nothing more than an attempted solution of the existence of social evils in the past, I cannot but think it has failed to account for a single evil. That at this moment there are children born whose parents have no food to give them, may be admitted; but that there is a child born who will not find work to do and food to earn, when its time comes, need not be admitted; nor need it be admitted that there is any lack of work for these parents, if they will but exert themselves. If we are over-popu-

lating, upon whom rests the dreadful responsibility? On ourselves. But on whom does the revenging hand of nature fall according to Malthus? Upon innocent babes and helpless old men. The public conscience cries out upon this. But when we incline to look beyond this, if possible, to a happier state of things, what is the encouragement given us? "Moral restraint," says Mr. Malthus, "is the strict line of duty. At the same time, I believe that few of my readers can be less sanguine than I am in their expectation of any sudden and great change in the general conduct of men on this subject; and the chief reason why in the last chapter I *allowed myself to suppose* the universal prevalence of this virtue, was that I might endeavour to remove any imputation on the goodness of the Deity." Thus the goodness of Deity, being otherwise indefensible, was to be vindicated by the supposition of a check none can hope to see active to any extent. Here the rigid candour of Malthus palliates nothing, but leaves us face to face with Fate. Is not this a thoroughgoing pessimism? Give loose to imagination! or give loose to nothing but grim logic! Only accept the Malthusian premisses, and put the conclusion before yourself, side by side with the doctrines of the Bible, side by side with all that man has written of his dreams, his hopes, his fears, his loves; organise missionary societies to carry the doctrine through the earth—book societies to diffuse the new gospel; let this be the glory of our age, to have made the greatest discovery of all time! The doctrine is one in regard to which there can be little doubt. It must be absolutely true, or absolutely false, for it is stated in the form of invariable law. Those, then, who believe it must be running about the streets, stopping the crowds to proclaim their warning. But no! This doctrine has no missionaries: a few believe; one or two will write upon it; none will preach it in its full import. I have read a story—improbable, although given upon grave authority—of a valley in Norway so infested with rats that it could not continue sustenance to them. The rats were observed to assemble in conclave, apparently to deliberate on their future course; and at length a large band of them were seen to move steadily for the sea and bury themselves in the water. Such, if this doctrine be true, might be the quickest method men might take to alleviate their misery.

"All this," it may be said, "is mere rant, beside the matter in hand." Let us put in a word what we have attempted to refute, what we have attempted to prove, what we admit we have not refuted. We have attempted to refute the doctrine that there is a general over-population, that to this over-population we must look for solution of the mystery of social evil. We have endeavoured to prove that population, on the whole, has developed in harmony with the provision of nature, and that, were the earth limitless, population would be always accompanied by abundance. Thus the alleged tendency, it is hoped, has been discredited. But to such a passage as the following we can produce no direct denial: "Taking a single farm into consideration, no man would have the hardihood to assert that its produce could be made permanently to keep pace with a population increasing at such a rate as it is observed to do for twenty or thirty years together at particular times and in particular countries. Nothing but the confusion and indistinctness arising from the largeness of the subject, and the vague and false notions

which prevail respecting the efficacy of emigration could make persons deny in the case of an extensive territory, or of the whole earth, what they could not fail to acknowledge in the case of a single farm, which may be said fairly to represent it." Before admitting the conclusion to be drawn from this passage, I may say that Malthus himself has been guilty of confusion and indistinctness arising from the largeness of the subject. The practice of theorising in the abstract led him to claim too much for his law; it led him to confound the possible and probable with the actual. Looking forward to the time when, as he supposed, every inch of ground would have attained its maximum of fertility, he concluded that mankind, increasing in geometric ratio, would be finally starved. That, as it seems to me, is all that his system has for logical result. But, turning with this abstraction into the world of to-day, he declares that at present we owe our social misery to the fact that we are actually advancing, and in advance, beyond means of subsistence. This is wholly disproved by any examination of the real state of things as exhibited in statistics.

But a second error incidental to his system, and really not essential to it, Malthus gave prominent place to as a truth. He maintained that population increases so fast that there is a growing superabundance of labour, more men existing than their neighbours can provide work for. This can never be the case until there be no corn to give them; for as long as men have food to spare for exchange, they will have wants they will be anxious to satisfy by bartering it for their fulfilment. To look forward to any dearth of labour, except as the direct consequence of dearth of food, was clearly an error.

These two fallacies the whole of this paper has been designed to expose. What remains for the present unrefuted is the affirmation that population increases, while the size of the globe does not increase, so that if things go on as at present the earth will be ultimately overcrowded. Notice that this statement does not take the form of a final truth. The Malthusian is not entitled to say, "As certainly as there is a sun in the heavens the earth will one day be overpeopled." All he is entitled to say is, that if things go on as at present this will be so. Nor can we deny it. But this is the residuum of truth we find in the theory after applying proper tests, and it is not so very disheartening after all. Things will not go on as at present. Things will not go on to-morrow as they have gone on to-day. A year's improvements now are greater than those of fifty years in an age less civilised. There is every reason to believe that in agriculture, as well as in everything else, we shall ten years hence be as much better than now, as now we are than our forefathers were half a century ago. Accordingly, while we must denounce on all hands the Malthusian doctrine, if it be urged as a remedy for existing evils, we may leave it for posterity to refute, if it merely point to an abstract probability in future ages. As a practical scheme, I have no doubt it will by future generations be looked upon as a historical curiosity, to be compared with such as Plato's plan for the peopling of the state.

We need not fear. Science will do her duty—do it the better that she has the more dependent on her. And as for Nature, from whom we never yet received a lie, let us give her our pledge of faith in the words of Cicero, "Omnia vero quæ secundum naturam fiunt sunt habenda in bonis."

A FAMILY PARTY.

By An Old Contributor.

Chapter I.

It is a gray morning in the city of London. Foggy, of course—when is that sweet city wholly free from its own exhalations?

"What a detestable morning," is the remark of a gentleman who is wandering to and fro in an aimless way in a sitting room, which, though it looks out upon a London street, is as cheerful and inviting as bachelor's sitting rooms often are.

Its occupant was a tolerably good-looking young man, of medium height and gentlemanly appearance, well dressed and wearing an air of prosperity. But just now he looked eminently dissatisfied with circumstances. He moved from one window to the other; then took out his watch; then repeated his inspection of the street.

"This hateful London, full of fog, it's enough to make a man expect to be refused; and that child, in the sunny country, plays with my hopes like this—will not even write to end my suspense. It is too late now for the postman, he must have passed, and I shall be confoundedly late at the office."

He turned from another long look up the street, and slowly took his hat and prepared to go out. But he put it down again for a moment, as if the effort was too great.

"Has she been playing with me?" he said to himself, and his face altered and grew dark at the thought. "Am I being punished as I deserved for supposing that such a man as her father could rear an innocent girl? Had she been the tender, sweet woman she seemed, she would have felt for the man who had laid his soul open to her in that letter; she could not have kept me two whole days in suspense. I can have no letter now until to-morrow. It is the cruelty of a heartless woman to keep me like this—the cruelty of a panther rather than a woman. I have admired her father's clever description of the panther-woman—the being who charms only to destroy—and then have blindly fallen a victim. She let me learn to love her, now she is silent. I am well punished."

He took up his hat gloomily. He must go and face the world of the city, which, busied with its eternal money-making, takes no count of a man's love affairs. He had an expression on his face which must leave it before he went into the street. He paused a second before a mirror, making a rather ghastly effort at re-modelling his expression. Then he went boldly out.

"I shall come in to lunch," he said to his landlady, as he met her on the stairs. "The country post might be late!" he said to himself, like a faint-hearted fool. For, be a man as brave as concentrated John Bullism can make him at other times, he is timid and hesi-

tating when thoroughly in love. At all events, Charlie Newman found it very difficult to turn round and believe Lil, the girl he loved, the bright, bewitching child of a man of genius, to be nothing but a heartless coquette, the original of the woman of the world whom her father had painted to that world's admiration.

And so he went to his business saying to himself, with the strange freshness of feeling with which men produce hackneyed sentiments when they are called forth by their own lives, "If that child is a panther, I will never believe in a woman again."

He had a long morning before he could go back to lunch; he must distract his mind from the great question of the faithfulness of woman and fix it upon questions of finance. The money market is as unstable as a woman's affections; and the two great subjects of finance and the feminine nature are too large to occupy a male mind at one and the same time. So—even though he was on the agony point—though he had proposed and been neither accepted or refused—Charlie had to follow the example of other business men, and put his soul and his heart out of court for a certain number of hours.

It was more difficult than usual, as indeed might be expected. It was impossible to shut out from his mind the thought of Lil Warrington and his sickening anxiety. Over and over again he reviewed his position, and recalled every word and look of hers during a scene which had occurred between them but a couple of days before.

It was on the lawn of a country house, from which he had just returned. Lil Warrington had been staying there too. She was only eighteen, slender, quiet, independent. The ladies liked her, but thought her education had been sadly neglected, and that it was absurd for such a child to have a decided taste in dress—it made her peculiar. The gentlemen said she was a little bluestocking, but a capital girl all the same. Charlie Newman thought her unlike anyone else he knew; and before he had formed any further opinion about her found himself proposing marriage on the lawn.

And Lil's answer had been this—he knew every word of it, and the look in her brown eyes as she said it:

"But I don't think you and papa would ever get on; and I can't possibly marry anybody that didn't get on with papa."

Charlie was a little taken aback at first, and stood pulling his moustache; but roused by a gleam of fun in Lil's eyes, he had answered her thus:

"And must I get on with grandmamma, too?"

"It doesn't so much matter," said Lil; "for I can't get on with her myself."

"Then it's only papa. Well, let me ask him."

"Oh, he will let me marry anybody that I want to. But I couldn't marry anybody he didn't like; and I am not sure he likes you." She had said this seriously, reflectively, looking up at Charlie. She caught a slight amused smile under his moustaches. She was provoked.

"He says you are a prig," she went on. ("Could she be a panther?" thought Charlie, remembering this. "If so she had not acquired the dangerous smoothness which would have made her polite to her lover even when she was crushing him.")

"He says you are a prig; and I am not quite sure yet whether he is right or not."

"He calls me a prig?" repeated Charlie, coolly. "Well, such a

bold Bohemian as Brough Warrington can perhaps afford to throw stones at those who do not care to sin against the respectabilities of life quite to the extent he does."

(Yes, it was rude; and there had been a sneer in his voice. But he belonged to a respectable world in which Brough Warrington, if admired, was disapproved. He ought not to have sneered; but Lil had provoked him.)

She raised her eyes from the flowers in her hand, where they had found a refuge from meeting Charlie's gaze, and looked him in the face. He was in earnest—yes—the sneer was not assumed, as for a second she had hoped; he was not just teasing her.

She turned, and without speaking walked in her most dignified manner to the house. And slender Lil, who was called by her father's friends the "little Queen of Bohemia," could be absolutely dignified when she liked.

Charlie followed her slowly. He thought she would turn. She did not. Indeed, she could not, for the tears had brimmed over her eyes and were treacherously wetting her cheeks.

She already began to realise the trial of this first difficult experience of hers. She was not quite sure whether she was in love with Mr. Newman; yet she could not find words to refuse him. And he was so earnestly and thoroughly in love with her that she momently liked him more and more. But—— would it ever be possible for such dissimilar natures as Brough Warrington, the jovial literary lion, and Charles Newman, a scholarly but, as Brough had said of him, rather priggish young gentleman of the modern school, to hit it off together.

She was close to the steps of the house. She wiped up her tears adroitly, for she heard voices—there were people standing there. Luckily for her it was twilight.

"Miss Warrington—you won't go without a word!"

The voice behind her was so intensely earnest that it brought tears to the foolish child's eyes again. She could not trust herself to speak—she ran quickly past the group on the steps and went to her room, where she locked herself in until the dinner bell rang.

Charlie must go back to London the next day. He had to go early, to reach his office, as his holiday-making was at an end. He had gone when she came down to breakfast; but he left her a letter which, though it had filled but a page of note paper, had taken him half the night to write.

He was still waiting for the answer.

Lil had been quite scared at the amount of passion he had concentrated on the page in question. She sought out her hostess and said she must go home; the lady, looking in the child's clear face, half guessed the cause, and let her go quietly. Pale, and almost frightened, she packed up her things ready to be driven to the station. She was very glad to go. She wanted to talk to Brough. Alone with him at home, perhaps she would know better what to do. For, not only was she troubled by the fact that she did not think her father liked Charlie, but she did not understand her own feelings. A girl of that age, who has not been precociously developed in a hotbed of flirtation, finds it difficult to believe herself in love. There is something so tender, uncertain, intangible, in the dawning of love in an untried innocent heart. "I don't believe I'm in love a bit," said Lil to herself; "and yet — oh, dear, I can't refuse him."

This was a perplexing position for a straightforward young lady like Lil. She did not enjoy cross currents of feeling; and now she was in a more chaotic state than she had ever been in her life. What should she do?

"I'll talk to papa," she said. "I shall get home to dinner. Charlie must wait a post. Yes, surely papa will be able to help me."

When Lil was travelling, thinking, and perplexing herself, and sometimes crying a little in the corner of her carriage, Brough was walking about his river-encircled garden, looking fierce and disconsolate. He had sat down that morning to engage upon the crisis of a new book, when he was disturbed by a knock at the door. "What's the matter?" asked he, with the frown of arrested thought on his forehead. An idea had just come to him, and he tried to hold fast by its skirts, and prevent its escape, while he dealt with the unwelcome interruption.

"If you please, sir," said the stout little housekeeper, who did her best to hold the reins of the somewhat reckless animals that pulled the Warrington turn-out, "was it to-day you said Mrs. Warrington was coming? and what room shall I prepare for her?"

Brough groaned.

"The thing's impossible!" he exclaimed, "she can't come when there's no one to protect me! Oh ye gods! I shall be converted before Lil comes home!"

The housekeeper merely curtseyed and waited, as decorously as might be. She was accustomed to her master's unintelligible soliloquies.

"Mrs. March," he said, gravely, after a pause, "send me a small bottle of sparkling Moselle from the cellar. The news you bring has been a shock to me, and scattered every idea I had. And if Mrs. Warrington insists upon coming, prepare the most magnificent room we possess—or, if you think it would please her, you might make up several beds for her. Send me the wine directly, there's a good soul; I feel quite ill!"

Mrs. March retired to carry out her orders. "The old lady is coming to-day, as far as I can make out," said she to the manservant, when she was sending him in with the wine; "but the master doesn't like it at all, with Miss Lil away. I hope she'll come home before the week's out, for he'll be in a terrible temper if he has the old lady to himself too long!"

After making one draught of a pint of sparkling wine, Brough applied himself to his work again, and did not move from his table until the afternoon. But then he went out in the garden for a stretch; and, while walking about, he suddenly remembered afresh that his respected mother was coming that very afternoon to stay with him. It was bad enough when she monopolised Lil—but with no one to interpose between these radically opposite dispositions, what a bore it would be! He had no idea that at that very moment Lil was preparing to start home, and thus, unintentionally (for she had not heard of Gran's projected visit) was coming to his rescue. And so he walked round and round the lawn, his two greyhounds following him, trying to bring himself to a properly filial frame of mind.

It is odd how unsuccessful people generally are when they try to produce a mental state. The more Brough endeavoured to feel as he ought in the expectation of his mother's advent, the more rebellious he became, until, when at

last a fly from the station approached and crossed the bridge which joined the island (on which stood his cottage and garden) to the banks of the river, he walked round to the front door with a feeling as if a personal injury was being done him.

"I would have come down in the boat," he said, as he handed his mother out of the fly, "to fetch you from the station, if I had known what train you would come by."

Now this was an unpromising beginning, for Gran regarded the boating to which her graceless offspring were addicted as a sheer tempting of Providence. She took no notice of the remark, and welcomed her son with that peculiar solemnity which can only be expressed by italics.

"My *dear* son," she said, as soon as she had reached the ground safely, "HOW are you?"

"Oh, I'm all right," responded Brough, rather vaguely, as he leaned down that she might imprint an emphatic kiss upon his cheek. And then the two entered the queer old house which was Brough's home. They moved slowly, for Gran was grown stiff in her movements. Mother and son were wonderfully alike; but Gran stooped very much and looked carefully on the ground as she walked, while Brough stalked along with his head in the air, and a curious sort of attempt at ease and unconsciousness upon his face. He was much relieved to find Mrs. March just inside, and was very glad to hand the old lady over to her for a time. He had no idea how to welcome his mother. When a weary traveller arrived his first idea was to offer him "a bottle of fizz," or a brandy and soda; but he had found by experience that Gran was only horrified at such hospitality. So, in a crestfallen way, he silently surrendered his guest to Mrs. March's tender mercies, who, more versed in old ladyish tastes, soon suggested a cup of tea.

So Gran, rather against the grain (for late dinner and afternoon tea, not having been customs in the home of her youth, were to her mind domestic irregularities), had some tea in her room, viewing from her window meanwhile the still perambulating form of her son. He was walking off his inhospitable feelings, under the trees of his garden. He would have gone for a row if there had been anybody to take him; but Lil, alas, was not there, and the man-servant was not to be found. And he never rowed himself.

He was not really inhospitable or unfilial; he admired his staunch old mother, and in some respects found her pleasant company. For he had got much of his genius from her. The old lady had a mother wit of her own, though it was generally kept in the background. But what he did dislike was her assumption that because he did not "profess religion," he was lost for ever. It made him feel desperate when she approached the dread subject of salvation.

He had wild thoughts of asking his nearest neighbour, Lady Lynne, to dinner. But it was too late for that, so, as the dinner hour approached, he assumed an air of reckless bravery, and went indoors.

His mother was established in a high-backed armchair, with some crochet work in her lap.

"I had no idea Lil was away from home when I said I would come over," said she, as Brough entered. "I hope I have not put you out in coming?"

"Not in the least, my dear mother, not in the least! I dare-

say Mrs. March will be able to make you comfortable."

"Oh, *I* need very little to make *me* comfortable," said the old lady; "but I hope I shall not be in your way."

"Certainly not," said Brough, and then with a desperate effort to change the conversation, "Have you seen my last book?"

"No," she said, "I have not. I read something of the one before, but I found no edification from it. You see, my son, I have no longer any time to take interest in the trivialities of life. I find my Bible is enough for me to read."

Brough walked off on the excuse of looking into the dining-room to see if dinner was ready.

He was thankful to find it was; and returned to escort his mother to the table.

Probably since Brough, as a very naughty little boy already evincing a decided objection to Old Testament quotations on all relevant or irrelevant occasions, had been the troublesome hero of his mother's house, they had never dined alone together. Brough, had he not been too absent-minded, would have laid any deep plot to avoid it now; for he already saw that the flavour of the splendid saddle of mutton which formed the prominent feature of the little dinner would be entirely spoiled to his sensitive palate by the disapproving and stern presence of his parent. The boyish jollity which made Brough beloved of his friends, fled affrighted before the elderly lady's solemn smile.

"This seems capital mutton," he remarked, as he began to carve, merely for the sake of saying something. He thought to himself, "surely dinner is a safe subject—most people are moderately interested in their mutton." But the remark was met by dead silence; and looking across at his mother he received a shock in seeing that her head was bowed, and her eyes closed, while her countenance was wrapped in solemnity. He was quite alarmed for a second; but almost immediately she raised her head and said, in her ordinary manner, "It looks so indeed; how much a pound do you give?"

"I really don't know," said Brough, seriously. "Is it exactly the appropriate moment to discuss it, immediately after saying grace? If I thank the Lord for my dinner, I don't quite like to look a gift horse in the mouth."

"God helps those who help themselves," remarked Gran, dryly.

"Ah—perhaps so! Jim, ask Mrs. March how much the mutton is a pound."

"Yes, sir," said Jim, the nondescript man-servant, with a grin.

"But, my dear mother, you are not drinking anything. Do have another glass of sherry, if you won't have any claret?"

"No, thank you; one glass of wine is all I require in the day," replied Gran, looking rather seriously at the bottle of light claret which was rapidly disappearing under Brough's patronage.

A silence ensued. Gran was thinking whether the subject of sending Lil to a Christian finishing school might be introduced this evening; as she seemed likely to have her son to herself for a day or two, she thought she might, without any undue neglect of her opportunities, leave a further attempt to reclaim him from the errors of his ways until to-morrow.

"Have you thought about Lil's education, as you said you would?" she began. "The dear child is growing up so rapidly, and you know, my son, she really needs some attention."

Brough pushed his chair back and held a glass of claret up to the light, looking for a moment at its colour before he drank it off.

"My dear mother," he said, slowly, but with an impatient frown, "I said I would give more thought to Lil's education. So I have. I'll guarantee that there's no better educated girl in all England."

Gran lifted her mittened hands with the slow movement which was habitual to her, and which indicated a suppressed horror.

Then she shook her head with slow emphasis.

"She is a wild romp at an age when she ought to be a decorous young lady—you have only to look at her hair to see that—how often have I tried to persuade her to put it in a net, so that folk should not think she had just been playing blind man's buff!—but no, she will not—and she knows nothing useful of any kind. What good does it do her to spend hours in reading these infidel writers that she is always full of; how will they help to make her a good girl?—a useful woman?—a Christian soul? It is not too late yet, my son. Let her go to Miss Miller, a dear Christian friend of mine, who will, I am sure, do her utmost to reclaim the poor child——"

"Oh, papa!" — *and grandmamma!*"

Gran's solemn, emphasised speech, had been gradually producing an extraordinary effect upon Brough. At first he had only frowned—but, as the stream of her deliberate eloquence flowed on, he gathered himself together as if momentarily meditating bodily flight. But the whole man changed as the unexpected interrupting voice fell upon his ear.

"Why—Baby!"

There was a whole world of welcome in the two short words. Lil rushed at him, and did her best to smother herself in his capacious embrace.

"Dear old boy!" she exclaimed, as at length she emerged, her wild fair curls rather touzled, and then suddenly remembering Gran, and seeing that the words which she had often heard in childhood, "No kiss for grandmamma?" were on her lips, she ran and gave her a dutiful caress.

"And what has brought the Baby back in such a hurry, I wonder?" asked Brough, as he poured her wine, and carved her mutton, and after his fashion made her welcome.

"Why, I've come home for ad——"

Lil began her answer quickly, and as quickly pulled herself up ere it was finished.

It was all very well to come home and get advice from papa—but—here was grandmamma into the bargain.

That was a trifle too much. Lil was not equal to laying her case before a committee—and *such* a committee.

There was an embarrassing pause. Lil, looking on her plate, flushed under the consciousness of Gran's serious and wondering scrutiny; and her poor little brain was all bewildered.

"What am I to do?" she was thinking. How she wished Gran were comfortably in her own arm-chair, in her own cottage, so that she might have her father all to herself to talk out her perplexities with.

Brough broke the awkward pause by leaning back in his chair, and beginning to speak reflectively:

"Let's see—what begins with ad——? Admirers; well no. Adversity. No, I don't think that'll do. Adventures—not many to be found on this island. It strikes me it's a toss-up between adulation

and admonishment — eh, Baby? which is it?"

The corners of Lil's mouth had gone down with a queer little suggestion of the possibility of tears.

"There, we won't tease it," said Brough, observing these symptoms; "at least, if the Baby will eat its dinner, we won't."

But Gran still looked solemn and sat silent, having completed her slight meal. What was this secret of Lil's? Knowing her granddaughter to be unconverted as yet to her own especial form of faith, she lived in continual expectation of some definite and dreadful evil appearing in the child's character.

The remainder of the meal passed off in a very stiff and silent way. Lil, who generally oiled the wheels of conversation when this family party were assembled, could not bring herself to talk.

The evening was not amusing. Grandmamma liked to keep Lil by her side, with the unconscious selfishness of aged and infirm persons.

She talked to her in her slow way, her eyes upon her knitting, so that the expression of Lil's face was lost upon her. Brough saw it; something was wrong with the Baby. What on earth did she want at home that began with ad . . . . ? He would have asked her very quickly had Gran not been there. But Gran was an incontestable fact; he could not do away with her. So he played with the greyhounds, roamed about, looking a little out of sorts, and then left the women and took to his work.

Grandmamma's room was next Lil's, opening into it. She liked that, as Mrs. March had luckily remembered, when her master left her to her own devices in the matter of preparation. Gran also liked to have the door open and to talk to Lil. She really was deeply attached to the girl; apart from the pleasure she found in dependence upon her youth and strength, and the unconscious delight in her healthy vitality, she desired to win Lil's heart. She had never succeeded, though Lil was fairly dutiful. She had shown the child many sides of her character, and Lil had decided that she liked Gran best when she was "funny." The old lady could be wonderfully witty; but it was with a kind of gloomy humour, which, in some of Lil's moods, had more fascination for her than ordinary fun.

To-night Gran could not rouse her, by earnestness, by exhortation, or by sarcasm—and she had a strange fashion of turning quite rapidly from one theme to another, when she would alter her whole expression and manner in an instant. Lil professed to be tired, and went to bed early.

The whole of the next day passed by in much the same way, only that Lil got more and more miserable. Gran only went out for a few minutes in the morning, walking about the garden with Lil's arm for support. She looked a strange contrast to the girl, with her angular, stooping form, clothed in its black dress, made in the uncompromising simplicity which her sectarian religion demanded. The three generations were absurdly alike, and constituted a quaint picture of life in its various stages. Gran's face was puckered, and its large features had a strength in them that was scarcely a beauty when no longer softened by plumpness. But she had retained a certain withered-apple rosiness of complexion, and her hair was perfectly white, which is in itself a beauty.

The sunshine and the out-of-door life soon wearied her, and she returned to her knitting. Lil brought her a footstool and sat down beside her to read. Brough was in his

own room in a state of work which precluded all ordinary speech; if he spoke to Lil it would only be to call to her to find him a book or a reference. He did this once or twice, and it was a great relief to her to turn her mind perforce from her perplexities.

She must write to-day. She knew something of what Charlie Newman was enduring. But she was so incapable of decision—and as things were she did not see a chance of a real talk with her father. Of course she could easily speak for a little while to him; of course he would say, "Do you care for him, little girl? Write and tell him to come down." That was not what she wanted. She wanted to say—oh, ever so many things—to talk her heart out, as it were.

She determined to get her father alone in the afternoon, when he took his fresh air before dinner. That would be early enough for her to send a letter by the afternoon post.

So she sat down again to read to Gran.

In the afternoon Lady Lynne called, and seeing poor Lil's weary face, thought she was being bored by her Gran. So, like a good Samaritan, she stayed and talked merrily, with her dexterous skill, making Gran laugh; even Lil smiled. But her heart sank when she heard her father's whistle for the dogs, and then the slam of the gate. He had gone for a long walk by himself. Why had she not thought of that! He never did it except when Gran was with them, but sometimes he went out alone then.

He would not return till the post had long gone.

She must decide for herself now. Lady Lynne thought Lil appeared like a sort of uneasy ghost. She sat on her chair, pale, with a fixed smile, and every now and then made a movement which had no result. She was trying to make up her mind to go quietly and write a refusal to Charlie Newman, and then she would walk down the road with Lady Lynne and post it.

But she could not make up her mind.

Post time came and went. No letter was written.

"This is dreadful!" said Lil to herself, sticking some flowers into her hair, for dinner, so badly that they all fell out again.

That evening nothing could be done with her. She lay like a log on a sofa, thinking of nothing but of the fog of indecision she was in. Gran sat knitting, and looking every now and then at this picture of unconscious beauty on the sofa, and made up her mind that Lil had done something very wrong.

She yearned over the child, for she believed that unless she herself effected her salvation no one else would; and then the end of that joyous life would be hell-fire for ever. Brough she regarded as lost, although she still made an occasional attempt to redeem him; and it is small wonder that her very fun was gloomy when she regarded the best part of the human race as lost, and believed with absolute sincerity and the vividness of imaginative anticipation that these two beings so dear to her were destined to be burned everlastingly.

As she believed in the innate depravity of the human soul, she naturally concluded, seeing Lil in so strange a mood, that she had done something very naughty. So she began to talk to her very earnestly, quoting the Old Testament with a fluency which showed that she was a thorough student of it.

Lil said nothing. The future tortures of hell had small dread for her, with her poor little heart in a

kind of Hades of uncertainty. She listened, lying still upon her sofa, until it was time to go to bed.

Brough always deserted the drawing-room about nine o'clock, and worked in his own den until the small hours of the morning. He was just achieving a great reputation, and none who have not done this, or endeavoured to do it, can guess at the herculean labours which it involves. The unimaginative aphorism that genius is only untiring industry is that most false thing, a half truth. Genius is wasted, as far as the world is concerned, without untiring industry. It must include it, for the world requires a persistent hammering at before it can appreciate. The public, with regard to genius, is much like a Scotchman with regard to a joke—make a good big hole in its head, and you may be able to make it appreciate your point. No man who really loves his bed, his pipe, society, or solitude, better than work, will make his mark upon the hard head of the public.

Brough knew this; and shut himself away from temptation for the greater part of the twenty-four hours. Not even Lil penetrated his solitude when he worked at night.

Consequently he was a good deal surprised at about twelve o'clock on this particular night to be aroused from his abstraction by the appearance of a kind of pink and white ghost on the other side of his writing-table. He stared in some astonishment for a second; but at the end of the second discovered that the ghost was Lil in her dressing-gown.

Gran had been asleep for a couple of hours. Lil knew by experience that the faintest sound would wake her; but, having tossed herself about until her small brain began to reel, she put on her pink dressing-gown and risked the possible disturbing of Gran's rest by opening the door.

And now she stood, with pale cheeks, and very wide-open eyes, before Brough's writing-table.

"Why, Baby, what is it?" he asked, much amazed.

She came round, and, standing beside him, gave him the letter in which Charlie Newman had, as he said, laid his soul bare.

She looked at her father's face, which grew nervous, and worked a little as he read it. Twice he read it through; then he looked at the date, and put it down.

"Well, what have you said?"

The question was put with an easy cheerfulness, as if it were certain to be right whichever way she answered. He always assumed that tone with her, for he had been forced into bitter rebellion against authority in his own youth, and he would rather Lil looked on him as brother than as father. The result was, as might be expected—he was both to her.

She looked up piteously now as he asked her this question.

"I haven't said anything."

"You haven't answered this letter yet?"

"No," said Lil, feeling a little guilty at the quick tone in which the second question was asked.

"You have left that unanswered?—that's too bad, Lil; he'll think you a little flirt."

This was said so gravely that Lil felt entirely crushed, and made no answer. Her father took up the letter and read it again. Then he took out his pockethandkerchief and pretended to have a cold.

"I say, I'm sorry for that fellow, Lil—he's confoundedly in earnest. I did not give him credit for being so much in earnest. He must have felt bad all to-day. Lil, you must go before breakfast to-morrow and telegraph to him."

"Do what, papa?" exclaimed

Lil, looking up with mouth and eyes all wide open in amazement.

"Telegraph to him," repeated Brough Warrington, with decision. "One way or the other—whatever the answer is to be—he must have it to-morrow morning; and which is it to be?"

"That's just what I don't know," said Lil, with pathetic helplessness.

Brough lay back in his chair and laughed.

"Well, you are a little muff," he said, "not to know your own mind."

"It's very nice to laugh, I dare say," said Lil, with a very feeble effort at her dignified manner; "but what am I to do? You don't like him. I have heard you call him a prig and goody-goody. I don't believe you will like me to marry him, and I don't want to marry him at all; for I don't think I like him myself. The only difficulty is that I can't refuse him."

Brough laughed again a little.

"Baby, you are a delicious small monkey," he said; "do you really mean all you say?"

"I do, indeed."

"Well, if you can't refuse him, I shouldn't: and I expect he will know what to make of that position."

"Oh, but, papa, do listen to me!" and then Lil poured out herself as well as she could, in a series of incoherencies: and obtained what she had come home for—advice.

* * * * *

Charlie Newman went home to his rooms in the middle of the day, professedly for lunch. If he could but have seen Lil, then!—sitting at the lunch table, a red spot on each cheek, too excited and too alarmed at what she had done that morning, to eat a morsel of food!

He went home, pronouncing himself emphatically a fool, a silly fool, to still hope. And yet he eyed the servant that opened the door hungrily—was there a letter for him? The landlady, who was on the stairs called to him.

"There is a telegram for you, sir," she said, "it's on your table upstairs, and I opened it, thinking to send it on to you if it was important; but it didn't seem to be important, sir, so I left it."

He ran upstairs—that could be nothing. He took the envelope and opened it without interest.

"From Lil Warrington to Charlie Newman. Ask papa — no, on second thoughts, ask grandmamma."

(To be concluded in the next number.)

MARGARET FULLER.

THE name of Margaret Fuller, Countess d'Ossoli, shines out among a fair constellation of American writers and thinkers. She was a friend of Nathaniel Hawthorne, of Emerson, of Thoreau. She moved among those and others whose names are well known to the world. As an original thinker and a rare conversationalist, she held her place amid a collection of men who mark a pure and beautiful phase of American literature. As an author, her position is well known; but Margaret, powerful and beautiful as is a large portion of her written work, as a writer is evidently but a fraction of herself. An American Universalist minister, whom we have met, who in his earlier days attended some of her classes for young men, has often said, when asked to give some idea of her, that it was of little use attempting to describe the subtle qualities which made up her personality. Her sway over those who loved her was partly that of keen intellectual power; but it also very greatly arose from a strong magnetic influence and a nature which glowed and burned with love.

From childhood she showed a marked character. Her intellect was extraordinarily developed while she was still very young. A "joyful child, with light flowing locks and bright face," she had but little joyfulness in her life, save in her books. Her mother was delicate and burdened by younger children. This elder child found her place in her father's study, where she was taught English and Latin grammar simultaneously, and began to read Latin at six years old.

Margaret left among her papers some introductory chapters to an unfinished autobiographic romance; and these papers are used by her biographers as an account of her own childhood. Her brother, in a preface to a volume in which this appears, considers the picture of their father is too stern, and therefore, it is to be supposed, not intended for an absolute life study. But as he leaves the pages in question without further remark, and supplies no other particulars of his sister's early youth, we are left to accept Margaret's own account. She was the eldest child of Timothy Fuller and Margaret Crane. Mr. Fuller "had great distinction at the Bar and a large professional practice. He was untiring in his industry, grudged the hours nature demands for sleep, was a fine classic scholar, and an extensive reader." Her mother, Margaret Crane, seemed to have been of so sweet and joyous a character as to call forth the highest descriptive faculties of her children and friends in their endeavour to leave some record of it. A few sentences of Margaret's in these chapters of autobiography give an idea of her mother which is more distinct than that imparted by longer descriptions. "My father's love for her," she says, "was the green spot on which he stood apart from the commonplaces of a mere bread-winning, bread-bestowing ex-

istence. She was one of those fair and flower-like natures which sometimes spring up even beside the most dusty highways of life—a creature not to be shaped into a merely useful instrument, but bound by one law with the blue sky, the dew, and the frolic birds. Of all persons whom I have known she had in her most of the angelic —of that spontaneous love for every living thing—for man, and beast, and tree, which restores the golden age." She was as full, says her son Richard Fuller, of the elasticity of life, and her heart as overflowing with the music of nature, as the early songsters of the spring.

Her fondness for flowers was almost a passion, and her son gives a charming picture of her working at her flower bed. She would stoop over it and toil upon it through long sunny hours. Her unwearied labours in the heat attracted the admiration even of the hardy farmers. "Her expression," he goes on to say "as she knelt by the flower bed and bent her near-sighted gaze close to a plant, and discovering some new unfolding promise of beauty, turned round to announce it with a childlike simplicity and a delighted smile, I think can never fade from the memories of her children."

But Margaret, though gladdened by this gentle mother's influence, was subject intellectually to a stern guidance. Although she is considered to have exaggerated, for some purpose or other, the over-tasking of her brain in childhood, yet it is very plain that the work she accomplished was severe, and that she received an education such as is seldom obtained except at an English public school, and perhaps not often there. Her naturally powerful mind was fostered under conditions which are granted to a woman perhaps once or twice in a hundred years. That the pressure was so high that, though the pleasure was intense to the child, it left a memory of pain in after years, is evident. Such high pressure would be considered by most parents as unnecessary and even wrong for a girl; yet when we see a Margaret Fuller emerge from it, it is difficult to believe that it need be harmful. Even if much of the public school education is useless, and the classics are forgotten except by a proportion, yet the hard work produces a certain vigour and toughness of brain and gives a capacity for application. Even though the growing tendency towards the education of Englishwomen should not produce many Margaret Fullers in our midst, yet it must tend to remove the curse of frivolity from the sex by training the powers of application.

That Margaret's world of enjoyment was wide and glorious, although she speaks of her childhood as unhappy and unnatural, is revealed in her language when she turns to the authors she read and the dreams she indulged in. Yet it is possible that she suffered more than many less intelligent children might have done under the severe educational system put upon her, because, although she was full of vivid intellectual life, the love within her was a real stirring of the spirit.

She has been often regarded as especially intellectual; but it seems possible to claim for her that she was, instead of that, especially loving. This may seem strange when her intellectual power and weight are considered; but she is remarkable not by force of intellect at the cost of other faculties, but by an intensity of her whole being which made her not only more intelligent and thoughtful than others, but also more loving. Shakespeare first caught hold of

her through the language of love; "Romeo and Juliet" was the first play which she read, and so absorbed and entranced was she by its pages that her father was unable to make her perceive or grasp the fact that she was disobeying him in reading the book on Sunday. She says of herself, "I can remember little except the state of feeling in which I lived."

At an early age all this capacity for loving showed itself in a sudden passion for an English lady who came—delicate, different, a something strange—among Margaret's Puritan surroundings. When this friend, who had been worshipped with a child's frenzy of new feeling, left her, Margaret fell out of health. Her father concluded that she was dull, that she needed the society of other girls. She was sent to school, and of her school life she gives some account in the fanciful history of "Mariana." Here she appears as one of those strange children who distress their teacher and disturb their companions, simply because they have not found the way to their own affections or those of others.

Returning home, she seems to leave behind her these agonies of a sensitive nature in its immaturity. She writes to her teacher from amid her books; she has found ambition, and the charm of that passion has power to bring with it a greater industry. "I am determined on distinction," she says. "If I fail my consolation shall be found in active employment." The keynote of her life is struck; and from out the strange, half-joyous, half-melancholy childhood, begins to rise the woman, and, with her, the distinction obtained and the power of aiding others have surely been a rich reward for any early trials of development.

She now began to be what she is so well remembered as—a friend. The passion of her nature and the ardour of her mind made her friendships something unique and beautiful.

The words which James Freeman Clarke uses in speaking of her will indicate the sense of intensity left by her friendships:

"The difficulty which we all feel in describing our past intercourse and friendship with Margaret Fuller is that the intercourse was so intimate, and the friendship so personal, that it is like making a confession to the public of our most interior selves."

"But it was curious to see with what care and conscience she kept her friendships distinct. Her fine practical understanding, teaching her always the value of limits, enabled her to hold apart all her intimacies, nor did one ever encroach on the province of the other. Like a moral Paganini, she played always on a single string, drawing from each its peculiar music—bringing wild beauty from the slender wire no less than from the deep-sounding harp-string. Some of her friends had little to give her when compared with others; but I never noticed that she sacrificed in any respect the smaller faculty to the greater."

"The insight which Margaret displayed in finding her friends, the magnetism by which she drew them towards herself, the catholic range of her intimacies, the influence which she exercised to develop the latent germ of every character, the constancy with which she clung to each when she had once given and received confidence, the delicate justice which kept every intimacy separate, and the process of transfiguration which took place when she met anyone on the mountain of friendship, giving a dazzling lustre to the details of common life, all these should be at least touched upon and illustrated, to

give any adequate view of her in these relations."

It must be remembered in connection with these accounts of her singular friendships that she was not naturally prepossessing in appearance, and that she had faults of manner which prejudiced people against her; so that in some cases she was positively avoided by persons whom she desired to know. An English poet who met her in society we found to have had all other memories of her crowded out of his mind by a picture of her with uplifted and dictatorial forefinger, accompanying the gesture with a too-often recurring phrase, "My opinion is . . . "

"But," she says of herself, "I know the obstacles in my way. . . . All such hindrances may be overcome by an ardent spirit."

And certainly the record of her friends is enough to prove that she did rise triumphant over want of tact and an unfortunate manner.

Emerson says of her: "I still remember the first half hour of Margaret's conversation. She was then twenty-six years old. She had a face and frame that would indicate fulness and tenacity of life. She was rather under the middle height; her complexion was fair, with strong fair hair. She was then, as always, carefully and becomingly dressed, and of ladylike self-possession. For the rest her appearance had nothing prepossessing. Her extreme plainness, a trick of incessantly opening and shutting her eyelids, the nasal tone of her voice—all repelled; and I said to myself, we shall never get far. It is to be said that Margaret made a disagreeable impression on most persons, including those who became afterwards her best friends, to such an extreme that they did not wish to be in the same room with her. This was partly the effect of her manners, which expressed an overweening sense of power, and slight esteem of others, and partly the prejudice of her fame. She had a dangerous reputation for satire, in addition to her great scholarship. The men thought she carried too many guns, and the women did not like one who despised them. . . . She had an incredible variety of anecdotes, and the readiest wit to give an absurd turn to whatever passed; and the eyes which were so plain at first soon swam with fun and drolleries, and the very tides of superabundant life."

That many persons should shrink from her society is little to be wondered at; her self-esteem was so overbearing as frequently to border on the absurd, and must have been somewhat oppressive to those who did not choose to worship at her footstool, yet could not assert themselves, intellectually, as a match for her.

"It is certain," says Emerson, "that Margaret occasionally let slip, with all the innocence imaginable, some phrase betraying the presence of a rather mountainous ME, in a way to surprise those who knew her good sense. She could say, as if she were stating a scientific fact, in enumerating the merits of somebody, 'He appreciates *me!*'"

If Margaret were full of wit and sarcasm at the expense of others, she unconsciously did not spare herself. When Emerson recorded those words of hers, "He appreciates *me*," he made immortal in that single sentence the measure of Margaret's self-conceit. Yet those who learned to love her forgave this arrogance; she claimed to be a queen—"without throne, sceptre, or guards, still a queen,"—and they granted her that position. "It is certain that her friends excused in her, because she had a right to it, a tone which they would have reck-

oned intolerable in any other." But still this arrogant tone of conversation was sometimes commented on to her; and she would defend herself with "such broad good-nature, and on such grounds of simple truth as were not easy to set aside."

But she liked to be a teacher, a guide, a queen in her circle. She held conversation classes in Boston, where, although she drew around her clever women, she was, of course, the absolute head; and wherever her conversation, private or general, is recorded, either by herself or others, there is a tinge of the conversation-class in the colour of it.

"I have inquired diligently," says Emerson, "of those who saw her often, and in different companies, concerning her habitual tone; and something like this is the report: In conversation Margaret seldom, except as a special grace, admitted others upon an equal ground with herself. She was exceedingly tender when she pleased to be, and most cherishing in her influence; but to elicit this tenderness it was necessary to submit first to her personally. When a person was overwhelmed by her and answered not a word except, 'Margaret, be merciful to me, a sinner,' then her love and tenderness would come out like a seraph's, and often an acknowledgment that she had been too harsh . . . But her instinct was not humility—that was always an afterthought."

In her own home Margaret had diligently prepared herself for a life of literature, living in her books, translating, reading Italian and German, "devouring book after book." She thought of writing for magazines—"selling some part of her mind for lucre, to get the command of time;" but her dearest project then was "to interpret the German authors," of whom she was so fond, "to such Americans as are ready to receive." In the autumn of 1836 she left her country home and went to Boston to teach Latin and French in the very remarkable school of Mr. Bronson Alcott, and also with the intention of forming classes of young ladies in French, German, and Italian. She endeavoured to understand Mr. Alcott's mental position in his peculiar system of education. This is a fragment of dialogue from a journal:

"*Mr. A.* . . . . This story (the life of Jesus) has given me the key to all mysteries, and showed me what path should be taken in returning to the fountain of spirit. Seeing that other redeemers have imperfectly fulfilled their tasks, I have sought a new way. They all, it seemed to me, had tried to influence the human being at too late a day, and had laid their plans too wide. They began with men; I will begin with babes. They began with the world; I will begin with the family. So I preach the gospel of the nineteenth century.

"*Margaret.* But, preacher, you make *three* mistakes.

"You do not understand the nature of genius or creative power.

"You do not understand the reaction of matter on spirit.

"You are too impatient of the complex, and, not enjoying variety in unity, you become lost in abstractions, and cannot illustrate your principles."

This, though probably not intended as an exact record of any particular conversation, is rather a good example of Margaret's wholesale method of opposing a speaker. Her rapid mind passes over the subject, and developes new points which have not yet been reached by the quieter thinker.

In the spring of 1837 she was asked to become a principal teacher in the Greene-street school, at

Providence, R. I. It was considered a favourable offer, and so perhaps it was, for she was allowed to teach her favourite subjects, to choose her own hours, and to arrange the course; and was to be paid a thousand dollars a year. This to her was independence; and, as she wished to help her family, she felt the immediate income to be invaluable. She therefore set aside an offer from a publisher to prepare a "Life of Goethe"—a work which would have been a real delight to her—and set herself to the less precarious, if less enjoyable, occupation.

"The gulf is vast," she says, "wider than I could have conceived possible, between me and my pupils;" but, at the same time, teaching was a congenial work. Perhaps her mind was of too rapid and variable a character for a teacher of school children; but, as leader of conversational classes, where practically her position was that of teacher, she was afterwards eminently successful. She had a great influence over young men, and had a theory that she herself should have been a man; but, at the same time, she took a deep and real interest in the position and concerns of her own sex. Naturally, she spoke and wrote a good deal upon the subject of marriage; it is a subject which has a tendency to become prominent with any who look closely into the circumstances which surround women. Her views on this matter may be called sensible, though full of enthusiasm. Her great difficulty, in life and in theorising, was that she desired a world of heroes.

"If women are to be bond-maids," she says, "let it be to men superior to women in fortitude, in aspiration, in moral power, in refined sense of beauty! You who give yourselves 'to be supported,' or because 'one must love something,' are they who make the lot of the sex such that mothers are sad when daughters are born."

"It marks the state of feeling on this subject that it was mentioned, as a bitter censure on a woman who had influence over those younger than herself—'she makes those girls want to see heroes.'

"'And will that hurt them? Certainly; how can you ask? They will find none, and so they will never be married.'"

"*Get* married" (adds Margaret in horrified italics) "is the usual phrase, and one that correctly indicates the thought; but the speakers on this occasion were persons too outwardly refined to use it."

Her ideal of the marriage relation was so exalted that she at one time entertained the notion of keeping it altogether separate from domestic life, in order to preserve its romance. But her own after experience showed her that, where the romance is sufficiently deep and real, domestic jars and worries will not wear it away.

Although so earnestly believing in woman as a redeemer, and as a being whose education and character are of vital importance, she was of too practical a mind to encourage women in slurring over domestic life. She was too full of her idea that living is an art for any contempt of the minor beauties of household sweetness and order. She gives a high place to the virtue of household nobleness, to an essay upon which she places these words as a heading, "Mistress of herself, though china fall."

In speaking of the mode in which this virtue, considered so especially a feminine one, may be shown, she says: "We all know that there is substantial reason for the offence we feel at defects in any of these ways. A woman who

wants purity, modesty, and harmony in her dress and manners is insufferable; one who wants them in the arrangement of her house disagreeable to everybody. She neglects the most obvious ways of expressing what we desire to see in her; and the inference is ready, that the inward sense is wanting. It is with no merely gross or selfish feeling that all men commend the good housekeeper, the good nurse; neither is it slight praise to say of a woman that she does well the honours of her house in the way of hospitality."

Although Margaret Fuller had so high an opinion of her sex—or rather perhaps of what her sex should be—women were often afraid of her, of her caustic humour, of her scholarly mind; and, with her great capacity for arrogance, it is very easy to understand that she could not but feel a contempt for the average uneducated and thoughtless woman. But that she was able to give to a noble woman that deep and almost passionate appreciation which can only be felt when jealousy and the smaller passions are left behind, is shown in her own account of her meeting with Georges Sand. It is impossible to avoid quoting it; it is so full of simple charm.

". . . I went to see her at her house, Place d'Orléans. I found it a handsome modern residence. She had not answered my letter, written about a week before, and I felt a little anxious lest she should not receive me, for she is too much the mark of impertinent curiosity, as well as too busy, to be easily accessible to strangers. I am by no means timid, but I have suffered for the first time in France some of the torments of *mauvaise honte*, enough to see what they must be to many.

"It is the custom to go and call on those to whom you bring ers, and push yourself upon their notice; thus you must go ignorant whether they are disposed to be cordial. My name is always murdered by the foreign servants who announce me. I speak very bad French. Only lately have I had sufficient command of it to infuse some of my natural spirit in my discourse. This has been a great trial to me, who am eloquent and free in my own tongue, to be forced to utter my thoughts struggling in vain for utterance.

"The servant who admitted me was in the picturesque costume of a peasant, and, as Madame Sand afterwards told me, her god-daughter, whom she had brought from her province. She announced me as '*Madame Salere*,' and returned into the ante-room to tell me, 'Madame says she does not know you.' I began to think I was doomed to a rebuff, among the crowd who deserve it. However, to make assurance sure, I said, 'Ask if she has not received a letter from me.' As I spoke Madame S. opened the door and stood looking at me an instant. Our eyes met. I never shall forget her look at that moment. The doorway made a frame for her figure. She is large, but well formed. She was dressed in a robe of dark violet silk, with a black mantle on her shoulders, her beautiful hair dressed with the greatest taste, her whole appearance and attitude, in its simple and ladylike dignity, presenting an almost ludicrous contrast to the vulgar caricature idea of Georges Sand. Her face is a very little like the portraits, but much finer; the upper part of the forehead and eyes are beautiful, the lower strong and masculine, expressive of a hardy temperament and strong passions, but not in the least coarse; the complexion olive, and the air of the whole head Spanish (as indeed she was born at Madrid, and is only on one side

of French blood). All these details I saw at a glance; but what fixed my attention was the expression of *goodness*, nobleness, and power that pervade the whole —the truly human heart and nature that shone in her eyes. As our eyes met she said, '*C'est vous*,' and held out her hand. I took it, and went into her little study. We sat down a moment; then I said, 'Il me fait de bien de vous voir;' and I am sure I said it with my whole heart, for it made me very happy to see such a woman, so large and so developed a character, and everything that *is* good in it so *really* good. I loved, shall always love her.

"She looked away and said, 'Ah, vous m'avez écrit une lettre charmante.' This was all the preliminary of our talk, which then went on as if we had always known one another. She told me, before I went away, that she was going that very day to write to me; that when the servant announced me she did not recognise the name, but after a moment it struck her it might be *la dame Americaine*, as the foreigners very commonly call me, for they find my name hard to remember. She was very much pressed for time, as she was then preparing copy for the printer, and, having just returned, there were many applications to see her; but she wanted me to stay then, saying, 'It is better to throw things aside and live for the present moment.' I stayed a good part of the day, and was very glad afterwards, for I did not see her again uninterrupted. . . . . .

"I saw, as one sees in her writings, the want of an independent, interior life; but I did not feel it as a fault—there is so much in her of her kind. I heartily enjoyed the sense of so rich, so prolific, so ardent a genius. I liked the woman in her, too, very much; I never liked a woman better.

"She needs no defence, but only to be understood, for she has bravely acted out her nature and always with good intentions. She might have loved one man permanently if she could have found one contemporary with her who could interest and command her throughout her range; but there was hardly a possibility of that for such a person. Thus she has naturally changed the objects of her affection, and several times. Also there may have been something of the Bacchante in her life, and of the love of night and storm, and the free raptures amid which roamed on the mountain tops the followers of Cybele, the great goddess, the great mother. But she was never coarse, never gross; and I am sure her generous heart has not failed to draw some rich drops from every kind of winepress."

When Madame Sand uttered those simple words of welcome, "*C'est vous*," it seems almost as though there were intuitive recognition of a kindred spirit. Margaret herself has been described as having something of a Bacchante in her by one who had not then seen her description of Madame Sand.

Her meeting with the great French novelist took place during her European tour, a period which filled Margaret's excitable temperament with delight, and perhaps equally punished it with exhaustion. She was always a prey to intense nervousness; her headaches sometimes prostrated her utterly. Emerson says of her that her life was heaped into high and happy moments, between which lay a void. And yet she had the fancy, which is not quite peculiar to herself, that she could think best when in pain; and it is said that when cruelly prostrated she would keep those who attended her in a state be-

tween laughter and tears by her witty sallies.

Her excitability was highly wrought upon by her visits to the old countries. Rome kept her awake all the time she was there. She took letters of introduction to the people of note in the places she went to, and has left many interesting accounts of the celebrities she met. Writing to Emerson, after meeting Carlyle in London, she gives a vivid account of this great man, for whom Edgar Allan Poe said she had what he called a "blind reverence." In his critique upon her he accuses her of "unjustifiable Carlyleisms"; and doubtless she had been much influenced both in thought and style by Carlyle; but she had passed through the phase of blind reverence before she met him, for she goes so far even as to allow that she had wearied of his writings.

"I meant to write on my arrival in London, six weeks ago . . .; but in three days I was in such a round of acquaintances that I had hardly time to dress, and none to sleep during all the weeks I was in London. . . . I find myself much in my element in European society. It does not, indeed, come up to my ideal; but so many of the incumbrances are cleared away that used to weary me in America that I can enjoy a freer play of faculty, and feel, if not like a bird in the air, at least as easy as a fish in the water. . . . . .

"Of the people I saw in London you will wish me to speak first of the Carlyles. Mr. C. came to see me at once, and appointed an evening to be passed at their house.

"Accustomed to the infinite wit and exuberant richness of his writings, his talk is still an amazement and a splendour scarcely to be faced with steady eyes. He does not converse—only harangues. It is the usual misfortune of such marked men — happily not one invariable or inevitable—that they cannot allow other minds room to breathe. . . . Carlyle, indeed, is arrogant and overbearing; but in his arrogance there is no littleness—no self-love. It is the heroic arrogance of some old Scandinavian conqueror. . . . You do not love him perhaps, nor revere; and perhaps, also, he would only laugh at you if you did; but you like him heartily, and like to see him the powerful smith—the Siegfried melting all the old iron in his furnace till it glows to a sunset red, and burns you, if you senselessly go too near. He seems to me quite isolated—lonely as the desert. . . For the higher kinds of poetry he has no sense, and his talk on that subject is delightfully and gorgeously absurd. He sometimes stops a minute to laugh at it himself; then begins anew. . . .

"It is much if one is not only a crow or magpie—Carlyle is only a lion. Some time we may, all in full, be intelligent and humanly fair.

"For a couple of hours he was talking about poetry; and the whole harangue was one eloquent proclamation of the defects in his own mind. . . . ."

She gives a quaint character-touch of both Carlyle and Emerson, when, in writing to the latter, she tells him of how she had made Carlyle laugh by an anecdote, and says: "Carlyle is worth a thousand of you for that; he is not ashamed to laugh when he is amused, but goes on in a cordial human fashion."

We have treated Margaret as yet principally as a woman, endeavouring to seize her personality from amid the mass of recollections which her friends have given to the world. These recollections are often contradictory; but Emerson,

who has evidently endeavoured to put down his true impression of her, excuses this by saying that she herself varied from day to day. At one time she would appear to be devoid of some sense or intuition or belief. At the next interview she would seem to have leaped right on and taken up a new position. If her friends found it difficult to form a definite and consistent idea of her when alive, it is hard to expect them to do so when she is among them no longer. But this chameleon-like character of mind which may often appear uncertain and unsatisfactory, yet may have been the very quality which justified her arrogance and sense of queenly power. She was conscious of a wide spiritual range: of ability to move quickly in that region of spiritual thought and belief in which most people take up a fixed position, and are almost proud of being incapable of movement.

As a journalist, as a critic, as one of the transcendental thinkers, and as the Countess d'Ossoli, we have yet to consider her.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS.

NEW SERIES.—No. 11.

WILLIAM MORRIS, M.A.

THERE were persons living in London not many days ago, persons of some position, moreover, who believed in the existence of two very distinct individuals of the name of Morris. One of these was the well-known author of "The Earthly Paradise," a book which every lover of poetry of the present day has read and enjoyed; the other Morris was quite a different being, and the head of a representative firm whose specialty has been the introduction of real art work into the common things of decoration and furniture. In regard to these two Messieurs Morris, it was deemed quite possible to revel in the poetry thrown off by the magical hand of the one, while seated in an easy chair upholstered in the rare brocade of the loom of the other.

It is our duty to dispel this illusion, and, instead of asking the reader, as Ben Jonson of Shakespeare, to "look, not on his picture but his book," to state that "this figure that thou here seest put" was stamped in a sheet of lead from a photographic film representing William Morris, poet, yet equally well pourtraying William Morris, of the firm of Morris and Company.

The fact is curious enough to be worth noting, that a single individual should have made so distinct a mark in such different walks of life as to be taken to include in himself two separate celebrities, and that in a day when it is difficult to emerge from the vast undistinguished crowd in any single capacity. That there is a slender thread common to the work done by the "dreamer of dreams" and the work done by the practical man of business in the case before us, it might be possible to demonstrate; but the fact is evidently not sufficiently manifest to have disturbed the believers in the twofold and distinct personality.

William Morris was born the 24th March 1834, at Walthamstow. It cannot be said that he was the heir of any breath of genius, for it

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE 1878 WOODBURY MECHANICAL PROCESS

Yours very truly
William Morris

bloweth verily where it listeth to the discomfiture of materialists; nor even that he was born to any transmitted aptitude of brain, or special advantage of early education. He was the eldest son of a family of nine, and his father, an enterprising city man, and as regards views, of the almost extinct type of the Evangelical Tory, died when he was scarcely fourteen years old. The widow and children were left in moderately comfortable circumstances. William went to the school in his native place kept by a Scotchman, Dr. Greig, a school frequented largely by Anglo-Indians, and among his companions were many that afterwards perished in the time of the mutiny.

William Morris was not the pattern boy of the story books, who always attains to a fine worldly position. He was the kind of boy that is fond of "a lark all round." From Walthamstow, when rising fourteen, he passed on to Marlborough, where he remained between three and four years. At this early period he began to take an interest in archæology and the architectural side of art, and would read any book that he could find on these subjects. Many a steeple-hunting expedition was made—a different pursuit, it should be noted, from public school steeplechasing; and even memorial brasses had a fascination for the boy. Marlborough he left about the time of the great row and revolt, which will be familiar to old Marlburians, with which, however, he had had no connection. After a year with a private tutor, Dr. Guy, he entered Exeter College, Oxford, beginning residence in the spring of 1852. In respect of the ordinary curriculum of study, he may be said to have idled, though probably during the great frost of 1854 the tremulous acres of ice found him not an idle weight. For classics he did not much care, but was carried away for the time by the mediæval and archæological revival. Being then very young, he had also a Puseyite phase. He was in the thick of the days when the Tractarian excitement was nearly over, and the progress party were gathering earnestness, but had not yet made much headway.

His degree he took early, in 1856, and remains still a member of the University. There are curious anomalies in the Oxford Calendar, it being apparently thought worth while to append a note to a man's name, by way of distinction, that he is head master of some scarce known grammar school, or that he gained an English verse prize in the time when he was an "unfeathered, amorphous birdling, still sticky with alien albumen"; but, if he has proved himself a true songster in after life, the fact is presumed to be so well known that no reference to his work is deemed necessary. This compliment is not paid to any ecclesiastical or scholastic success.

Morris's next step was to become articled to George Edmund Street, the well-known architect, then located at Oxford, and shortly afterwards at London. But after about nine months he sickened of th

monotonous task-work that fills up the threshold of the profession, and having the misfortune, as it might have been, to possess a little money of his own, he struck out for himself at this early age.

Whether it was the wholesome influence generated by Arnold of Rugby, that was acting upon young Oxford at this time, it might be difficult to prove, but it is plain that there was a revival of that most evanescent and heavenly of qualities—earnestness. Among a certain section this took, amongst other forms, that of a belief that work being the health and strength of the world, a handicraft was nothing ignoble.

This notion seems to have been floating before Morris's mind even when his tendency was greatest to the idle hilarity of youth; but it led to no practical fruit for some little time. Art and literature, or, to speak more precisely, art in colour work and in literature, were what attracted him when he left Oxford.

Just at the end of his undergraduate days, or when he was about leaving the University, a few choice spirits started the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, a monthly periodical that had no need to be ashamed of itself on the ground of solid excellence, but was one of those heavenly children that for the most part die young. It was edited by a Pembroke man, Mr. Fulford, who is now a private tutor for Army and Navy cadets. To this magazine Dante Rossetti contributed some of his finest poems, including "The Burden of Nineveh" and "The Blessed Damozel." In it were to be found evidences such as the following passage affords of a fine moral vigour, justifying our remarks upon the earnest character of the time: "To do a certain work each man was born. It is the noble duty of each man, in youth, to learn his own peculiar work, and steadily and earnestly to pursue that work, whatever it may be; to pursue it, amidst evil report and good report, for weal and woe, with a zeal enough to satisfy his conscience and his God; this, surely, is to do God's own work upon earth; this, surely, is for man to become a fellow-worker with God, because it is to carry out in its entireness the Perfect Will of the Eternal Mind."

To the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* William Morris also was a contributor, furnishing its pages with a rather remarkable series of short prose romances and a number of poems. The romances have never been reprinted; they are unsigned, but no doubt is expressed that the following are his: "A Dream," "Gertha's Lovers," "Svend and his Brethren," "The Hollow Land," "Golden Wings." They are strongly tinctured with mediævalism, but are none the less full of vivid force, even though now and again we recognise a quality that has been well described as "luminous indistinctness."

The poems were nearly all reprinted in their writer's first-published volume; one, however, we may quote here which has not since been

reprinted, and would be difficult to meet with, as the magazine is now scarce and expensive:

WINTER WEATHER.

We rode together,
In the winter weather,
To the broad mead under the hill;
Though the skies did shiver
With the cold, the river
Ran and was never still.

No cloud did darken
The night; we did hearken
The hound's bark far away.
It was solemn midnight
In that dread, dread night
In the years that have passed for aye.

Two rode beside me,
My banner did hide me,
As it droop'd adown from my lance;
With its deep blue trapping,
The mail overlapping,
My gallant horse did prance.

So ever together,
In the sparkling weather,
Moved my banner and lance;
And its laurel trapping,
The steel over-lapping,
The stars saw quiver and dance.

We met together,
In the winter weather,
By the town-walls under the hill;
His mail-rings came clinking,
They broke on my thinking,
For the night was hush'd and still.

Two rode beside him,
His banner did hide him,
As it drooped down straight from his lance;
With its blood-red trapping,
The mail over-lapping,
His mighty horse did prance.

And ever together,
In the solemn weather,
Moved his banner and lance;
And the holly trapping,
The steel over-lapping,
Did shimmer, and shiver, and dance.

Back reined the squires
Till they saw the spires
Over the city wall;
Ten fathoms between us,
No dames could have seen us
Tilt from the city wall.

There we sat upright
Till the full midnight
Should be told from the city chimes:
Sharp from the towers,
Leapt forth the showers
Of the many clanging rhymes.

'Twas the midnight hour,
Deep from the tower
Boom'd the following bell;
Down go our lances,
Shout for the lances,
The last toll was his knell.

There he lay, dying;
He had for his lying
A spear in his traitorous mouth;
A false tale made he
Of my true, true lady;
But the spear went through his mouth.

In the winter weather
We rode back together
From the broad mead under the hill;
And the cock sung his warning,
As it grew towards morning,
But the far-off hound was still.

Black grew his tower,
As we rode down lower,
Black from the barren hill;
And our horses strode
Up the winding road
To the gateway dim and still.

At the gate of his tower,
In the quiet hour,
We laid his body there;
But his helmet broken
We took as a token;
Shout for my lady fair!

We rode back together,
In the winter weather,
From the broad mead under the hill;
No cloud did darken
The night; we did hearken
How the hound bay'd from the hill.

There are, as is natural, faults in this early production; as, for instance, it is not easy to see from an artistic point of view why the hound which has once become still begins again to bay at the close of the poem. But in spite of the faults, which are principally those due to the want of that careful finish which practice alone can give, there are unmistakable signs of a power of picturesque and dramatic narration.

When Street left Oxford and had been some three months established

in London, William Morris parted from him and began to study painting. He was at the indeterminate, conceited age, and had to work his way out of the Puseyite paths. He was idle and did no very notable work in painting, but developed a turn for the decorative arts, and was gradually drifting towards occupation.

Burne Jones had been a chum of his at Oxford. Dante Rossetti's friendship he had made in London through the mediumship of Wilfrid Healey, a Trinity (Cambridge) man, one of the first of the Competition Wallahs, and an acquaintance of Mr. Vernon Lushington. Mr. Rossetti, who was about five years Mr. Morris's senior, was particularly friendly and kind; and a little circle of what we might almost term ideal realists (for the ideal has its reality) was formed in London. In poetry not only was Rossetti's influence upon William Morris, but also that of both Brownings. Robert Browning with his wondrous dramatic vitality was a wholesome influence; and Mrs. Browning, attracting strongly by such poems as her "Rhyme of Duchess May," was a happy choice for a young poet's worship. Not until years afterwards did William Morris meet either of the Brownings, to be able to acknowledge personally his debt of gratitude to them.

"The Defence of Guenevere and other Poems," which was published in 1859, is a fine addition to the gallery of Arthurian romance and Froissartian memories. Southey's "Morte D'Arthur" may be held partly responsible for awakening this special interest.

In such a volume there was great danger of utter failure. A mediæval revival in poetry would have met with scorn if it had shown either weakness or affectation. The realism, if occasionally violent, is so thorough, and the passion that pervades the whole so intense, that no gap is felt between the old time and the new, so different though they be. The moving realities, the burning colours of life, make us feel at home even among knights and ladies such as we can now nowhere find in the flesh. A sentimental femininity was the danger to fear in such a poetic attempt; a masculine strength, even rude at times, is the actual quality that is found. The figures might have worn garments such as one sees in tapestry, and swords and helmets very blue, and have yet been lifeless puppets, walking draperies; as they are, they are living men and women, though not of our day. We are introduced to the hushed chambers of our ancestors, where gradually rise voices, and forms shape themselves from out the mist, strong and beautiful, and faded colours glow once more, and though we are moving in a dream, we feel the beating of pulses and the burning of hearts. The story-teller's faculty was vividly and dramatically manifest; "The Haystack in the Floods," for instance, may be cited as evidence of directness and force of style.

William Morris found his first waft upon the seas of fame, not in the arts of publishers, but in the spontaneous recognition of appreciative

readers. The *Literary Gazette*, at the period of the publication of "The Defence of Guenevere," was endeavouring to undo the evil of Jerdan's corruptibility, and its reviews were genuine expressions of critical feeling. Mr. Richard Garnett, of the British Museum, a well-known writer and critic, and among the contributors to the present *University Magazine*, may be regarded as the first public appreciator of William Morris's verse. Mr. Holmes, now the Queen's Librarian at Windsor Castle, had brought before Mr. Garnett's notice certain poems and prose romances in the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, which at that time had been dead for a little over a year, and, a poet himself, he had recognised the divinity astir in them. So that when a volume appeared containing, with other longer poems, these anonymous poetic acquaintances, Mr. Garnett was prepared to do justice to it, and reviewed it at length, in the first week of March 1858. A great point in this review was the allusion to the poetic anastasis of the Arthurian cycle of romance, with special reference to the fact that Mr. Morris was without trace of Tennysonian influence, and indeed approached mediæval things in a totally different way. Thus early was Morris compared with Tennyson, the latter being described as writing of the Arthurian period like a modern, the former like a contemporary. "The Laureate," said Mr. Garnett, "is as superior in brilliance of phrase, finish of style, and magic of versification, as he is inferior in dramatic propriety and *couleur locale*." Mr. Garnett was bold enough to speak of the new writer as "of real original genius," as "a poet whom poets love;" and when we think that it was of an unknown writer, then only twenty-four years of age, that he spoke, we must allow that Mr. Garnett's criticisms proceed from a true instinct and possess a prophetic quality.

But recognition was slow. It was not until 1860, for instance, that *Fraser* reviewed the volume, claiming for it the ring of true metal, but alleging that it had passed unrecognised by the critics. It may be interesting to quote what was said of our author before he had become famous:— "Mr. Morris is the poet of pre-Raphaelitism. 'To my friend, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, painter,' he dedicates his book; and it is not fanciful to say that there is a striking family likeness between the works of the poet and those of the painter. Both artists draw their inspiration from the fount of the *Morte d'Arthur*. They are thoroughly familiar with the figures of England's chivalry, and with the forms of its heroic life. Instead of Palmerston and Napoleon, Arthur and Lancelot and Galahad are the names in all men's mouths. Guenevere is the standard to which the beauty of all other women is unconsciously referred. We hear of 'bastides' and 'villaynes,' of the 'camaille' and the 'ceinture,' and the 'basnet,' and the 'salade,' more than enough perhaps; but at the same time we see that these are not the mere stage properties in a fantastic mumming, an Eglintoun tournament; that the employment

of antique words and habits is not formal or antiquarian only, but denotes a living insight into the thought and heart of the dead people whose life they shaped. Then they are both colourists of a high order. Mr. Rossetti excels all his contemporaries, is excelled by no one perhaps since Titian, in the oriental richness, the vivid splendour, the intense glow which he can bring out of colours that, in the hands of other men, remain dingy and ineffective, and produce no vivid impression. It is always, in like manner, the colour of an object which first attracts Mr. Morris's eye. He falls in love with the golden hair of his heroines before he marks whether they are tall or short, ugly or beautiful. The green and gold and purple and scarlet which Mr. Rossetti uses are reproduced in his poems."

In his dramatic realism William Morris was not always introducing us to the knightly heroes of the past; there were poems in which he was transmuting feeling into colour in a way that might appeal to the most modern amongst us.

The following is a fair instance of early power in the production of what in a landscape painting might be called feeling. We quote from the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, following only two small typographical corrections made when the poem was reprinted, and making another small alteration that is almost imperceptible :—

SUMMER DAWN.

Pray but one prayer for me 'twixt thy closed lips,
  Think but one thought of me up in the stars.
The summer night waneth, the morning light slips
  Faint and grey 'twixt the leaves of the aspen, betwixt the cloud bars
That are patiently waiting there for the morn—
  Patient and colourless, though Heaven's gold
Waits to float through them along with the sun.
Far out in the meadows, above the young corn,
  The heavy elms wait, and restless and cold
The uneasy wind rises; the roses are dun;
Through the long twilight they pray for the morn,
Round the lone house in the midst of the corn.
    Speak but one word to me over the corn,
    Over the tender, bow'd locks of the corn.

This first poetic achievement was, as might be expected, a *succès d'estime* rather than a commercial one. About William Morris's later works a very different story could be told; and yet he is known to have said that a man should not expect to be paid for work which has already given him his return in the pleasure of the doing of it, and that the labour which deserves remuneration is when we face the annoyances of the less ideal business of life.

"The Defence of Guenevere" has been since reprinted, rather than republished, without any revision from the author, which might have been a considerable labour, owing to the differences that arise, not so much from any necessity for correction as from the change of view con-

sequent upon the development of maturity of thought and style. It was understood that the book was not to be advertised, as the author did not care to make himself again responsible for it; but, as there was nothing positively boyish in it, he did not like to say "No" to the request for its republication.

At the end of 1857 were in progress a series of paintings in distemper, treating subjects from the cycle of Arthurean romance, upon the walls of the Oxford Union Debating Room. The painters were J. H. Pollen, E. Burne Jones, V. Prinsep, D. G. Rossetti, Arthur Hughes, and William Morris, the subject taken up by Mr. Morris being Sir Palomides' Jealousy of Sir Tristram and the Fair Isulte. Sad to say, the exquisite decorative effect of these frescoes is becoming sadly marred, and that before its time, presumably through the use of treacherous materials. But the matter of wall paintings has been a disappointing one so often that no ruin of this kind surprises any longer, and we wonder rather that Mr. Leighton's work in the New Forest should show no visible mark of decay. More recently a ceiling was painted by Morris in the same debating room, and this, we will hope, will endure.

In 1858 or 1859 Morris married Miss Burden, a lady whose name might happily be absorbed by a writer of ballads. The family consists of two daughters, who show a practical sympathy with their father's tastes.

The pre-Raphaelite group, of which Morris had become a member, was endowed, among its well-known features, with a conviction as to the honour of labour and the glory of thoroughness. This characteristic, combining with that consciousness and love of splendour which underlies any form of art, led to a practical result. Several friends—Madox Brown, Burne Jones, Rossetti, Webb, and Morris, entered into partnership and started a business, which was to embody their artistic principles. It was so ideal a little guild that one marvels it did not fade away in a year or two like a Brook Farm community or a scheme of Pantisocracy. But work and will, patience and perseverance, so long as they are downright, and not merely sentimental, are as efficacious in producing solid results when wielded by young Oxonians and exquisite-handed painters, as when they are manifested by a group of navvies. The business began on the old-fashioned principle of being small at first, and developing according to the strength it gained. It was founded on the slenderest means, and began on the smallest scale; its capital consisting in part of the remains of Morris's little patrimony, but mostly of brains and hands. Growing out, as he was now, of that fault which of all is most easily mended—excessive youth, Morris threw off the velvet mantle of the *dilettante*, and took the business department upon his own shoulders. At one period he was helped in this by an old Oxford chum named Faulkner. The production of painted windows was

the principal work undertaken at first, Morris acting as designer as well as his friends. The outside world for a considerable time regarded the whole affair as an amiable fad of a few young dreamers. It was, indeed, a remarkable and unusual thing for men of genius and culture so to associate themselves. For the first few years the books very naturally showed a loss. An architect or two now and again sent in a commission, Bodley being one of such who gave some help at their first starting in 1861, when the business was carried on, in a humble way, in Red Lion-square. In 1862 a medal for stained glass was obtained at the Exhibition, and some of their show was sold. The public began gradually to get ready for the wares of these new-fangled workers; and, probably to their own astonishment, they began to get on. In 1863 the style and title of the firm was Morris, Marshall, Faulkner, and Co. Ornamented furniture and stained-glass windows were at first the only productions. In the latter department one or two of the circle, and notably Burne Jones, had, before the firm started upon such work, given one or two important designs, which had been carried out by other glass stainers. Among these were a window at the east end of Waltham Abbey church, and another in the Latin Chapel of the cathedral of Oxford. These had attracted some attention at the time.

As the firm progressed with their stained glass, they started paper hangings, to which, for a considerable time, nobody paid any attention. It was scarcely wonderful that the public, accustomed to the prevalent hideousness of gaudy arabesques and monotonous groupings of impossible flowers, should be startled at first by the suggestion of placing upon their walls—in naked beauty and natural colour—a study of fruit such as

> The thin-leaved, thorny pomegranate
> That flung its unstrung rubies on the grass;

Or that, accustomed to overgrown and over-coloured paper roses, it should have disdained the daisy pattern. But little by little the new designs made their way, and this without a single trade advertisement or the publication of a catalogue.

Soon Burne Jones and William Morris were hard at work. Designs were required, not only for windows and walls, but for pavement-tiles, for flowered silks, mechanical carpets, and handmade rugs. It was found that beauty was at the door and ready to enter in, and wise people began to give welcome to

> Fine webs like woven mist wrought in the dawn,
> Long ere the dew had left the sunniest lawn;
> Gold cloth so wrought that nought of gold seemed there,
> But rather sunlight over blossoms fair.

The designers of the day had come quite to the dregs, and could scarcely go further in rococo style. The period was one of bad taste,

some of the signs of which John Leech has handed down to posterity in *Punch*. To be in the fashion, a lady could not have dressed so as to please an artist, or satisfy a man of taste.

It is difficult to estimate how far any particular men may be credited with a movement, or to what extent they are but the forefront of a wave of change. However this question may be settled, it is certain that the ideas of blue and green, of composition and design, to be seen now in the better class of our shop windows are immeasurably superior to those of five-and-twenty years ago, when scarcely a fabric of high beauty could be found, save rare stuffs from oriental looms. Now there is a most distinct gain in almost every department of decorative work. The general public are now becoming alive to this change, and Morris and Company are having imitators.

The traditions of the firm continue akin to those of the old-fashioned days, before the reign of shoddied wools and clayey calicoes, the days when the handicraftsman took pride in his work, and was not hidden from the buyer by touts, middlemen, and commission agents. On the bill-heads of Morris and Co., after the enumeration of their costly wares—painted glass, embroidery, painted tiles, wall papers, chintzes, furniture silks, velvets, serges, moroccos, carpets—come the words "the prices are for cash without discount." No doubt by large allowances to the trade they could have agents to sell their goods, but what would come of it? A larger business on profits so small, owing to the cut-throat competition to find middlemen, that quality might soon have to be subordinated to price, while suggestions would come from the agents: Could you not modify here or there, to come down to the public taste a little more? As matters stand, Morris and Co. are known, as was any great school of faience or loom of deserved fame in the middle ages. A principle still maintained is, that there shall be direct communication between the artist who designs and the craftsman who carries out the work. This entails an amount of trouble that few could appreciate, but it is the right means to the end of the best work. It can never be said against the Pre-Raphaelite group that they were afraid of taking trouble. The same hand that wrote "The Earthly Paradise" engages itself in dyeing samples of wool, the skeins of which may be seen drying in the court behind the house in quaint little Queen-square. Morris himself designs his carpets and carries out the sketch into scale on sheets in squares which allows for so many thicknesses of weft and woof, and must be accurately followed in the loom. Wherever a power is found strong enough to alter popular traditions, and to oust a bad and flimsy style, we may be sure that hard and patient work, as well as capacity, is at the back of it.

There is a legal anomaly which presses somewhat severely upon original workers in decorative design. A mechanical improvement may

be patented for a considerable term of years; three years' protection only is accorded to patterns in design. This suffices for fashionable season goods, but is quite inadequate for art goods which aim at permanent value rather than a fleeting vogue. No doubt steps ought to be taken to protect good work of this kind. In the United States, for instance, protection is granted to the same sort of invention for as long as fourteen years. In England the patent wears out just about the time when the public are beginning to appreciate the beauty of the design. The process of obtaining patents, too, is elaborate and onerous, while plagiary is a frequent trouble, and imitations come within a very close shade of being colourable.

It is time now to turn from William Morris, artist and craftsman, to William Morris, poet. During chosen days of holiday from business, and even in snatches of time seized in the railway carriage on a journey, poetical work had been progressing. But it was nearly ten years from the date of "The Defence of Guenevere" before its successor appeared. The large design of "The Earthly Paradise" had been already conceived, and even one prologue written for it and thrown aside. "The Life and Death of Jason" was begun as one of the stories of the "Earthly Paradise" series, but having extended itself into a considerable poem, it was published separately in 1867. Very rapidly, and much to the author's astonishment, for classical stories are rarely popular nowadays, the book came into demand. It was felt that a new poet had come with a most welcome brightness and simplicity of song, and he was greeted accordingly.

During his holiday rambles William Morris had visited Iceland, whither he had been drawn by having fallen in love with the Old Norse literature, and he made the acquaintance of one or two modern Icelandic poets. One of his visits to the volcanic isle was made in company with Eiríkr Magnússon, now under-librarian at the University library, Cambridge. With this gentleman Morris also regularly read Icelandic, and eventually a literary partnership was established, resulting in translations in verse of a Saga, and of a collection of stories. In 1869 appeared the Grettis Saga, a year later the Völsunga Saga.

In 1875, 1876, and 1877 were published the story of Sigurd, the Fall of the Niblungs, and some northern love stories. The story of Sigurd is not a translation, but Morris's last, and a most important original poem: it is pretty close to the ancient legends; but not more so than many of the stories in the "Earthly Paradise."

The volume translated along with Magnússon was the Völsunga Saga, together with the greater part of the Poetic Edda that has to do with the same story. The Völsunga Saga in its present form was written probably early in the 14th century, and gives in rather curt prose the

whole story of the Niblungs, the great epic of the north, as it was then current in Scandinavia. Some of this is only a prose rendering of songs that still exist (damaged by gaps here and there) in the Poetic Edda, some is a similar rendering of poems then existing, now lost (except for the fragments preserved in the Völsunga), and the rest is no doubt got together from floating tradition. The story exists otherwise, first, in ballads, some Faroese, early and obviously taken straight from the Eddaic poems; some Danish, which latter are often more akin to the German than the Icelandic version; second, in the great German poem of the Nibelungen Noth, which differs so widely and so curiously from the Eddaic version that it will probably always be an open question whether the Germans had or had not a different original from the Scandinavians; third, the story, much overlaid with additions is told in the Vilkina Saga, an Icelandic romance, so to say, of the 14th century, which takes the German account for the more part.

Morris's poem aims at making a complete story out of the elements which have formed these more or less incomplete and fragmentary works; in doing this it naturally sticks closest to the Icelandic form as both the completest and most artistic; but the German legend has also been used in the latter part.

But these works, although well appreciated, do not move the public like Morris's other works. It would seem that people receive a dismal impression of chill from the northern country, and would rather go for love stories to the more paradisaic realms of the East.

A man must write both rapidly and easily and with pleasure to himself before he can take up a poetical work of such magnitude as "The Earthly Paradise," in its three substantial volumes, and carry it through with such trifles thrown in in addition as several volumes from the hard Icelandic tongue, a rhymed rendering of the Æneid, and a regular avocation requiring unremitting personal attention. Another proof of Morris's peculiar ease in poetry is to be found in his preference to re-writing over tinkering anything with which he may have become dissatisfied.

He is not used to alter when he reprints. Some may "diligently revise and reshape," but if he is discontented with his work, he throws it aside and begins again. So it was, for instance, with a great part of "Sigurd"; so, as we have already named, with the prologue to "The Earthly Paradise." What we have is the second writing, and it is so fine that we cannot regret the destruction of the other if it led us to this. Indeed, perhaps we owe some of its effects to the intensification due to the author's disappointment over his first results. We quote this prologue or apology entire, for it is so fair a specimen of the author's style, so easy and yet so finished:

Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing,
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
Or bring again the pleasure of past years,
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather when, aweary of your mirth,
From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
And, feeling kindly unto all the earth,
Grudge every minute as it passes by,
Made the more mindful that the sweet days die—
Remember me a little then, I pray,
The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
That weighs us down, who live and earn our bread,
These idle verses have no power to bear;
So let me sing of names remembered,
Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
Or long time take their memory away
From us poor singers of an empty day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Folk say, a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did show,
That through one window men beheld the spring,
And through another saw the summer glow,
And through a third the fruited vines a-row,
While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December day.

So with this Earthly Paradise it is,
If ye will read aright and pardon me,
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
Where tossed about all hearts of men must be;
Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall slay,
Not the poor singer of an empty day.

It was happily remarked some few years ago that facts had well falsified Mr. Morris's description of himself as "Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time," seeing that his ready acceptance, or rather his immediate bound into a reputation, was proof enough of his arrival being very distinctly opportune.

No doubt poetry is in more or less of opposition to the average life of the present day; but when the poet comes who is its exact polar opposite by the law of contraries, he is bound to be welcomed. To all those who feel themselves out of tune with the times, he is the natural friend and companion. He brings in new light by seeing the darkness, and new colour by putting garish commonplace into shadow, and letting the gaiety and sweetness of old days fill our inner chamber for a little while. As a poet, he is essentially the bringer of beautiful things.

In the *envoi* to "The Earthly Paradise," the author sends his book for sympathy to "My master, Geoffry Chaucer," whose inspiration he thus owns. He bids the book say:

—if indeed
In some old garden thou and I have wrought,
And made fresh flowers spring up from hoarded seed,
And fragrance of old days and deeds have brought

Back to folk weary; all was not for nought.
—No little part it was for me to play—
The idle singer of an empty day."

We may here add a specimen of some of Morris's other work. Here, for instance, are the rolling lines that form the commencement of the "Sigurd":

There was a dwelling of Kings ere the world was waxen old;
Dukes were the door-wards there, and the roofs were thatched with gold;
Earls were the wrights that wrought it, and silver nailed its doors;
Earls' wives were the weaving-women, queens' daughters strewed its floors;
And the masters of its song-craft were the mightest men that cast
The sails of the storm of battle adown the bickering blast.
There dwelt men merry-hearted, and in hope exceeding great
Met the good days and the evil as they went the way of fate;
There the Gods were unforgotten, yea while they walked with men.
Though e'en in that world's beginning rose a murmur now and again
Of the mid-ward time, and the fading, and the last of the latter days,
And the entering in of the terror, and the death of the People's Praise.

We ought to be interested in these merry-hearted men, the heroes indeed of our own Homeric period. We may note how in these poems of the north the author is enabled meetly to revive noble and simple Saxon forms of expression, for which we ought to be grateful to him.

The following may represent Morris's manner of translation from the Latin (Æneid IV.). The rendering is very close, almost literal:

But Dido, trembling, wild at heart with her most dread intent,
Rolling her blood-shot eyes about, her quivering cheeks besprent
With burning flecks, and otherwhere dead-white with death drawn nigh,
Burst through the inner doorways there and clomb the bale on high;
Fulfilled with utter madness now, and bared the Dardan blade,
Gift given not for such a work, for no such ending made.
There, when upon the Ilian gear her eyen had been set,
And bed well known, 'twixt tears and thoughts awhile she lingered yet;
Then, brooding low upon the bed, her latest word she spake.

"O raiment dear to me, while Gods and fate allowed, now take
This soul of mine and let me loose from all my woes at last!
I, I have lived, and down the way fate showed to me have passed;
And now a mighty shade of me shall go beneath the earth!
A glorious city have I raised, and brought my walls to birth,
Happy, ah happy, overmuch were all my life-days' gain,
If never those Dardanian keels had drawn our shores anigh."

She spake: her lips lay on the bed. "Ah, unavenged to die!
But let me die! Thus, thus 'tis good to go into the night!
Now let the cruel Dardan eyes drink in the bale-fire's light,
And bear for sign across the sea this token of my death."

In a careful study of Morris's poetry, made by Mr. H. Buxton Forman in "Our Living Poets," we find the following comparison of Chaucer and Morris, which is worth quotation as a piece of excellent critical work:

"Whether we read Chaucer or Mr. Morris, we get much the same processional splendour of descriptiveness where multitudes and largeness of action are concerned, the same minute yet significant delicacy of detail where individual action is the artist's subject, the same comprehensive attention to situation and surroundings, the same naïve implicitness of

belief where anything inconceivable to a modern mind is to be told (as is constantly the case with both poets). In this they are rivals, standing apart from all others, that they show a full sympathy with that stage of human development represented in each tale; and this is compassed partly by a forthright statement of the facts as they are supposed to have occurred, and partly by such an ingenuous and inventorial minuteness of circumstance as disarms all suspicion that the narrator questions the genuineness of his tale. Now this is the most indispensable quality to be sought for in simple tale-telling; and without this the utmost agreeableness of diction and the highest perfection of metre and rhythm are of no avail. We must not forget that this Chaucerian class of poetry is altogether unmodern, so that unless it reached in the hands of a contemporary artist such a perfection as it might attain in the social medium wherein it first grew up, it could not receive more than a meagre recognition; and the cordial reception of Mr. Morris speaks volumes as to the quality of his tale-singing.

"It is natural that most of the characteristics of contemporary poetic workmanship should be at a minimum in these productions; and in the use of metres and so on we find Mr. Morris entirely estranged from his contemporaries. Instead of inventing new metres, he has adopted three good homely instruments used by Chaucer,—the seven-line stanza of 'Troilus and Criseide,' 'The Flower and the Leaf,' and other poems, the old-fashioned five-foot couplet of 'The Knight's Tale,' used by Pope in translating the 'Iliad,' and the four-foot couplet of 'The Romaunt of the Rose' and 'The Book of the Duchess,' afterwards employed in the construction of 'Hudibras;' and of these instruments he has availed himself without that attention to minute construction shown in modern metres, or in pre-existent metres under modern treatment. We get here broad cadences of music, an unfaltering flow of rhythm, easy perspicuity of rhyme, fine large outlines of construction, but not usually any minute delicacies or startling intricacies; and this is precisely what should be the case, for this reason: Mr. Morris's works treat largely of action, incident, external form, colour, and so on, and he usually deals with only the simpler phases of emotion. His subjects engage attention in regard to the development of the story; and it would be an interruption hardly desirable to have to pause over minutiæ of manipulation when we want to follow out the large effects of the artist. The adornments that we want and get take the form of vivid and exquisite pictures, resulting from force of imagination and readiness of expression, and so clear and well-defined as to need no study on the reader's part to take them in. The interest is always sufficiently sustained by wealth of imagination, unfaltering straightforwardness of action, entire absence of anything like commonplace, and an adequate degree of force, sweetness, and propriety of

expression. Above all, the work is always distinctly poetry—not prose draped in a transparent veil of pseudo-poetry: to whatever length his works may run we do not miss in them that condensation without which verse can never be poetry."

Again, with regard to Morris's peculiar position and faculty, we fully agree with the following: "In the ordinary books of reference, mythology and folk-lore, especially Greek myth and romance, are reduced to their lowest possible terms, and deprived of all aroma; but in Mr. Morris's books we have the added aroma of true poetic method and imagination, to supply what is so delicately fugitive in the ordinary process of distillation, as well as a rare discriminative tact to eliminate such of the grosser elements of the subject as are inessential, though retained in the exaggerated prose nakedness of the books of reference. These poems are such as no man need scruple to take home to his wife and leave within reach of his children; for if unimpregnated with modern doctrine, they are at least innocent of what is gross in ancient creeds. Of philosophy there is just enough to afford the poet a point of view from which to treat his subjects. Without a moderately palpable point of view it is impossible to show great unity of intention; but Mr. Morris's point of view, though sufficient for this purpose, is as unmodern as his subjects and method. In fact, whatever philosophy is expressed or implied gives rise to no inconvenience in treating his chosen subjects: from the hardy minds of the old world he has adopted all that is kindly, humane, resignedly brave, and a little of what is sad in the pathetic belief in a short life soon to be forgotten; but the evident healthiness of a robust manly soul has saved him from deforming his works by any fatal admixture of that maudlin anti-theism which cannot but mar the calm beauty of an antique ideal. There is no trace here of unhealthy revolt against circumstance and law; and although we may learn lessons to struggle after attainable good and away from avoidable evil, we are made to feel at the same time the beauty and strength of manly submission to the inevitable, so that if one calls the poet 'pagan,' it is but in the negative sense of exhibiting no essential and distinctive modern principle, esthetic, ethic, or religious."

There must be a great buoyancy of power in Morris to enable him to raise the details which a story-teller is bound to furnish, into poetry without injury to simple directness of narrative. Here is an instance of his peculiar power in this direction:

> Yea, I heard withal,
> In the fresh morning air, the trowel's fall
> Upon the stone, a thin noise far away.

How many are there with senses so exquisitely cultivated that in the description of common things they can hit upon just the right tone that

will bring poetic effect? It would be a fair challenge whether the subdued ring of the trowel as it taps the stone could in any way be better expressed than by the simple expression "a thin noise." Morris's realism is of a sturdy yet delicate order; his senses are fine and he has gone out to use them. "The poet who wrote the description of a storm in the first book of Jason (pp. 13, 14) must have studied out in the broad air, and deep in the woods, and down on the river beds, with head unpropped by any student's hand, and with leave to lounge open-eyed, open-eared, drinking in the beauties of prospect and sound fresh from the springs of nature."

William Morris is markedly liberal in politics, and may be remembered in connection with last year's agitation. He takes a real interest in the course of events, though it would surely strain even his magical powers to show a poetical side to the average political life of the present day, notwithstanding the imaginative effects produced in its supreme altitudes. In religion Morris is undogmatic, tolerant, and, as may be judged by his books, not a victim to the prevailing pessimistic materialism.

Like Mr. R. D. Blackmore, who, at first sight, looks more like a farmer than a poet or novelist, but grows upon the mind by the depth of his eye and the force of his presence; so Mr. Morris might pass through Regent-street in his easy unconventional costume without attracting the attention of his worshippers, unless, indeed, they were to scan the facial contours with an artist's eye. He is physically strong and hearty enough to afford foundation for the hope of a long earthly paradise within himself, and if he will, for many new gates thereinto for us. By the bye, when will the public exert itself sufficiently to demand the publication with a new edition of "The Earthly Paradise" of the drawings which Burne Jones made to illustrate it? And at the same time we ought to be given a specimen of the MS. of the author, who is reputed to compass an exquisite caligraphy.

On his marriage Mr. Morris built a house near Bexley Heath; since then he has lived at the old place in Queen-square, and afterwards at Turnham Green. He is now succeeding George MacDonald in a house on the river bank at Hammersmith. His country house is a pretty place at Kelmscott, near Lechlade, a building of the old Oxfordshire type, mediæval in appearance, and of Elizabethan or Jacobean date. Here he finds fishing in the upper Thames, and let us wish all enjoyment of rural beauty to a poet, for it comes back to us with increase.

IN THIS WORLD:

A NOVEL.

By Mabel Collins, Author of "An Innocent Sinner," &c.

Continued from page 432.

Chapter XL.

A FACE IN THE STREET.

Laura's wedding day dawned as bright and fair as any bride could desire: earth and sky were as ready to rejoice and be glad as though the chaste goddess herself were being led to the altar.

And Laura was pleased: for she liked fine weather, as she liked all bright things. To-day, with all her plans consummating themselves admirably — her wedding-dress an admirable success, and some jewels which pleased her exceedingly among her presents— the whole world appeared bright to her.

It would have been interesting to a student of human nature to watch Laura go through the mysteries of her toilette on that eventful day: to observe how masterly was her power of concentrating her attention upon the immediate matter in hand. None of a girl's tremors and doubts as to her changed future distracted her attention from the due perfecting of her dress. Perhaps this was natural in a woman whose marriage was the deliberate outcome of her artifice. No thought of an unloved and helpless little being unnaturally orphaned, disturbed her serene contemplation of her dainty and girlish appearance. And if her some time lover was brought before her mind now and again by an association of ideas, the thought of him did but add zest to her occupation: for she felt that now her triumph was complete. The man who had attempted to frighten and tyrannise over her was thoroughly punished and silenced; while she felt that she, by her own cleverness, had placed herself in an admirable position.

She looked perfectly charming in her character of the blushing and diffident bride; and Mr. Lingen decided, as he looked admiringly upon the trim figure robed in its rich laces, and the soft, peach-like face with its downcast eyelids, that she was one of the best actresses of his acquaintance.

Dr. Doldy was troubled. A strange cloud of mystery overhung his niece and ward.

But he had promised to keep his thoughts well hidden to-day; and he went through his part of the proceedings as decorously as might be. But Laura recognised a difference in his look and manner: she felt certain that he suspected something; and her only thought was relief that at all events it was now too late for any harm to be done. Come what might, she was married; and though to a woman who loved society as Laura did, the loss of

her reputation is a terrible thing, the blow, if it did come, would be greatly softened by the possession of her fortune. But as usual, with all her shallow acuteness, Laura misjudged those whom she knew best. She could not comprehend that, the evils done and no redress obtainable, there would be no satisfaction to either Dr. Doldy or Ernestine in exposing her.

But Ernestine found a great satisfaction in a strange task which she took upon her that afternoon. Knowing that on this day the power would become theirs to provide for Laura's child, she went to see the lady who was now supporting it. She came away from the interview bewildered, amazed. She had a met a beautiful, elegant, and accomplished woman: a woman, as Lingen had said, able to hold a high place in society. Yet this woman was Yriarte's slave; not only loving his faults, but worshipping his vices. Ernestine was sufficiently astonished at the glimpse she had obtained of a side of human nature which was new to her; yet she had not heard the most extraordinary part of the affair. She did not know that this woman was Yriarte's wife, and would have died rather than reveal the secret, because Yriarte had persuaded her that, though he loved her, and would never desert her, it was absolutely necessary that he must run all risks and marry for money, as (after drawing upon her to an extent only short of ruin) he found it impossible to secure ease in any other way; and neither did Ernestine know that this woman had been using every influence she possessed, and backing up every efforts his connections had been making to effect his acquittal and release.

Yet, though she knew nothing of this, she had seen and guessed enough to puzzle her and make her walk home in a half dream. She was filled with admiration of this woman's heroism and endurance. What right had she to say that these high qualities were wrongly used? Are not general ideas of right and wrong merely arbitrary? Do not the words mean something totally different, as regards the reality they convey, in different phases of human life?

Her honest mind was perplexing itself with this question, as she stood on the curbstone, waiting for a block of carriages to move on and enable her to cross the road. It happened that she stood very near to a cab containing some gentlemen, which stood in the midst of the block. One of them leaned forward and put his head out at the window. The man was ugly—a grin upon his face showed cruel teeth; a leer in his eyes added to the unpleasantness of his expression, yet Ernestine stared into it with wide eyes. A likeness, a familiarity, so startled her that she did not shrink or turn aside from the insolence of his gaze, but seemed unable to remove her eyes from his. One of the other gentlemen suddenly leaned forward, speaking quickly some words which Ernestine did not catch, and, pushing back his companion, drew up the window of the cab. But, just as the window was closing, Ernestine heard the words, "Deuced fine woman."

She shivered and flushed at once. Those words, that voice—yes, they were all part of the same personality. She remembered the voice well now, though it was only once that she had heard it, when the same words were used in just the same way.

It was the leer and the voice of the man that she had been told was José Yriarte.

Could she be mistaken? She tried to catch another glimpse, but the carriage had driven on and was now getting out of the block.

But she was not mistaken, she felt assured. Every instant's reflection made her the more positive that the man whom she had seen was the same who at one time used to follow her home from the hospital, and had tried to fascinate her with his leer. And Dorothy had told her that this was Yriarte. And Yriarte was supposed to be in prison.

What could it mean? Bewildered and shaken, she hurried home, hoping to find Dr. Doldy. Surely the wedding breakfast would be over now: and he had said that as soon as Sir Percy and his wife left, he should return straight home.

He was not there when she entered. She went and sat in her especial corner in her own room—the corner in which that infatuated lover, Dr. Doldy, had declared her to appear like a picture in a shrine. For he had fulfilled his old dream, and made her room full of the colours which harmonised perfectly with her hair and her face.

He soon came in, going straight to her room, as he always did now (to make certain that she had not run away again, so he told her), and pausing a moment at the door to look at her. Yes, there was no longer an empty window seat, inhabited only by a shadow, and the peculiar darkness that comes when light is suddenly withdrawn—there was love, warmth, and home for him, for there sat his perfect woman—a woman, as he thought, worthy of Shakespeare in her vivid life, her pure honesty, her errors which were born of love.

She looked up at him, her face full of perplexity.

"Arthur," she said gravely, "it is very strange—very unaccountable—I am afraid you will hardly believe me, but I have seen Yriarte to-day—in the street, in a cab."

"My dear child," responded Dr. Doldy, sitting down comfortably beside her, "much learning hath made thee mad."

"There is a large query to the cause, and what are the symptoms?" said she with a smile upon her sweet puzzled face.

"You are dreaming—you don't even know the scoundrel—you never saw him."

"Yes," said Ernestine, colouring faintly, "I know him by sight."

"And how, pray?" asked Dr. Doldy, still incredulous; "I did my best to prevent your having to meet such a fellow."

"He used to meet me sometimes on my way from the hospital to Aunt Vavasour's," she said, hesitating a little, "and once took it into his head to follow me home. Dorothy was with me one time afterwards, and told me that he was Mr. Yriarte, and he really is unmistakable."

"Oh!" said Dr. Doldy, wrathfully; "this is what comes of women like you having to walk about the streets. I wish I had the cur here—he must needs not only insult my niece, but make eyes at my Ernestine!"

Well," said she, laughing a little at his wrath, "that doesn't matter now, that I see. The great question is, how can he be driving about London a fortnight after he has been sentenced to penal servitude?"

"You must have been mistaken, child," said Dr. Doldy, "the thing is absurd."

"I was not mistaken," said Ernestine positively.

"Stay! what was he wearing? perhaps he was being conveyed from one prison to another? Was there a policeman?"

"No. And now that you speak of

clothes I remember his hat and coat looked rather new. I have never seen prison dress, but surely it does not include a tall hat. And the men with him were foreigners, and not a bit like policemen. I wonder, I wonder—" She rose suddenly, and walked about the room, twisting her hands together as she thought aloud, "can Laura have been playing a double part? Has her cunning discovered some mode of appearing to punish the man who insults her while preventing the punishment from falling upon the man who has been her lover? It is possible! She is very clever. Oh, I hope it is so! I could almost like her again if she has done this; if she has enough love in her to carry out such a plan, why, how unjust I shall have been to her!"

"Ernestine," said Dr. Doldy, gravely, "you seem to me to be talking very wildly. People cannot play with law. But do you know that you promised to explain to-day some expressions which you once used about Laura? Now, instead of mystifying me any further, come sit down, and explain yourself. I shall begin to think you are going mad when you talk enigmas about my niece, and at the same time declare that you see convicts driving at large in the streets."

"I am positive about Yriarte," said Ernestine. "As to explanations," said she, a little wearily, "you had better go to Mr. Lingen." But, all the same, she came and sat beside him. Her pledge of secrecy expired to-day. Laura knew very well that Dr. Doldy's utmost wrath would do her no harm when once Sir Percy and Lady Flaxen had driven off to that mighty Charing-cross station, which a great writer was once heard to describe, in a poetic moment, as the gateway of the Continent. Her money was safe; her reputation he would protect, however angry he might be.

Ernestine felt strangely indisposed to mention Laura's name now that she was at liberty to do so. Her soul revolted from letting her husband understand the labyrinth of small deceits in the midst of which he had so unconsciously moved. She felt, too, that he had been made something of a puppet. The thing was over; she hated to speak of it. "Go to Mr. Lingen," she said; "he will tell you so much better than I can." At the same time she could not help letting enough fall in answer to his questions to make the vein start on his forehead blue and distinct.

"Do you mean that Laura was ashamed of those letters?—that the man had some hold over her—nonsense! It is all of a piece with Yriarte's driving in the streets—you are dreaming, dear."

"Go to Mr. Lingen," said Ernestine again. "You will soon learn whether the mystery that has been hanging—oh! so black a cloud!—over me, is my own madness or not. I have no wish to tell you anything of this intrigue which has forced itself upon my life against my will. And, as Laura once reminded me, one has no right to gossip of things one may have seen professionally. Keeping secrets and telling them seem to be equally part of a lawyer's business."

"Then I *will* go to Lingen," exclaimed Dr. Doldy, standing up to go on the instant. Ernestine detained him.

"Remember," she said, "the condition I made on returning home about Laura's money. I could never bear that a single penny of it should be used in the house in which I live. I will not give Laura the triumph of supposing that I kept her secrets in order to obtain her money. You wished to be satisfied that there was a reason for

this. Ask Mr. Lingen to satisfy you; he will understand. Tell him also that I have been this morning to see about the purpose to which I wish to devote that money. Yes, you are amazed; I have made no promises, for that I could not do; but I have satisfied myself that the money is needed. Yes, without your knowledge I have taken the means of satisfying myself! I have relied on your chivalrous temperament; you will carry out the plan. Now go, ask Mr. Lingen anything you choose. I am too weary of it all to talk any more."

She sat down again, and throwing back her wandering curls, took a bowl of white flowers into her lap and let her eyes feast on them. She craved the rest of beauty and purity. Her cloud was passing over in reality; but the blackness of it was yet visible.

Dr. Doldy gave her one look—saw the wave of abstraction coming over her face—and decided within himself that he was likely to get more satisfactory explanations from Mr. Lingen. So he went out and left her with her flowers.

He found several clients waiting in Mr. Lingen's outer office. He pushed through them and walked in unceremoniously. Mr. Lingen, airy and cool, was looking over the papers concerning which one of the impatient gentlemen outside was waiting to see him.

Dr. Doldy took off his hat, and Lingen, looking up blandly, saw the vein on his forehead.

"Oh, Lord," thought he, "there's a storm brewing."

"My wife declares," began Dr. Doldy, abruptly, "that she saw that cur Yriarte looking out of a cab window to-day. He can't have escaped!"

"Already?" said Mr. Lingen, "strange things do happen sometimes; but that would be quick work."

"Let the dog go, if he is out—I can't stop to speculate on it now; what I want to know is, what reason has my wife to say that it is more just he should be let out than not? She has referred me to you; just tell me what she means."

Lingen pushed his papers aside. Dr. Doldy was an important client. He let the gentlemen cool their heels in the ante-room, while Dr. Doldy walked up and down his sanctum, asking questions and getting momentarily into a whiter heat. Mr. Lingen took out his smelling bottle and prepared himself to be called a scoundrel.

And he was called that—and more.

He sniffed his scent and shrugged his shoulders.

"What else could I have done?" said he. "I have tried to do the best for all. By helping you, I have lost thousands of pounds by Yriarte. The scoundrel pledged his properties twice over. If he is at large, I should be glad to get hold of him. But London will never see him again. I have to be calm; won't you try and be the same?"

Chapter XLI.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot."

That same evening in one of the largest hotels in Boulogne two men sat at a small table in the coffee-room drinking.

The windows opened wide upon the harbour; the sweet sea breeze entered and called people out to admire the calm, beautiful night.

But these two men, though they had but that day escaped from foggy London, were not to be attracted by the sea in its mood of sweetness, or the sky with its face full of stars. The beautiful and the picturesque were alike without charm for them. Both were accus-

tomed to gravitate to a room exhausted of air and filled with mingled perfume and cigar smoke. They were only chance travelling companions, drawn together by that odd attraction which makes such men invariably find each other amid a crowd. Community of tastes is soon discovered when the tastes are as simple as drinking, gambling, and telling very doubtful stories.

These two newly-made friends over their wine told each other several racy and charming stories, which got them into a delightful state of mirth and good humour. And then, when that form of amusement slackened, one of them —a small, dark man, with teeth that flashed ominously when he laughed—produced a new pack of cards from his pocket. His companion, a stout Frenchman, with dirty hands and many rings upon them, welcomed the sight with enthusiasm. In a few moments they were deeply plunged in their new amusement. The stakes became heavier with every fresh game, the excitement more enthralling. The Frenchman lost money rapidly, and grew more furious and suspicious with every fresh deal. They were undisturbed, it was late, the coffee-room was empty. The waiters were standing outside the hotel taking the air and watching for any arrivals from the last Folkestone boat, which was behind its time.

There soon were several arrivals, and then the hotel people were too busy showing bed-rooms and fetching luggage to notice the raised voices and mingled execrations in French and Spanish in the coffee-room. The Frenchman's suspicions had come to a climax. He was calling his companion a cheat in every manner which his voluble tongue admitted.

A languid English voice outside ordered "Dinner, some dry champagne—and be quick."

"In the coffee-room, sir?" asked the polite landlord, who was a stout Englishman.

The gentleman to whom the languid English voice belonged looked into the coffee-room.

"No, in a private room. I can't take a lady in there; there are fellahs gambling."

"Gambling, sir! Oh, impossible," exclaimed the landlord; and, handing the English visitors over to his chattering French wife to be shown upstairs, he hastened to the coffee-room.

There he found a scene worthy of a more artistic appreciation than he could give it. The two men leaning across the table, gesticulating, talking any language which came first — French, English, Spanish—or, perhaps, selecting the strongest expressions of all to mingle in one concentrated jargon of oaths, exhibited certain classes of French and Spanish character to perfection.

But the landlord found nothing to admire in the scene. He soon made his voice heard above theirs, and, in a language as mixed as their own, informed them that his was not a gambling house, that they were in a public room, that he would not allow this conduct for an instant. He repeated this so often and so loudly that the two men stopped at last and gave him their attention.

"Very well," cried the Spaniard in shrill and infuriated English; "if we can't do what we choose in this abominable hotel of yours, we'll go to another. Make out the bill, sir, and be careful about it. I know very well what the items should be—very well I know. Make out the bills, sir; we'll go the first thing in the morning."

"Very well, sir, do as you like, sir—very well, sir," responded the

hotel-keeper, attempting to assume the calmness of contempt; "it doesn't matter to me, sir; gentlemen come and gentlemen go—it doesn't matter to me, sir. But I can't allow gambling; clear up the cards, sir, this is not a private room."

"Show us a private room, then, you old fool," cried the Spaniard; "show us a room, and send some brandy and sodas there. Come, *mon cher*, we'll have out our game, and make a devil of a row upstairs to pay out this old fellow. I wonder if I could get a banjo; I'd set open the door and sing some nice songs for the ladies."

The gentleman with the languid English voice was going up the hotel stairs with his wife while this went on. They paused a moment to listen to the loud dispute, which penetrated the whole house. The buxom landlady stopped too, and lifted her hands and eyes to heaven, and crossed herself.

The English lady trembled as the voices came up to them—trembled, and quickly put her hand on her husband's arm for support.

"What's the matter, little woman?" he asked, as he felt her trembling hand.

"I don't know—I am frightened—those men frighten me."

"Why, Laura," laughed her husband, "I thought you were the pluckiest little woman out! Come on up stairs: you are tired, that is what it is."

They went on, by which they avoided the sight of the noisy gentlemen, who were just emerging from the coffee-room. And Lady Flaxen, with a heart sick with terror, went to her room.

Later on, when the wild air of a Spanish drinking song was heard from the open window of a room which looked on the pretty lamp-lit courtyard, she started and trembled again so violently that Sir Percy ordered another bottle of champagne.

She rose and went to the window. She could not say how faint she felt.

The courtyard was very pretty. Full of flowers, and shrubs, and little lamps, it seemed the very place for a romance. And the wild, wicked Spanish song, which came in fits and starts from that window near, suited the scene wonderfully well.

Laura never forgot the look of that courtyard, or the scent from the flowers; for she endured terror and amazement as she gazed on them. The sound of that voice curdled her blood.

"Has he a wraith—a double," she said to herself. "Can there be two José Yriartes?"

The voice ceased: but the sound of it haunted her. She rose in the morning pale and still under the influence of an uneasy feeling she could not account for.

"We will go for a drive," said Sir Percy over his breakfast. "There's not much to be seen, it's true; but you want some fresh air before we go on. You look like a ghost, Laura. The sea was too much for you."

She laughed, and with some pretty speech soon pacified him.

He rose from the table, and, taking a cigar, prepared to go out.

"Don't be an hour, Laura," he said. "I shall have a carriage ready directly. You'll find me on one of the lounges in the courtyard. It's too much trouble to come up stairs again."

So saying, he sauntered away. And Laura, putting on her hat with its long, cream-coloured feathers, and drawing her silk mantle around her, before the mirror, allowed to herself that her husband was right—she did look like a ghost. Fortunately the remedy for excessive pallor is easy.

As she opened the door she heard voices; stepping out she saw two men ascending the stairs.

There was the burly landlord, and beside him a man with an indescribable air of slovenliness about him. His clothes were good enough, but they did not look as if they had been made for him. They hung loosely upon his thin figure. His face wore a rough, unshaven look, caused principally by a growth of short harsh black hair on his lip and chin. There was a something about him which can only be described by a slang word—a seediness, which made Laura shrink a little to let him pass. She never liked men who lacked the appearance of prosperity; and as she stood there, in her rich dress, with diamonds sparkling at her neck, she seemed to belong to another world from that of this dark ill-dressed man.

He saw her—and before she had time to step back, looked her in the face with his bold eyes. She knew him then. It was José Yriarte.

His ready wit showed him the situation at once. His friends had told him of her wedding; looking in her face he saw it turn pale with fear.

"Dios!" thought he to himself, "the chicken is on her wedding trip!"

"See," he said to the landlord instantly, "it is unnecessary now to seize upon my luggage. Here is a lady who knows me very well."

The burly landlord turned, and bowed low to the English lady whose husband drank so much champagne overnight and began the morning with Bordeaux. He felt a great respect for her, and waited with interest to see the result of this unexpected turn which affairs had taken.

Yriarte with his most exquisite leer and a smile of consummate assurance, advanced a step towards Laura.

"Mees Laura," he said, engagingly, "I am most unhappy. Here you see me without any money. The rascal Frenchman that I played cards with last night, he cheated me, he won from me every sou! Is it not unhappy for poor José? And the man is gone, there is no one to lend to me. My friends they will soon send money; but this great hotel man, he will not believe, and he refuses me the brandy and soda for which I am very dry. Mees Laura, you will help your poor José?"

He put his hands appealingly together, and smiled. Afterwards, when it was over, Laura wondered to herself whether bears grin when they are hugging a victim.

But now she stood shivering, dumb. Was it for this that she had gone through all the strain of the past months? Was the man unconquerable, that he should escape from prison to torment her again?

She was indignant as well as frightened. She was enraged that her revenge should be thus baffled.

She framed her lips to say "No" in answer to his appeal, when up the stairs came a lazy voice, raised just a little, "Laura, are you ready?"

Yriarte grinned from ear to ear, and, leaning towards her, "Your José," he said, in a low tone.

Laura pulled off her glove in nervous haste, and, drawing from her finger a diamond ring, handed it to him. She turned her eyes away, for she knew exactly how he would smile and bow, and try to kiss her hand.

Without word or look she began to descend the stairs, fearing each instand to meet her husband, drawing her glove on hastily to cover the absence of the ring. She

shivered again as she moved, but this time not with fear, but rage. Last night the man's voice had affected her much as though she had seen a ghost. But now, with the reality in all its inimitable impudence standing before her, her blood began to boil instead of curdling.

If she had been in England, she would have told Sir Percy some tale to hoodwink him, and would have sent a policeman up the hotel stairs to take her old lover back to prison. But here she was helpless. There was nothing to be done but to control herself as well as she could, enter the carriage and drive away by the side of her husband, who, looking at her as he lit another cigar (having finished one while awaiting her in the courtyard), remarked that she looked much better; she was not half so pale.

"I don't like this place," she answered restlessly; "I always hated Boulogne, it is so abominably vulgar."

"Well, we'll leave it this afternoon," answered Sir Percy, with his usual amiability.

"Why not sooner? Let us go to the station and find out about the trains."

"You are an impatient little woman," remarked Sir Percy; but, as he had no will of his own in the matter, he had the horses turned towards the station. They found a train which departed at a sufficiently early hour to please Laura; and then she suggested that the carriage should go back for the luggage and her maid.

"You are a capricious little monkey," said Sir Percy, whose easy-going disposition was somewhat startled by these freaks of fancy; "you wanted to go for a drive when we came out."

"Yes, but there isn't time, dear," said Laura, looking up at him with those eyes so well trained in eloquence; "and there is no good in returning to that hotel with those noisy men in it; and you know you thought the wine very bad. Let us have some lunch at a café here; it will be such fun."

Sir Percy, considerably to his own surprise, was persuaded into sending a package containing money to Laura's maid to pay the hotel bill; and, in fact, into doing what Laura pleased. But the truth was, that he was still capable of being reduced to a sort of gelatinous state by the fire of that wilful lady's eyes.

So she got her way in this little affair, by using her native gifts for intrigue and persuasion. They went in search of lunch, and Laura set herself to amuse her lord, and seemed to enjoy herself immensely. Yet all the while she saw, not his face before her eyes, but that grinning face which had confronted her on the hotel stairs.

Her heart turned sick when she thought that chance might bring him to that very train, and accident might lead him to the very carriage she travelled in. And she had a new sensation with regard to him, which made her very uncomfortable. His appearance in freedom was so unexpected and unaccountable that she began to think he really must be much cleverer than herself: she was crushed by the entire futility of her own effort to crush him. What if he should amuse himself—perhaps attempt to maintain himself—by tormenting her?

Laura, looking at her husband across the café table, wondered whether she had better throw herself on her old lover's mercy, and, as hating him seemed useless, pretend to love him again: should she make him aid her in any future intrigues, and help her to make a fool of her amiable husband? Or would it be wiser to make a con-

fidante of the latter gentleman instead?

She had her money! yes; and now that was made safe, she began to set a high value on her social position and her reputation.

And thus on the first day of her honeymoon Laura found herself in a full ocean of doubt and fear, with a path before her in which she felt as if rocks stood up out of the deep sea.

Chapter XLII.

A drawing-room chapter.

"Dear Miss Armine, how glad I am that your picture is getting on so fast. It is really a great success; but don't work too much yet, or the Doldy Doctors will look grave."

"I have got good luck with it, Mrs. Silburn!—it has found a purchaser already."

They were talking in Mrs. Silburn's drawing-room. It was one of her afternoons when her intimate friends gathered, when the writing tables were pushed aside, and Coventry, Mrs. Silburn, and the kittens were all supposed to have nothing to do but to be at the disposal of their visitors.

"I was very much annoyed at losing my model before I had finished," went on Miss Armine; "it was very difficult to complete it. And it really is a pity that such a perfect model should be a convict."

"Poor Anton," said Dorothy, rising as she spoke, for Ernestine was shown in just at that moment.

"Are you speaking of Anton?" she exclaimed. "Do you know anything about him? Whom do you think I met yesterday in the street?"

"Who!—how can I tell?" said Dorothy. "But I should like to know what can have made you so excited. Come, sit down. Why, Ernestine, you used not to be so nervous."

"No," said Ernestine, and I ought not to be now. But my views of life—my comprehension of how things should be—have all been so upset, so altered, that I don't think I have got over it quite; and really it is startling to meet a person in the street whom I should as little have expected to meet as a person just dead — it was Yriarte."

"Oh!" said Dorothy, with a world of meaning. She then went across the room, and, opening a door, said, "Coventry, Yriarte has got out. Didn't I tell you so?"

Coventry a moment after came into the room. He came and sat down by Ernestine, as he always did when she was present.

"How do you know he is out?" he asked Dorothy.

"Ernestine has just seen him," she answered.

Ernestine looked from one to the other. "Tell me," she said, "what makes you take it so quietly? How is it possible?"

"All things are possible," said Dorothy oracularly, "where Government officials are concerned. I know a little of the efforts that have been made for him, and a journalist gets to know something of the wheels within wheels."

"It is a strong case," said Coventry; "when bribery for small and influence for large people can be backed by such an argument as that the matter had been manipulated in court, and that the vagabond had been sentenced more severely than he deserved, I don't know what officials are to do but take the shortest way and save all the public fuss and worry which otherwise might ensue. And then there is the consideration of expense. If we find that there is a prisoner in our prisons unjustly condemned, from that point of view

we may well be excused for giving him up. It appears absurd at once that we should burden ourselves with his maintenance when his own Government is willing and anxious to take him off our hands. We have enough tax on the national purse to support our own ignorant criminals behind whom those iron prison gates close so inexorably. When the condemnation of a foreigner appears unjust, Government will surely find some way of saving his porridge."

Ernestine looked in bewilderment from one to another.

"You don't mean to say," she exclaimed, "that he has been knowingly *let out*?"

Dorothy shrugged her shoulders. "You are so straightforward still," she said. "We will make no statements about Yriarte; but there was a story known to a few of us a while ago about a man of equally influential connections who had been sentenced for life. He was a man much of Yriarte's sort, quite able to make himself comfortable under adverse circumstances. They gave him oakum to pick and told him to do a little when he liked. He passed the days reading novels. It is said that he read all Dumas' and all Scott's. When he got very bored with reading, he picked a little oakum for a change and to restore his circulation. One day he was fetched out of his cell and taken into the governor's room. The governor sent away the gaolers who had brought him, and locked the door on them. He then whispered a word to our friend, and opening a small door pushed him through it and shut it behind him. The man found himself in a court opening upon the street, where two of the aforesaid influential connections awaited him. When they told him he was free, he was angry, and said, 'Nonsense, it is a trick.' 'Why,' exclaimed one of his friends, 'You are blind. Look at your hair.' And then he remembered that for a little while it had been allowed to grow."

"Oh dear," said Ernestine, "how strangely things are done in this world! wouldn't it be much simpler and much less trouble if people just did their duty."

Coventry shook his head.

"I am really very doubtful whether it would," he said, "unless we could all be brought to do it at once. By the way, Minerva Medica, you must read Matthew Arnold's poems; you continually remind me of him in the way in which you refer to this world as a thing outside of yourself, a troublesome thing which you cannot understand. I hail you as one of us poets; I never heard a thoroughly practical man say, 'in this world,' for he could not stand sufficiently outside of the world to use the words with any meaning."

"Now you are laughing at me," said Ernestine, blushing, as she often did, under Coventry's penetrating eye; "don't be hard on me; I am not a poet, but only a poor practical soul myself."

"There you remind me of Matthew Arnold again; he is always posing as the practical man, inspector of schools, making reports on education in foreign countries, and so on; but he is only practical by effort. You will soon see in his poems how he speaks of this world as a prisoner might of his cell. And it is just the same with you. You are perplexed and baffled by forms of life with which you have no sympathy; and yet you want to work and take your place and live your life in the midst of them, and so you call yourself practical."

"She *is* practical," said Dr. Doldy, who had just come in, and quietly approached them. "I should like you to see her shaking

her curls over the housekeeping books."

He drew a chair up and sat down on the other side of her. The people who called Ernestine cold would scarcely have known her had they seen her now, her face covered with fleeting emotions as she sat between these two men.

"She says we have too many servants," he went on, speaking in a manner of his own, half humorous and half in earnest; "and she has taught me such a lesson by running away and leaving me to find out what it was like without her, that I believe, if she sends off all the servants, and only allows me a dinner once a week, I shall submit. By the way," he said, more quietly, and opening the subject evidently with the need of some self-control, "has Ernestine told you of her unexpected meeting yesterday?"

"Yes," said Dorothy, "we have been talking about it, and Ernestine is innocently amazed that we think it possible."

"Well, possible or not, I am inclined still to think it a dream. Ernestine has only seen him once in the street."

"Don't you remember, Dorothy," said Ernestine, turning to her, and blushing a little, "that night when we passed him under a lamp-post outside Aunt Vavasour's house? When you saw him afterwards in court you recognised him."

"Let me think . . . " said Dorothy, with her head on one side. "Yes, I remember. He was smoking; and as we passed he took his cigar from his mouth to say, 'deuced fine woman.' He admired you very much evidently, if you care for the compliment."

"Well, now," said Ernestine eagerly, arresting a rising laugh from the others, "you will allow that I cannot be mistaken when I tell you that, as he looked out of the cab window at me, I heard him say quite loud, 'deuced fine woman.'"

"The leopard cannot change his spots," said Coventry, when the laugh which Ernestine's eagerness and blushes raised had subsided; "but what a lamentable want of originality. Thorough-paced scoundrels appear as a rule to lack imagination. They go over the worn tracks of villainy, and the same vulgar phrase of admiration which they have applied to handsome women since modern slang existed, they will use for our Minerva Medica."

He was interrupted by the entrance of Lewis Lingen, who had constituted himself an occasional visitor at this house, which had the especial charm, for him, of being unlike any other house he entered. The atmosphere of mingled purity and Bohemianism which pervaded it made every one feel at his ease; and an hour spent in calling on Mrs. Silburn was generally found to be an hour of rest.

"Have you heard anything?" asked Dr. Doldy, immediately.

"Not yet," said Mr. Lingen. "They are evidently determined to keep it dark, if it is true. It will be a difficult matter to ascertain anything certain about it."

"Well," said Coventry, with a smile, "our authority here grows the more positive, the more she thinks of it."

Ernestine spoke quickly and gravely. She did not want the fine woman story repeated to Mr. Lingen.

"I could not be mistaken in that man," she said. "The dandy was gone certainly, and he looked unshaved, but there were those teeth. And remember," she added, "a doctor is accustomed to see people under different conditions, and to recognise them, and to note changes

of appearance apart from changes of dress."

"Very true," said Dr. Doldy, gravely; "a nightcap or a new Paris bonnet; the difference is marvellous."

"You are profane, Doctor," said Mr. Lingen (who was a little relieved to find his old friend in a less terribly tragic mood to-day). "Mrs. Doldy's remark is a very discerning one. She is quite right; a doctor is much less liable to be deceived by a change in appearance than a person with a less practised eye. I am disposed to think that we may put faith in Mrs. Doldy's recognition of the man."

"I can't think what the House is about," said Dr. Doldy, "when things like this can be done under the rose."

"The younger members would be glad to get hold of such a case," said Coventry; "judicious nursing of it would make the political fortune of a rising Radical. But who is to overlook our great systems of legislation? Who can have an eye upon every corner in the land? Who can ascertain whether every official does his duty? And, more difficult still, who is to check the secret orders of high functionaries? Anyone who has watched the working of a large household will know enough of the difficulty of managing human beings by system, to see the impossibility of making any system perfect, or of preventing infringements of it — minor elasticities, informal pieces of jobbery—call them what you will. If we had no private interest in this affair, I should like to hear B—— asking his question upon it."

"And do you suppose," said Mr. Lingen, "that there would be found no one clever enough to answer him? Public matters are, more or less, as they are made to appear." His thought was, as he spoke, From what I have heard, I should not be too sure that B—— has not been among the quiet intriguers for this release. Where there are ladies concerned, a social bramble creeps a long way. "You see," he went on aloud, "when you consider the matter quietly, Yriarte's party would have a very strong case. Not only is there the ordinary power of a foreign Government, which always has great weight and has accomplished more remarkable things than this before now; but, if Yriarte has made the most out of his facts to his supporters, they can put on the screw by saying that a gross injustice has been committed."

"How?" asked Dorothy, whose eyes looked very bright.

"Only a little collusion," said Lingen in an airy manner, to satisfy Dorothy,—"I must not go into detail." Then turning to Dr. Doldy he said in a low voice, audible to him alone, "They can put it that he was prosecuted for attempting to obtain some money from Miss Doldy for the maintenance of the child which had claims on them both; and it would appear that Yriarte was at the time supporting the child, although of course he has never spent a penny on it himself. Still, he got it cared for; and, as Miss Doldy is well known to be an heiress, and Mr. Yriarte a man now altogether without means, the prosecution would appear in a rather bad light, and there would be a strong case for the Home Secretary."

"And I," ejaculated Dr. Doldy, with a groan so touching that everyone started, "I was the prosecution. A nice affair this for a man of position."

Dorothy's bright eyes were now explained by a remark of hers. Dr. Doldy had risen from his chair, and was walking about the room in a fume; everybody was silent,

feeling sympathetic and uncomfortable, and her voice dropped quietly into the silence, disturbing it more effectively than the report of a cannon.

"What a glorious paragraph this will make!"

Mr. Lingen dropped his eyeglass suddenly and sat down very unobtrusively in a chair near. He had been a little touched and flattered by the earnest regard of Dorothy's unusually bright eyes.

Quite true what people say of these female journalists, he thought. Did I not see a review the other day in which Dorothy Silburn was denounced as an unsexed woman? I'm inclined to think that reviewer had some wit: it cannot be right when a woman looks at you so sweetly that you think she has fallen in love, and you find she is only sucking your information for a newspaper paragraph!

"Mrs. Silburn," said Dr. Doldy, "pardon me, but you are not so lost to all sense of everything but journalism that you will betray the confidence of your friends?"

"Oh," she said, waking up from her absorption (in imagination she had already earned an unusually large fee from the *Morning Mail*), "I suppose you would not like it!"

"How can you ask?" exclaimed Dr. Doldy. "Give me your word of honour . . . ."

"Oh, I promise," cried Dorothy; "but it's hard to relinquish early news, especially a spicy bit. But I promise—of course; I really did not think."

"A paragraph — spicy — " repeated Dr. Doldy; "I'll shoot any editor that prints it. Why, as it is, I am strongly disposed to follow Ernestine's example, and run away from the whole thing. You don't know, I suppose, whether couple of physicians—married—would find a good field in the Sandwich Islands or some such place?"

"Oh, it will all be forgotten soon enough," said Dorothy, "especially if nothing more is told," she added, ruefully.

"The Government will say nothing, you may be sure," said Mr. Lingen. "Go for a holiday; forget it yourself, and you will find it forgotten by others. When Sir Percy and Lady Flaxen return and take their place in society, their friends will not be curious. Yriarte, if escaped, is of course out of the country already; and his connections will look after him in future, we may hope."

Miss Armine, who, being a discreet little lady, had held her peace all this time, now ventured to ask Mr. Lingen a question.

"Do you think," she said, "if Mr. Yriarte has been let out, that Anton will be let out also?"

"I don't know," he answered; "it is doubtful, I should think, as he has no connections. But there will be some efforts made, probably."

"I would like a talk with you about that, Lingen," said Dr. Doldy. "We must find some means of helping that poor fellow."

"I hope you will," said Dorothy. "He looked so innocent and puzzled in court; I don't think he half understood what it was all about."

"And I hope so!" cried Miss Armine, enthusiastically. "He was such a handsome creature, with the loveliest grey shadows about his shoulders. And such a model—he never seemed even to breathe. Fancy wasting him on convicts!"

Her wail was so genuine that it created an effectual diversion. Everybody laughed except Ernestine, who was thinking perplexedly to herself.

"How strange it is," said she to Coventry, "that if you look at the

world and events with their proper face on, all seems so commonplace and easy; yet if one turns back but a little bit of the curtain which hides the realities of the mingled lives which make up the world, everything appears different and complicated."

"Dr. Doldy," said Coventry, turning to him, "Minerva Medica is puzzling her brains too much. I prescribe an immediate holiday for her. Make her give up attempting to think out the problems of this world. Women ought not to think, you know."

"At all events," said Ernestine, with a smile, "it is a mistake to think too much, from a hygienic point of view. One reaches a stage every now and then when one should give up thinking and take to living. And perhaps, too, the experiences of life do more to solve the problems of existence than too much thought."

"Let us all go for a holiday," said Dr. Doldy. "Suppose we hire a barge and go down the river."

"Or a gipsy caravan!" cried Dorothy.

Mr. Lingen rose, to take his departure. The proposed delights were slightly out of his line; a skiff above Windsor, or a four-in-hand to Brighton, might have attracted him.

"When you discuss such idling as that," he said, "it is time for me to go. Such men as I are not made for dreamy holidays. We are plunged so rapidly from one series of complications into another—our minds are so filled with a succession of romances, crimes, secrets, intrigues—our brains are required to work so incessantly, that such a holiday would be maddening in its quiet." This is what he said, and it sounded very well indeed; it does not do for a busy lawyer to convey the idea that he even knows how to unbend.

"I suppose," said Coventry, "your plan is to rattle half over the world in an express train, thirty-six hours at a stretch. Yours is an essentially modern life. I believe I belong to a bygone age; I like to be idle."

So saying he stretched himself in his hammock. His kittens, who were asleep in it, aroused themselves to purr over him. Mr. Lingen departed; and the others gathered round Coventry to "babble of green fields." And Coventry, with his eyes on Ernestine's sweet face, from which the cloud was passing, murmured snatches of verse full of buttercups and children's laughter.

THE END.

THEISM AND ETHICS IN ANCIENT GREECE.

So much more attention is paid in the schools to the poetry, mythology, and history of Greece than to her gnomists and ethical philosophers, that one falls into the habit of regarding Hellenic glory as the embodiment of consummate art and exquisite Pagan life, and of doubting whether it can be made to present on the spectrum of the mind any of the deep colour of religious thought. Of Plato it is true, with his wealth of ideal suggestions, his quasi-Christianism, something indeed is known, as of Aristotle; but to the most distinctly ethical remains of the Hellenic sages less attention is paid than to the amours of the popularised Jupiter, the brave battles with the Persians, or the political history of Athens.

Perhaps there has been, too, a tinge of unworthy jealousy of sublime thought when found to antedate the Christian era.

It was convenient for sectarian purposes to regard the heathen world as benighted in darkness, and remote from love of God or consciousness of immortality. Marcus Aurelius has been welcomed, but Pythagoras almost ignored; Plutarch has been preferred to Solon.

Or perhaps it is that the door of the ancient philosophy has been too rudely and sharply closed against cram. No way into it has been widened and made easy for the multitude, so that the empty nominalist should enjoy the freedom of the shrine. It is the reverse of a clever bid for popular favour to say such unpleasant truths as:

> Approach ye genuine philosophic few,
> The Pythagoric life belongs to you;
> But far, far off ye vulgar herd profane,
> For Wisdom's voice is heard by you in vain:
> And you, Mind's lowest link, and darksome end,
> Good Rulers, Customs, Laws, alone can mend.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey could prophesy smoother things than this to anyone that would throw in his lot with them.

Even in respect of Plato, if we put out of sight the comparatively few men of culture, and take into view the great reading masses, we might almost repeat the words of Jerome, now nearly a millennium and a half old:

"Who is it that now reads Aristotle? How many people know Plato's books, or even his name? Perhaps in a corner some vacuous old man may be conning him over. But of our rustics, our fishermen, the whole orb is speaking, with them the entire world resounds."

The cause of this prejudice no doubt has been in the past, that we had derived, through another channel, our main stream of such spiritual wisdom as we had made our own. The cause of the comparative neglect of the higher Greek ethics at the present day, when philosophic studies are becoming broadened, perhaps lies in the fact that it is being discovered that the characteristics of the inmost Hellenic thought are rather drawn from

foreign sources than originating in a national inspiration. In speaking of inmost thought we refer to the ethics of life, the faith as to God and man, and omit consideration of the phases of intellectual scepticism, or the progress of physical science.

But there is a reason why we should do well to turn more lovingly to the Greek thinkers, from the Gnomic Poet to the Stoic Sage; and that is, that what they do think they think clearly, so that their expression is like the perfect carving of a statue—firm, full, and artistic in form.

In case of question as to the neglect referred to, it may be sufficient to point to the fact that there is no modern text, and no recent translation whatever, published in this country of the literary remains of the school of Pythagoras; that the works of a voluminous English Platonist of a former generation are scarce in the book market, because when they emerge from old libraries they are demanded for America. That it is only within a year or two that Epictetus has appeared in the series of translations that includes most of the works of the dramatists, the historians, and the orators of Greek-speaking tribes; that of the remains of Heraclitus, Empedocles, Menander, Epicurus, Cleanthes—to take names almost at random—there is no English version to be found; while Anacreon and Theocritus, as representing the gayest poetry of paganism pure and simple, have, notwithstanding the anomaly in a professedly anti-pagan land, enjoyed a considerable currency.

Linus is the name of the most ancient Greek poet, and is mentioned in the "Iliad." Not prose, but poetry only, was literature in Greece in his day: and the poet was the thinker. He is, according to one legend, son of Apollo and of the muse of choric dancing; to another of Hermes, and the muse of the azure robe; and the invention of the rhythm of verse and melody of music is ascribed to him. Hercules, blind Thamyris, and Orpheus are said to have been among his disciples. He is reputed to have written in Pelasgian characters, which Herodotus calls a barbarous, or extra-Hellenic, language. The probable date of the Pelasgian epoch is about seventeen centuries before our era, a time when Egypt was in the height of her glory, and just changing from an Asiatic to a national dynastic line, when India was at its Vedic period, and Moses was not yet born. The Pelasgian tribe (rovers, wandering 'storks,' as the name probably implies) is acknowledged to have brought into rude Greece a religious system and theology, to have established the Dodona oracle, and instituted the Cabeiric mysteries, which seem to have had a Phœnician origin.

The primitive character of the time is shown by the remains of its massy walls, formed of polygonal blocks of stone, roughly wrought rather by friction than by chisel.

Though Linus himself is named in Homer and Herodotus, we only have fragments of his poems on the doubtful authority of collectors of fifteen to twenty-two centuries after his time; so that, although it would be pleasant to note with what optimism philosophy begins in the land that bore so much of beauty, we must doubt whether we have any evidence of the fact, or whether the following are veritable words of Linus:

"In all things we must hope; for nothing at all is hopeless.
All things are easy unto God to perfect, and nothing is vain.
Mark how all by struggle is controlled throughout.

Never arrives an end, while always having ends.
What sort of source had this that is as it is?
Immortal death so wraps all with mortality—
All corruptible dies, and what subsists doth alter its guise,
With shows in circles of change and fashions of form—
That veiled is the sight of the whole: it will be incorruptible.
And ever-during, insomuch as it has reached what it is.

The seventh day is of the good, the seventh is the birthday:
Of the first things is the seventh, the seventh the consummation."

Tradition carries on his name as that of a song or lay, sung by a boy to the cithara, while the vintagers are at work. As the name has been found in Phœnicia, Cyprus, and Egypt, perhaps Linus is only a tradition of music; an embodiment of a soft, simple, plaintive melody. The Greek word *ailinos* which represents a crooning dirge, is said to be derived from a cry signifying *Ah for me Linos.*

In our word "linen" perhaps we have the clue to the origin of at least the name "Linus," in the flaxen string of the cithara.

Early Greek history is a singular compound of the poetically mythic with probable facts. Inachus from Phœnicia, who builds Argos, and Cecrops from Egypt, who institutes the Areopagus, stand in the list of early kings with Amphictyon, who is the offspring of a sort of Greek Noah. Cadmus introduces the alphabet from Phœnicia, Danaus brings a colony from Egypt, Minos brings from Crete laws that lasted a thousand years, and side by side with them is Eumolpus, reputed the son of Poseidon, the sea god. He migrates from Thrace to Attica, and is initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries of the mother goddess of earthly plenty, Demeter, of which he becomes hierophant. Of the family of Eumolpus, whose descendants presided over the spiritualistic mysteries and claimed from father to son the prophetic gift, was Musæus the bard, placed at 1426 B.C. in the Arundel marbles. From him, the servant of the muses, comes our word "museum." His words come down to us that for mortals of brief span of life the sweetest refuge is to sing.

How often from heroic times, when life is heartily enjoyed, comes that undertone of lament for its shortness, and consciousness of necessity of a sturdy cheerfulness. In periods when the flower of national life seems overblown, the days are too full of surfeit for either young or old to cry so eagerly for more of them.

The following are among the fragments of Musæus:

"For ever Art than Strength is better far."

In this single line, so trite in the midst of civilisation, we see the progress of a young community. The following is more significant of an ethical bent:

"Like as the fruitful earth produceth leaves—
Some on the ash tree die while others grow—
Leaves of the race of men, they eddy too."

And the following shows the belief in an encompassing cloud of spiritual vicegerents of God as having to do with the direction of men, or perhaps marks the position held by the oracle in the religious idea of the time:

"Gladly to hear what the immortal ones
To men assigned, from cowards marks the brave."

It is significant how in times of simplicity of life, when men are in the perfection of physical health, and, on a materialistic hypothesis, there would seem no reason to expect an under-current of mystery, the problem of life with its spiritual solution is yet ever present. Musæus, though a priest, is a believer; it is a most arrogant and absurd assumption that the prophetic leaders of men were always laughing in their sleeves, and practising deceits for a wage. A servant of the oracle, he proclaims that to live in blind revel of animal existence is cowardly; to open the eyes and ears, and face what gleams and whispers of destiny may be caught from the undying world in its relation with men, is the clearest sign that marks a noble and brave man.

The name of Orpheus has so much allied with it, that we may fairly imagine it to have been borne by a line of hierophants, and to have been made to stand for the mystical legends of a cycle. Clement of Alexandria records the opinions of his time about the legend: "Onomacritus the Athenian, who is said to have been the author of the poems inscribed to Orpheus, is ascertained to have lived in the reign of the Pisistratidæ, about the fiftieth Olympiad [the early part of the 6th century B.C.]; and Orpheus, who sailed with Hercules, was the pupil of Musæus. Amphion precedes the Trojan war by two generations. . . . the *Crateres* of Orpheus are said to be the production of Zopyrus of Heraclea, and *The Descent to Hades* that of Prodicus of Samos. Ion of Chios relates . . . . that Pythagoras ascribed certain works of his own to Orpheus. Epigenes, in his book respecting *The Poetry ascribed to Orpheus*, says that *The Descent to Hades* and the *Sacred Discourse* were the production of Cecrops the Pythagorean; and the *Peplus* and the *Physics* of Brontinus." This account is very hearsay to us, since a very large number of the books which Clement cites are lost—probably having perished in the library in which he wrote. But the confused rumours point at least to an Orphic traditional lore which was familiar to Pythagoras.

Plato refers to "what is called the Orphic life" as a discipline including among its tenets the doctrine of abstinence from all things that had life, which would point to a brotherhood of the Indian order, where bodily purification is an essential. The story of Triptolemus, the minister of the goddess Demeter, to whom Plato refers also as representing that period, is a legend showing a familiarity with speculation upon the relation of body and soul. Triptolemus is so favoured by the earth-mother, on a special ground of gratitude, that she feeds him with her own milk and places him on burning coals during the night to destroy the particles of mortality he had received from his parents. The natural mother, giver of that body which is being transformed, so marvels at the unearthly growth of her son, that she spies on Demeter and the process is disturbed.

Of Orpheus the best known story is that of his descent into Hades. Having lost his wife, he gains, through the music of a lyre received from Apollo, an admission to the under-world, soothing even Cerberus, the dog-guardian of Hades, with his strain. The deities of that region consent to restore his lost bride, provided that on departing he forbears looking behind him until he exchanges their borders for those of earth. He promises, but either curiosity as to the process of the re-incarnation, or

his pent-up love for his wife yet unseen, or a doubt whether she is actually following him, presumably gets the better of him. He sees her, but it is only for a moment; she vanishes in a dissolving vision, and can be found no more.

Such stories as these it has been the fashion of late years to take as mythological representations of natural facts; and some of the simply poetic impersonations of Greek fable no doubt are to be so accounted for. But the theory has been run to death, and has been too much of a mere theory. When we find in Egypt, long before the rudest beginnings of Greece, the religious doctrine of an under-world with its Typhonic beast, to which Cerberus corresponds, and find also in Aryan books accounts of a similar entry into Hades, we are bound to take such a Greek tradition as the above to be derived from these foreign sources, and to have been in its essence passed on from one priest to another as occult religious lore, rather than originating as the spontaneous outgrowth of a naturalistic poet.

What Orpheus is said to have known must constitute the body of learning of a whole period at least. He is supposed to have left behind metric writings on theology and cosmogony, hymns, epigrams, treatises on agriculture, physics, astrology, precious stones, botany, chorography, medicine, laws, and matters relating to Argos. What we have now under his name is but little, and probably most, if not all of it, of later date than that of the Orphic tradition. In fact, to such critical minds as Aristotle, Cicero, and Suidas, it appeared probable that no single versicle certainly attributable to Orpheus was then in existence. That there once were in existence true Orphic verses there seems little doubt; whether the Pythagorean or Egyptian school fairly represented the originals in what is given as Orphic it would be difficult to judge. The following are specimens:

"I will utter to such as have the right, the doors
Close ye forthwith on the profane!"
or
"Close ye upon your ears, profane!"
"But thou,
Hearken, Musæus, son of light-bearing moon,
For truth I will declare, and let not things
That formerly your bosom cogitated
Amerce you of dear life. But looking toward
The word divine, hang closely over it,
Keeping aright the heart's perceptive frame.
Yea enter well the path without a turn,
And gaze upon the universal King.
He is one, self-proceeding; from the one
Are all things born evolved; circling he acts
Himself in them; himself no mortal sees,
But he sees all. To mortals are his gifts,
Evil come after good, and bloody war,
And tearful woes. Beside the mighty king
There is none else, and him I may not see,
For round about him is established cloud.
Yea every mortal's eyes a veil contain—
A mortal pupil, powerless to perceive
Zeus who hath guard o'er all. Within the sky
That is as brass, upon a golden throne
Is he set firm, and lights upon the earth,
And stretches a right hand beyond the sea,

Past ocean's every side; the mountains high
Are of a tremble round, the rivers too,
And depth of hoary and cœrulean sea."

Again:

"Ruler of Ether, Hades, Sea, and Land,
Who with thy bolts Olympus' strong-built home
Dost shake; whom demons dread, and whom the throng
Of gods do fear; whom, too, the fates obey,
Relentless though they be. O deathless One,
Our mother's sire! whose wrath makes all things reel;
Who mov'st the winds and shroud'st in clouds the world,
Broad Ether cleaving with thy lightning gleams,—
Thine is the order 'mongst the stars, which run
As thine unchangeable behests direct.
Before thy burning throne the angels wait,
Much-working, charged to do all things for men.
Thy young spring shines, all pranked with purple flowers;
Thy winter with its chilling clouds assails;
Thine autumn noisy Bacchus distributes.
Decayless, deathless, by undying ones
And none else utterable! Greatest god
Over all gods by mighty fate, O come,
Dread, invincible, vast, decayless one,
Whom the blue ether as a chaplet crowns."

"From Zeus all things proceed, Zeus is both male
And maid immortal, head and midst is he,
Earth's base and starry heaven's, breath of all,
The force of tireless fire, the wide sea's root,
Sun and moon both, of all arch-fount and king,
One force, one spirit, source immense of all."

These probably are much more modern than the date ascribed to Orpheus. Plato quotes a fragment or two, showing that there were Orphic collections existing in his day. The following shows the warm poetic mould into which the Greek mind was wont to pour its consciousness of the beautiful and mysterious processes of nature:

"Fair-flowing Ocean 't was did first begin
Marriage, and wedded Tethys, sister-kin."

The first lines quoted under the name of Orpheus are perhaps more likely to be authentic than the rest, as belonging to the period when religious rites were jealously guarded from any but the initiated. The great ones were few—princes who were the centre of the community's wealth, and had ornaments and drinking vessels of gold, while the bulk of the people were in a state of almost savage simplicity, touched by bravery, poetry, and superstition. As the palace was inaccessible to the community, in whom the rich valuables might but awaken a passion of rapine, so was the shrine of religious studies also secluded, that no interloper should disturb the repose necessary for the commune of the priestesses with the invisible world, and that no one receiving truths within an unprepared mind should alarm the vulgar and destroy by force the only centres of profound wisdom.

Thomas Taylor, the Platonist, in his study of Orpheus, very fairly shows that the hymns bearing the name were at least destined for use by a line of ministering priests. They are, in fact, sacrificial invoca-

tions, and show a personification of natural powers within a wide poetic pantheism, which has, with the enlightened worshipper at least, a monotheistic centre. Though nymphs, demons, the muses, the furies, the Fates

"Unchanged, aërial, wandering in the night,
Untamed, invisible to mortal sight,"

and dwelling by the Stygian river, in Pluto's hidden realms, where

"White waters of the lake,
Falling into the sea with silvery whirls,
Burst from a fountain hid in depths of night,"

are treated each and all as individual powers, and there is a host of powerful deities, to whom worship is due, yet is Zeus—"multiform deity"—within and at the back of all, the root and breath of all things. In this pervasive power even the subordinate deities share, as being manifestations of divinity. In the address to Herè we have an example of this rather complicated kind of pantheism:

"All things producing, for the breath of life
Without thee nothing knows: since thou, with all
Thyself in wondrous sort communicating,
Art mixed with all."

In the invocation to Apollo, there is naturally a trace of the ancient sun-worship:

"whose lucid eye
Light-giving all things views . . . . this plenteous earth,
And ev'n beneath thro' the dark womb of things,
In night's still, gloomy regions, and beyond
Th' impenetrable darkness set with stars."

Diana is addressed as "great nurse of mortals, earthly and celestial," "dread universal queen."

Pallas, too, has universal attributes:

"wisdom to the good,
And to the evil, madness: parent of war,
And counsel: thou art male and female too:
Multiform dragoness, famed enthusiastic."

The goddess Demeter is the "giver of all things," "supporter of all mortals"; blessing man with plenteous means of life, as mother Nature is yet. And in a personification of Nature as a deity we may see how a subordinate member of the Pantheon can be invested with universal attributes to the extent of a particular sphere of influence, without infringing upon the supreme unity of the Father of Gods.

In the Orphic or pseudo-Orphic system we find, further, a lower range of divine personages having relation to human life, but not credited with the attribute of universal sway. "The Divinity of Dreams" is addressed as follows:

"Great source of oracles to humankind,
When stealing soft, and whispering to the mind,
Through sleep's sweet silence, and the gloom of night,
Thy power awakes the intellectual sight,
To silent souls the will of Heaven relates,
And silently reveals their future fates."

Phanes or Protogonos, the exemplar of the universe, is a divine emanation, an effulgence of the glory, and an express image of the substance, so to speak, of the Supreme. The Hebrew Angel of the Presence and the gnostic Logos are similar personifications of the powers and agencies of God. The First-Born is thus addressed:

" O mighty first-begotten, hear my prayer,
Twofold, egg-born, and wandering thro' the air;
. . . . . .
'Tis thine from darksome mists to purge the sight,
All-spreading splendour, pure and holy light."

Death is invoked in the same strain of poetical pantheism:

" Thy sleep perpetual bursts the vivid folds
By which the soul-attracting body holds."

Thomas Taylor finds in Porphyry an explanation of the meaning here, and bases a comment thereon in a style almost purely Buddhistic: " Though the body, by the death which is universally known, may be loosened from the soul, yet, while material passions and affections reside in the soul, the soul will continually verge to another body, and as long as this inclination continues remain connected with body. But when, from the predominance of an intellectual nature, the soul is separated from material affections, it is truly liberated from the body, though the body at the same time verges and clings to the soul, as to the immediate cause of its support."

The Homeric cycle of poems, whether the work of one or of a group of rhapsodists, is really the firstfruits of Greek literature. The Orphic writings claim to be earlier by some three to four centuries, and no doubt there was bardic tradition from the Argonautic times; but in all probability, in passing from the reputed Orphic remains to Homer, we pass up and not down the stream of time.

Homer being in mass of a hearty and vivid naturalism, with what it has of the supernatural, clearly designed for the generality, whose superb bible it became, it would seem that little attention is its due from the point of view of either theism or sublime ethics. Pagan polytheism, with the rude morals of a barbarous, if heroic time, this has by many been thought to be all to be expected from Homer. This, indeed, is to be found there, and many a contradiction is to be found within that external polytheism, as well as many a questionable example in the sphere of morals. But there is more in Homer than this. We find, in Indian works meant for the people, instances where a bright narrative is designed as a thick coating of sugar for a small ethical pill. We find in Druidic tradition verses in which the memory is ingeniously cozened into taking up a morsel of moral counsel interlarded in the easiest and brightest of stanzas. The moral traditions of primitive peoples, by whom moral aphorisms are prized more highly than among the over-cultured and sceptical, are wont to be transmitted in the form of pithy sententious maxims, which easily pass current amongst unstudious and simple folk and grow into a treasury of proverbial lore.

The Homeric singers wrought in this fashion; and scattered over the writings that have come down to us are to be found by searching a number of little fragments, which, if gathered, would be recognised as an appreciable contribution to ethics.

Mr. Gladstone goes further than this when he says: " The morality of the Homeric man is founded on duty, not to the particular personages of the Olympian system, but to the divinity, *theos*, or the gods in general, *theoi*. Sometimes to Zeus; not however as the mere head of the Olympian Court, but as heir-general to the fragments and relics of the old monotheistic traditions."

It is becoming generally recognised that in all religions two forces have been at work: one that of the more spiritual minds in cleansing the vision of the mental eye that has turned toward God, and in the concentration and deepening of the impression of Heaven's relation to us. The other force has been that of the unawakened minds disintegrating and distorting all grand conceptions, splitting up large ideals into small, and requiring even minor abstractions to be showily clothed as the necessary preliminary before attracting any heed. It is this complex force of popular demand and attempt to satisfy it that has led to the absurd and self-contradictory mythologies of polytheism. In Egypt the gods, to all but the eyes that could penetrate beneath the mask, were lost in the multiplicity of stony images that once were living symbols. In Greece the art faculty absorbed a nation's spiritual dreamings into beautiful visible forms, and tended to cloud the deep consciousness of the invisible by bringing everything into the palpable and the external.

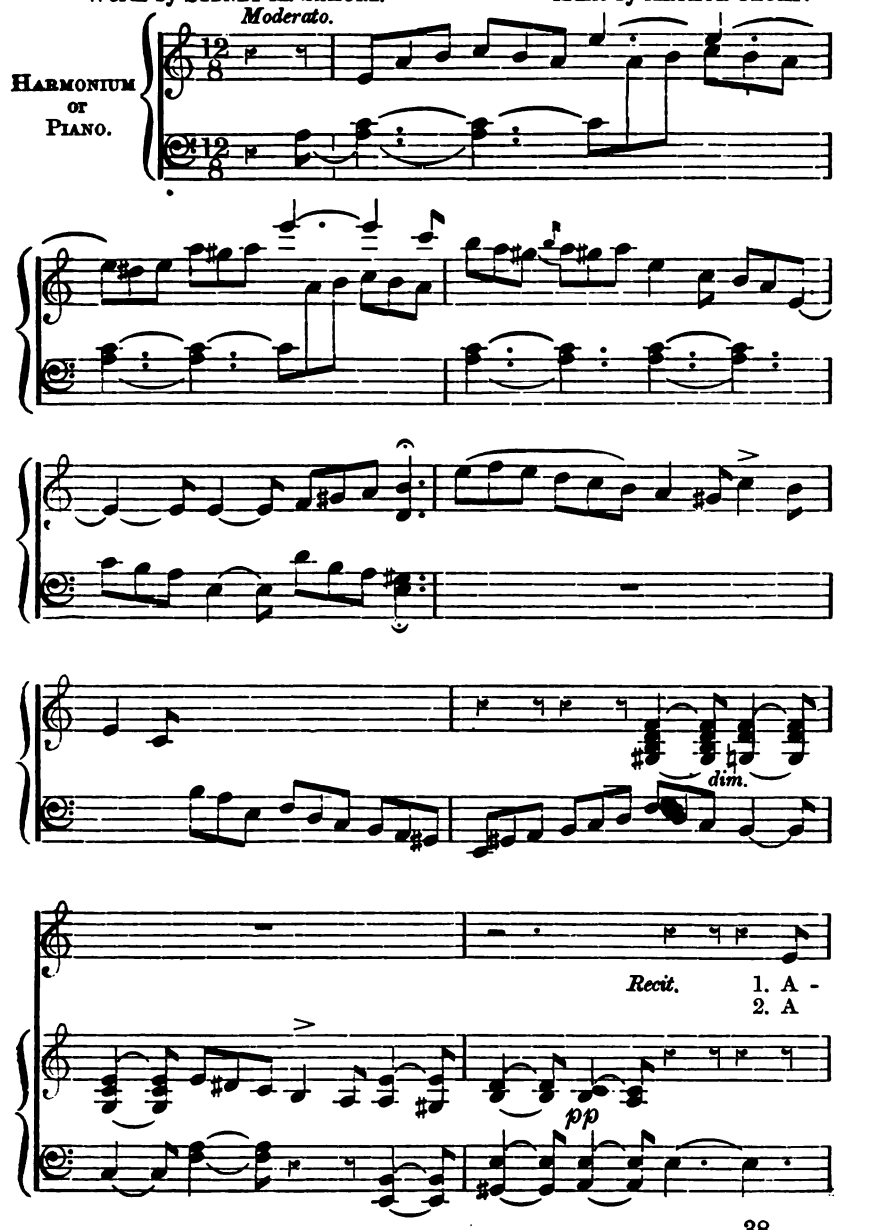
Mr. Gladstone says again: "If Homer can be exhibited as the father of Greek letters in most of their branches, there is one great exception, which belongs to a later development. That exception was the philosophy of Greece; which seems to have owed its first inception to the Asiatic contact established after the great eastern migration. The absence of all abstract or metaphysical ideas from Homer is truly remarkable. Of all poets he is the most objective, and the least speculative." It is perfectly true that Homer is most poetically free from mystical obscurities, and that the formal philosophy of Greece began after his time; but we ought scarcely to deny to the Homeric cycle of ballads the possession of a fair quantity of the current coin of a simple philosophy. Indeed, in the following, the great Homeric scholar supplements and so corrects his doctrine respecting Homer: "In this splendid work of art we trace the real elements of worship and of an ethical system, drawing its strength from obligations to an unseen Power; to a plurality, which is also to a great extent an unity, and which rules the world. Lastly, while some portions of the scheme point us towards an earlier and also a ruder state, and others in the direction of a later and corrupt civilisation, a third portion reveals a primitive basis of monotheism, and ideas in connection with it, which seem to defy explanation, except when we compare them with the most ancient of the Hebrew traditions."

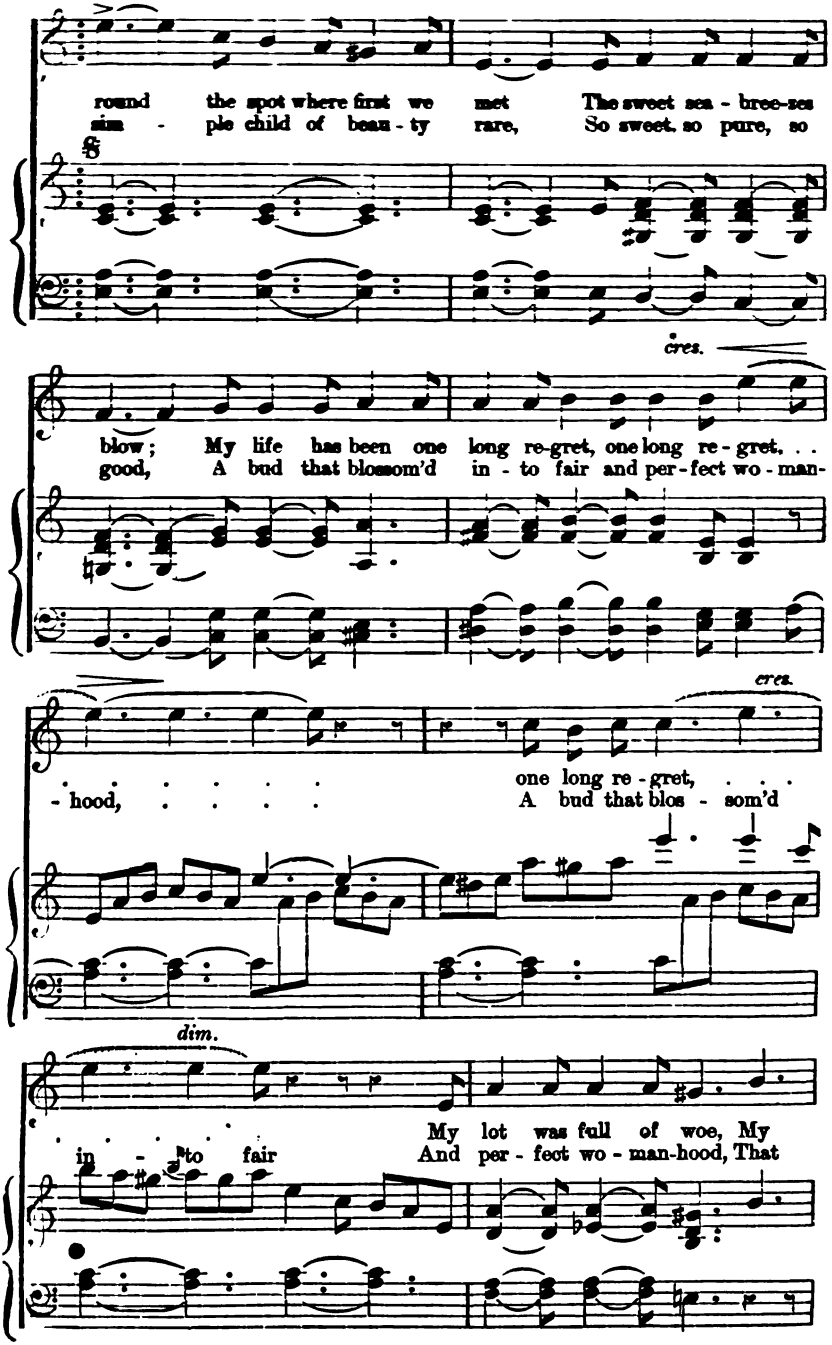
The consideration which we purpose giving to the ethical element in Homer, and to the philosophy of those that came after him, must be postponed to a succeeding paper.

"THE LOVE-LIGHT IN THINE EYES."

SONG.

Words by SYDNEY M. SAMUEL. Music by ARTHUR CRUMP.

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sim - ple child of beau - ty rare, So sweet, so pure, so
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blow; My life has been one long re-gret, one long re - gret. . .
good, A bud that bloosom'd in - to fair and per - fect wo - man-
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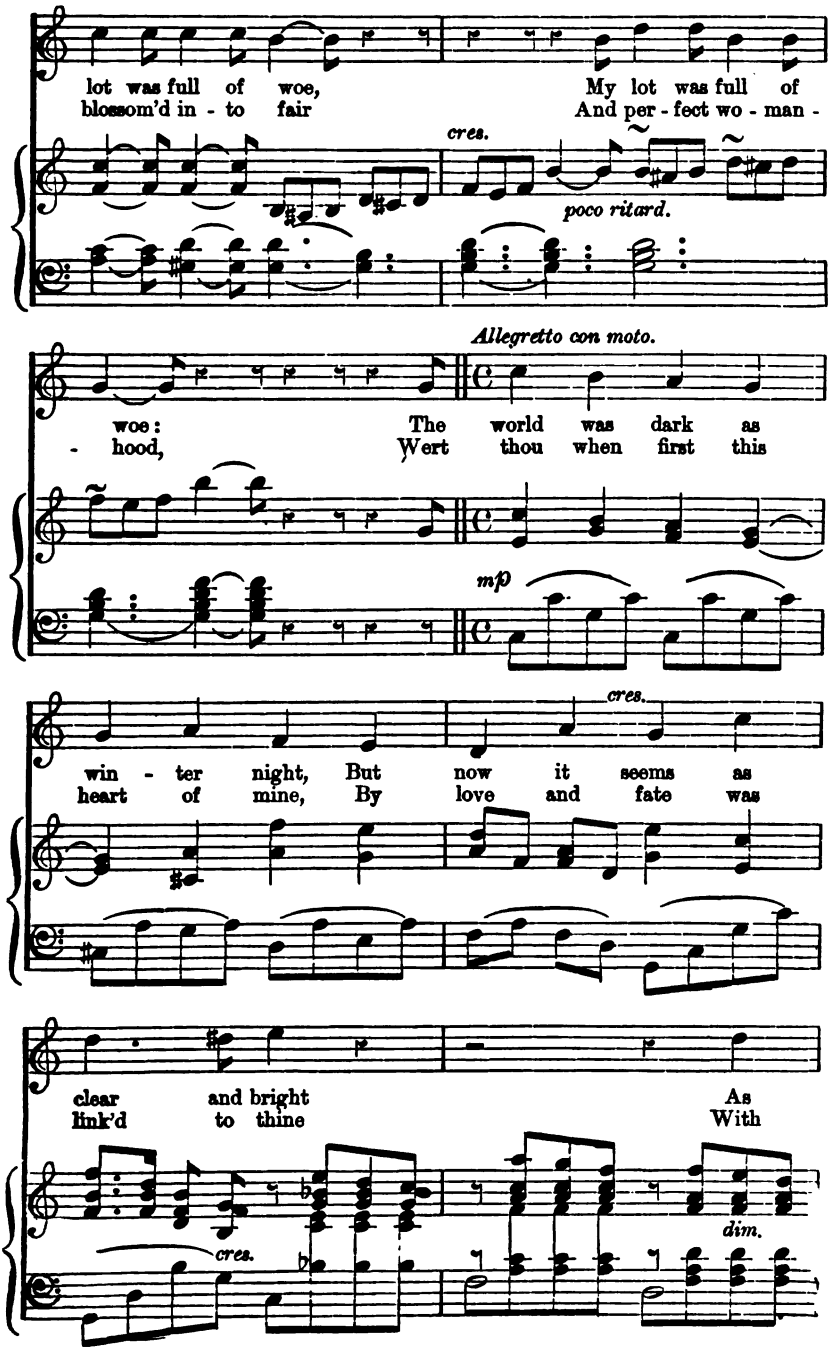
lot was full of woe,
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- hood,
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Wert thou when first this
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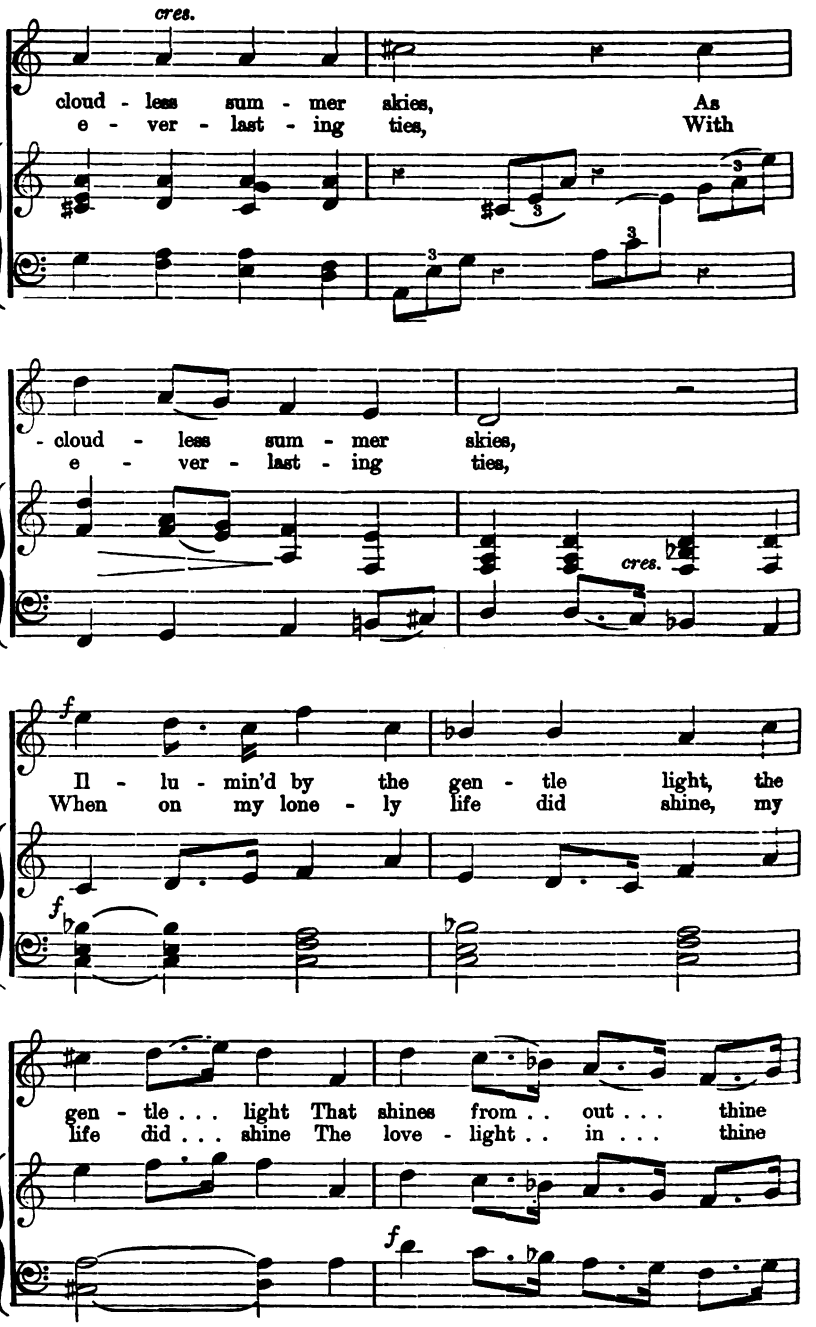
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life did . . . shine The love - light . . in . . . thine
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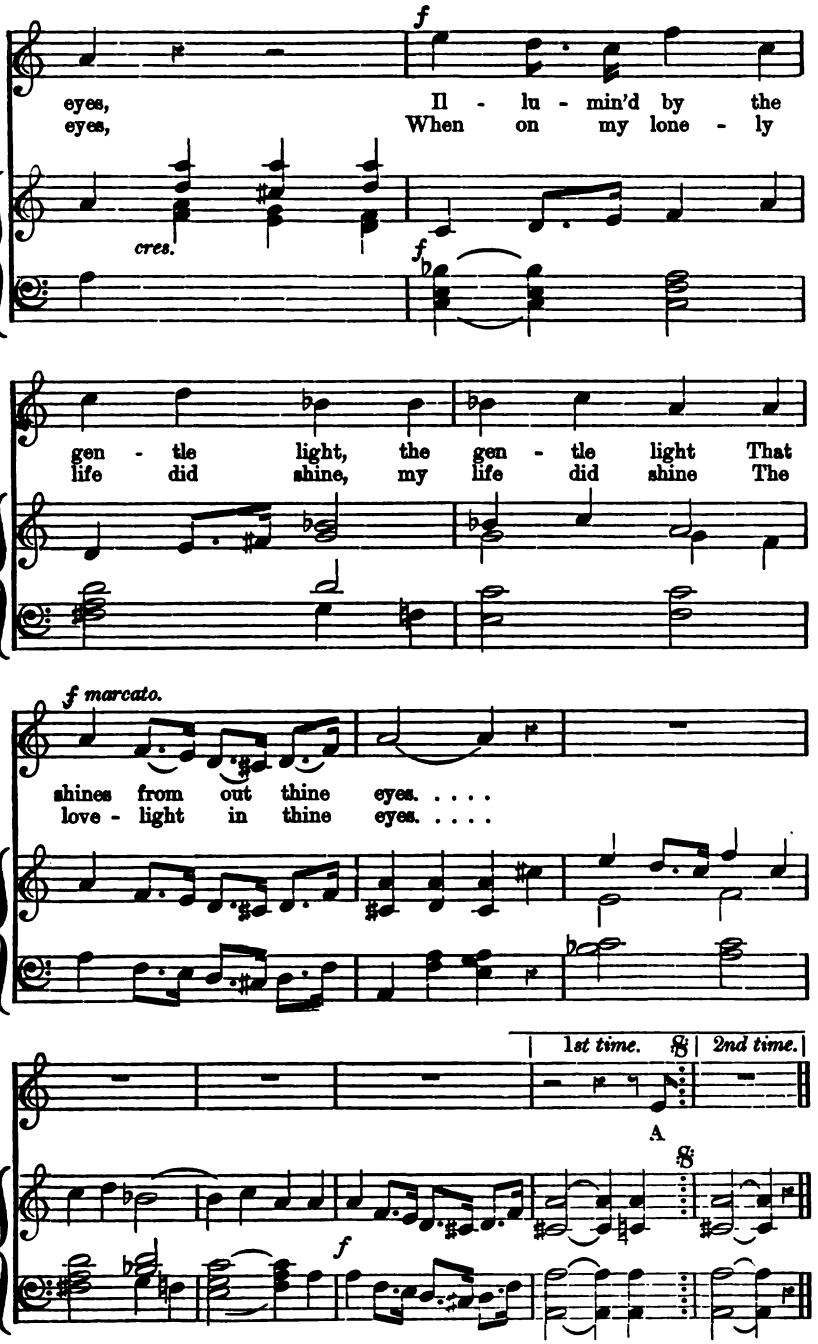
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love - light in thine eyes. . . . .
1st time.
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A
f

THE TRAVELS OF RABBI BENJAMIN OF TUDELA.

It is a curious fact that, while we are fairly well acquainted with the geography of the ancient world, and still better with that of modern times, dating from the Reformation, a great blank occurs in our knowledge about the period of the Middle Ages. The downfall of the Roman Empire and the occupation of Western Europe by barbarous nations, ignorant of even the elements of civilised life, extinguished all scientific research. Many centuries elapsed before geography, which had to share the fate of the other sciences, was revived. The state of Europe at the time of the Crusades can only be dimly inferred from the romantic narratives and chronicles of the period that deal with the valiant deeds of the doughty knights. Travellers for business were probably but few in those days; travellers for pleasure still fewer, if they existed at all; and such as there were were in all probability illiterate, and hence unable to comply with Bacon's primary demand from a traveller, that he should keep a diary and register his observations.

The most notable of all mediæval travellers is, of course, Marco Polo. We should certainly have been great losers had he not recorded his adventures at the court of Kublai Khan, and we have at length passed the ignorant stage that sneers at or rejects all that seems strange and unwonted as mere fiction. We have learnt to sift the valuable grain from the chaff without arrogantly tossing away the whole as useless. Those were days when accurate knowledge was not so easily acquired, when verbal information had to be largely relied on, and the result was a strange commingling of fiction and fact.

Besides Marco Polo, the name of Abdallatif is familiar as an Egyptian traveller to whom we owe the narrative of the failure that occurred in the Nile inundations towards the end of the twelfth century, when for a time cannibalism was practised in the Delta. Then there was Rabbi Pethachia, of Ratisbon, who journeyed in the middle of that century. Pethachia was probably a rich man, impelled to travel by a strong desire to visit his distant brethren and the graves of the Hebrew saints, an object quite in accordance with the spirit of the day. His narrative, which has come down to us much mutilated and abridged, is, for the period, copious in description, but his facts are not always accurate. To Edrisi we owe the first real geographical treatise, written for Roger II., King of Sicily, and which for three centuries formed the basis of all geographical knowledge. We have only one more name to add, that of Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela, and the scanty record of the period is substantially closed. Perhaps of all these travellers the name of this Jew is the least familiar—certainly not as familiar as that of Marco Polo, with whose narrative his Itinerary presents some striking

similarities, though he lived before him, and was consequently the first European who penetrated so far eastward.

It is presumed by scholars that this Itinerary of Rabbi Benjamin shared the fate of Marco Polo's travels in being abridged from the original journal by copyists and translators, and since no complete and genuine MS. has as yet been discovered, we are obliged to content ourselves with those that exist, fragmentary and imperfect though they are. The work, which was well known to the learned in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, and had gained credit among Jews and Christians, was never printed until the sixteenth century, when an edition appeared at Constantinople, printed —as it had been written—in the Rabbinic character. This edition is extremely rare; the Bodleian possesses an incomplete copy. In the seventeenth century the work was translated into Latin, and since then into French, English, Dutch and German. Probably few general readers have taken the trouble to peruse the quaint, brief utterances of this ancient Spanish Jew; and yet his narrative, for all the narrow space in which its information is compressed, by no means lacks interest, and will, we hope, be found to repay analysis.

The first object of interest to us is naturally the writer himself. Little is known about him, and only by inference from the events named by him can we fix the exact date of his visit to various cities. He was a Spaniard, and lived before the Jews were persecuted and oppressed in the name of charity and love; indeed, in his day the Jews held a respected position in Christian Spain. They filled posts of honour and were permitted to bear arms and rank as knights.

The Jewish congregation of Tudela, a little town on the Ebro, had even actively asserted their equality with the Christians and Mahommedans of the place, and possessed a military tower for their proper security. Rabbi Benjamin was a native of this town, and his birth must certainly have occurred in the early part of the twelfth century. The object of his travels is never stated by him, but it was probably of a mercantile character. His descriptions are such as a sober merchant, voyaging for his business, but observing besides, would be likely to give. This view is further confirmed by the accuracy with which he notices the state of trade in the various places he visits. Besides this, it is very evident that Rabbi Benjamin endeavoured to become acquainted with the state of his brethren in the countries through which he passed. He sought out all the Jewish synagogues, and has recorded the names of the various rabbis, the principal Jewish residents, and the number of their congregations. Hence his narrative contains the fullest account extant of the state of the Jews in the twelfth century. He is accused, on insufficient grounds, of having overstated these numbers for the purpose of glorifying his nation, and the fidelity of his work has been impugned as having been written only for the purpose of celebrating his own people. That the writer was a pious Hebrew is very obvious, and a fact he never even attempts or seeks to disguise; but why this fact should invalidate the veracity of a very plain, straightforward, and unimaginative Jewish merchant is not so obvious. It is highly probable that with his commercial objects he combined a curiosity similar to that of the Chinese traveller Fa-Hian, who early in the seventh

century visited India to investigate the condition of his Buddhist co-religionists. We do not, therefore, doubt *his* geographical accuracy, whenever he turns aside to make any statement of this nature. As Gibbon justly remarks, "The errors and fictions of the Jewish rabbi are not a sufficient ground to deny the reality of his travels." Moreover, Rabbi Benjamin is particularly remarkable for his caution; and it is here that the contrast between him and Pethachia, between the commercial traveller and the tourist, is so amusingly marked, in parts where they have traversed the same ground. So cautious indeed is Rabbi Benjamin, that he draws a careful distinction between "what he heard" and "what he saw." Considering the state of knowledge at the time when he wrote, the marvel is not at the fables and fictions that have crept into his narrative, but that these are so few and that the whole is distinguished by such accuracy and sobriety.

It has been computed that the Itinerary refers to a period extending over about fourteen years, falling between the second and third crusade—probably from 1159 to 1173. Tibet appears to have been the furthest goal of the rabbi's journey. He probably thus combined the object of a pilgrimage with his commercial purposes. Jerusalem and Bagdad were to Jews what Mecca is to the Mahommedan. Jerusalem was the city of their hopes, while Bagdad was in those days the seat of the last princes of the Jewish nation; for the eastern Jews at that time enjoyed, to some extent, the right of self-government.

Now, so mutilated, incomplete, or abridged is the Itinerary of Rabbi Benjamin, that we might even have remained ignorant of his name, but for a preface written by some later hand, whose authenticity has never been doubted. It embodies all known to us of our traveller.

"This book,"* so runs the preface, "contains the report of Rabbi Benjamin, the son of Jonah of blessed memory, of Tudela in the kingdom of Navarre. This man travelled through many and distant countries, as related in this account, and wrote down in every place whatever he saw or what was told him by men of integrity, whose names were known in Spain. Rabbi Benjamin also mentions some of the principal men in the places he visited, and when he returned he brought this report along with him to the land of Castile in the year 933 (1173).

"The above-mentioned Rabbi Benjamin was a man of wisdom and understanding, and of much information; and, after strict inquiry, his words were found to be true and correct, for he was a true man."

Then follows the diary:

"I first set out from the city of Saragossa, and proceeded down the river Ebro to Tortosa," says Rabbi Benjamin, thus plunging into *medias res*, and stating neither date nor mode of conveyance, though in this instance it can be inferred. That he does not mention his means of locomotion is to be regretted, but he is always careful to tell us how many days' journey the places he visits lie apart. Two days' journey, he tells us, brought him from Tortosa to Tarragona, that most ancient city of Spain, which is supposed to have been built by the Phœnicians, and whose Cyclopæan remains evidently impressed the Rabbi, though he only notes down

* We have throughout availed ourselves of A. Asher's translation of the Hebrew text (London and Berlin, 1840).

the fact of their existence with the unpretentious solemnity that characterises his narrative. Two more days brought him to Barcelona. "The city, though small, is handsome, and is situated on the seashore. Merchants resort thither for goods from all parts of the world—from Greece, from Pisa, Genoa, and Sicily, from Alexandria in Egypt, from Palestine and the adjacent countries." Four days and a half brings him to Narbonne; this journey must have been performed by sea. Narbonne would appear to have been a place of repute among the Jews of that time, in consequence of the study of the Law carried on there, which spread thence over all countries. Rabbi Celonymos (honourable name) is mentioned as a teacher of great distinction, "and a descendant of the house of David," adds R. Benjamin, "as proved by his pedigree." This latter addendum is characteristic of our author's caution. The weakness of boasting of noble descent would appear to be as old as the world, and Davidites, or descendants of the house of David, were naturally held in especial reverence as the tribe whence the Messiah should issue. In consequence of exterminating wars and the dispersion, the records of the old families had been often lost, and spurious pedigrees grew by no means uncommon. This man's pedigree seems, however, to have satisfied R. Benjamin as to its genuineness, and a remark he goes on to make concerning him gives a striking picture of the political state of the French Jews of that time, which was apparently by no means as favourable as that of their Spanish brethren. "This man holds landed property from the sovereigns of the country of which nobody can deprive him by force." The permission to hold property in land was evidently granted as a favour, and the protection of the ruler required, in order to shelter the Israelites from those who were then, as now, jealous of their superior wealth. They cannot, however, have laboured under any crushing restrictions, as was the case in later times. Both at Semel and Beaucaire the Jews presided over a university, where they taught Scriptural and Talmudic learning; and at Bourg de St. Gilles, a place of pilgrimage to pious Christians, who here visited the shrine of St. Ægidius (St. Giles), a Jew was one of the household officers of Raymond, the Prince of Toulouse, who took so active a part in the Crusades. We are very fond of vaunting our superior toleration as opposed to that of the dark ages, but when we meet with statements like these we are forced to pause and consider whether we have really advanced so much in this, the greatest of all social virtues.

From Marseilles our author took ship for Genoa, a journey then of about four days, where he only found two Jewish residents. Genoa was at the time engaged in one of its numerous wars with Pisa. "Pisa," he tells us, "is of very great extent, containing about ten thousand houses, from which war is carried on in times of civil commotion. All the inhabitants are brave, no king nor prince rules over them, the supreme authority being vested in senators chosen by the people." Only twenty Jewish residents were discovered here; at Lucca there were forty, but in Rome, to which a six days' journey brought our author, matters stood well with his Hebrew brethren. He found two hundred Jews living there, much respected and exempt from tribute. Those were not the days when

"Rome made amends for Calvary!"

the days of the Ghetto, the badge

of shame, or the annual Christian sermon at which the Jews were driven like cattle to attend, and sundry wretched ones suffered themselves to be converted time after time in consideration of a few pieces of silver; Christian attentions abolished by Pius IX. These were the days of Pope Alexander III., the wise and firm pontiff who resisted Frederic Barbarossa, and supported the Lombard League. He was exceedingly well disposed towards the Hebrews; many of them were officers in his service, and a Rabbi was actually steward of his household, and minister of his private property. In the third General Council of the Lateran, Alexander accorded to them yet further privileges, notwithstanding some obstinate resistance evinced by various divines attending the assembly. The only restriction imposed on them was a prohibition against keeping Christian servants. No wonder Rabbi Benjamin was pleased at the condition of his Roman brethren; no wonder that Jews honour the memory of this Pope, and that on his return from the exile into which he had been forced by the pretension of the anti-Pope, they went out in procession to meet him, bearing flags and the roll of the law. It would appear that R. Benjamin's visit occurred soon after this event.

At Rome our author went to see some of its sights, besides visiting the Hebrew congregations. It is not said how long he stayed, but his visits in most places were brief, which once more supports the idea that they were prompted by business, and not by pleasure. After recording that Rome is divided into two parts by the Tiber, he narrates that "the city contains numerous buildings and structures entirely different from all other buildings on the face of the earth. The extent of ground covered by ruined and inhabited Rome amounts to four and twenty miles." He then proceeds to mention a few of its wonders, and finally winds up as though wearied out, "Rome contains many other remarkable buildings and works, the whole of which nobody can enumerate." The list of those which he does enumerate shows a quaint mixture of fact and absurdity; but in those days even Romans knew so little regarding the monuments of their city, and even the learned, as shown by Gibbon, gave credence to such fantastic myths, that a charge of excessive credulity can hardly be brought against this simple Jewish traveller. Besides, ought we to say anything, who know how much even the modern tourist absorbs? R. Benjamin tells us that, "In the outskirts of Rome is the palace of Titus who was rejected by three hundred senators in consequence of his having wasted three years in the conquest of Jerusalem, which task, according to their will, he ought to have accomplished in two years." Now, the so-named ruins R. Benjamin doubtless saw, and the story was told him. He also visited the hall of the palace of Vespasian; the "large place of worship called St. Peter of Rome, and the large palace of Julius Cæsar." He was shown a cave wherein he was told Titus hid the vessels of the Temple of Jerusalem, and another cave that was said to hold the bones of the ten Jewish martyrs, teachers of the Mishna, who suffered violent death about the time of Hadrian. At San Giovanni in Porta Latina he was shown the two copper pillars that had been constructed by Solomon, whose name they bore engraved, and the Jews in Rome told him

that every year, about the 9th of Ab, the time of the destruction of both temples at Jerusalem, these pillars sweated so much that the water ran down from them. Outside San Giovanni Laterano he notes a statue of Constantine, cast in copper, of which man and horse are gilt. Can this have been the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, which occupied this site in the twelfth century, until it was removed by Michael Angelo to its present position on the Campidoglio?

From Rome Rabbi Benjamin proceeded to Caprera, a four days' journey. Here he found three hundred Jews, and among them many very wise men of universal fame whose names he then proceeds to give in accordance with his custom. "This large city," he tells us, "was built by King Capis; the town is elegant, but the water is bad and the country unhealthy." Naples is rapidly dismissed, it is evident our author had no eye for scenery. There were five hundred Jews here, and this appears to have pleased him more than the bay or the sky. He records, however, that the city is very strongly fortified. Here at Naples occurs the first passage that shows some confusion, leading one to suppose it was either wrongly transcribed or that R. Benjamin is here only recording "what he heard." He speaks of Pozzuoli and Sorrento as one and the same place; and, as he does not mention the name of any Jews resident there, it seems doubtful whether he did visit either of the places he or his editors have commingled ingeniously. The passage deserves quotation for its amusing mixture of fact and fiction.

"From thence to Pozzuoli or Sorrento, a large city built by Tsintsan Hadar'eser, who fled in fear of King David, of blessed memory. The city has been inundated in two spots by the sea. Even to this day you may see the streets and towers of this submerged city. A hot spring, which issues forth from under ground, produces the oil called petroleum, which is collected upon the surface of the water and used in medicine. There are also the hot baths, provided from hot subterranean springs, which here issue from under ground. Two of these baths are situated on the sea-shore, and whoever is afflicted with any disease generally experiences great relief, if not certain cure, from the use of these waters. During the summer season all persons afflicted with complaints flock thither from the whole of Lombardy. From this place a man may travel fifteen miles by a causeway under the mountains. This way was constructed by King Romulus, the founder of Rome, who feared David, King of Israel, and Joab his general, and constructed buildings both upon and under the mountains."

Salerno was personally visited, and hence the account of it is more matter of fact. The traveller duly emphasizes its claim to distinction as "the principal medical university of Christendom." Amalfi, half a day distant, impressed him with its commercial activity. The city had certainly by this time lost some of its splendour, having been pillaged by the Pisans in 1135, but the catastrophe so graphically related by Petrarch, which deprived it of its harbour and maritime importance, had not yet occurred, and Amalfi was still a place of considerable mark, a fact hard to realise nowadays, when we visit this tiny town squeezed in its rocky fastnesses, with its population of beggars. Yet up to a certain point R. Benjamin's description obtains to this day.

"The Christian population of this country is mostly addicted to trade, they do not till the ground, but buy everything for money, because they reside on high mountains and upon rocky hills; fruit abounds, however, the land being well supplied with orchards, vineyards, olive groves and gardens. Nobody dares wage war with them."

Our author now made his way across the peninsula to Trani, a journey that took him six days, and must therefore have been fairly rapid, seeing he stopped at various places on the way, and visited the Jewish congregations who mustered in good numbers, considering the size of the various towns. He speaks of Trani as a large and handsome town, where all the pilgrims bound for Jerusalem were wont to assemble on account of the convenience of its port. Here he found a goodly congregation of Jews. To this day Trani possesses several synagogues dating back to these times, and affords many indications of the former prosperity and importance of the place. One day's journey brought R. Benjamin to St. Nicholas di Bari, and it is difficult to identify this, now the most important commercial town in Apulia, with a large city which was destroyed by King William of Sicily. The place still lies in ruins, and contains neither Jewish nor Christian inhabitants; but the facts tally with history. In a day and a half R. Benjamin struck across the land to Taranto. The Greek element evidently still prevailed in his days, since he speaks of the inhabitants as Greeks. Returning to Brindisi and proceeding thence to Otranto, now an insignificant fishing town, but then a favourite point of embarkation, our author crossed in two days to Corfu. Here he only discovered one Jew, who was a dyer by profession. It is a singular circumstance that wherever Rabbi Benjamin in his travels finds the numbers of the Jews small, either ten, sufficient to form a synagogue, and to be allowed to say the great prayers, or less, their occupation is always that of dyers. Can it be argued from this that any stigma was attached in those days to this trade?

Two more days' journey by sea brought him to Arta, which he names as the confine of the empire of Manuel, King of Greece. Anatolica, Gatras, Lepanto are then successively visited; and it reads comically to hear not the slightest classical allusion, to find a traveller in search of nothing save the various Jews resident in each place. At Crissa he found two hundred Jews living by themselves on Mount Parnassus, carrying on agriculture upon their own land and property, a most remarkable fact, as the Jews rarely or never affect agriculture, so much so that Porson, in conversation with Rogers, noted the excuse of the steward (Luke xvi., 3), "I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed," as a peculiarly Jewish excuse, adding "Who, from that day to this, has seen a Jew who was a beggar or an agriculturist?" There can therefore have been no oppressive restrictions on the Jews in the Greece of those days. Indeed, our author seems to have found their condition prosperous throughout the dominion. At Thebes he speaks of two thousand Jewish inhabitants, who were the most eminent manufacturers of silk and purple cloth in all Greece.

What probably attracted them in such numbers was the fact recorded by Gibbon, that "all persons employed on the workmanship of parchment, silk, and purple, as well as the mariners of the Peloponessus, were exempted

from personal taxation, a law in which some symptoms of a liberal policy may be traced.

At Zeitun Potamo our author touches on the confines of Walachia, in the then geographical acceptation of the term, and speaks of its population in a manner that shows how civilisation has not progressed too rapidly in these regions. "The people," he says, "are nimble as deer, and descend from their mountains into the plains of Greece, committing robberies and making booty. Nobody ventures to make war upon them, nor can any king bring them to submission; and they do not profess the Christian faith. Their names are of Jewish origin, and some even say they have been Jews, which nation they call 'brethren.' Whenever they meet an Israelite they rob, but never kill him, as they do the Greeks."

At Salonica he met with the largest Jewish population after Thebes; but he here notes that they were "much oppressed and live by the exercise of handicrafts." A certain rabbi is spoken of as being appointed provost of the resident Jews by the king's command. This probably corresponds to a similar charge held by a Jew in the reign of King John who obtained a charter as "*Presbyter omnium judæorum totius Angliæ.*"

From Abydos the traveller journeyed in five days across the mountains to Constantinople, of which he has left a detailed account that evinces keen observation.

Imanuel Commenus reigned at that time, and it is even probable that R. Benjamin was an eye-witness of the public rejoicings that took place in honour of the emperor's marriage with Maria, daughter of the Prince of Antioch, which took place at Christmas time, 1161. He certainly speaks of public games at the Hippodrome held on the birthday of Jesus, the Nazarene, which were carried on in the presence of the king and queen. On this occasion, he tells, might be seen representatives of all the nations that inhabit the world, surpassing feats of jugglery, and sports of lions, bears, leopards, wild asses, and birds that have been trained to fight each other.

His account of the court and mode of government, as well as of the trade carried on in Constantinople, is confirmed by Gibbon: "Great stir and bustle prevails at Constantinople in consequence of the conflux of many merchants who resort thither, both by land and sea, from all parts of the world for purposes of trade. Merchants from Babylon and from Mesopotamia, from Media and Persia, from Egypt and Palestine, as well as from Russia, Hungary, Patzinakia, Budia, Lombardy, and Spain are met with here, and in this respect the city is equalled only by Bagdad, the metropolis of the Mahometans."

R. Benjamin further describes in detail the palace of the Emperor and St. Sophia, "the metropolitan seat of the Pope of the Greeks who is at variance with the Pope of Rome." It would appear, according to Gibbon, that the hatred between the Greek and Latin Churches was peculiarly manifest during our traveller's sojourn, which seems probable, as he does not generally trouble himself to remark on Christian schismatics. Of the splendours of King Imanuel's palace the Crusaders were never weary of dilating; the throne of Commenus was the special subject of their admiration, as it is that of R. Benjamin's.

Indeed, our author, not easily excited, as we have seen, is lost in amazement at all the riches of the Byzantine city. He tells how the

tribute collected at Constantinople every year, from all parts of Greece, fills many towers. It consisted of silks, purple cloths, and gold; while the revenue arising from the rents of hostelries and bazaars and the duties paid by merchants arriving by land and sea amounted daily to upwards of twenty thousand florins.

Gibbon, bewailing (chap. 53) the difficulty of justly estimating the revenue of the Greek empire, quotes this passage concerning the amount of money daily paid into Constantinople, and then remarks:

"In all pecuniary matters the authority of a Jew is doubtless respectable; but as the 365 days would produce a yearly income exceeding seven millions sterling, I am tempted to retrench at least the numerous festivals of the Greek calendar." But he does not deny that this wealth, of which the Rabbi speaks, was exceedingly great.

"The Greeks who inhabit the country are extremely rich, and possess great wealth of gold and precious stones. They dress in garments of silk, ornamented with gold and other valuable materials; they ride upon horses, and in their appearance they are like princes. The country is rich, producing all sorts of delicacies as well as abundance of bread, meat, and wine, and nothing upon earth equals their wealth. They are well skilled in the Greek sciences, and live comfortably, 'every man under his own vine and his own fig tree.' The Greeks hire soldiers of all nations, whom they call barbarians, for the purpose of carrying on their wars with the Sultan of the Thogarmin, who are called Turks. They have no martial spirit themselves, and, like women, are unfit for warlike enterprises."

Among these foreign mercenaries Gibbon mentions a colony of English who fled from the yoke of the Norman conqueror, and preserved till the last age of the empire "the inheritance of spotless loyalty and the use of the English tongue." The emperor had need of these warlike barbarians, who were said to come from Thule. The term of reproach, "effeminate Greeks," was already current, and throughout his reign he was harassed by the Turks, who were at that time victoriously carrying Mahommedanism into Europe, an event of which we are still reaping the fruits.

The condition of the Jews at Constantinople was indifferent. They were not permitted to dwell in the city with the Greeks, but were banished to the suburb of Pera, at present the foreign quarter. Hence they could reach the metropolis by water only, whenever they wished to visit it for purposes of trade. They numbered over two thousand. Many of these manufactured silk cloths, others were merchants; most of them were extremely rich, but no Jew was allowed to ride upon a horse, excepting one of them, Rabbi Sh'lomo, who was the king's physician, and by whose influence the Jews enjoyed many privileges even in their state of oppression. For here, at Constantinople, the sons of Israel were liable to be beaten in the streets and forced to submit to many indignities. "But," adds our author, "they are rich, good, benevolent, and religious men, who bear the misfortunes of exile with humility."

The islands were next visited. At Chios our author remarks on the growth of the mastic trees (Pistacia lentiscus). To this day the island is noted for its fertility in mastic, whose collection occupies the greater portion of its population. At Cyprus he discovered a set of heretic Jews, Epicureans,

who roused his anger, and whom, he says, the Jews excommunicate everywhere. Here he took ship for the nearest point of the continent of Asia Minor, Corycus, which he names "the frontier of Armenia, and the confine of the empire of Toros, King of the Mountains"—a remark that again approximately fixes a date, since Toros did not establish himself upon the throne of his ancestors until the accession of Commenus.

At Antioch R. Benjamin was greatly impressed with the strength of the fortifications, and also the method whereby the city was supplied with water—namely, by subterranean aqueducts, probably some system greatly resembling our own. It must have had peculiar features in those days, since William of Tyre, speaking of Antioch, also notes that "its water is distributed at certain houses by remarkably curious and ingenious machines." The Jews of this place were glass manufacturers.

Four days' journey from Antioch dwelt the sect known as the Assassins, of whom the Jewish traveller has given an elaborate account, which has been corroborated by the learned. He speaks of them as following their own prophet, known as their Old Man, in lieu of Mahomet, and as being at war with the Christians, and of their country as eight days' journey in extent. William of Tyre estimates their numbers as sixty thousand.

About twenty miles from Sidon he notices another heathen sect, the Druses. Their religious tenets, which embrace transmigration and also encourage licentiousness, do not appear to have changed substantially from those times to these; they still, as then, inhabit the mountains. "This their way is their folly," remarks the Rabbi, employing a favourite quotation of his whenever he comes across any manifestation of religious eccentricity quite beyond his sphere of comprehension.

Of the beauty of Tsour, or Tyre, he speaks with rapture, and he adds that from its walls may be seen the remains of "Tyre the Crowned," which was inundated by the sea. The new town is as commercial as its predecessor; traders resort to it from all parts. The port has no equal on earth; it is guarded by towers, and at night an iron chain is drawn across the harbour mouth for protection. "In this excellent place" resided about four hundred Jews. "They are manufacturers of the far-renowned Tyrian glass and shipowners." This latter circumstance he emphasises as something peculiar, which indeed it must have been in those days, for even now Jewish shipowners are rare, though the Jews are the most influential merchants in the world.

A days' journey brought him to Acre, whose importance to the Christians, as their principal place of embarkation for pilgrims to Jerusalem, he notices. Under Mount Carmel he was shown many Jewish sepulchres, probably the caverns inhabited by the early monks, and which may in former times have afforded sepulture to the Jews, and near the summit the cavern of Elijah. "Two Christians," he says, "have built a place of worship near this site," and he avers it to be the situation of the altar built by Elijah after he had confuted the priests of Baal. We do not gather whether there were such torments as professional guides in Rabbi Benjamin's days; but a modern traveller states that the guides are very careful that visitors should behold the very stones wherewith Elijah repaired the altar of the Lord, and that in course of time these stones have

become exceedingly profitable and productive.

Cæsarea he identifies as Gath of the Philistines. In his day the city was very elegant and beautiful, having been embellished by Herod, who spent twelve years over its adornment, and then named it Cæsarea in honour of the Emperor. Thence he passed inland, and visited Gerizim and Ebal, the mountains of blessings and cursings, where he found a colony of Samaritans who observed the Mosaic law in their own synagogue, and of whom he speaks with the righteous contempt pious Jews felt for this race, who had intermarried with the heathens and regarded Jehovah as only the chief of several gods. "For the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." And, as the quarrels of the household are ever the bitterest, so was this feeling between Jews and Samaritans to which R. Benjamin here gives vent; for, since the Jews held it essential there should be but one altar of Jehovah, this temple built on Mount Gerizim was an object of peculiar horror to them. This feeling is evinced in the incident of Jesus's visit to a Samaritan village (Luke ix., 51—56; John iv., 5—26), when the inhabitants refused to let him rest there because he was voyaging to Jerusalem, the seat of the rival temple.

A few more days' journey, and our traveller found himself in Jerusalem. Even here, in the city of his fathers, he betrays no enthusiasm. He speaks of the city as small, strongly fortified, and inhabited by peoples of all tongues. In one corner dwelt two hundred Jews. These rented the dye-house from the King, and the exclusive privilege of carrying on this trade was accorded to them. The Jews had been liberally murdered by the Crusaders in the name of the religion of love; and it is supposed that R. Benjamin may have over-estimated their numbers. R. Pethachia speaks of only one Jew at Jerusalem, a dyer, who paid a heavy tax to be permitted to remain there. R. Benjamin mentions the hospitals of the knights, the Mahommedan mosque, and "the large place of worship called Sepulchre, and containing the sepulchre of that man." He complains that the Christians despoil the Jewish cemeteries, using the inscribed stones to build their houses. On the road to Bethlehem he was shown the grave of Rachel, constructed of eleven stones, corresponding to the tribes, and covered by a cupola; and every Jew who passed it inscribed his name on one of the stones. R. Pethachia has left a far more detailed account of this place, which is held in veneration by Christians and Turks. He tells a marvellous legend how one of the stones, forcibly removed, found its way back repeatedly to the sacred spot, and how there was no stone for Benjamin, because he was born at Rachel's death. An incidental remark of R. Benjamin's that the country abounds with springs and rivulets marks the curious change that has taken place in the physical features of the land, since this tract is now peculiarly arid. At Hebron, the reputed sepulchre of the fathers was visited. Here, it appears, was an outer and an inner cave, for both R. Pethachia and R. Benjamin state that, for an extra fee, the keepers of the cave opened a door that admitted to the real sepulchre, and both declare that this privilege was only accorded to Jews. R. Pethachia relates that such a storm-wind blew within that it extinguished the lights, but R. Benjamin describes the interior as a cave wherein a lamp burned continually, and where could be

seen vessels filled with the bones of Israelites, who were brought thither from afar in the pious belief that burial in the land of Palestine was sufficient to do away with all the sins committed in life. To convey the remains of friends hither was deemed a meritorious action.

Our author now mentions several spots of which he has heard in the neighbourhood. Ascalon was his goal — an important commercial place, where he met merchants from all parts. Thence he proceeded by the most direct route to Damascus, another place of commercial importance, touching at Tiberias, where he speaks of the falls of the Jordan and the hot natural springs. Passing by Dan, "the confines of the land of Israel towards the hinder sea," two days' journey brought him to Damascus. Even he breaks forth into some admiration at sight of the beauty-famed city, of which the saying went: "If Paradise be on earth, then Damascus is the Paradise; and if it be in heaven, then Damascus is opposite on the earth." He names it as the frontier town of the King of the Thogamin, vulgarly called Turks; and here again he notices the fact of water being conducted by pipes into the houses of the principal inhabitants.

Damascus was at the time the seat of the University of Palestine, which had formerly been in Jerusalem, but had been dispersed by the Crusaders. This, and the considerable trade carried on with all countries, naturally attracted large numbers of Jews to the city.

R. Benjamin then visited Baalbek, probably rather on account of the many mills that worked there than for its buildings, whose enormous size he notes, and also the popular belief that buildings constructed of such huge stones could only have been erected by the help of Ashmedai. He ascribes its origin to Solomon, as well as Palmyra, "built of equally large stones." Here he found two thousand warlike Jews, waging feud with the Christians, and aiding their neighbours the Mahommedans, a circumstance confirmed by other writers. Hence he proceeded to Aleppo, where he was impressed with the fortifications, and then cut across to Mosul, situated on the Tigris, and at that time connected by a bridge with Nineveh. "It lies in ruins," is his curt comment, "but there are numerous inhabited villages and small townships on its site."

The synagogue that stood upon the sepulchre of Ezekiel greatly interested our author. The sepulchre of this prophet, held in equal regard by Jews and Mahommedans, has been for ages a place of pilgrimage. This was particularly the case at the season of the new year and the Day of Atonement, when the Jews resorted thither from all parts, and the concourse of pilgrims was often so great that their temporary abodes covered many miles of ground. This gathering attracted Arabian merchants, who held fairs here on the occasion of this great conflux of people, much as similar markets were held in the vicinity of European places of pilgrimage. A large house was attached to the sanctuary, which contained many old MSS., it being the custom that whoever died childless bequeathed his books to the sepulchre. It was also customary to deposit treasures for safety's sake, thus employing the sanctity of the site as a bank, a not unusual occurrence in ancient days. R. Pethachia's credulity is at this spot in curious opposition to that of our less imaginative writer, who only narrates facts, while Pethachia recounts as vera-

cious a number of legends attached to this sacred site, such as that the entrance was so low that visitors had to crawl in, but that at the Feast of Tabernacles it enlarged of itself so that it could be entered on camel-back. From the large sums of money deposited on the grave the synagogue was kept in repair, orphans were endowed with marriage portions, and destitute disciples supported. R. Pethachia relates how he strewed gold and grains of gold upon the tomb, and if there were many like him the sepulchre of Ezekiel must indeed have been richly endowed.

From this point it is not easy to follow our author's route, as many of the populous places mentioned by him have now disappeared. He went to Bassora, and thence up the river.

By a zigzag route, unquestionably prompted by commercial reasons, our author now proceeded to Bagdad. That city was then held in veneration by the Jews, like Rome by the Catholics, as the seat of their ruler, a reputed descendant from the house of David, known as the Prince of the Captivity. After the destruction of Jerusalem the Jews had gathered themselves together under the control of these princes for all purposes of jurisdiction, while acknowledging the supremacy of their conquerors. These on their part confirmed them in their office, the Khalifs in nowise restricted the princes' authority over their people, their persons were respected by Mahommedans as well as Jews, and there were times when, owing to the increasing weakness of the Khalifate, the Hebrew princes rose into some degree of political importance. The prince reigning at the time of Rabbi Benjamin's visit was one of the last to hold this dignity, Daniel Ben Chisdai, under whom the ish university flourished with a splendour unknown for generations.

Passing to Babylon, the traveller was shown the ruins of Nebuchadnezzar, which could not be entered for fear of serpents and scorpions, the fiery furnace into which Shadrach, Meshack, and Abednego were cast, and the tower of Babel, whence he enjoyed a view of twenty miles in circuit. The reputed tomb of Ezra was also visited. This monument is still in existence, and mentioned by modern travellers. As usual, Rabbi Benjamin's account is bald, but the sepulchre must have been very beautiful, if we may trust later visitors, being all inlaid with turquoise-blue tiles. The ruins of Susa were probably his next halting place; and here he mentions the sepulchre of Daniel, concerning whose remains a great controversy had recently been waged. The city was divided into two parts by a river—on one side lay the markets and the mercantile portion, the other was destitute of traffic; consequently the Jews on the one side were richer than those of the other. These latter ascribed their poverty to the circumstance that they were not in possession of Daniel's ashes, and demanded his coffin for their side of the city. The others were unwilling to part with their precious relic, a feud arose, and bloody warfare was carried on between the two parties, until, wearied out, they came to a compromise that the coffin should be deposited alternately on either side. The arrangement was adhered to faithfully, and every year the coffin was transferred with great honour, under the escort of the whole Jewish and Mahommedan population. It happened, however, that the Sultan Sing'as came to Susa during such a procession; and, deeming it derogatory to the honour of Daniel thus constantly to disturb the repose of his bones,

he commanded that the coffin should be fixed at an equal distance from either side, and be suspended from the middle of the bridge by iron chains. He also commanded that in honour of Daniel no one should fish in the river one mile each side the coffin. But even the coffin of Daniel does not appear to have shielded the Jews. R. Benjamin estimates them at 7000; R. Pethachia only found two, and these were dyers.

He then passes into a district he calls Amaria, where he found a large number of Jews, who claimed to be descendants of those carried into captivity by Shalmaneser. Some of these paid tribute in coin to the Kings of Persia, others were in league with the Assassins, and others seem to have been little better than robber hordes. Among these people arose the famous impostor David Alroy, whose romantic career has been embodied in an historical novel of more than common inaccuracy by Lord Beaconsfield. R. Benjamin gives a detailed account of the strange vicissitudes of this young man, who claimed to be the Messiah, and was largely acknowledged as such, owing to his reputed miracles—miracles credited by R. Benjamin. Alroy was well versed in cabalistic lore, and, according to the Rabbis, marvels may be performed by such as are deeply read therein, and know the true name of Jehovah. The Talmud ascribes the miracles of Jesus to his knowledge of the mysteries.

Hamadan, the supposed site of Ecbatana, was then a considerable commercial place, and hence duly visited by R. Benjamin, as well as the traditionary tombs of Esther and Mordecai. From here he passed to Ispahan, where there was an important Jewish colony and lively trade; and thence, according to him (but here there must be some mistake) in eleven days to Khiva, also a place of extensive commerce. He comments on the country as very flat. Samarcand, "a city of considerable magnitude," is next named; and, after a four days' journey, the province of Tibet, "in the forest of which country that beast is found which yields the musk," a remark that doubtless reveals the reason for our traveller's visit to these parts.

The mountainous regions bordering the Caspian were next visited, and then R. Benjamin once more bent his way towards the south. He visited the island of Kish, in those days the great emporium for the exchange of Indian produce for that of Central Asia and Africa. He names the chief articles of exchange, and that the inhabitants of the island lived by their gains in their capacity of brokers. They were evidently sprung from an enterprising stock, since tradition asserts that the island takes its name from a man called Keis, who made his fortune by a cat much after the manner of Whittington. Pearl fishery was also already a lucrative pursuit. R. Benjamin holds the views as to the origin of pearls that were common to his time, namely, that they were formed by crystallised drops of rain. R. Benjamin now proceeds to narrate what he has evidently only heard concerning nations farther east. He speaks of the country of the sun-worshippers (Orissa?) of the island of Khandy (Ceylon), where there lived many influential Jews, and is the first European to mention China. Of the passage thither he gives a marvellous account, which tells how the sea is rough, and vessels are often lost, how the passengers sew themselves into bullock hides, and a griffin, mistaking them for cattle, darts down upon them and bears them off to dry land, where the passengers

armed with knives, rip open the hide and kill their rescuer. Marco Polo tells the same fable. It is clear that in former times Sinbad's roc was deemed a reality.

No such myths creep in when R. Benjamin confines himself to personal experience. He now passed into Egypt, and speaks of the Nile inundations, of the caravans exposed to the danger of being buried in the sand, of the pyramids "constructed by witchcraft," of Alexandria, its Aristotelean schools, its lighthouse, its harbour, and its lively commerce with Europe. Here he must have spent some time visiting the Sinaitic peninsula and other neighbouring tracts, and then passed over to Sicily, a passage of twenty days to Messina.

From this point the Itinerary becomes a mere catalogue of names; probably the detailed account was lost. Our author traversed the length of Italy, to the foot of Mont Cenis, crossed this, passed into Germany, and visited all its principal cities. He also travelled into Bohemia, Poland, and France; but unfortunately no further interesting information can be cited. The Itinerary ends, as is but due, with a pious prayer that the Lord will turn the captivity of the Hebrews, and have compassion on them and gather them back from all the ends of the earth whither they have been scattered.

NOTES AND REMINISCENCES.

By the late W. H. Harrison.

(*Continued from page* 451.)

PROFESSOR OWEN'S GEESE.

We have historical evidence on the saving of the Capitol by the watchfulness of geese. The Professor told me once that, as he was often detained in London, it was sometimes twelve or one o'clock before he reached his house at Sheen; and he remarked that a gander always gave notice of his approach before his dogs. He added that geese, when not secured under cover at night, will always take their rest by the side of water, which is usually to be found where they are kept, so that on the least alarm they would dash into an element in which they would be safe from ordinary enemies.

He told me, at the same time, of a huge tortoise having been sent from the Cape to the late Prince Consort, who sent for the Professor on the occasion, and the latter told him that the royal children were greatly alarmed for the safety of the animal when the Professor stood upon its back.

Mr. W. S. Lindsay (late M.P.) had two immense specimens of the animal, the shell of one of which, beautifully polished, stood in his hall at Shepperton Manor. Mrs. Lindsay told me that one of them had carried two men across their lawn. The other was alive at the time of my visit; but, being of vagrant habits, did not confine himself to the grounds, and was, doubtless, at that time, indulging in a stroll through the village.

JUDGE WILLIAMS.

The late Judge Williams, Welshman, familiarly known as "Johnny Williams," was a man of no ordinary talent, and in good repute as a lawyer. He had once a clerk, who, the judge found on going to chambers one morning, had hanged himself behind the door. The alleged cause of the act was domestic infelicity. It happened that the clerk who succeeded the unfortunate man in his office asked leave to go out of town on a matter of moment. "It is very inconvenient," said the judge; "and, besides, you have been with me but a few weeks. Is your business in the country of so very pressing a nature?" "Why, yes, my lord," was the reply, "I am going to be married." "O, then," was the rejoinder, "go, by all means; but mind, when you came back, don't hang yourself behind my door; because it is extremely unpleasant to come to chambers and find persons hanging behind one's door."

The judge was fond of a horse, and, of course, of horse exercise. He usually rode out early in the morning; and on one occasion, while at his residence (near Newmarket, we believe), he was overtaken on the heath by a butcher's boy, who, by reason of the judge's

shabby attire, took him to be anything but what he was, and said, "I'll trot you to the next public-house for a quartern of gin." "Done," said the judge, and off they started. The butcher arrived first at the winning-post, when the loser called for the liquor and paid for it. The butcher politely offered him the first drain, which the Judge as courteously declined, pleading that he did not usually take his glass so early, and bade the butcher good morning.

HENRY PHILLIPS.

Sir Henry Bishop, in delivering a lecture at a Literary and Scientific Institution, in the neighbourhood of London, mentioned the circumstance of a young man presenting himself to the manager of a theatre, to whom he was a stranger, and requesting to be assigned a part in an opera which was then in preparation. The importunity of the aspirant prevailed, and a part was allotted to him. His rehearsal of the air was anything but perfect, and the execution of it afterwards on the stage was so unsatisfactory that the engagement terminated with the first night of performance. The unsuccessful tyro was the great Henry Phillips. Sir Henry Bishop mentioned a curious fact with reference to his own beautiful glee of "The Chough and Crow." He had had great difficulty, he said, in prevailing on a manager to admit it into an opera, that functionary maintaining that the piece did not require the addition, and would be better without it.

FEMALE INTREPIDITY.

This instance occurred within my own circle of acquaintance. A housemaid in one of the western squares, hearing an unusual noise in one of the front rooms on the ground-floor, rushed upstairs from the kitchen and found a thief in the act of pocketing some forks and spoons which had been laid for breakfast. She instantly seized him, and compelled him to resign his booty to the last spoon. Her master—my personal friend—in commending her for her courage, asked her why she had not called to her assistance some workmen who were engaged in painting the outside of the house. "Lord, sir," was the reply, "I never thought of that!"

ROBERT LISTON.

The funeral of this every way remarkable man was one of the most touching scenes ever witnessed. The funeral was a public one; the mourners—and they were mourners indeed—were chiefly the medical students of University College Hospital. The place of interment was the Highgate Cemetery. Among the more distinguished of the followers was Dr. Anthony Todd Thomson, who wept like a child, while from the lips of many of the younger mourners the half-choked exclamation of "Poor Bobby!" burst with a pathos which none but those who heard it could conceive. Robert Liston had a marvellous facility of imparting instruction to his pupils. His lectures partook more of the character of conversations than of scientific discourses, and were interspersed with anecdotes, of which his vast professional experience had provided him with a rich store.

Abrupt and odd as was his general manner, he endeared himself to his pupils by his eagerness on all occasions to promote the interests of those whom he thought deserving among them. He was an early riser, and would walk to Hampstead in all weathers, always

returning before eight o'clock. He was fond of athletic exercises, and very much attached to yachting. He had an enormous black cat, which was a great favourite with him; and he would often divert himself after dinner by the perplexity exhibited by pussy at the sight of some half-dozen automaton mice which he would set running about the room.

When the news of his death reached Edinburgh, the professor of surgery, who owed much to the friendship of Liston, was too much affected to announce the event verbally to his pupils, but by an effort he wrote the words "Liston is dead" in chalk upon a board which usually stands in the lecture room.

MENTAL ARITHMETIC.

Some years ago a German of the name of Dase exhibited his wonderful powers of calculation and memory before the Queen. I once met him at the house of a friend, but unfortunately arrived too late to witness more than a few of his feats. Sixty-four figures were chalked upon a board, at which Mr. Dase gave what I thought a cursory glance, and, immediately turning his back upon them, he stated the order in which they were placed, and he repeated them backwards. He was then, without altering his position, dodged by one of the company who asked, "what is the twenty-third figure?" He answered at once and correctly. Again a vast amount of dominoes—I wondered where they got so many—were distributed on the table among several ladies, who arranged them in squares of various dimensions, while Mr. Dase stood with back to the table. He was then requested to turn round, and in an incredibly short space of time he told us the number, not of the dominoes, but of the spots. Thus far for the evidence of my own eyes and ears. For the rest I was told that he can multiply in his mind one hundred figures by the like number. He is an hour about it, but the result is always correct. I was told that he can extract the square root of one hundred given figures in fifty-two minutes.

RESPONSIBILITY.

I do not remember to have experienced a more onerous sense of responsibility than on the occasion of a visit to my friend Mr. Nield, of Dunster, in Lancashire. He had just added to his stable a pair of magnificent young carriage horses, behind which it was my misfortune frequently to be seated by the coachman, who said, and said truly, that he had them well in hand, but did not go so far as to assert that they were perfectly broken to harness; and there were times when the tension of the reins was so great that, had a fiddlestick been "to the fore," any variety of tunes might have been executed upon them. On one occasion, on the return from a drive to Blackstone Edge—one of the drives of the country, and the artificial lakes on the top of which look as sullen as if they had been transported thither against their will—we were descending a steep hill, and the daughter of my host was cantering on a beautiful chesnut pony by the side of the carriage, followed closely by a groom. On a sudden the pony came down on his nose, and my dear little friend was rolling in the dust. The coachman instantly pushed the reins into my hands, and left me feeling pretty much as if I were holding two devils by a pack-thread. The sense of the suddenly transferred responsibility, and anxiety for my fair little friend, amounted to perfect agony. The groom had thrown himself

from his horse and raised his young mistress, happily unhurt, but most anxiously inquiring about the pony's knees, and weeping lest her father should part with the animal, as he had threatened to do if it fell with her a second time, it having already transgressed once in that fashion. For myself my agony was cut short by the lady of the house peremptorily and wisely ordering the coachman, whose name was John Bull, back to his box; and oh! the sense of relief when he resumed the reins!

On another occasion I was on the box of a relative's carriage when the horses took fright at sight of a pool of water in the road. I asked the coachman if there was any danger. "All right, sir," was the reply, "if the tackle holds."

OUT IN THE RECKONING.

A friend mentioned to me that he was witness to the fact of a Russian ship of war finding her way into a river which runs out of the Severn up to Chepstow, the commander being under the impression that he was in the Straits of Gibraltar. Our friend added that when he saw the Russian officers with spurs to their boots, he ceased to wonder at the mistake they had committed. Probably they were of the brigade of "horse marines" of which we sometimes hear.

CLAIMING THE FLITCH.

In May, 1851, the Lord Mayor of London entertained at dinner a Mr. and Mrs. Briggs at the Mansion House on the occasion of their having won the Dunmow Flitch. It was the first anniversary of their wedding, and they were placed at the right and left of his lordship, when the flitch, ornamented with flowers, was presented to them on a silver dish. What a delightfully meritorious twelvemonths Mr. and Mrs. Briggs must have passed! Leigh Hunt's "Jar of Honey" is a feeble type of their felicity, for they have had the honey without a *jar*.

DON QUIXOTE.

It is wonderful to me how the large majority of readers regard his character as a subject only of ridicule, whereas he was, in fact, the flower of chivalry and the purest type of romance in the realm of fiction—the gallant, the gentle, the free-hearted, the graceful scholar, and the gentleman in his inmost heart and minutest action. True it is that through the haze that clouded his brain he saw soldiers where others saw sheep, and giants in the place of windmills; but the delusion did not diminish the gallantry which urged him single-handed to the combat. His Dulcinea, too, was a dream—a bright figment of his fevered fancy; but the fidelity and devotion with which he clung to the beautiful vision were genuine and pure. His distressed damsels were unreal, but not so the compassionate courage which led him to the rescue. "Yes! he of La Mancha was a true knight, without fear and without reproach."

THE SIEGE OF ACRE.

The last attack on this once deemed impregnable fortress will be in the recollection of the present generation. Some were so bold as to predict that it would last a year. I believe it fell in less than three days. Yusef Aga (his proper name was Joseph, and he was, I believe, an Italian), who commanded the defence, said to a naval officer of my acquaintance: "Talk of a shower of shot," referring to the

British cannonade, "It was a flood of iron." Another officer in the British service, speaking of the precision with which the besieging guns were aimed, remarked that "they could throw a broadside into a parlour grate."

A SICK JEW.

A friend of mine, temporarily resident in Constantinople, was in company there with some English gentlemen and a German physician of great repute in that city. The doctor left them early, pleading an appointment with a Jew who had solicited his professional assistance in the case of one of that persuasion. On rejoining the party, he told them that he had been met at the landing place (he had proceeded in a boat) by the Jew who had applied to him, and who conducted him to a large house, the exterior of which, from its dilapidated condition, indicated anything but wealth in the interior. Nor did the room in which he found himself contradict the impression of poverty. It was a miserable hole. Thence he was taken to a larger one, but little better in point of furniture; and there he was requested to wait until the patient had been prepared for his visit. In a short time his guide returned, and ushered the doctor, through a small door, into an apartment made perfectly dazzling by the magnificence of its illumination and furniture. He was received with polished courtesy by the family, among whom were some splendidly dressed females. He was then introduced to the sick man. A Jewess, the style of whose beauty, the doctor said, reminded him of Rebecca, in "Ivanhoe," was standing by the bedside. The physician had brought a case of medicines in his pocket, and not only administered the remedies, but waited to see the result. He remained for three hours, and had the satisfaction of finding that his treatment had been so far successful that he could leave the patient with safety. The imminence of the danger had passed. As he was leaving the house a purse was put into his hand. He rejected it, alleging that he came on a visit of charity, and could take no fee. The other persisted in pressing it upon him, explaining that the appearance of poverty which he had remarked on his entrance was only a mask to conceal their wealth from the cupidity of the Government, adding that the fee had been well earned, and could be as well afforded. The doctor yielded at last, and found the purse full of gold coin.

NINEVEH BULL AND LION.

Hearing of the arrival at the British Museum of a great lion and bull from Nineveh, we paid our respects one morning in October, 1851, to the illustrious strangers. Not, however, knowing the habits of Orientals, I was a little too early in my call. The bull was not up; indeed, he was lying on his side under the colonnade of the building. The lion, however, was ready to receive us at the foot of the grand staircase in the hall, and to him, therefore, we were first introduced. The immediate impression on our mind was surprise at the marvellous freshness and delicacy of the carving. It seemed as if the last blow of the chisel had only just been dealt upon it. The material is said to be alabaster, but to me it appeared to be conglomerate, inasmuch as in the opaque mass I observed a transparent substance about the size of a walnut, and crystalline profusely mixed with the staple of the slab (for such it is) which is about eleven feet, and square, and the figures of

both lion and bull are carved in very high relief on the side, and thus viewed the animal is presented in the attitude which heralds call "passant;" while seen in front, a fifth leg is added to complete the frontal view. I stayed to witness the raising of the bull, and was startled into something like a feeling of the presence of a living monster as its head was slowly lifted by the machinery employed. The countenances of the bull and lion are human—the nose, as is the case with all the Ninevite sculptures of the same class, being Roman, thus distinguished from the straight people of Egyptian statues.

A BABY SONG.

Sweet little Enid—How did you come here—
Into this kingdom of tears and sighs?
Did you wander out of some fairy palace?
Or did you fall from the azure skies?

Did you drop at our feet from a golden sunbeam?
Did the great stork bring you? you creature small;
Were you cradled soft in the heart of a lily?
Or hidden under a mushroom tall?

That swaying bulrush is twice your stature—
The sunflower set by the garden door
To the hollyhock whispers, "Was ever a baby
So tiny seen in the world before?"

How did you come by all your beauty?
Did an angel lend you those sweet blue eyes?
Did the fayfolk fashion those dainty fingers?
And print that dimple for our surprise?

Did the ripe peach fall on your cheek and tint it?
Did the jasmine whiten that forehead fair?
Did the red rose blush on your lips for sweetness?
And the silkworm spin you your golden hair?

Did the woodbirds teach you your wanton singing?
And the brook your laughter so wild and gay?
Were your wee feet trained to those graceful dances
In some fairy ring where you chanced to stray?

Sweet little Enid—or fay, or angel,
We blessed your coming, we bless it still;
For there was a void in our hearts, my darling,
An aching void you were sent to fill.

"What do we think you?" You know who'll tell you—
Tempt her with flowers, your childish charms—
What does she whisper? "The sweetest baby
That ever was given to mother's arms."

C. A. Burke.

SPIRIT OF THE UNIVERSITIES.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD,

Oct. 22, 1878.

THE restless craving after change, merely for the sake of change, which has prevailed in Oxford since the days of Dr. Jeune, who proved to demonstration that it was possible to establish a reputation by clamouring for reform, has assumed recently a very iconoclastic phase. All Souls, as I have already hinted, affords a fine scope for the genius of the reorganiser, yet even All Souls merits a better fate than to be converted into a collegiate appendage of the Bodleian Library, as was proposed in all sober sadness by a distinguished Fellow of that not ignoble institution. The annihilation of the society which defines itself as "all non-no-bodies" is a trifle if compared with the latest scheme exploited, viz., the amalgamation of Lincoln and Brasenose. These colleges stand geographically *dos à dos*, but socially they have little affinity. Brasenose is northern, muscular, with a twang of aristocratic flavour about, and certain historical reminiscences attaching to it of "pandemonium" clubs, and demonological *séances* over such *merum* as the Oxford wine trade will condescend to provide. Was it not at Brasenose in the last century that they invented decanters with circular bottoms, called from their shape "ox-eyes," and did not a scion of the "Phœnix" of that era, when he reeled out of the room in his cups, perpetrate the perennial joke, "Pol, me oxeydistis, amici!" Moreover, to come down to modern days, the Brasenose lyrics are not *par excellence* those of Heber, bishop and poet, but in praise of the college ale. Lincoln, on the contrary, an institution presided over beneficently by Mr. and Mrs. Mark Pattison, and under the mild disposition of the Logic-Professor, is a quiet unobtrusive sort of place. It bears about the same relation to Brasenose that Miss Yonge does to "Ouida," or the poet Bunn to Mr. Swinburne. A fusion, therefore, of these divergent elements would be not only unnatural, but almost absurd. The idea must have emanated not so much from the brain of a destructive as of an empiric, and I am glad to have the opportunity of qualifying it on its merits. A greater blunder than this proposition could not be perpetrated. Assuming, *pro argumento*, that the two colleges would amalgamate, you would gain nothing by the absorption of little Lincoln into big B.N.C. The latter college is already quite as populous as is consistent with discipline and industry, and the former would lose indefinitely by becoming indefinitely enlarged. However much it may jar against the latest academical ideal, it is none the less a truism that the smaller the college—given an adequate tutorial staff—the pleasanter are the lines of the individual undergraduate, and the better his chances in the schools. Nothing is more prejudicial both to the University and its junior members than overgrown colleges, where the tutor descends to

the level of a policeman, and "sets" take the place of society. A man, unless he be a nobleman, an athlete, a millionaire, or an embryo Conington, is lost in a huge college; and there are other reasons why the principle of herding men together in gigantic droves does not answer. Practically speaking, therefore, Brasenose and Lincoln will commit no small error by uniting in the bonds of an ill-assorted wedlock; and I trust that, if Mr. Washbourne West does not, the shade of the late Vice-Principal Chaffers will, forbid the banns.

Yet another change. This one, too, is urged on the ground of expediency, and appears to contravene abstract justice most glaringly. Jesus, the appanage of the Earls of Pembroke, the college of Sir Leoline Jenkyns, has ever been nothing if not Welsh. On St. David's day the Joneses, Prices, Owens, *et id genus omne*, deck their caps with the odorous leek, and invoke the Deity in Celtic. The undergraduates, too, belong to a totally different class from the rest of the University. Many of them speak but indifferent English, and the story of the "Jesuit"—as the members of this Protestant foundation love to designate themselves—who at a cricket match inquired what a glass of sherry might mean, has at all events probability for its basis. It is contended that the Principality gains nothing by its connection with Jesus College, and that Jesus College loses everything by being entangled with the Principality. On this not very ingenuous hypothesis the new Head of the College, Dr. Harper, *erst* the spirited Master of Sherburn School, proposes to deprive Wales of its rights in the College, and to convert it into a cosmopolitan society. Doubtless if Jesus were well rid of the aboriginal Briton—whose standard of scholarship is even lower than that of his intelligence—it would in time assume a higher position in the University. But, on the other hand, the existence of a joint-stock company styling itself the University of Wales does not afford sufficient justification for depriving the Welshmen of what small chance they possess of obtaining an academical education. I am not aware whether Dr. Harper contemplates handing over a portion of the College estates to the aforesaid academical joint-stock company; but I may remark that any such alienation of the property of an Oxford College would be morally indefensible and practically reprehensible. It is a difficult task to convert the raw Welsh material which matriculates at Jesus into scholars and gentlemen; nevertheless, that is the work to which Dr. Harper has set his hand, and he has energy sufficient to carry it through if he so wills.

Since my last letter two headships have fallen vacant. The Provost of Queen's, a worthy cleric, venerable in more senses than one, yet *quâ* Oxford the veriest nonentity, has gone, and is succeeded by Mr. Magrath, a gentleman who enjoys a widespread popularity. Oddly enough, Queen's—albeit much the reverse of a distinguished College—had a wide field of selection. There was the Falcon family, and the Principal of St. Edmund Hall, Dr. Percival of Clifton College, Professor Gandell, and others. However, Mr. Magrath is believed to be emphatically the right man, and he at all events possesses the rare merit in an academic of being singularly hard-headed. Trinity has lost her President by resignation. Mr. Samuel Wayte was a reformer in the days when reform was detested; and as such he was secretary to Lord John Russell's commission. He succeeded the late Dr. Wilson, who also resigned; and the motive which dictated his sudden abnegation of duties he was pre-eminently qualified to fulfil is still a matter of speculation. As I

write his probable successor is Mr. Woods, formerly proctor; but Professor Stubbs is in the running, as also Canon Duckworth, who is perhaps better placed where he is, but who would make a grand President.

The Master of Pembroke after all is the new Vice-Chancellor. All who remember Evan Evans as the Conservative element for so many years in a Liberal College will felicitate the University on his appointment. He had to play a very judicious part under the autocratic Jerseyman, who ruled the College with a rod of iron, and subsequently the Diocese of Peterborough with a rod of willow. The present Master gained in his tutorial days the *soubriquet* of "The World," and if this affords a true index of his character he is just the man to hold the reins of power in a place where tact is even more essential than talent. His friends say of him that he has achieved the highest success of which he is capable, and never yet made a mistake. It is not generally known that but for Liberal legislation he would have been compelled years ago to vacate his fellowship for a miserable Welsh benefice, and would also have been ineligible for the Mastership, which office he now adorns, and which boasts as its perquisite a canonry in Gloucester Cathedral. He is the first Vice-Chancellor within the memory of man who has not taken the doctor's degree.

I have to record with regret the demise of an estimable resident. Colonel Chambers, reader of Hindustani and Persian, was at Rugby under Arnold, and for nearly twenty years instructed chance pupils in Oriental languages. The University conferred upon him the degree of M.A. (*honoris causâ*), and he honestly deserved this small recognition of his services. He was emphatically not only a soldier, but a student, and long years of military life never dimmed the love of books implanted in his breast by the greatest of English schoolmasters.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Oct. 21, 1878.

IN spite of the financial depression throughout the country, the entry of freshmen is a very good one. There are 167 at Trinity, 111 at St. John's. It is rather surprising, however, to find that at Pembroke the number is smaller than last year. Last year general attention was attracted to the fact that a brilliant future for Pembroke seemed likely to be founded on its honourable past. It appeared probable that the completion of its fine new buildings would mark the commencement of a new age. The general tone of the College had been winning the respect of every one. It was a College which might be recommended with confidence to inquirers in the country, as one which had always held its own in the field of academical honours, and of which the undergraduates were gentlemen in the full sense of the word, without the taint of that idleness and extravagance which have spoiled the career of so many. There is, happily, no need to use the past tense in saying all this. It is true of the present moment.

There seems to be much *esprit de corps* about all Pembroke men, and no one loves his old college better, or is more loved there in

return, than the present occupant of the episcopal throne of Ely, whom it did us all good to see in the University pulpit yesterday. Every year some man, noted for his power of appealing to the emotions, is chosen to preach the first sermon in the full October term—this often goes by the name of the "freshmen's sermon." And yesterday Dr. Woodford, after arguing for the existence of moral intuitions and for the native capacity of the human mind to grasp the reality of Divine things—speaking, as he said, rather as a Bishop of the Church of God than as a member of the University—eloquently urged those just commencing their University course to do justice to the Divine teaching of their earlier life. On these occasions Dr. Vaughan, of the Temple, has often preached to congregations much more densely packed than that of yesterday, but last year he announced (no one knew why) that he was not likely to be again the preacher.

Strange as may seem the association of the name of Dixie with that of Ecclesiastical History, it appears probable that they are to be permanently associated. Emmanuel College has come out with a proposal to devote part of the revenues of its valuable Dixie foundation to the institution of a new Professorship, to be called the Dixie Professorship of Ecclesiastical History. All here who are interested in historical scholarship must feel that they are living in good days indeed, for this generation has already seen so many and great things done. The Historical Tripos, the Kaye Prize Essay, and the Lightfoot Scholarships have been founded. One, at least, of the Hulsean Prizes and the last awarded Kaye Prize have been won by very valuable essays. Never has the Regius Professor of Modern History been a more illustrious scholar; never has history received greater indirect encouragement from the occupants of other chairs. The Hulsean Essay of 1876, by the bye, is expected soon to be published, and the anticipations as to its worth are very high indeed. It has leaked out that the competition in which it was victorious was a severe one, and it can hardly be but that the age of the Emperor Julian in the hands of a student of great and many-sided culture will be admirably treated of.

In a thoughtful paper upon "The Long Vacation," just published, Mr. R. T. Wright, late Fellow and Tutor of Christ's, discusses the awkward subject, to which I alluded in my letter written in August. Mr. Wright pleads for the establishment (permissively only) of an additional term in July and August, which might be counted in the residence required for a degree. The admission to the examination for graduation would be earlier in the case of the man who chose to keep the new summer terms; but it would not be necessary to admit him to the degree earlier than those of equal standing with himself. A body of voluntary lecturers could easily be got together, Mr. Wright thinks, from among those graduates who might wish to be in residence, and "many lecturers would consider the opportunity of occasionally taking their long holiday in the winter or spring, an advantage of no inconsiderable importance." The scheme, which is carefully worked out, is worthy of attentive consideration.

Professor Skeat has this afternoon given his inaugural lecture in the Senate House upon the study of Anglo-Saxon. Commencing by reminding his hearers that some 230 years ago Sir Henry Spelman founded an Anglo-Saxon lectureship in the University, he went on to speak of the great impetus to the knowledge of Anglo-Saxon which

was given in the present century at the time of the successful labours of Kemble; and then he showed what plentiful fruit had followed, and is sure to follow in future, the application of the method of comparative philology. By this time much has been done in tracing consonantal changes, but there yet remain to be made out the very much more important vowel changes. In the course of the lecture he broke a lance in the cause of the phonetic innovators, rather going out of his way to say some far from complimentary things about the antagonists of that cause. The present writer must admit that he was dismayed indeed to find that phoneticism had met with so distinguished a champion.

The term has begun with fair weather. Football is already started in good earnest; yet one still sees the lawn-tennis nets stretched in Trinity paddock. At Girton too, as a passer-by on the Huntingdon-road may observe, lawn tennis is actively going on. The new buildings at Girton are being pressed forward, and there seems to be a very fair prospect of its becoming more and more generally recognised in England as an admirable place for the completion of the education of gentlewomen.

The musical world is delighted that Herr Franke has promised to reside part of the week in Cambridge, and to give lessons in the playing of the instrument of which he is so great a master.

On Thursday, I cannot doubt, the very Conservative gallery will make the Senate House ring with applause as the Public Orator leads up the Home Secretary to the Vice-Chancellor. It will be irritating if, after all, the troublesome Ameer keeps Mr. Cross in town.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN,

Oct. 24, 1878.

MICHAELMAS term has begun, and our October entrance has been the largest recorded for more than thirty years. This is a remarkable state of things, in the midst of all our rumours of wars, and of all our grumbling about middle-class destitution. It seems that the Irish gentry maintain their confidence in the National University as an entrance to professional life, and that they do not look to the army as they once did as a peculiarly desirable provision for their sons. At the same time it can hardly be doubted that, if it became necessary to increase the strength of the army, a very considerable number of young men would be drawn away from the Universities, and more perhaps from Dublin than elsewhere. This, however, does not seem now so likely as it did some months ago, and if the increase in the number of matriculations has any special significance, it is that Ireland has been less affected by the existing depression of business than might have been expected.

It is an amusing enough feature of the older universities that no matter in what department of literature, art, or science a man may become distinguished, the only academic compliment that can be conferred on him is to make him a Doctor of Laws. Poet or painter,

chemist or naturalist, it is all one. Even an eminent military commander is made an LL.D. *honoris causâ* by any university that can catch him. Princes of the blood royal have a natural right to the doctorate just as the Stoic Doctor was *sutor bonus et rex;* but there is nothing in the nature of things in themselves that should entitle Mr. Huxley to a degree which in its origin was meant for a licence to practise civil and canon law. Nevertheless, Mr. Huxley, together with eleven other leading members of the British Association, was admitted to the degree of LL.D. at a special convocation on the 20th of August last. I mention Mr. Huxley in particular, because the Regius Professor of Law, who *ex officio* presented the candidates, introduced him in these terms: "Hominem vere physicum; hominem facundum, lepidum, venustum—eundem autem nihil (philosophia modo sua lucem proferat) reformidantem—ne illud quidem Ennianum

Simia quam similis, turpissima bestia, vobis!"

This is extremely apt and neat; but Dr. Webb, always felicitous, may be said to have surpassed himself in the quotations with which he introduced his candidate Doctors of Laws on this occasion. Thus of Mr. H. J. S. Smith (alluding to his Double First) he said:

"Palmam et in litteris et in mathematica reportavit—herois instar apud Maronem

Duplices tendens ad sidera palmas."

Again, in presenting Professor Janssen, of Paris, alluding to his spectrum analysis of the sun:

Ergo vivida vis animi pervicit, et extra
Processit longe flammantia mœnia mundi—

Professor Williamson, distinguished for his researches in *molecular* physics, might thank Dr. Webb for a motto,

"Mens agitat *molem*."

Nor must I omit to notice his eulogium of Sir Wyville Thomson, which was perhaps the best of all—

"Præsento vobis Wyville Carolum Thomson, equitem auratum, Historiæ Naturalis Professorem eruditum et eloquentem domi: speculatorem foris acrem, omnivagum, indefessum: Neptuni denique *Provocatorem*" (Challenger) "qui quum in eo certamine maris ima petiisset fit tandem redux spoliis pariter ac laude onustus—

Merses profundo pulchrior evenit."

The Commission on the promotion of Fellows seems to have come to nothing. At least no attempt has yet been made to carry out the suggestions the Commissioners made in their report. Those suggestions, as I pointed out in a former letter, were of the very feeblest character; but, feeble as they were, it might have been better to carry them out than to do nothing, that is, supposing it to be decided that no more thorough scheme should be adopted. As it is, the stagnation in promotion is made more annoying to the sufferers by the fact that it has undergone an abortive discussion. But, indeed, the educational schemes set on foot under Government patronage seem all destined to die in their birth. Everyone was jubilant over the Intermediate Education Bill; and now that the bill has become law, and the Com-

mission has been appointed, things have come to a standstill, and no action is being taken. In the meantime pamphleteers and writers to the newspapers are not idle. The press teems with discussions as to the way in which the Act ought to be carried out. Should there be a prescribed course of study in which the candidates are to be examined? This is the question most hotly debated. The Warden of Saint Columba's (Mr. Rice) is the earnest champion of an untrammelled examination. His argument is, that knowledge can be fairly tested only by absolutely excluding the possibility of cram. A defined course, he says, inevitably offers an advantage to the cramming teacher, who will make his boys know, not languages, but books. Mr. Hime, the Principal of Foyle College, has taken up the cudgels in reply. In effect he says that knowledge of books, in the case of the classics, *is* knowledge of languages, and that an examination in a definite course can be so managed that cram shall find no place in it. Whichever be the opinion ultimately adopted, it is clear that nearly everything will depend upon the examiners. These functionaries must never be allowed to lose sight of the fact that the intermediate examinations are for schoolboys, and that no schoolboy can be expected to be a finished scholar. Examinations in classical literature, unrestricted by an assigned course, are obviously right in the case of a candidate for a University degree, a fellowship, or the Indian Civil Service. But after all, when we talk of an assigned course or an unlimited course, we should bear in mind that classical literature is contained within not very wide limits. The Greek authors between Homer and Aristotle, and the Latin authors between Plautus and Tacitus, would constitute a very fair *Corpus Classicorum*. An examiner who should habitually travel outside these limits would be fairly suspected of wanting to puzzle his pupils rather than to test them; and a student who should have read the course in question, or any considerable portion of it, would be a scholar of no mean merit. A candidate for one of the higher honours I mentioned might fairly be expected to answer papers selected from such a course, without reference to his own private reading. But no such feat could be demanded of a mere schoolboy. The most that can be expected is that he shall have read a comparatively limited number of works of such authors as may be suited to his capacity, and shall have studied them so as to give him a substantial knowledge of the languages. The skill of the examiner will be shown in adapting his examinations to the capacities and the probable reading of each class of boys. A discreet and scholarly examiner will do this, however wide the limits from which he is allowed to select; a bad examiner will not be hindered from making blunders, however much he may be tied up in respect of his course. Still it is only fair to admit that there are other means of avoiding the danger of cramming, even if a prescribed course of books be adopted. Composition is the most obvious of these, for a boy who can turn out a fair translation into Latin or Greek prose (to say nothing of verse) can hardly be a mere product of the crammer's art. Again, in examinations like the Indian Civil Service, candidates are often asked what books they have read, and are specially examined in them. This would indicate, I think, a solution of the problem. The commissioners of Intermediate Education might prescribe a course, such as the average schoolboy was reasonably likely to read, and might at the same time intimate that marks would be given for papers taken

from books outside of the course, and that special attention would be shown to composition.

I seem to be turning my University letter into a discourse on intermediate examinations. My excuse is, that the term is yet young, and no incident has occurred worth recording.

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW,

Oct. 25, 1878.

WE are at the end of the Long Vacation. Few of the undergraduates ever seem to be sorry at its ending, although at its beginning all are sufficiently, and some exuberantly, glad. Various proposals have from time to time been made for a redivision of the academical year; but, not to speak of what is due to the professors, the general circumstances of Scottish students render any change difficult and, as regards consequences, problematical. Besides, while the existing arrangement entails some serious disadvantages, it must be said that it brings with it certain important compensations to the better class of students—to that class which, after all, includes the great majority. Leisure and idleness are not necessarily convertible terms, and, as a matter of fact, there are few men in any of our northern Universities who waste the recess except such as think fit equally to waste the session.

The winter course lasts for six months without a break save of ten days or so at Christmas. But in the Faculties of Law and Medicine there is also a three months' summer session, and during that period tutorial classes are formed and carried on for the benefit of junior students in the several departments of Arts. A considerable number of graduates hold their scholarships on condition of conducting such tutorial classes if required by the Senate to do so.

To its other functions the University has lately added the conduct of local examinations. This is only the second year in which these examinations have been held, and the result is regarded as encouraging. Fully two hundred candidates, mostly ladies, presented themselves, and, on the whole, the examiners appear to have been well satisfied, though there is nothing in their report to warrant that female self-conceit, which is alleged (with what truth it is discreet not to determine here) to have tainted the atmosphere of Glasgow drawing-rooms in recent seasons since the inception of the scheme for the higher education of women. In reference to this scheme it is easy to be cynical, especially since there is no common test by examination or otherwise of the good derived from attendance at lectures, and since the jargon of a subject can so readily be acquired in absence of real knowledge; but it would be sweepingly unfair to suppose that, of the hundreds who listen to prelections on formal logic, physiology, geology, astronomy, and whatever else of abstruse science has an authorised expounder, there are not many who profit substantially. At least, it is not to be doubted that there are many who try to profit. Unfortunately, however, success is not always directly proportional to zeal, and there is reason to fear that present agencies, even if

they do not foster dilettantism, are hardly adequate for the education of women according to a University standard.

The erection of the Common Hall has been begun. The munificent gift of the Marquess of Bute will be like Solomon's Temple in at least one respect—no sound of hammer or axe or any tool of iron will be heard in the building of it. The hewing of the stones is to be done at such a distance from the class rooms as to cause no disturbance of academical work. It is a blessing that this is possible, for men now entering on their first session will have graduated before the hall is finished. The cost to the Marquess will be about £50,000, and of the additional £25,000 required for the substructure and approaches the sum of £14,000 has been raised by local subscription since last half-yearly meeting of the General Council. The Council is to meet next week, when the report of the Royal Commissioners on the Scottish Universities is to be discussed. It is safe to predict that some of the most important proposals contained in the report, and notably those bearing on graduation in arts, will call forth determined opposition. The influence of Mr. Huxley's views in moulding the recommendations of the commissioners is too obvious to leave room for hope that the report will secure anything like general approval. However much we may be disposed to concede the claims of physical science to be admitted to an honourable place amongst University studies, we are not willing to subordinate all else to empirical knowledge of nature. But I shall defer any further reference to this matter till after the Council has pronounced its opinion on this and the other main questions raised by the report.

UNIVERSITY OF MELBOURNE,

August, 1878.

SIR,—Observing that you are placing yourself in communication with the Universities of the Colonies, with the view of laying something of their life before your readers, I beg to forward you the following facts in reference to the most important University of the Southern Hemisphere, the University of Melbourne.

An Act to incorporate and endow the University of Melbourne received the Royal assent on the 22nd day of January, 1853. By this Act the University was empowered to confer, after examination, the several degrees of B.A., M.A., M.B., M.D., LL.B., LL.D., as well as degrees in music; and at a subsequent date, viz., 7th April, 1876, an Act was passed enabling the University to confer the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Surgery. Royal letters patent were issued by Her Majesty the Queen, on the 14th March, 1859, directing that all degrees conferred by the University of Melbourne, "shall be recognised as Academic distinctions and rewards of merit, and be entitled to rank, precedence, and consideration in our United Kingdom, and in our Colonies and possessions, and throughout the world, as fully as if the said degrees had been granted by any University of our said United Kingdom." Soon after Her Majesty's assent had been given to the Act of incorporation, a suitable building was erected on a block of land about one and

a half miles from the city of Melbourne, and a competent staff of professors and lecturers was secured from the old country.

The following were the gentlemen elected to the several professorial chairs:

1. Classics and Comparative Philology and Logic, Professor Rowe.
2. Mathematics, Pure and Mixed, Professor W. P. Wilson.
3. History and Political Economy, Professor Hearn.
4. Natural Science, Professor M'Coy.
5. Anatomy and Physiology, Professor Holford.

Most of these gentlemen were, even at the date of their elevation to the Professorships at Melbourne, well known at the Universities of the United Kingdom. Professor Wilson was for some time Professor of Mathematics at Belfast, and Professor Hearn filled the chair of Classics at Galway prior to his acceptance of his position here. Professors Holford and M'Coy were also already known to the scientific world.

Professor Rowe died shortly after his arrival in the colony, and Professor Irving, who succeeded him, resigned in 1871. Professor Wilson died in 1874. These two vacancies in the professoriate were filled by the appointment of Professor Strong, sometime assistant to Professor Ramsay at Glasgow, and of Professor Nanson, second wrangler in 1873. The University has also a large staff of lecturers to aid the professors in the several departments.

The University of Melbourne is a corporation, consisting of a senate and council. The former body consists of those persons who have obtained the degrees of M.A., M.D., and LL.D., in the University of Melbourne, and of those who have been admitted *ad eundem gradum* to these degrees.

The council originally consisted of twenty members, nominated by the Lieutenant-Governor, to represent the four chief religious denominations of the colony, and holding office for life. But since the constitution of the senate in 1867 the council has been recruited, as vacancies occurred, by election from the senate. Some of the gentlemen originally nominated by the Lieutenant-Governor still retain their seats at the council board, but the majority of them have retired to make room for more eligible men. Amongst those recently elected by the senate to the council is Professor Pearson the historian, of Oriel, Oxon. It may be said that the government of the University is practically vested in the council, as the senate cannot initiate any new legislation or in any way control the finances of the University. The senate's power is confined to that of vetoing legislation sent up by the council. The council has, however, by statutes and regulations framed by itself, delegated part of its functions to a professorial board, whose duty it is to advise the council on all matters connected with the study, discipline, &c., of the institution, to conduct all examinations, prescribe all books and details of subjects of examination. The teaching body has no seat at the council table, and this loss is much felt, and has a tendency to cause collision between the council and the professorial board.

The number of students attending lectures during the present year is about 250, and it is anticipated that this number will steadily increase year after year. A high standard of education has been maintained at the University of Melbourne from its first commencement, and no student can obtain his degree in any faculty without a rigorous course of study. This course is three years for the B.A., five for the M.B., four for the

LL.B., and three for the certificate of engineer, which the University also confers. A large number of exhibitions and scholarships are open for competition every year, and by this means a considerable stimulus is given to the cause of education. Many of the prizemen of our *Alma Mater* have distinguished themselves in the wider arena of the English Universities. The latest occasion on which a Melbourne man came to the front is when Mr. S. Alexander carried off the Baliol Scholarship, and came *proxime accessit* for the Junior Mathematical Scholarship at Oxford. Mr. Alexander attended the University lectures here for two years.

The University of Melbourne may be said to have moved in one groove for the first twenty years of its existence; but within the last few years considerable changes have been contemplated. One of the most important of these is the erection of an affiliated college in connection with the University. We have always been a strictly secular institution as regards the university education of our youth, and within a few years our state schools have become secular also. But it is now proposed to erect four denominational colleges affiliated to and in connection with the University, without in any way defining the functions which they are to fulfil. Hitherto there has been no residence of students at the University, and the colleges can scarcely be anything more, for years to come, than mere denominational boarding-houses. Theological lectures are delivered at Trinity College, the Church of England denominational establishment affiliated to the University. It is at present provided with a small staff of tutors. The students, however, one and all, attend the University lectures, and require no further aid in their studies. It will be, indeed, an edifying spectacle to see four religious bodies packed off into four separate, but adjoining, ten-acre paddocks, each inculcating its own form of faith, and having it in its power to point to the other three as examples of what *not* to believe. It will also be interesting to see if the other denominations, such as Congregationalists, Original Seceders, Israelites, &c., &c., will claim also their portion of land whereon to build an institution for their young barbarians.

By far the most important event in our history is the appointment of Professor Pearson as a Commissioner to furnish the Government with a report on the state of public education and suggestions as to the best way of improving it. The report appeared early this year and discussed at considerable length the state of our whole educational system. It suggested remedies for most of the defects in our elementary training of youth, while a bill was drafted which had for its object the "extension of the powers and benefits of the University of Melbourne." The scheme of university reform thus sketched out by Professor Pearson proposed, *inter alia*, to abolish the payment of fees by students—in fact, to make the University a perfectly free institution, to increase to a large extent the professorial and lecturing staff, and was particularly conspicuous by the prominence it gave to practical science—a branch hitherto much neglected here.

Parliament has not yet considered the report, and probably will not do for some time, as other matters of more pressing importance are engaging its attention. In the meantime, absurd as it may seem, in the chief seat of learning in the southern hemisphere no provision is made for teaching any modern language within the University, or any system of mental or moral philosophy whatever. This latter peculiarity is owing to the

watchful care of that pleasant body the Roman Catholics, and it does seem hard that if we are to live under the disability of a Catholic University we should not enjoy the privileges of a good modern language school, such as has always been insisted upon even by the Jesuits.

University of Granada.

In my former letter I gave you a slight sketch of the foundation of our University, and a cursory glance upon the present state and number of the colleges of the city of Granada, and the studies pursued in our University. In this present one I purpose to write a few words, from a Spanish point of view, on the burning question of the day in England—whether secular studies should be joined with religion. It is my opinion, based upon a long experience and much thought on the subject, that religion is the foundation, and must be the necessary basis, of all civilisation, and most certainly should not be excluded from the studies pursued in colleges and universities, as many of your learned men in England seem to maintain. It is certainly a fact that we Spaniards have, during the last hundred years, changed very considerably in this respect, and that the teaching of the present day is not so collegiate as it was formerly; that is to say, that we do not give to our University Schools that great and due importance which was formerly given them by our illustrious predecessors, on which account so many usages and scholastic customs have disappeared, such as wearing the cap and gown, and many ceremonies and commemorations; and it is also a fact that, consequent upon the secularisation of instruction, the clergy no longer exercise the intervention which they should, nor do our Universities any longer boast that they are pontifical and ecclesiastical as they were from their institution. This secular spirit extends even to the point of lessening the number of ecclesiastics as professors; in our University, for instance, we possess but one clerical professor.

The secondary institutions of learning, founded with an expressly secular object, are yielding poor results even of the scientific order. But, thanks to the deep-rooted catholicity of our land implanted by the glorious Apostle Saint James, which no foreign dominion has been able to eradicate or find a substitute for, we have not reached that derangement of ideas which has, alas! swept over other countries. Rationalism has, and still finds, few votaries among the learned in Granada; especially in the faculty of philosophy and the learned professions to which I belong, the purely catholic element and scholastic philosophy largely preponderates. This catholic spirit pervades and shines generally in the inaugural addresses, such as the one read in 1876 in honour of Dr. Francisco Suarez, of the renowned Society of Jesus. This year, and the former one, our rector and many professors attended chapel in full academic robes, on the festival of St. Thomas Aquinas, to celebrate the religious services held on that day. In the other educational establishments, the clerical element and influence greatly predominate, particularly in the colleges; that is to say, in Granada, the *Seminario Conciliar*, or diocesan school, the College del Sacro Monte, and in the *Escuelas Pias*. Throughout Spain, primary education, which is certainly the principal and most important department, forming as it does the basis for other studies and of morality,

is unfortunately not so well attended to as we should wish, and this is also the case in Granada, although few cities can boast of so many colleges, seminaries, schools, academies of belles-lettres, industrial schools, economic societies, and literary establishments, which would lead many to infer at first sight that all was done that could be desired. This deficiency of primary education is the more deeply to be deplored when we take into account the ardent imagination of the Andalusians, which eminently fits them for literature rather than for science; although we must not forget that some have brilliantly distinguished themselves even in this latter quality, for Andalusia has produced among her sons such famous historians as Fernando del Castillo y Marmol; great preachers like Francisco de Toledo, and Fray Luis de Granada; and eminent theologians, geographers, physicians, and learned jurisconsults. But the mass of the people who cannot aspire to enter the universities, colleges, and schools, to obtain the education which they would there find, supply this deficiency by legends, tales, and romances—a field which of itself constitutes a species of oral or traditional literature. Politics have also mingled in these traditions, renderings of popular proverbs and sayings, patriotic songs and poems, which ever keep before the minds of our people the past glories of our country, and inspire them with a love of independence.

Were I to speak of the character, customs, and habits of the people of this province and city of Granada, I should begin by saying that they possess the traits of character common to the natives of all Andalusia, a character which partakes largely of the oriental element. They are not reserved like the Castilians, nor have they the fierceness of the Aragonese, the haughtiness of the Vizcayns, the callousness of the Catalans, or the levity of the Valencians. As a rule they are inclined to boastfulness, speak much of themselves, of their worth and riches, are naturally fond of ostentation, and rather pompous in their speech; yet we must add that they are not wanting in valour and heroism. They are merry and festive, their gaiety being accompanied by a certain simplicity and gravity of manner which is particularly observable in the dwellers of the mountains, who are frank, social, tender-hearted, and, with few exceptions, laborious. They are, moreover, gifted with a sharp wit, quick imagination, and great facility of expression. These qualities are found even in the inhabitants of hamlets destitute of all means of instruction, in whom none can help admiring the natural clearness evinced in their comprehension of ideas, no less than a certain cleverness and propriety in the modes of arranging their words and of expressing their ideas. Their social intercourse is gentle; and, though their customs largely participate of their native simplicity of character, yet in our capital I see a great leaning towards imitating the ostentation of the higher classes, which oftentimes is certainly far from being warranted by their wealth or social position.

Our climate most undoubtedly must needs exercise its influence upon the character of the natives of Granada. Who of those that live under the purest of skies could help being merry and light-hearted? Who of those that tread our luxuriant soil could be aught but generous and open-handed? And, feeling the scorching rays of the sun, our people are apt to become as vehement in their hatreds as in their affections.

Would you form a true estimate of the gentle, merry, and religious character of the people, and be truly amused by a graceful scene full of

animation, you should come and witness the annual excursion and a sort of national pic-nic which takes place on the 2nd of January in the Alhambra, in commemoration of the conquest of Granada; or mingle, on the 1st of February, in the festival of San Cecilio, the patron saint of this city; or visit the shores of the Darro on the evenings of the Feasts of Saint Peter, and on those of Saint John, in the gardens of the Gracia; or join the crowd on the 29th September, when the piety and devotion of the people take them to the elevated sanctuary of San Miguel el Alto. Whole families are seen wending their way luxuriating in the soft breezes of this delightful climate, and encamping in groups in the gardens, among the trees, and all about the rugged declivities of the mountains, forming a truly picturesque scene. Much more could I tell you, did I not fear to prove tedious, and of deviating from the plan laid down of the "Spirit of the Universities;" but what I have written, I think you will agree with me, is necessary to give some idea of the character and pursuits of our people, so little known in England.

I have been spending a few days in Malaga during the vacations, before resuming my duties in the University as professor, and, when time and opportunity offer, I will send you a few more lines, and keep you *au courant* of anything that passes here which may be of interest.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Egyptian Belief and Modern Thought. By James Bonwick, F.R.G.S. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co. 1878.

Mr. Bonwick's book of last year, "Pyramid Facts and Fancies," was in some respects a more satisfactory work than the present one. Its value consisted in its being a collection of all the pyramid theories that could anywhere be found—good, bad, and indifferent; plausible, suggestive, or absurd. It was what its title denoted—facts and fancies. But the work now before us is of more solid pretension, and its title does not well admit of its being made the receptacle of the absurd theories or discredited fancies of too hasty speculators upon the unsolved problems of the Egyptian traditions. For instance, we are told that "by the rule of Higgins's 'Anacalypsis,' kings whose names end in *cheres*, as Mencheres, builder of the Third Pyramid, were renewed incarnations of the *cheres*; that is, were all the same individual." This might be vastly interesting if Godfrey Higgins's rule commanded equal respect with Grimm's laws, or with a scientific formula; but Higgins wrote before much was known of Egyptian roots; and such a theory as his so-called "rule" should either have been included among fancies about Egypt, or should have been accompanied by a real investigation of the roots of the royal name in question.

On the other hand, we would rather meet with faults of this kind than be presented with a partial and mutilated production, carefully adjusted, by ingenious omissions or through a happy blindness, to a preconceived idea of what such very non-canonical lore as the Egyptian Scriptures must necessarily portend. Fortunately this mode of treatment is becoming more and more rare, and indeed is becoming impossible in works designed for a general currency. But though we prefer Mr. Bonwick's universalist course to the sectarian method, we must admit that we prefer to his the scholarly plan of working only on the results of the most careful philologists, or on the rules of investigators, who wait for evidence, instead of rushing into rash hypothesis. The ostensible object of Mr. Bonwick's book is "to collect information," which is a very different matter from listening to gossip. It is but fair to state that "Egyptian Belief and Modern Thought" contains a very large and valuable collection of information, well arranged under clearly defined heads, and may be most useful to those for whom it is intended—persons "with little leisure for research."

The heads of Mr. Bonwick's chapters are as follows:

"Primitive Religion of Egypt; Funeral Rites of the Egyptians; Immortality of the Soul; Amenti or Hades; Heaven; Purgatory; Hell; Resurrection of the Dead; Re-Incarnation, or Transmigration of Souls; Gods and their Meaning; The Myth of Osiris; Egyptian Bible; Symbolic Religion; Animal Worship; Tree Worship; Ancestor Worship; King Worship; Sex Worship; Serpent Worship; Sun Worship; Sphinx Worship; Obelisk Worship; Pyramid Worship:

Sirius Worship; Star Worship; Religion of Magic; Religion of the Mysteries; Priests and Priestesses; Temple Worship; Sacrifices; Prayers; Unity of God; The Trinity; Messiah and Logos Worship; The Millennium; The Sabbath Day; Circumcision; Baptism and the Eucharist; The Last Judgment."

It seems to us an error in judgment to place in the heading of a chapter such a word as Messiah. Taken in its conventional meaning, it can only perplex in connection with Egyptian thought; taken in its varying historical significations, it could only fairly head a chapter in which these were discussed.

The Egyptian remains must ever be interesting to the studious mind, for they are the record of what we cannot but allow to have been the most majestic civilisation of the ancient world yet revealed to us, whether we regard its perfection in handicrafts, stability of internal administration, spiritual altitude of thought, or immense extent of duration. For the casual reader the Egyptian documents must have a fascination until the startled feeling wears off at the appearance of revered truths in old, strange guise. It must bring rather an expansive influence to bear upon the rigid doctrinal mind to find such a hymn as the following, which Mr. Bonwick cites from a translation made by the late Mr. Goodwin from the papyrus at Boulaq, and to learn that it was, in all probability, in existence in writing at Heliopolis at the time when Moses was instructed there:

"Praise to Amen-Ra, the bull in An (Heliopolis), chief of the gods, the good god beloved, giving life to all animated beings, to all fair cattle. Hail to thee, Amen-Ra, Lord of the thrones of the world, chief in Aptu (Thebes), strong son [illegible] his mother in his field; turning his feet toward the land of the south; lord of the heathen, prince of Punt (Arabia); the ancient of heaven, the eldest of the earth; lord of all existences, the support of things, the support of all things. The ONE in his works.—Good being, begotten by Ptah.—King Ra, true speaker, chief of the world—in whose goodness the gods rejoice.—Lord of eternity, maker everlasting; gracious ruler, crowned with the white crown, lord of beams, maker of light—consuming his enemies with fire; whose eye subdues the wicked.—Hail to thee, Ra, lord of truth—listening to the poor who is in distress, gentle of heart when one cries unto him: deliverer of the timid man from the violent, judging the poor—lord of mercy most loving; at whose coming men live—to whom the sixth and seventh days are sacred; sovereign of life, health, and strength—whose name is hidden from his creatures; in his name which is Amen (hidden). Hail to thee, who art in tranquillity. Thy love subdues (all) hands—(all) hearts are softened at beholding thee. The ONE maker of existences.—The ONE alone with many hands—Amen, sustainer of all things—We whom thou hast made (thank thee) that thou hast given us birth; we give thee praises on account of thy mercy to us.—Beloved of Aptu (Thebes); high crowned in the house of the obelisk (Heliopolis). The ONE alone without peer—living in truth for ever," etc.

Mr. Bonwick very fairly comments as follows:

"If this language, breathing sentiments which do honour to heart as well as intellect, means nothing more than vulgar, materialistic sun worship, then must the devotional phraseology of the Holy Scriptures be equally susceptible of the same interpretation, and

piety of all lands, all times, and all faiths be reduced to the dull uniformity of stupid homage to a supposed ball of fire in the heavens, or a mass of incandescent vapour. To say the least of it, the upholders of the theory are not to be praised for their exalted idea of human intelligence, and are not to be envied for their coarse and repulsive realism, nor for the view they must, in consistency, maintain of the spirituality of human affection."

As we have now got safe and upright, in the midst of our mightiest city, the obelisk which evidences alike the skill of the English engineer and the unknown power of the Egyptian mechanicians —it will be interesting to quote Mr. Bonwick's gathered speculations upon the origin and meaning of the obelisk itself. The present writer sees the taper stone every day from his windows, and a fragment of its pink granite, chipped off when the base was squared, is upon his table, but, nevertheless, the symbol has not given up its secret to him. Mr. Bonwick writes:

"The story of Cleopatra's Needle has popularized the obelisk. But some may wonder what it has to to with religion. The fact is, that there is little that has not been pressed into the service of the gods by the venerating Egyptians, those lovers of ritualism and symbolism.

"The presence of the obelisk in pairs at the entrance of temples might mark the sacred character. This is not confined to Egypt, since the object is found in India, Assyria, and Persia, while one discovered at Xanthus has recently furnished a discourse to Dr. Birch. The Rev. A. H. Sayce speaks of one at Nimroud, of black basalt, erected to record the victories of Shalmaneser; saying, 'Cities to a countless number I captured.' As the image set up by this king, it suggests the image of Nebuchadnezzar. This, as described in Daniel, gives the exact relation of height and breadth marking all obelisks.

"If Nebuchadnezzar's image were an obelisk, the reasonableness of the opposition made by Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego becomes the more apparent. An obelisk was not only representative of the divinity of the sovereign himself, but bore idolatrous emblems. To bow to it, was an acknowledgment of the false gods, and a recognition of Nebuchadnezzar as a god. It was to sustain Babylonian idolatry, and Babylonian king-worship. Captain Selby found near Babylon, on the 'Waste of Dura,' the remains of a pyramidal column, which some identify with the image once covered with gold. As Mr. Bonomi points out, the proportions, sixty cubits long by six broad, are not those of a man; but they are those of an obelisk.

"These several purposes were served by obelisks in Egypt. They were erected by kings. They are placed before the temples they erected, or honoured. They bore the sculptured signs of idolatry. They told of the kings' victories, rehearsed their divine qualities, and made monumental prayers to these early deities. All who bowed to them supplicated the gods, and supplicated the king. The reader is referred to the chapter on King worship for further explanation.

"The obelisk, by having a parallelogram base, and coming to a point, may seem to be related to the pyramid. Father Kircher, the ingenious but mystical Jesuit, derived both from a common word, meaning columns of fire. 'It has been the custom,' says he, 'of nations to raise to their divinities altars of stone and marble. Such were the altars of the Egyptians, which we know under the name of pyramids and obelisks, and which

were raised in honour of their gods.' Abenesi, the Arab, centuries before had the same thoughts: observing, 'The priests of Egypt erected these elongated stones in the form of needles, and of a round figure; they engraved there in mysterious characters the secrets of their philosophy, and called them the altars of their gods.'

"Their tapering form led some to esteem the obelisk a symbol of fire; and, therefore, a dedication to the sun. Jahn, the commentator, writes: 'We learn from 2 Chron. xxxiv. 4-7, that these obelisks were erected on the altars of Baal; they were, of course, dedicated to the sun.' The common references they have engraved upon them to Ra and Toum, the sun gods, help to confirm the argument. Pierret says: 'The erection of obelisks was in relation to the worship of the sun.' Rougé notes some pictured sacred monuments on an inscription of the fifth dynasty; 'of which,' says he, 'the figure proves that the pyramid and the obelisk had primitively a relation to the worship of the sun.'

"Other writers held them to be of phallic origin. An article in the *Builder* of 1877 has this sentence: 'Many well-meaning and spotless people who will, probably, inquire of better informed friends about the origin and early use of the obelisk, will be sadly shocked when, from some outspoken reply, they learn the truth.' It was said that the *lingam* was to the Hindoo, what the obelisk was to the Egyptian; it typified generative force. But, if so, indirectly, its very complicated and geometrical figure forbids the supposition of a direct meaning of that nature. There are, at any rate, other interpretations.

"Rougé, indicating the worship of the obelisk, connects the phallic idea with that of Osiris. 'The obelisk,' observes he, 'has been venerated as a divine symbol. Thus, at Karnac, the foundations were instituted in honour of four obelisks, and they are offered bread, libations, &c. Upon certain scarabei one sees, in fact, the following representation,—*a man adoring an obelisk*; that circumstance has not been sufficiently remarked. The comparative study of these little monuments proves that the obelisk has been venerated because it was the symbol of Ammon generator. If one compares the series of scarabei bearing this scene, and which have been with so much care reunited in the glass case R, of the *Salle des Dieux* at the Museum of the Louvre, one would see that the obelisk passes insensibly from the ordinary forms to that of the phallus; it is then, truly as the symbol of the ithyphallic god that the obelisk received homage.'

"Another notion was that the obelisk, as the pyramid, symbolized the law of gravitation. The author of the 'Solar System of the Ancients Discovered,' is an advocate for this opinion; saying, 'The Sabeans worshipped these symbols of the laws of gravitation, which govern the glorious orb of day, the planetary and astral systems.' Made of granite, they exhibited the durability of those laws.

"Some of the Fathers, as Tertullian, charged the Egyptians with worshipping them as emblems of the sun. 'As a sunbeam,' says Dr. Yates, 'was an emanation from that resplendent orb which was regarded as the representative of the deity, so a pointed obelisk would allegorically denote such an emanation.' None being on the western or pyramid side of the Nile, but only on the sunrising side, would seem to aid the solar theory. The gilt top, spoken of as having once been seen, would thus symbolize the yellow ray. Obelisks are seen,

like rays, placed round heads, to express deification.

"Bonomi, who makes mention of forty-two obelisks, when describing the pretty *tekhen*, *mem*, or obelisk of Amenoph III. of the eighteenth dynasty, now in Alnwick Castle, is not ignorant of the astronomical learning it represented, and thus traces astronomy to its source: 'The instruction in that science which was given to Adam by the Creator Himself, and of which these most ancient and interesting monuments of human genius exhibit, perhaps, but a feeble manifestation.' So the Egyptians thought when they ascribed their knowledge of the stars to the god Thoth.

"The religious teaching of the obelisk about the gods of the land is given in the hieroglyphics. Citations, under the head of 'King Worship,' confirm one branch of idolatry. Thothmes III. erected his obelisk to Ra and Toum, deities of the rising and setting sun. Dr. Erasmus Wilson, the patriotic and generous remover of the English obelisk, or Cleopatra's Needle, from Alexandria, has an account of the one central column bearing that monarch's record. 'The engraved square,' he says, 'on the pyramidion represents the Pharoah, Thothmes III., kneeling before the deity of the sun, offering gifts, and supplicating the blessing of a strong and pure life. The hieroglyphics expressive of his prayer are displayed by the figures of the beseeching potentate and the enthroned deity.' On the top of the shaft is the hawk of Horus.'

"The fine one at Paris was dedicated by Ramses II. to the god Horus; calling him 'the sun Horus, with the strength of the Bull.' This is an allusion to his creative, demiurgic powers.

"The one still standing at Heliopolis, 60 feet high, and 6 feet broad, was dedicated, says Gliddon, to the mother of the king, 'beloved, exalted to the upper regions of eternity.' Though now 'inheriting the eternal region,' we are told 'she was a chief bard of the sun.'

Rosellini thus transcribes one side of that at Heliopolis: 'The Horus (living of men) Pharaoh, sun offered to the world, Lord of Upper and Lower Egypt, the living of men, Osirtasen, beloved of the spirits in the region of Pone, ever living, life of mankind, resplendent Horus, beneficent deity, sun offered to the world.' This is a singular jumble of man exaltation and god honouring. Osirtasen was once judged a contemporary of Joseph, but is now recognised as above a thousand years before.

"The Flaminian, at Rome, further described in the author's 'Pyramid Facts and Fancies,' represents the king kneeling to Toum, the setting sun, offering pyramidal cakes. He asks 'Give me a life strong and pure.' The god replies, 'We, Atom, Lord of Heliopolis, the great god, give thee the throne,' etc.

"As to the obelisk being a religious symbol, a good explanation is given by Mr. Wilson in his 'Solar System.' He accepts it as the emblem of eternity.

"He perceives a number of sacred objects, in Egypt and elsewhere, having the figure of conic sections; especially, the parabola and hyperbola. There are eight gods seated on hyperbolic steps, decreasing in the order of 1, $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, &c. Some Round Towers of Ireland expand towards the base as section of a hyperbolic solid. Buddha, as he sits cross-legged, is a hyperbolic solid. The obelisk presents the same curve, having the property of the sides ever approaching the parallel. This ever marching to a non-realizing

end is a fitting emblem of *Eternity*. His explanation is as follows:

"'The opposite sides of the single obelisk (taking the ordinary one as double) will continually approach to parallelism, but which they will never attain; for how great soever the sectional axes, or the sum of two ordinates, may be, still this difference will equal unity; so the sides of the sectional obeliscal area can never become parallel to the axis.'

"But he sees the symbol in the whip of Osiris; saying, 'The planets are urged onwards in their orbits by laws indicated by the obelisk.' Again: 'When the axis bisects the obeliscal area, and another straight line drawn from the apex represents the axis of the pylonic area, we have what is commonly called the flail or whip of Osiris.' The cap of Osiris is the hyperbolic and parabolic conoid, representing eternity. He calls the pschent of Osiris, 'the hyperbolic reciprocal curve.' The beards of the Assyrian monuments, so evidently conventional, are of the obeliscal form, typifying the same dogma. The wings of Mercury, the prongs of the trident, the shape of the serpent and crocodile, and the horn of Isis tell them the same tale. The horn of Jupiter Ammon, giving the name to the shell fish Ammonite, is nothing but a spiral obelisk.'

'The obelisk, therefore, as the 'Finger of God,' points upwards to heaven as the region of Infinity and Eternity."

The frontispiece of Mr. Bonwick's volume deserves special attention. It is the representation, copied from a painting on a mummy case, of the Egyptian idea of the spiritual resurrection. We see falling to the earth a red figure of a man, while the same man is visible upstanding in the more etherial colour, blue. Above extends the firmament in the form of the goddess Neith, and on either side of the mortal who is changing his state, or shedding his earthly skin, are the conventionalised representations of attendant deities. This drawing has already appeared in Mr. Samuel Sharpe's "Egyptian Mythology," but there it was very small, while in Mr. Bonwick's page it is not only of considerable size, but coloured after the original.

Two Centuries of Bhartrihari. Translated into English verse by C. H. Tawney, M.A. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, and Co., Publishers to the University.

The title of Professor Tawney's valuable little volume requires some explanation for the English reader who is not an Anglo-Indian. Bhartrihari is not a state of rule or governance, but a man, a king, and a poet; and 'two centuries' of him signifies two collections, of one hundred stanzas each, of his compositions.

The legend of Bhartrihari is one with which we are more or less familiar under other names. He discovers the faithlessness of his wife, becomes disgusted with the world, abdicates the throne, and retires to the forest. Respecting the stanzas which bear his name there is the same question as concerning the authorship of the Homeric poems, some considering them a collection of current gnomic verses, others the harmonious offspring of a single mind, and that of the self-exiled prince. The date of the poems is placed within a hundred years of the end of the third century of our era.

Professor Tawney gives us an interesting insight into the typical mode of native government in the East, which might prove useful to those who are puzzled by Turks, baffled by Affghans, or studying Hindoos:

"Though the word 'Nîti' is usually translated policy, most of the stanzas arranged under this head are rather of an ethical and social character. They inculcate maxims of worldly prudence, and seem designed to teach knowledge of men as individuals, rather than as members of political communities. The truth seems to me that, under the personal governments of the East, Achitophel and Châ nakya have always been the types of a successful politician. The art of the model Indian statesman, if we may trust the testimony of the Nîti S'âstras, consists in the power of managing the king's wives and astrologers, of conciliating the feudal chiefs, and above all of humouring the caprices of the sovereign himself, and using them for the advantage of his subjects and the prosperity of his rule."

The tone of Bhartrihari's thought is referred to as being in very close sympathy with the modern pessimism as manifested by Schopenhauer, and as not unlike the mental habit of Diogenes the cynic.

There are occasional parallelisms to be found between these stanzas and Western thought, no doubt evidencing the fact that even before the days of steam and printing the thoughts of one man somehow managed to reach another. Professor Tawney's versions show ease and epigrammatic power; and the stanzas themselves are worth translation. We quote a few specimens:

When but a little I had learned, in my own partial eyes
I seemed a perfect Solon and immeasurably wise;
But when a little higher I had climbed in wisdom's school,
The fever-fit was over and I knew myself a fool.

Not to swerve from truth or mercy, not for life to stoop to shame;
From the poor no gifts accepting, nor from men of evil fame;
Lofty faith and proud submission—who on Fortune's giddy ledge
Firm can tread this path of duty, narrow as the sabre's edge?

With mind and senses unimpaired,
In act and voice the same,
He moves among us like a ghost,
Wealth's warmth has left his frame.
The man of means is eloquent,
Brave, handsome, noble, wise;
All qualities with gold are sent,
And vanish when it flies.

The kindness of the bad at first
Is great, and then doth wane;
The good man's love, at th'outset small,
Slowly doth bulk attain;
Such difference between these two
In nature doth abide,
As 'twixt the shadow of the morn
And that of eventide.

A snake lay helpless in the box pining for lack of meat,
A rat by night gnaws through the side, and yields his foe a treat,
With strength recruited then the snake by that same hole escapes—
Behold how vain our efforts are! Fate all our fortune shapes.

This earth is but a lump of clay girt with a briny ditch,
Where hosts of squabbling kings contend, all striving to be rich,
One cannot blame these grovelling slaves for clinging to their store,
But out on those who stoop to beg at any royal door!

We presume that Messrs. Trübner and Co. are the English agents for this little volume, though it bears only the name of the Calcutta publisher.

General Sketch of the History of Pantheism. In two volumes. Vol. I., from the earliest times to the age of Spinoza. London: S. Deacon and Co. 1878.

The anonymous author of the work before us very modestly says: "The following brief sketch does not aspire to the dignity of a history; it is merely an outline or epitome of a history. In its details there is but little novelty, being chiefly a compilation, taken more

frequently from translations and abridgments of originals, than from the originals themselves. Old well-authenticated facts have been treated under a new aspect; but there is no pretension to the discovery of a single new fact."

It is always valuable work to bring together to a focus radii that extending into dim distances afar might otherwise be difficult to find; but there is need of great care lest they be distorted in the process. The author quotes from Wordsworth the lines:

For I have learned
To look on Nature; not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A Presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

But on the next page he defines Pantheism as the "abstract worship of nature." Now, a true Pantheist would see God's hand not only in the vigour and suggestiveness of nature, but in every influence that stirs the world of mind, and would worship not as in the abstract, but in poetic glow that seems to reach to very consciousness of presence. The author's Pantheism is a little too cold and intellectual. He says: "Pantheism is strictly a religion for the few, not for the many." The great mass of the people are as little capable of Pantheism as they are of Monotheism. They are not capable of lofty abstractions, but must have recourse to forms and ceremonies, to images and pictures."

Under the head of Oriental Pantheism, which must be meant to represent the religion of the earliest times promised by the author, we find reference to the Vedas, Brahminism, other Hindu philosophies, and especially Buddhism, the Vedanta philosophy, and the Bhagavad-Gita; but with some surprise we note that no chapter is given to the oldest Pantheism we know of, that of Egypt.

In the section devoted to Modern Pantheism an important place is given to the little-known Vanini, of whom a full and interesting account is given. But Vanini appears to have been an advocate of annihilation rather than a pantheist. To the pantheistic mind it is easier to accept life beyond the seen than to conceive a great wall set up behind which the power that pervades all things and enkindles life has lost its sway.

THE

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1878.

THEISM AND ETHICS IN ANCIENT GREECE.

(*Continued from page* 592.)

If the religious philosophy of Greece has been neglected, the error has lain the other way with regard to Homer. Perhaps an undue prominence has been given to the philosophic element of this rhapsodic school, which was eminently a school of poetry, in which even theology was for the most part regarded from the side of the dramatic and the picturesque, and taken as it actually existed around, rather than as arising from any earnest belief of the singer's own. Mr. Gladstone, as we have shown, sees in Homer the remains of primitive monotheism. Truly, no doubt; but whether this monotheism be primeval or merely prehistoric, there is unfortunately in Homer very little of it.

Seneca, some eighteen centuries ago, was laughing at the critics for disputing amongst themselves as to which of the philosophic sects of their time Homer had belonged. He is discoursing (Ep. lxxxviii.) upon the liberal arts, as being so called because they enlarge the mind and become a *free* man; and he characterises as puerile the stepping aside from the study of wisdom into the weighing of syllables and the scanning of verses. Especially he stigmatises mere argumentativeness, and very wittily instances the discussions which had turned upon Homer. "For one while," he says, "they make him a stoic, in pursuit of virtue alone, and flying from pleasure, so as not to be drawn thereby from what is right and fit, even by a promise of immortality; at another time they represent him as an epicurean, highly extolling the state of a peaceful city, whose inhabitants spend their time in songs and banquets; at another time as a peripatetic, allowing three sorts of good; at another time as an academic or sceptic, affirming all things to be uncertain. Now to me he seems to be none of these in particular, because their several doctrines are all to be found in him."

This is as if we were to fight over Shakespeare, whether he were to be pronounced a ritualist or an evangelical, a spiritualist or a follower of Comte. The great minds, whether of poets or philosophers, are nowise sectarian, though their followers may strive often to constrain them to an appearance of support of cramped and dogmatic views.

Learned volumes have been compiled, and especially in the 17th and 18th centuries, upon the Hebraizing tendencies of Homer—upon the question whether he was a moral philosopher, and also upon his theology, gnomology, and psychology.

The theology of Homer is indeed most confusing. Representing the conceptions of his time by record rather than preachment, he has not the unifying consciousness of a religious man, which with glowing faith and spiritual instinct burns away minor external vagaries of belief, and fuses the stray centralising tendencies he finds into one harmonious agreement.

The Greek poetic mind had a marvellous power of absorption from the more deeply religious thought of other peoples. Egypt, India, Phœnicia, contributed not only conceptions of deity, but cosmogonical plans and visions of the unseen. With large, easy, artistic hand, Greece wrought them all into her pantheon and her philosophy, as a modeller might blend wet masses of white and yellow clay, or a sculptor fit to his work alternate ivory and gold.

In the Homeric theology divinity is seen in series after series of diverse powers, wondrous activities, on high, below, afar, anigh, forces of aid, of comfort, of gloom and fear, potencies small and great.

There are the high Olympian deities, in whose king reside whatever monotheistic elements were called for by the higher consciousness of man, and whatever conceptions of majesty, rule, and justice remained from older revelations of heavenly things.

But Zeus, if to one Homeric singer he be true Lord of all, yet with another is made to do ungodly things; and even Zeus, according to a decaying tradition of an older theology, is himself but God of God, being son of a care-worn personification of Time. In the Olympian group, after Zeus of the bright sky, are Herè, his sister-wife; Athenè, queen of the air, or daughter of the sky, regarded generally as representing wisdom, and in harmony with Zeus, while being on earth the clear-seeing help of heroes. Phoibos, the god of arrowy rays, with his twin sister Artemis, is akin to the sun, but rather as moving in its far-darting beams than as attached to its bulk. Hephaistos is fire flame, a mechanical power, occupying a menial rather than an exalted position in Olympos. Ares is stormy turbulence personified, a confusing influence, belonging to the din rather than to the direction of war. Aphrodité is brightness rising from sea-foam, and flushing passion of love. Hermes is the intellectual faculty and the emblem of craft, with a messenger's office and a movement like the wind. In many respects he corresponds with the Egyptian Thoth, being, like him too, the guide of souls bound for Hades.

There are the earth-pervading deities, human-formed blossomings of Nature, representing rich wealth and summer, and the power and elevation of wine. There are the under-world deities, reigning over a world hidden from the sun, but with the power themselves of visiting the light of Olympos. From the Hades being regarded as localised beneath the earth, the under-world gods became the patron deities and guardians of the treasures of the mines. From the real Hades come the avenging lights, the Erinyes, who can see in the dark and discover evil deeds. The attendant ministers of the Governor of Hades are also Night, Sleep, Death, and Dream. Among lesser deities is Poseidon, the lord

of the forces of the sea, in whose group of powers are water-dwellers and masters of sea monsters, and haunters of sea caves and whirlpools, river-gods, tutelary nymphs and deities of woods, wells and mountains, flocks and herds, with the less gentle persons of the Seirens of blandishment and the Harpies of havoc and destruction. There are inspirers, messengers, servants, and poetic impersonations without end; Hours, Muses; Iris, the rainbow messenger; Themis, the oracular will of Zeus and dispenser of justice; Eileithya, the moon-ray loosener of day's tense and highly-strung cords, and president over travail; the Charites who hold hands and dance around us, typifying graces and favours flowing to and fro, the Hearth-fire goddess and emblem of domestic truth and fair dealing; Aisa, the uttered word of Zeus and type of destiny. Among fates and powers were Atè—human folly and mischief becoming a fate or doom—Discord, Fear, Rumour, Uproar, Conflict, and Prowess.

The faith that sees God everywhere, and regards the various machinery of nature as provinces swayed by divine emanations, may be a more real and glowing one than that which chains its conception of deity within an iron cage of doctrinal bars and bolts; but, with such a crowd of divine persons as we find in Homer, and with the conception of Zeus as almighty ruler only here and there apparent, we can scarcely agree to regard the Homeric tradition in the light of a reaction against polytheistic agencies as accounting for natural phenomena. It seems rather to constitute a poetic assent to a polytheism enhanced by pantheistic sympathy and occasionally inspired by a glimpse of the unity of the source of law.

In intellectual moods it is possible to shut out from view the occasions, too insignificant for scientific apparatus to note, in which circumstance seems to adjust itself to the individual—to become as it were confidingly personal—without any natural law that the scientific mind so coldly defines, being in the least degree shaken. But for the mind less bound up and limited by specialistic training, it will scarcely be possible absolutely to exclude the sense of mysterious guidance; and we may ever expect a repugnance to the frigid theories that would make God's universe voiceless of himself.

In Homer we find this dim popular instinct forced outwards into definite form, with a result that there are presented a motley crowd of anthropomorphic deities endowed with noble attributes, but mingling therewith human qualities not only of virtue but of vice.

When in the Iliad Zeus thunders, it is regarded as a providential sign, which is superstition, and even harmful to poetry if too largely introduced. A sign like this—which to the scientific man denotes that constant play of physical forces upon the equilibrium of which our natural lives depend—being so evidently addressed to no single individual, could only be made spiritually momentous relatively to each different superstitious mood to which it appeals. To a poet the coincidence of calamity with an eclipse or a storm, or the flight of an ominous bird might seem appropriate; but a priest who had to listen to a variety of human complaints and sorrows would soon discover that there was no inevitable connection between the supposed cause and effect; save that darkness might produce dejection, a storm alarm, or the sudden entry of any unwonted thing a panic. Or, discovering that in certain parts of the earth an

east wind, by reason of the harshness it gathers from the regions it traverses, frets the nerves of sensitive folk, and so may prepare the ground for quarrels, or that thunder is mostly preceded by a distressing heaviness of the air, priest, poet, and scientist might all be at one.

We must not attempt to find philosophic order or ethical centre in the Homeric tradition, for the singers of the epic did not profess to focus thought, but only to catch a gleam from each pencil of bright rays that attracted their imagination.

The stories that cluster round Zeus are evidence enough of the impossibility of proving Homer consistent. First there are generalisations not incompatible with a view of Zeus as the Supreme Being in a monotheistic sense. Events occur because the will of Zeus is being accomplished. If he nods assent to anything yet unfulfilled, the subordinate hierarchy may feel full confidence, "for this from me is the greatest pledge with the immortals; for whatever is mine that I shall sanction by the nod of the head is not to be retracted, nor is it fallacious nor unfulfilled." He restrains all other immortal powers until that fulfilment. Zeus is the most powerful. Honour is from Zeus. Even a bodeful dream, and that which is to mislead, is from Zeus, and performs his fateful purpose. He calls all the immortal powers whatever to council, and so becomes the supreme will, for there is no word of refusal.

There is a beautiful utterance put in the mouth of Hector: "Thou biddest me obey birds of far-sweeping wing, but these I nowise regard, nor care, whether they rush to the right toward both dawn and sun, or to the left toward the darkening west. But let us obey the will of mighty Zeus, who ruleth all, mortal and immortal. There is one augury, the best, to be a bulwark of our fatherland."

Of the great deity Phoibos Apollo, it is the subordinate attribute to declare to men the unerring counsel of Zeus.

The aged Trojan monarch Priam would have distrusted any order of earthly beings, even the heaven-commissioned prophet, soothsayer, or priest, but having had word and vision from a deity direct, and this only a bright little wind-footed messenger from Zeus, he follows implicitly the injunction given him. It is not only because he has seen Iris and beheld her face to face that he obeys, but because she comes as ambassadress from Zeus, who, though remote, is full of care and pity.

Zeus fulfils not the intentions of all men. A well-meaning counsel is one "not without God." If a tyrant is hated, the fact is to be reverentially regarded, for the people may be following for their oracle the very voice of God. On the other hand, obedience is due to a ruler, because his sceptre is from Zeus. "God, if he be willing, can save a man from a distance." "A match for many peoples is the man whom Zeus cherishes in his heart."

These conceptions might be found in any monotheistic scriptures. There are in Homer passages closely akin to such expressions as the following:—

"God himself is with us for captain:" (2 Chron. xiii. 12.) "Let not the army of Israel go with thee; for the Lord is not with Israel . . . but if thou wilt go, do it, be strong for the battle: God shall make thee fall before the enemy, for God hath power to help, and to cast down:" (2 Chron. xxv. 8.) "Out of the mouth of the Most High proceedeth both evil and good:" (Lam. iii. 38.) "Both

riches and honour come of thee, and thou reignest over all; and in thine hand is power and might; and in thine hand is to make great, and to give strength unto all:" (1 Chron. xiii. 12.) "I will lay thy cities waste, and thou shalt be desolate, and thou shalt know that I am the Lord:" (Ezek. xxxv. 4.)

The intense consciousness of a ruling power manifested in the Hebrew Scriptures far transcends anything of the kind to be found in Homer, where the sense of God as a patriotic helper bringing resistless aid, or an angry smiter with terrible calamities in his hand, is largely modified both by pantheistic tendencies and the pagan revels of an Olympian polytheon.

But in current ethics there are many resemblances between the Hebrew and the Greek. That the counsel of the Lord remaineth for ever; that God is a witness of covenants and oaths; that counsel is to be asked of God as to the prospering of the way; that he has knowledge of all things, and measures the actions of men; that he makes poor and rich, brings low and lifts up; that kings are his appointment; that he can turn an enemy's counsel into folly; that one man may put a thousand to flight if God will; that no man can see God's face and live;—these are views that with very little difference in expression may be found in Homer. In both is the same simple and resigned acceptation of circumstances as they are, the same belief in dream-warnings and in the inspired utterances of prophet and seer, the same recognition of the duty of honour to the aged and the stranger. Coupled with this pity for the foreigner when a defenceless unit, there is the same repugnance for aliens in mass, the "gentile" and the "barbarian" being equally outside the pale of reasonable sympathy. There is the same care to offer in sacrifice no blemished victim, the same honour of rectitude, notwithstanding the most serious lapses in both, though the subtlety of the Greek leads him to accord also a sly respect to the cunning that outwits. This quality is foreign at least to the ideal of the Hebrew, who obtained his results by a tremendous perseverance, a marvellous aptitude for detail, a somewhat cold sobriety and prudence—a combination which always has enabled him to get the better of his competitors.

There is manifest in both the perplexity caused by the fact that the worser things have sway, and the wicked remain in power. There is a similar fatalism with regard to the duration, if not the main contour, of a man's earthly career. Even in the later Hebrew Scriptures the death of one who is in danger does not occur when it might have been expected, for "his time had not yet come." In both is the recognition of the prophetic power to foresee certain lines of the career, both of a man and of a people.

There are rare touches, even in the Hebrew Scriptures, of a respect paid to the vigour of physical life which is very like gentile or pagan pride. Jehovah, like Zeus or Ares, makes the hands to war and the fingers to fight. David and Samson might both be Homeric heroes.

If the object were to compare the Homeric with the Hebrew traditions, a multitude of parallelisms might be produced; but the subject in which the likeness is manifested is often outside the range of ethics or religion, and belongs rather to current proverbial worldly wisdom.

Besides the monotheistic view of Zeus, there is a less dignified conception, according to which he is

one of three brothers, and has his supremacy only by the mortal way of birthright, and his superior prowess. He is somewhat superior to the other deities, but different rather in degree than in kind. He can, if he so wills, make a golden cloud to overshroud himself, which even the sun-deity cannot pierce. He claims to be superior to Phoibos, "since I am older and know more." He is stigmatised by his sister-wife as cruel and overbearing. He is anxious while his purposes are tediously evolving themselves under opposition. He does not pervade the universe, for there are times when he is absent from Olympos, on a visit elsewhere! He shows irritation, he is deceived by blandishment.

If Athenè and Zeus together are on the side of a man, it is open to question whether that is enough. There are differences arising in Olympos, Zeus, and other deities ranging themselves obstinately on the one side, while all the rest oppose. Again, Athenè shows a weak side of personal feeling when she is pleased by the implied flattery of an only offering or a first prayer being made to her.

We find in Homer also the naturalistic view of deity, in which Zeus embodies in himself all shining splendour of sky, holds in his hands all force of thunderbolt, and terrifying roar of the elements. He is the whirlwind of retribution, the torrent of rain, the arouser of tumult, and sender down upon men of dewdrops, moist with blood. He is not the actual sun, for we find the address, "O father Zeus, and thou O Sun, who beholdest and hearest all things."

In the fourteenth book of the Iliad there is a beautiful picture, which we find singularly paralleled in some of the Indian scriptures, of the divine earth gushing forth with new productiveness of herb and flower beneath his couch when the deity is under the influence of a fresh impulse of love.

Again, Zeus is part, an important element only, of a divine Pleroma. "All men have need of the gods." "The gods are bestowers of all things." "It was done against the will of the immortal gods, wherefore it could not remain perfect for any long continuance." "Zeus certainly knows this, and the other immortal gods." "It is easy for the gods to exalt and debase mortals."

There is also a system, or dynasty, or group of agents with which Zeus, under some aspects, is regarded as having little or no connection. By a very anthropomorphic imagination of deity, Sleep is invoked as "King of all gods and of all men," and is bidden to lull Zeus. Sweet Sleep, it is true, quails at her office, and affirms that she can only approach Zeus by his own command. Eventually she aids in subduing him. Night, in the same humanistic fancy, is styled "vanquisher of gods and men." Destiny is supreme. In another place Zeus is above Fate. But when it is said that a mortal's life is as Fate at his birth wove in the thread of his career, it is left unsaid whether Fate is an independent power, or one of the attributes of Zeus. And yet Pallas addressing him implies his power to undo fate: "O father, hurler of white thunder, gatherer of dark clouds . . . dost thou wish to deliver from sad death a man who is mortal and long ago destined to fate? Do it; but all we other gods will not assent to thee." Ocean is a primeval Titan, perhaps representing flowing Time. Zeus has warred with Titans, who are more ancient than himself. These hoary deities war among themselves as if rude elemental

forces, owning no sway to the neoteric law-giver of Olympos. Ocean is the parent of the gods; but the belief seems to have varied whether, when the question is fairly faced, these primitive perpetual powers are to be regarded as predecessors of Zeus. The Cyclops, monstrous children of nature, have no laws, and trust in the immortals; but, with some contradiction, they claim to care nought for Ægis-bearing Zeus or the blessed gods, by reason of being vastly superior to them. There is a certain similarity here to the anomalous position of the mythological Satan, who is of the creation of God, but becomes a rebel, and asserts his own independence. Such a conception has very naturally arisen: to us who behold so small a span of life at once, it easily seems as if eternal purposes were being frustrated by delays and oppositions that to a larger view would appear as appertaining even to the purposes themselves.

The following rather undignified picture is the Homeric way of settlement of the question of the divine headship of Zeus: "Thunder-rejoicing Zeus made an assembly of deities on the loftiest peak of many-topped Olympos. Himself haranguing them, the deities all gave subservient ear: 'Hearken to me, all gods and goddesses, that I may tell what the soul within my breast ordains. Let, therefore, no female deity, nor any male, attempt infringement of this my word; but do ye all at once assent, that I may very promptly bring these businesses to issue. Whomsoever of the gods I shall discover gone apart and wishing to give aid either to Trojans or to Greeks, smitten so as to be no pleasant sight, shall he return Olympos, or I will seize and hurl him into gloomy Tartaros, far, far from hence, where beneath the earth is a profound abyss, and iron portals, and a threshold of brass, as far below Hades as from earth is heaven; then shall he ken how far I am of all gods the mightiest. But come, deities, attempt it, that ye all may know. Get from heaven a golden chain suspended, all hang therefrom ye gods and goddesses; yet would ye not pull down from heaven to earth your supreme counsellor Zeus, not even were ye to exert yourselves in no trifling way. But when, in sooth, I should seriously wish to pull it, haply I could draw it up with earth and sea to boot. Then, indeed, would I bind the chain around the top of Olympos, and all these should hang in the high welkin. So far doth my power overlap both gods' and men's.'"

This is a curious, rude, early picture. With indisputable power resident in the king of the gods, none should have needed to be told of it. Coleridge very fairly remarks upon this fragment of barbarous theology: "Although the supremacy of Jove comes far short of the true conception of almighty power, the characteristic point which seems to be fairly established is that he is the active and ruling power of the popular mythology, the supreme and despotic chief of an aristocracy of weaker divinities, accustomed to consult them and liable to their opposition and even violence; yet, upon the whole, substantially aristocratic and independent of any recognised permanent superior."

Sometimes we find regard paid to deity in the general sense of spiritual power, and without any special reference to the Olympian Zeus: "Whenever contrary to deity (daimon) man would fight with a hero whom a god honours, swift upon him is vast destruction hurled."

Of the subordinate deities the

attributes are as various and contradictory as of Zeus himself. When contention and "the worse things prevail" Hephaistos fears that his enjoyment of the banquet will be impaired. It takes two deities, one of them becoming wounded, to save one earthly warrior from another. Sometimes they seem to represent only special attributes; Herè applies to Aphroditè when she desires a special gift of loveliness and allurement. When blundering Ares, the representative of the din of war, is sulky and rebellious, it is the goddess of wisdom who, greatly fearing for the whole group of Olympians, leaps forth to prevent the danger by bringing Ares to his senses. The spite of unruly Poseidon punishes a tribe for a manifestation of human kindness in escorting strangers home. Pallas even stands in awe of this monstrous sea uncle of hers. Hermes is the unblushing representative of craft and deceit. Athenè becomes quite friendly with Odysseus, who has just prevaricated cleverly, on the ground of the cunning of which he is an arch representative on earth as she in heaven. Poseidon reproaches other deities for leaving a fray without partaking of it. The deities can be wounded by mortals, but are unslayable. Phoibos said to Achilles, who was hotly pursuing him, "Thou canst not slay me, since I am not one doomed to die." Pallas passes like a breath of wind into a room with closed doors. Mortals are of a humbler size than deities. The subordinate deities often fulfil rather the functions of the word *daimon* in its post-Homeric sense, that of attendant spirit, than of the Divinity which the term originally implied. They are friendly to their heroic favourites, and have some control over any natural force with which they may be specially allied. Even Circe can see and predict a little way ahead of events. Earth-haunting deities can manifest themselves to one mortal only out of two, if they choose. The sight of a manifested god is attended with danger. Though "the race of the immortal gods and of men that walk on the earth is no wise similar," yet the spheres seem almost to touch. While deities manifest themselves daimonically, the more heroic mortals appear to develope into a race of demi-gods, with approximating attributes. Deities of both sexes mingle with heroic men, or with lovely women. The offspring that results from sons of gods and daughters of men, or from daring hero with compliant goddess, are distinguished as beings above the common. A mortal cherished by a motherly deity is subjected to a chrism of ambrosia and fire intended to render him immortal and free from the lower necessities of mortal life, from subjection to injury and the corruption of age.

This is the beneficence of daimonic influence; the reverse is manifested in a number of ungainly and monstrous beings who are "an immortal evil, best to flee from." They seem to represent a mingling of the terrors of natural plagues and visitations with a notion of a debased sort of spiritual beings.

We might well expect that, with such heterogeneous notions of deity, the morals of the heroes would be somewhat various too. If the Iliad is meant to convey any lesson, it is that of the ruin wrought by blinding passion and the arrogance that becomes quarrelsomeness. Achilles addresses his goddess mother: "May I straightway die, since destiny would not have it that I should succour my comrade who is slain; for he verily hath perished far from his native

country, whereas he longed for me to be his doom's averter. But now, since I shall not return to my dear fatherland, nor have become any light of help to Patroclus or my other comrades who have been subdued in numbers by noble Hector; while I sit beside the ships an useless weight to the soil, though I am such as is none other of the brazen-mailed Achaians in war—howbeit, in council there are verily others superior:—Would that therefore contention might perish from among gods and men, yea, anger, which is wont to impel even the fully wise to bitterness, and which, sweeter far than distilling honey, rises like a smoke in the hearts of men; thus but now did Agamemnon, king of men, put rage in me. But though sorely anguished, let us leave these things as past and done, controlling from necessity our dear passion in our breasts. But now I go, that I may find Hector, the destroyer of the dear head; and for me I accept death whensoever Zeus shall please to accomplish it, with the other immortal gods. For not even did the might of Herakles escape death, who was the dearest man to king Zeus, Kronos-born; but fate subdued him, and the grievous wrath of Herè. So also shall I lie when I am dead, if a like fate have been my portion. But now may I bear away illustrious glory, and compel some one of the Trojan women and deep-bosomed Dardanians to heave frequent sighs, wiping away with both hands the tears from her tender cheeks; and may they recognise that I have had a long cessation from battle. Wherefore hinder me not from the combat, although loving me dearly, for thou wilt not persuade me." Here is self-reproach and the sadness of approaching fate, and yet an acknowledgment of the cleaving still to the course that has borne such bitter fruit, as the manliest way to end.

Agamemnon, a meaner character, throws his sins upon fate: "Often were the Achaians already telling this story to me and rebuking me, yet I am not to blame. But Zeus and Fate and shade-roaming Erinnys, who during the assembly cast a sad injury into my mind on the day when I myself took back the reward of Achilles. But what haply could I do? for the deity accomplishes all things. Venerable daughter of Zeus is pernicious Atè, who injures all. She has tender feet, for she never approaches the ground; but in good sooth she makes her walks over the heads of men. Verily at one time she injured Zeus, who they say is the very chiefest of men and gods . . . He straightway seized Atè by her head of shining curls, enraged in his mind, and swore a mighty oath that Atè, who injures all, should never revisit Olympos and the starry heaven. Thus saying, he cast her from the starry heaven, whirling her round with his hand, and quickly she reached the works of men."

A different opinion upon the conduct of man is put into the mouth of Zeus:

"Ye powers, how mortals do reproach the gods;
From us, say they, proceed their ills, whereas
Their own infatuate sins do bring upon them
Woes that transcend the destiny of fate."

Ajax, a plain rough warrior of immense personal prowess, a man of large bulk, who is given an entire chine at the feast after a great battle, prays the manliest prayer in the book: "Zeus father, do thou but liberate the sons of the Achaians from darkness; make a clear atmosphere, and grant us to see with our eyes; then

destroy us in the light, if thus it be pleasing to thee!" In the mouth of Hector we find the old proverb that we know in so many forms, but chiefly as "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword:"—"The war-god treats all alike, yea and slays outright the slayer." The same truth of retribution is expressed in another form: "Such word as thou speakest, to such shalt thou have to listen," with which we may compare "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you."

The Homeric warrior exults in his prowess, and has a mighty appetite for broiled lumps of flesh, being a very different man from those gentle beings, of whom there was a tradition in his time, who were "milk-nourished, of simple life, and most just men." But even the warrior, when he comes to consider life by itself, is represented as falling into a sober attitude of resignation. The theory of mortal life which the poet presents us is rather sad than otherwise, not to say, pessimistic: "There is nothing any way more wretched than man, of all creatures that breathe and move over the earth," says Zeus. "The earth nourishes nothing weaker than man," says Odusseus, "of all things whatever that breathe and creep upon the earth." Of her son Achilles, Thetis says, "As long as he lives to me, and beholds the light of the sun, he suffers sorrow." Achilles himself says to aged Priam: "The gods destined to hapless mortals that they should live wretched while they themselves are free from care. There lie on the threshold of Zeus two cases of gifts, which he bestows, the one of evils, with the other one of good. To whomsoever thunder-rejoicing Zeus may mingle and give them, sometimes he falls into evil, sometimes into good; but to whomsoever he gives of the evil, he makes him exposed to injury; hungry calamity pursues him over the bounteous earth, and he wanders about in honour neither of gods or mortals." In the Homeric Epigrams, we find the cause of these gloomy views, they are the tired opinions of a puzzled mind: "Although there are many things obscure to mortals, yet nothing is more obscure to men than their own mind." The state of things at the present day would be terrible indeed for obfuscation and wretchedness, were we to carry forward to ourselves, in a mathematical rather than a poetical sense, and as the basis of our pedigree, the saying of the Odyssey, "Few sons are like their father, more are worse, but few are better than their father."

If we may define morals as a set of doctrines and customs, and ethics as principles on which such doctrines and customs may be founded, it is plain that in the Homeric traditions there is more of the former than of the latter element. And yet though the deities are not infrequently of dubious principles and conduct, and the men are as often little more than blustering animals, the immortal voice of conscience makes itself heard among them. Odusseus, shifty as he is, appreciates what a good father would enjoin upon a son, and reminds Achilles of words probably impressed upon him in his youth, "My son, Athenè and Herè will bestow valour, if they choose, but restrain within thy breast thy great-hearted soul, because humanity is better." Achilles, when he opens his mind, declares that "hateful as the gates of Hades is he who hides one thing in his mind while he utters another." Treaty-breaking is a term of reproach,

and this amongst a people prone by character to forget righteousness in subtlety. The laws of hospitality, a breach of which would have brought on infamy, show how, under the spell of an unwritten tradition, unruly hatred, jealousy of the foreigner, and predatory instincts could be curbed. A race, however rude, that holds to such a maxim as that "all strangers and beggars are from Zeus," we cannot ourselves afford to contemn, for though the saying may be too general and mean bad political economy, its spirit is excellent, and it represents a humanitarian conception to which the modern rough and cad have by no means been enabled to rise, notwithstanding the constraining influences of a so-called Christian civilisation.

Glory, in the Homeric religion, is a commission from above. Before a combat a prayer rises up to Zeus from one camp to grant victory to their own champion; but, if Zeus loves the hero of the hostile ranks, to grant equal might and glory to both. When "ten thousand fates of death" are pressing on them, a man cries to his friend, "Let us on; either we shall give glory to someone, or someone to us." This is not an ignoble spirit, though its manifestation is in bloodshed. The wife of long-absent Odusseus remains to this day a moral example—the type of constancy; while his faithful and warmhearted servant is a character that prouder people than the tribes of the Homeric ballads might be glad to own.

The other-world conceptions of the Homeric time deserve special notice. Though they are affected by ignorance of physical facts, there are more pretentious doctrinal systems in which such conceptions are not much more complete or consistent.

The earth, to the mind of the Homeric bard, was not spherical, but plano-convex, or, perhaps, convex above, concave below. The upper surface was only slightly rounded, like the broad back of the sea. In the midst is Mount Olympos, of indefinite height, and rising into ethereal regions unknown to man. Olympos is not in the sky, but above it; and yet it is not stated that it derives its light otherwise than from the sun of our system. Around the world flows the primeval deity Ocean, scarce distinguishable from the firmament or heaven, and probably, in the origin of the belief, identical with the Egyptian Urnas ("Ouranos" is Greek for heaven or sky), the great water that flows round the world. The spirit disembodied by death, according to the Egyptian faith, navigated this stream on its journey to the unseen world, or Hades. According to the Greek idea, the way to the infernal regions was round the verge by Ocean or by passage through a chasm in the earth. The sun, in the poem, threatens that he will cease shining upon the supernal regions, and will illumine this under-world. In his ordinary daily course he was regarded as enshadowed by this mighty ocean stream from the time of his setting until the dawn. Tartaros is a lower depth than Hades, and is a place of punishment for the wicked and rebellious. Under Tartaros are the Titan gods, an ancient mysterious dynasty of force. Hades is as much above Tartaros as Olympos is above earth. But from every place on earth unto Hades there was an equal road, a fact requiring a mystic and spiritual explanation.

The Homeric notions of the future state of the dead are most curious and interesting. The apparition of Achilles, when Odusseus says to cheer him, "Take it not sadly that thou art dead,"

replies, "I would choose to be on earth and a hired servant to another, a man of low estate without much livelihood, than to rule over all the departed dead." Achilles was a man of intense energy and passion, and in his mouth such a sentiment is very fitly put; but the conception is purely humanistic, and the thought proceeds from the dramatic sense of the poet rather than from any mystic message of the shade. The primary Homeric idea of the effect of the black cloud of death is evidently the blotting out of the life of the senses, and of that sane intellect which so well adjusts itself to the affairs of earth. Such a repugnance is most natural among men accustomed to see violent death threatening them in their prime, and in the very midst of vigorous interests of life. There is no priest at the elbow of the Homeric heroes to declare the reality of other-world life. And in fact there is no other-world life to speak of in a soul that is starving on the spiritual side, and finding manifestation in the sense delights and an animal energy only. We need not wonder, therefore, at the picture presented in Homer of the soul that flitters and flies away like a dream, of the spirits that go gibbering beneath the earth like thin smoke. This thing of wandering uncertain motion, when it appears to a mortal in a dream, is like unto the departed in all things as to bulk, voice, and eyes; it is an eidolon, the perfect image of the lost friend, but unembraceable by human arms, a weak and lamentable shadow. The "thumos" and the "phrenes," the passionate vigour of earth life, and the capacity of the mind for earthly affairs, are both fled. The former element, in one instance, is described as renewed in Hades; but the "psyche" is the inherent unquenchable part that escapes and clothes itself in the phantom image of the body, the flitting emanational form. The Homeric psychology bears every evidence of being based upon traditions of visions of ghosts. Granted that there are appearances of ghosts, they are manifestly in such apparition remote from their own plane of life, and dependent for their manifestation upon such thin tissue of material elements as they can attract to themselves. At least, the world's ghost traditions would favour such an idea, and the departed spirit of the Homeric bible is marvellously like those traditions. A belief is found in Homer and elsewhere that the presence of newly spilled blood will enable the shade to accrete to itself sufficient physical emanations or particles to enable it to speak. The presence of this piece of occultism in Homer rather tends to prove what we have advanced, that the departed soul is regarded there from the side he is supposed to present when pressing into the confines of matter, rather than from the side he might present to a seer who lived more or less in two worlds at once.

There is much that is instructive in the Homeric belief. Tiresias, who in life had been a prophet and necromancer, the infallible oracle of Greece, according to tradition, at the time of the Theban war, is invoked by Odusseus. This well-accustomed inhabitant of Hades seems to know his way about better than the gibbering unsettled shades; he stands firm, and holds a sceptre in his hand, and has rather increased than diminished in knowledge. He tells Odusseus of things which are to come, which he sees in decrees of the gods that have not yet consummated themselves in the sphere of earth. He gives Odusseus a hint also that, if he would commune with a shade, he must not grudge

his approach to the sacrificial blood; for, if this be suffered, it will enable truthful communication to be made, the spirit otherwise, it is to be presumed, being betwixt two worlds, and so powerless to act, and inclined only to return to his own. But even the departed soothsayer is represented as speaking of the realm of the dead as a joyless region, and the mother of Odusseus, who converses with him afterwards, expresses wonder at his having been able to come under the shadowy darkness, being alive, and warns him how difficult it is for the living to behold such things. The mother, being in Hades, seems to imagine that her son has come there to speak to her, and appears not to know that she has drawn nigh to him, rather than he to her. She shows intimate knowledge of what has taken place in her son's family, and looks back upon her own "sweet life" which has passed from her. In Hades, she tells her son, the fibrous nerves exist without flesh and bones, which are subdued, as it were, by a force of consuming fire.

There are four distinct aspects given of other-world life. There is Tartaros, the place of torment; Erebos or Hades, the place of gloom, from which the spirits speak as just described; the Elysian plains, or abodes of bliss; and the anomalous wold where wander the hapless wraiths of the unburied. Where the body was neither buried nor burned, it would seem either that some tie was held to bind the shade to wanderings on the confines of earth, or that until this was accomplished, some element was lacking which, if it did not bring joy to the querulous and injurious shade, at least allowed its entrance into companionship with others, and into something like settled existence. If we endeavour to penetrate to the philosophy of so obscure a matter, we may perhaps infer that, as the burning, or other reduction to gaseous elements, of articles of food was regarded as affording sustenance to parents passed among the shades, according to the rites of ancestor worship, a similar resolution of a man's dismantled tenement of flesh might be supposed to provide him with some kind of corresponding absorption of the freed spirit of matter, and so with a more perfect establishment of his Hadean form.

The Homeric psychology gives to the living man two separate attributes—the mind in which he may desire to act, and the physical machinery of limbs which, if languid from overstress of labour, may refuse the bidding of the mind. Furthermore, in that mind there is a person's own perception, and also a faculty to or in which the deity suggests things. To this faculty comes prophecy or the divine communications of the immortals. A son of the King of Troy perceives in his mind the counsel which seemed good to the immortals when deliberating, and proclaims it as their voice. Heroes are represented as opened to a possession of this gift, just before they die and the soul flies from their members bewailing its lot and relinquishing manliness and youth.

All the conceptions of the other world are not quite so dreary. Sleep, when lauded for its sweetness, is in the same breath described as so being nearest like death, and death and sleep are regarded as twin brothers. Though even the gods are represented as holding in loathing the squalid domains of the nether world, yet the picture of Achilles taking mighty strides through the meadow of Asphodel, in joyousness, is not

a very grievous one. But it must be allowed that his joy is drawn from earth, because he has been told that his son is very illustrious. It is difficult to judge whether the after-death existence was ever regarded as identical in quality with immortal life. The favourite of a deity might be put through a process which would endow him with immortal strength and invulnerability; but it is not clear whether it was held that his veins would then run with the celestial ichor instead of blood, and he would thenceforward be one of those that neither eat bread nor drink purple wine; or, indeed, whether after death he would be of the immortal race and not a gibbering shade. All we are told of the relation of immortal gods and earth-walking men is that they are in no wise similar; while at the same time even an Olympian deity comes among men like a phantom, and a hero's wraith appears to his friend with recognisable characteristics, even to the beauty of his eyes.

The Elysian fields, evidently derived as to their name and quality from the flower-growing field of Aalu, of the Egyptian scriptures, are difficult to find, as good places often are. Perhaps—for there are diverse suggestions—that delightful region is situated in mid air, or in the moon or sun, or in the centre of the earth, or in the blessed islands far away. It was for mortals who did not die, heroes who somehow passed away and found themselves in those blessed plains on the boundaries of the earth. There was Rhadamanthos of auburn hair (another Egyptian importation, Rhot-amenti, judge of the Amenti, the unseen or Hades), and there the most easy life for men. There was neither snow nor dreary winter, nor falling rain; but from the immeasurable ocean stream came ever gently blowing breezes of the west wind, potent to refresh.

This region is curiously like the Olympian home of the gods, but it does not appear to have been identified with it. That stable seat is described as shaken by no blast, nor ever bedewed by rain or approached by snow; but a cloudless serenity overspread it, and therein the blessed gods were delighted all their days. With them, however, as with us, the scene changes somewhat according to the quality of their mood. Perhaps the truest conception of the other world may be found in the Homeric proverb that "the deity ever brings the like to the like."

Dreams being regarded as bodeful, there is manifestly in and through them an opening into the world whence come prophetic thoughts and foresight and oracular wisdom. Dreams, according to Homeric fancy, afterwards elaborated by Virgil, constitute a double portal; the one is of horn, the other of ivory. Through the latter come fanciful and deceptive things, promises vague and not to be fulfilled. Through the gate of horn come forth to men dreams that accomplish what is true, whenever any one of mortals sees them. It has been suggested that ivory represents the teeth, and horn the substance of the cornea or membrane of the eyeball. The theory is plausible, seeing that what man sees he generally relies upon, while what he has by hearsay, or through the teeth of others, is not seldom deceptive. But to render thus is to destroy the poetry of the portals of dream, and in fact to abase them from their mysterious altitude and bring them down to being not dreams at all.

It is not to be wondered at that the Homeric tradition, with the simple vigour of natural life that is

displayed in this majestic ballad, the gallant heroism, the brave resignation of the characters, has kept hold on the attention of the civilised world. If the spiritual pictures are somewhat childish or confused, we must bear in mind that we are looking on the work of a poet, not of a prophet; and furthermore, that no nation has yet adopted an absolutely unimpeachable ethical and psychologic system.

A FAMILY PARTY.

By An Old Contributor.

(*Continued from page* 541.)

Chap. II.

What did it mean?

Charlie Newman gazed at the telegram in the greatest perplexity. Why had she not written, so that he could have had the message from her own hand? Why had she waited so long, and then telegraphed as if in a hurry? Was she in earnest—was she in fun? Did she mean that she would marry him; or was she merely laughing at him? Was the "Ask grandmamma" a joke concocted jointly by her father and herself? Was there a panther-woman trying to make a befooled lover absurd in his own eyes; or was there an innocent child-woman making a direct answer, to be taken literally?

He did not know Lil well enough to understand that her message was a result of a nature which combined something of these two seemingly so opposite characters.

To his excited mind there was a sarcasm in the child's answer which was worthy of a woman; yet it really was only the answer of a child. It contained a warning and a volume of suggestions, could he but have seen all that it meant.

But he could not. He was too much in earnest to laugh at the absurdity on the surface, and too absorbed to penetrate to the tender wisdom within. So he stood there, growing hot and cold—full of anger or full of delight—alternating in each second between the heights and depths of rapture and despair. The brief half-hour which he had snatched from business passed, while he remained physically motionless, emotionally careering up and down the whole gamut of feeling. The sound of Big Ben's dolorous note (which, even if it be out of tune, gives pleasure yet to partially cultivated ears) aroused him to the consciousness that he ought to be at his office. He went to his cellarette and swallowed some rather strong mixture, which appeared to give him, momentarily at least, a little Dutch courage, for, as he set down the glass, he ejaculated aloud:—

"I'll go down this very afternoon and find out what she does mean!"

Hastily snatching his hat, and the staid umbrella which marks the city man, he called to his landlady that he should want no dinner at home, and possibly might not return till the next day. Then he hurried back to the office, and, somehow or other, got through his afternoon affairs. Long before the hour struck which set him free, he had consulted Bradshaw, and discovered that, with the aid of a "headlong hansom" he could reach the terminus in time to catch the afternoon express to the station nearest Lil's river-bound home. He sent for the cab, and had it in waiting; and the moment he was ready started off, regardless of his inner man, which had received no

attention in the way of solids since a tolerably early breakfast. Indeed, he had quite forgotten this; for, positively, though it is difficult to believe in these luxurious days, there are men who, when they are very young, can, in the thrills of a new emotional excitement, forget even the substantial importance of dinner. He caught the express, and took his place in the carriage. During the hour of swift travelling across the garden-like country, through the sweet English scenery, he stared morosely out of window, seeing nothing; only wondering what he was going to. He was alone in the compartment, and, to do the railway company justice, the train gave him every reasonable opportunity for continued thought, for it stopped for fifteen minutes within a dark tunnel. He passed through every phase of conjecture, with, of course, no result but that of producing a most uncertain and anxious frame of mind. Arrived at the country station, he got out and set off to walk the three or four miles to the river. He had no luggage save the beforementioned umbrella; and the walk would ordinarily have been a delight to him. He did not quite understand why it was not now. It was the bright gloaming of a true September evening, and the slashes of yellow here and there on the thick green doublets which the trees had worn all the summer became them amazingly. The air was fresh and keen, and there was perceptible in the faint mist of the brief twilight the bewitching mingling of winter with the departing glories and deep verdures of the summer. Nature is most womanlike in this autumnal mood of hers, when she smiles sunnily all day, but her face changes suddenly at sundown. The broad perfection of mature harvest and luxuriant growth is just made entirely delightful by the added zest of capriciousness. Charlie Newman had drunk deeply of the modern poetic school which makes it a point of honour not only to see but to catalogue the individual charms of nature; but to-day he looked dimly around upon them and wondered that he could not appreciate them. The truth was that his heart was sinking within him. The long suspense—the doubt as to how his answer was meant—the excitement and exhaustion of the day, had, to tell the truth, made him horribly nervous. Instead of coming as he had intended, like a conquering hero, to demand a courteous reply, he felt with every step which carried him nearer Lil's home that he was really going to entreat for one.

Would he get it? Had she been laughing at him all the while?

By the time he arrived at the gate of the house he was in a pitiably abject frame of mind.

He looked across the shut gate in a state of indecision. Couldn't he get in without ringing and being announced—catch Lil in some quiet corner, perhaps, instead of being shown in upon her and her father, both of them, possibly, laughing in their sleeves?

He knew the house and its ways, having once or twice dined and slept there, when he had made the acquaintance of Gran as well as of the others. There were lights in the dining room, he could see; the servants must be preparing the table. It was not yet dinner-time, for suddenly he caught sight of a tall figure striding about in the garden. It was Brough taking his before-dinner airing.

Now, could he but get quietly in! The gate was undeniably locked, and it was inconveniently high; it was too high to vault, and if he climbed the servants might see him and take him for a burglar

—or, worse still, Lil might look out and laugh.

A narrow piece of rivulet divided the bank on which he stood from the island garden, the gate admitting the visitor to a bridge across it. He looked at the river—he was a good leaper. He walked a little in the direction where he could see Brough and his dogs; then, taking a run, boldly jumped.

Brought caught sight of the running figure, and approached the bank. To his amazement the figure jumped; and his daughter's lover landed at his feet.

Charlie stood still a moment to draw breath. Then he held out his hand and said, with utterance three-quarters husky and a quarter humorous:

"O, King, is it peace?"

Brough Warrington, though a great author and a master of the English language, was not always elegant in his ejaculations when the events of life succeeded in astonishing him. Charlie has always declared that on this occasion the King of Bohemia, staring at him, exclaimed:

"Well, I'm blowed!"

But he took Charlie's hand and shook it vigorously.

"You're an extraordinary fellow," he added, still shaking Charlie's hand, "I like your prompt style of action; but why on earth didn't you come in at the gate? Christian visitors generally ring."

"Because," said Charlie, rather lugubriously, "I wasn't sure, I didn't quite understand—I didn't know whether Miss Warrington would receive me."

Brough was a stormy sort of man, behaving rather like a vigorous west wind when he was amused; he was so much amused by these lovers that he laughed till the tears stood in his eyes and he had to blow his nose noisily and sneeze and gasp a little. Meanwhile Charlie stood with his hands in his pockets, looking on. He was not at all amused. Suddenly Brough became aware of this fact, and pulled himself up abruptly.

"I beg your pardon for laughing," he said, "but really you fellows are as good as a play. What are you afraid of now? Didn't the Baby say 'ask papa'?—well, you may dispense with that ceremony. Consider me asked."

"But," said Charlie doubtfully, "don't you know what she added?"

"Did she add anything?" said Brough with sudden gravity; "Oh, that's another matter."

Charlie pulled out the telegram from his pocket and handed it to him. It was not a very sacred sort of love letter, that he need keep it to himself.

Brough read it over, and a comical look came into his face. But he restrained himself, for Charlie's face was still sad.

"That Baby is too wise for her years," was all he said. "Come in, my dear fellow, and we will ask grandmamma."

So saying he silently stalked off to the house. Charlie followed him in the vaguest frame of mind—ready to spring into the wildest exultation if the next turn of affairs should show that he had really succeeded, or equally ready to give way to morose dejection if his reception were doubtful. Brough caught something of this dangerous look in the young man's eyes, and he proposed to himself to hand him over to Lil. As she had produced this queer state of affairs, she was the best person to end it. In entering the house, his accustomed hospitality returned to him.

"Come and have a brandy and soda," he said, turning into the dining-room. "You must be exhausted after that jumping feat."

"I believe I am rather ex-

hausted," Charlie replied; "for, now I remember it, I have had nothing since eight o'clock this morning."

Brough groaned. He had a respect for the demands of the inner man.

"What it is to be in love!" he remarked philosophically, in the act of uncorking a soda-water bottle. He handed the fizzing drink to Charlie, and stood looking at him while he drank it, as if he were a natural curiosity.

"Here are some olives," he said, taking some off the dinner-table. "Eat one or two; they won't spoil your dinner."

They were fraternising in this style by the dining-room fire, when, attracted by the voices, two other persons appeared on the scene. Through a curtained archway which led into the drawing-room came Lil, lending her arm to Gran, who was also prompted by curiosity to look and see who Brough was talking to. The river-side life was so quiet, and unexpected visitors so few, that little things interested them in this way.

Gran, with her dim eyesight, did not recognise Charlie, and, thinking him a stranger, attempted to step back unnoticed. But Lil was petrified for the moment, and stood motionless.

Charlie stood silent also. For one thing, he did not know what to say or do; and then Lil looked so charming, standing there in the drapery of the doorway, that he was quite occupied with looking at her. She was dressed in a long white dress of some heavy material, with butterfly bits of cherry colour upon it. He never forgot that dress, and in after years continually asked her to wear a similar one. But try however Lil might to reproduce it exactly, he was never satisfied that the effect was the same. Such is the inevitable result of trying to repeat a sensation. Life is more like a long ladder than a level path; and the man who tries to drag it down, and to accomplish that which only machinery can accomplish—exact reproduction—is certain to fail. Even a pretty woman in a white dress must be accepted as a charm of the present moment only. As she is not made by machinery, but by nature, who has never yet degraded herself by so inartistic a thing as an exact copy, the same woman in the same dress will look different every time she is seen. Be it so; let her look, not the same, but ever more charming.

As nobody spoke, Brough took upon himself the task of breaking the silence.

"Lil, I think you know this gentleman," he said, indicating Charlie; "and to you, my dear mother, allow me to introduce your proposed grandson-in-law."

Charlie advanced towards the two ladies, who still stood framed in the archway. What kind of greeting would have passed after this odd introduction, had it been uninterrupted, is left to conjecture; for at that moment the servant entered with the soup, and, finding the company assembled, took his place behind his master's chair. Of course, under these circumstances, an ordinary and decorous handshaking terminated the scene.

They all sat down to dinner, with a few rather awkward commonplace remarks, and still more awkward silences.

Yes, the silences were awkward. At least, so thought Charlie, who, after dinner had progressed a little, began to feel a trifle more like himself. But as he looked up from his plate in the midst of a pause, he met Gran's scrutinising gaze. His appetite appeared suddenly quenched. He made an effort, and, with a bit of

town gossip on his tongue, turned to speak to Brough, and met a pair of twinkling eyes, full of amusement. That look, it is true, had been quickly withdrawn when Charlie's gaze perceived it; but it effectually checked the gossip. This was awful, he began to realise. He sat opposite a lady whom he had proposed to, and whom he did not know how to address because he was not sure whether she had seriously accepted him. On his right hand sat an ancient lady who scrutinised him continually with that terrible "Will he do?" sort of look. And on his left hand sat Brough, endeavouring to play the unconscious host, but so full of a pathetic sort of amusement that he signally failed in his endeavour.

Charlie felt himself the unfortunate outsider among this family of three generations.

He speculated wildly upon the three dimensions of space in nature, and that mystic bugbear of a fourth, which metaphysicians talk of. He felt as unnecessary as the fourth dimension appears to be to ordinary people.

At one desperate moment he began to think they were all three in a plot to amuse themselves with him. But looking across at Lil's girlish face, in which the colour went and came with the fluctuations of suppressed excitement, he gave up the idea. There was too much honesty in that childish face for him to credit its owner with any deliberate plotting against him. Face to face with her, his fancies about the panther-woman fell to the ground; it was only in absence from her that they had had any power to oppress him.

Yes, even in the midst of these awful silences, when he imagined himself being weighed in the mental balance of Gran, and possibly of Brough also; even in the midst of these continually recurring silences he found himself taking refuge in his belief in Lil. Sitting opposite her, how could he help looking to her as his help, even though he had no sufficient reason to believe that she had accepted him? Lil had a dainty little Roman nose, with a baby-bridge in it, which she herself regarded with aversion, but upon which Charlie placed much reliance. A girl with such a nose as that was neither coquette nor panther—she was to be trusted. Glancing round him to see whether anybody else appeared likely to say anything, he noticed for the first time that the handsomest ornament of Brough's countenance was a splendid Roman nose, the bridge of which was an enlarged counterpart of Lil's. Turning his glance in the other direction, it fell upon Gran's nasal organ, one which in its time had been just like Lil's, only perhaps even stronger and handsomer. Now, some of her teeth having given up the struggle for existence, this aquiline nose had advanced a little towards her chin, producing a slightly nutcracker result, and adding greatly to her solemn, witch-like appearance. "Will Lil be like that when she is as old?" thought Charlie in some consternation; for, though Gran was still undeniably handsome, she was not very prepossessing. The servant who was waiting brought him wine at this moment, and Charlie looked up in his face with a feeling of relief at meeting with a different type of countenance.

Dinner was over at last, to the gratification of all concerned; even the servant, who was perplexed by a meal so unlike the jolly banquets at which he was accustomed to attend.

Gran and Lil retired to the drawing-room and were almost immediately followed by the others. They had nothing further to say to each other on the great matter

in hand; and it was plainly too absorbing at present to admit of other topics. Until Lil had explained herself, nothing more could be said or done: she held the key of the situation, so they followed her to ask for it.

They found her on a stool by the fireside, close under Gran's wing. Her face rested on her hand: she was staring into the fire; but Charlie saw her grow red and then grow white as he entered. He sat down opposite her, and looked doubtfully at her. Surely she could be tempted out of these maternal and paternal presences. There was a conservatory—with seats and coloured lights in it—the very place ready-made for an explanation. He looked longingly from it to her. But Lil moved not her eyes from the fire. Brough, observing the situation, and not at all relishing it, went for a stroll in the garden with his dogs, which was perhaps rather cowardly.

Gran, looking from one to the other of the young people who sat on each side of her, saw her opportunity, and seized it. She turned to Charlie, and engagingly opened an ordinary conversation—on the weather. Having prevailed upon him to speak to her, and seeing that Lil showed no dangerous signs of interference, she dropped her knitting in her lap, and, adjusting her spectacles, leaned a little towards him. She spoke solemnly of what Brough had jocularly announced to her before dinner, which she said she could not but suppose true, as Lil did not deny it. Under these circumstances she could not reconcile it with her conscience to neglect this opportunity of asking him—Had he religion?

Charlie stared at her and made no reply. So Gran followed up the question with one or two even more searching and delicate, some of them having almost the character of blasphemy to people not of her way of thinking. Anyone who has encountered a member of her sect in a railway carriage or on a steamboat, and has been abruptly asked one of these penetrative questions, will understand something of Charlie's feelings.

It is said that a great living writer, being asked upon a steamboat whether he loved Jesus, devoted himself for about an hour to conversation with the person who had thus addressed him. He talked almost solely of the lights and shadows on the water through which they were passing, discoursing of the artistic wonders of the deep. He left the professedly religious man full of amazement at the revelations of God's love which had been made to him, and for the moment ashamed of his blind ignorance of his Creator's handiwork.

But in that case the question had been addressed to a man who had the patience and faith and power of a born teacher of men. Charlie was only a young man, who could not but regard the ancient lady before him as very much in the way. He was irritated, too; he thought Lil might spare him this, that she might propose looking at the greenhouse instead of staring impassively at the fire and allowing Gran to catechise him as to the state of his soul. He cast about him as to what he should do, and out of his irritated feelings arose a wicked project which he welcomed with glee. He would do his best to drive Gran away. He had not long come from that university where it has been wittily said bad German philosophies go when they die. He was well acquainted with the phraseology of German materialism. He began to talk. We will give him the

benefit of the doubt that it was more to perplex Gran than distress her, for he chose those sentences which he remembered as being most full of long words. Gran opened her eyes; but after a while she began to understand what was meant by such quotations as that soul was only another word for force; that it depended on the organs of the body and died with them; that religion was a prop for weak or diseased minds which were unable to face life in its bitter reality; and that the highest morality might be common alike to believers and unbelievers. Like all bigots, Gran was incapable of argument; she had almost buried her power of original thought in that grave where she had long ago laid her right to think. So she fell back upon Isaiah; and, sitting upright in her chair, poured the eloquence of the prophet upon Charlie and his quotations. In this way it went on for some half hour, each talking in a language not their own. At last it grew so funny that Charlie burst out laughing, but stopped suddenly, for at this Lil rose and quickly left the room. But, quick as she was, Charlie saw the tears on her hot cheeks. Had he really been distressing her?—he sat silent and disturbed, not hearing the Old Testament quotations which Gran was still delivering with all the impressiveness of a very real anxiety.

Lil meanwhile ran out into the chill air of the autumn evening, to find Brough. Her whole frame was vibrating. Anything like vehement discussion or opposition always affected her more painfully than most people; and to-night she could scarcely control her excitability.

It was a clear moonlight night, and the long reach of river had all the charm of "faery seas forlorn."

Brough, down by the water's edge, was absorbed in contemplation of the scene of splendour. But a faint, distressed cry of "Papa!" reached his ear and startled him from his dreams. Turning, he saw Lil's white dress and rosy ribbons flying towards him; her feet came hurrying through the dry leaves which lay upon the ground.

"Oh Papa," she said, all trembling, "do go in! Gran is talking religion—and I suppose Charlie is provoked, for he is saying such dreadful things. Do go in and stop them!"

"You shivering little woman!" exclaimed Brough as he touched her; "you are hot and cold in patches. This is a nice state of things."

They were close to the boat house. Inside it hung a great rough rug, which Brough used when they went boating. He went and got this and wrapped her round in it, so that she was almost like a little mummy.

"You stop here a bit," he said, and walked off.

There was a French window opening from the drawing room on to the lawn. Brough went to it and tapped on the glass.

"Let me in, there's a good fellow," he called out to Charlie, who, starting up, came, and, undoing the bolts, opened the window wide to admit Brough and the dogs. Brough stood still, to Charlie's perplexity; but he quickly explained himself by pointing back over his shoulder, an action which he accompanied by an indescribable grimace. Charlie, looking, saw, afar off in the moonlight, a mummified-looking figure—a golden head at the top of its wrappings, and a white train at the other end. With a look of heartfelt gratitude to Brough, he rushed over the lawn, saying to himself as he went, "That old boy is a very good fellow, after all." Brough

stepped inside and closed the window, muttering, "I like the impetuosity of that youth; he's not such a prig as he seems."

Then he walked over to the fire, and, drawing up to it a capacious arm chair, established himself within the pleasant warmth. The dogs came too, with damp paws and noses, and, blinking their eyes at the heat, sat themselves on end to get warmed through. Gran looked at them through her spectacles, and, could they have been slain by a glance, they would then and there have given up the ghost; but, confident in their master's company, they remained indifferent to her wrath.

The two sat silent for some time. Brough had no desire to commence conversation; he did not consider his mother as a person open to any rational discussion. She regarded him as equally hopeless; but she was swayed by an emotion which he had not—a desire to influence events. Brough liked events to take care of themselves. Lil's marriage was a greater loss to him than to anyone else; but if the child must fall in love, why, she must. That was how he looked at it; and the man she loved could not be altered or changed by action or word of Brough's. So he took the matter philosophically, and felt grateful that Charlie Newman was a gentleman and capable of being in earnest.

But Gran, if she had religion, had no philosophy. She felt that, at all hazards, she must try and alter the course of events. She must save Lil's soul, if possible, from being finally given over to hell-fire by her connection with an avowed infidel. And so, after a while, when it became evident that Lil and her lover had taken themselves off, she made an attack upon Brough.

"Is it really the fact," she commenced, "that this young man has proposed for our dear child?"

"Proposed? — certainly," said Brough, looking up from the pages of a "heathen writer," which he had just taken from a shelf hard by.

"And do you intend giving your consent?" she asked with great earnestness.

"Why, yes; Lil seems inclined to marry him; he is a gentleman and a scholar. So, why not?"

"Ah, my son," said the old lady, "these are but trifling matters beside the important concerns of the soul. What is it that our dear child's future husband is gentlemanly or learned, if he is without principle, without religion, unwilling to guide her to the house of prayer, unable to raise her life from the shallow and frivolous into that of an earnest Christian soul striving for salvation?"

Brough made no response. So, after a scrutinising look at him, she proceeded.

"You know, my son, how my soul yearns over the child. I cannot see her thus rush into a career of irreligion without making an effort to save her from it. It grieves me to the heart to hear you speak so lightly of a matter so vital: a matter that concerns our child's eternal welfare. What is it that her partner should be a gentleman!—My prayer is not that he should have the outward seeming of gentility, but that he should be filled with the sanctity of religion. . . . Now, this young man has openly avowed himself an infidel, and I cannot but speak, although I know my words fall idly on ears like yours. You are without religion yourself—without the blessing of prayer—without the knowledge of God; how can I hope you will listen to me!"

Brough had risen from his chair, and was standing on the hearthrug, his head high in the air. His

mother had still the power to rouse him. He did not relish this wholesale accusation against that part of his nature which he most deeply gloried in.

"My dear mother," he said very slowly, and with a great appearance of calmness, "you are speaking without accurate information. I tell you that when I walk up and down beneath the trees in that garden I see God by my side; that I talk to Him and hear His voice in reply. Perhaps what you call prayer is this raising of the spirit into communion with God; but"—he turned to say this, for he had begun to stalk away—"I don't remember ever having specially asked Him about my own salvation; it would have seemed rather egotistical."

He again opened the French window; the dogs, at the sound, started impetuously from the hearth rug and joined him. He went out, closing it behind him, and strode across the lawn.

Nobody was visible, though he called "Baby," and walked all about the garden. He peered into the boat house; one of the boats was gone. "The young scamps!" he ejaculated aloud; and the dogs, finding themselves the only audience, wagged their tails, as if in approval of the sentiment. He looked out into the river, and presently, in response to a stentorian shout of "Baby," there came a light laugh across from the other side.

"Come in, you two," he shouted, "you will catch cold, and I want somebody to talk to."

A second after, the boat shot out from the shelter of some drooping trees, and Brough stood still to enjoy the sight; for in the magic moonlight Lil and her lover seemed a fairy prince and princess voyaging upon some dim and undiscovered sea of silver.

As they reached the shore Brough went down and lifted Lil out.

"It's getting late, baby," he said, "and you are cold. What bright eyes you have, you little scamp! Do you know I'm confoundedly hungry. We didn't eat any dinner. Couldn't you get Gran to bed, and come down again yourself? We might have a jolly supper."

"All right papa," laughed Lil, "I'll go and try." And she ran off to the house, scattering the dry fallen leaves with her swift feet and long white robe.

She found Gran sitting still by the fire, her hands folded in her lap, her face set with thoughtful perplexity.

"Grandmamma, isn't it time for bed?" said Lil cheerfully, as she knelt down to warm her hands.

Gran looked up.

"My dear," she said, "what does your father mean? He tells me that when he walks under the trees in the garden God is with him, and he talks to him. What can he mean? There is no open vision now. The word of the Lord was precious, even in the days of Samuel; for there was then no open vision. What does he mean?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Grandmamma," said naughty Lil, absently. Her eyes were on the fire; but what she saw was a scene in the moonlight, and her inner ears heard, not Gran's words, but the sound of another voice, which had this night been strangely persuasive.

"Ah, well," said Gran, with a certain stern resignation, "I cannot understand these wild words. I have the Scriptures, and follow in the light of the Lord's written word."

So saying, she gathered up her knitting and her spectacles, and put on her woollen shawl, and then

rose slowly and wearily to go to rest.

She was not much sadder than usual in consequence of her wilful children taking their own ways so plainly. Having put the matter aside, her manner to Lil was just the same, although she regarded her as obstinately bent upon marrying an infidel, and therefore doomed to eternal perdition.

Having seen Gran safe on the road to bed, Lil deliberately ran off. She retreated quietly without making known her intentions; for she did not want to have to submit just then to any more of Gran's searching questions. And an irregular supper would have scandalised Gran terribly at any time.

So Lil, throwing a white shawl over her shoulders—for, though she would not confess it, she had got a little chilled on the water—ran downstairs to the dining-room. Here she found a big fire: on the table were various amateur preparations for supper. The servants had gone to bed, and Brough had been investigating the larder on his own account. He was grilling slices of cold beef on the coals and making a salad at one and the same time; with Charlie Newman in active service under his directions. They were laughing and talking uproariously when Lil came in. She sat herself down in a little chair in the middle of the hearthrug like a small Queen of Bohemia as she was.

"Isn't this nice!" she said.

"Now," said Charlie. coming and standing in front of her, "Papa considers himself asked, and says 'All right:' am I still to ask Grandmamma?"

"Why, no," said Lil; "but you have been through what I meant you would have to go through when I said that; and I think you behaved very badly. I felt as if—"

"Now then, children, don't quarrel," interrupted Brough. "Here, Baby, eat this while it is hot. I believe you have been too excited to eat anything for a week."

"Papa," said Lil, taking her supper plate and looking at it contemplatively. "How is it that we three don't agree a bit, and yet we can get on so well; and that it is so different with Gran?"

"If we can't agree about anything else, we can agree to be jolly together," remarked Charlie, sagely.

"That's about it," said Brough. "The old lady is crystallised; she can't tolerate anybody of opposite views or different character from her own. One of the very few blessings of modern civilisation is tolerance. I strongly disapprove of both you children; but I like you uncommonly at the same time. If you fellows feel much the same, suppose we form a Mutual Toleration Society on the spot."

"Done!" cried Charlie, "here's to its health in a tumbler of claret."

And Gran, just going off to sleep, was scandalised and startled by distant sounds of merriment.

THE END.

CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS.

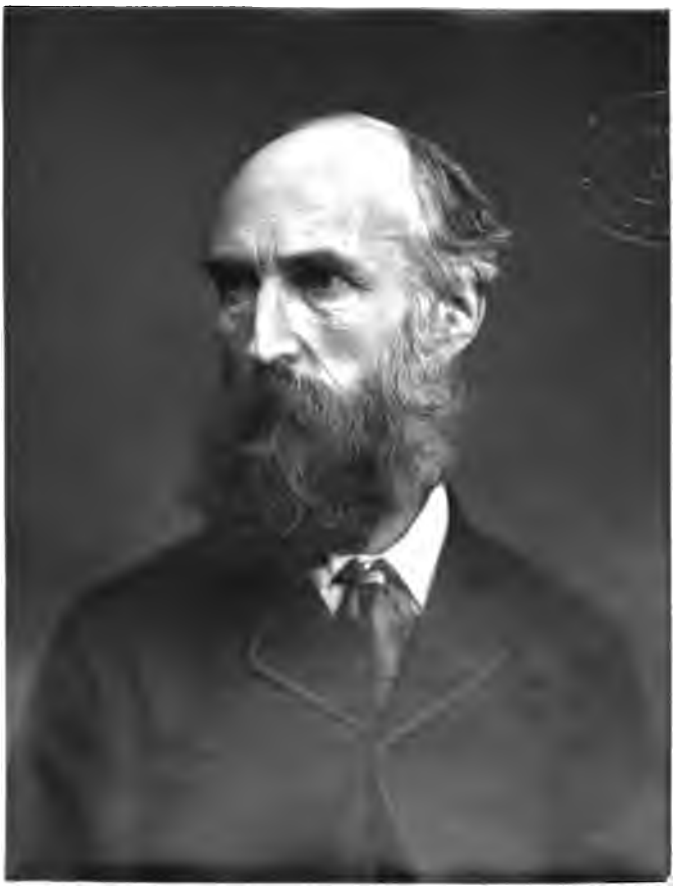
NEW SERIES.—No. 12.

WILLIAM SPOTTISWOODE, F.R.S., D.C.L., &c.

THE name of Spottiswoode has been known to the general public for a number of years, mainly by its appearance on the title-page of Bibles. But, among the members of learned societies and the circles of men of culture, Mr. William Spottiswoode has long borne a high and unquestioned reputation as a scientific scholar and author. Under the reclusive influence of advanced studies, he was too much absorbed in his unassuming pursuit of science to throw out a challenge for popular reputation; and when at the meeting of the British Association at Dublin, in August last, he delivered the inaugural address, many were doubtless taken by surprise with the magnitude of the scope of his observations, and the lucidity and order of his expositions. That address was a verification, if any were needed, of the too little considered fact that it is the quiet student that does the real work, and that those whose names are most noised about, and whose fragmentary works are so repeatedly gathered together into scrambling volumes—not to miss the popular demand of the moment—are not invariably the truest masters.

William Spottiswoode was born in London 11th January, 1825. He belongs to an ancient Scottish family, which has attained distinction from generation to generation not only in its native country, but also, by the force of its sturdy offshoots, in the New World.

The surname of Spottiswoode is of the soil, and was assumed by the owners of lands in the county of Berwick as soon as surnames became hereditary in Scotland. The male line, so says tradition, failed in the thirteenth century, when a member of the house of Gordon married the heiress and took her name. In the sixteenth century a John Spottiswoode was great in divinity and controversy, and a fosterer of the Reformation, his grandson again, of the same name, being Archbishop of Glasgow and of St. Andrews, and Lord High Chancellor of Scotland. In the seventeenth century there was a baronetcy in the family, held by Sir Robert Spottiswoode, President of the Court of Session, and in the



UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, 1878 WOODBURY MECHANICAL PROCESS

W. Scott Woodcock

eighteenth one of the name was an eminent Scotch advocate and author. The ancient form of the name was Spotteswod and Spottyswod, with other variations. Abroad the family name became Spotswood, and a considerable position was attained in the States by the Governor of Virginia, a wealthy slaveowner of the earlier half of the eighteenth century, who was a scion of the Scotch family, and was succeeded in the governorship by his son.

William Spottiswoode was educated first at a school at Laleham, kept by Dr. Buckland, Dr. Arnold's brother-in-law, where Matthew Arnold had been a few years before.

Spottiswoode was afterwards at Eton and at Harrow, at which latter school, in Dr. Wordsworth's time, he gained the Lyons scholarship, and proceeded to Balliol College, Oxford, in 1842. At the end of 1845 he took his B.A. degree, having gained a first-class in mathematics. In 1846 and 1847 he won mathematical scholarships.

On quitting Oxford he entered the house of Eyre and Spottiswoode, the well-known Queen's printers, in which his father, Andrew Spottiswoode, youngest brother of the Laird of Spottiswoode, then John Spottiswoode, was a partner. Of this printing business William soon took an active part in the management, and has continued it to the present time. The editor of "Men of the Time" seems to think it necessary to apologise for such a position being taken by Mr. Spottiswoode, as if it were under the pressure of some exceptionally hard fate. For ourselves we fail to see why, in a professedly educational age like the present, there should be any necessity to seek an apology even were a prince of the blood to become a printer.

As printers the firm have ever been distinguished, not only by their honorary connection with Her Majesty, but by the beauty and variety of their types, without which many a student's work would have fared ill. There are but few printing houses which go beyond English type and a fount or two of Greek, while for twenty years at least the firm in question and that of his brother (Spottiswoode and Co.) in New-street-square have had many varied founts of Greek and Hebrew, as well as of inscription Greek, Etruscan, Ethiopic, Sanskrit, Hindustani, Persian, Arabic, Bengali, Russian, Tamul, Syriac, Coptic, Irish, Anglo-Saxon, German, Swedish, and last, but not least, of music.

The engagements of business did not prevent William Spottiswoode from pursuing his studies, even of the most abstruse kind. In 1851, when he was twenty-six years old and had been a few years in business, he published a work entitled, "Elementary Theorems relating to Determinants," the seventy large quarto pages of which are terrible to look on to the unmathematical vision. But no doubt there are minds to which it is not only of interest but of some suggestive value to prove that "A symmetrical skew determinant of an odd order in general

vanishes, and the system has for its inverse an unsymmetrical skew system."

In addition to mathematics, Spottiswoode entered heartily into the study of philosophy, and of languages, both European and Oriental. But the pursuits of these abstruser studies has not resulted in the withdrawal of his attention from matters practical. He has shown an active interest in educational questions, manifesting especially a liberal feeling with regard to the status of the working classes, and taking ever a warm interest in plans for the amelioration of their condition.

Mr. Spottiswoode is a Master of Arts and Doctor of Laws of Oxford, and an honorary Doctor of Laws of the Universities of Edinburgh and of Dublin. As regards scientific dignities he is a fellow of the Royal Society, to which he has belonged for more than twenty years, and to which he became treasurer in 1871. He is a corresponding member of the Academy of Sciences in Paris. He is a fellow of the Astronomical, the Geographical, the Asiatic, and the Ethnological Societies, and also of the Society of Arts, and a contributor to many scientific periodicals, and to the Transactions of the learned societies to which he belongs. He was Public Examiner in Mathematics at Oxford twenty years ago, namely, in 1857-8; and in the first year of the Civil Service Commission he acted as an examiner, which function he has fulfilled also for the Society of Arts and the Middle Class Schools.

In addition to the mathematical work already named, Mr. Spottiswoode has printed for private circulation "Meditationes Analyticæ," the very title of which shows that with him mathematics is no task work, but an original pursuit upon which his mind delights to dwell. In 1874 he published in the "Nature Series" a volume upon the "Polarisation of Light." This work has reached a second edition. Although treating of a subject which cannot be entered without special study, Mr. Spottiswoode endeavoured to show that pure study was never unattended by collateral practical uses. Of the Nicol's Prism, he showed how homely use could be made in extinguishing the glare found on oil pictures placed in a bad light. Or a fisherman might use it to see the fish below the surface of the water. In this little work, too, the interesting discovery was discussed, how particles of dust or of water floating in the air scatter the solar rays and diffuse light. Some interesting experiments have lately been made showing how the blank darkness of a cavern, over which even the light of a blazing torch has so little power, is due to the absence from the stilly secluded air of the tiny reflective and refractive particles that soften and distribute the direct pulsations of the vibrant rays we call light.

In 1857 William Spottiswoode published "A Tarantasse Journey through Eastern Russia," which had been made in the autumn of 1856. A fresh unbiassed spirit shone through this work, which had

no political aim, but represented the interest felt by "a traveller to whom every square mile of this earth's surface is interesting, and the more so in proportion as it is less known." Mr. Spottiswoode received a vivid impression of the immense natural resources of the country, and another impression which may be given in his own words, as that which must be experienced by the traveller: "Nor, lastly, can the low intellectual development of the people—their apparent inability to adopt improvements or new ideas, the peculiarity of their religious notions—fail to remind him that, on entering Russia, he has already passed the limits of European life, and arrived at a region where western civilisation merely overlays Oriental barbarism, like one of their own fur cloaks thrown hastily over the limbs of a benumbed traveller, who, though still motionless and inactive, may some day be roused to a life as energetic as that exhibited by the rest of the western world." An interesting reference is made in this work to the migration, about a century from the present time, of half a million Kalmucks from Russia into China, preferring apparently the mild religion of Buddha to the sanguinary Christianity of the eastern branch of the Church.

Spottiswoode's imaginary conversation in a Buddhist temple which he visited in a Kalmuck village is peculiarly vigorous and lifelike, and shows that his study of Oriental religion has been both thorough and sympathetic. The westerner opens the conversation:

"'Who made the world?'

"'No one.'

"'How, then, do you account for its creation?'

"'It was not created at all; but came into existence of itself by natural causes.'

"'What are your views concerning the first man and woman; for there must have been a first pair from whom all men have descended?'

"'There was no such thing as a first man and woman; we have all sprung from those who, having previously ended their lives, have transmigrated into this world in the first age.'

"'How did sin enter into the world?'

"'By avarice, covetousness, anger, and the corrupted temper of man.'

"'Is the devil, or any other powerful spirit, the cause of sin?'

"'By no means.'

"'How is sin punished?'

"'By its own consequences.'

"'Does not the Supreme Being interfere so as sometimes to arrest a sinner, and sometimes to bring judgment upon him?'

"'No. A useless life brings another life after it, that the useless liver may live again more usefully; an impure life, that the impure liver may be purified.'

"'Do you not then believe that from this life men go to their final destination of reward or punishment?'

"'No. You Christians send your souls still impure from the contaminations of life into the presence of the All-Pure, and think to have them purified in a moment; whereas nothing in the world, not even a stewpan, is cleaned but by a gradual process.'"

The title of the work in which this brisk discussion appears may require a word of explanation: "Tarantasse" is the huge four-wheeled vehicle without springs, then the chief means of conveyance in Russia, a sort of barbarous compound of a barge and a barouche.

Mr. George Andrew Spottiswoode also is a traveller, and communicated to Galton's "Vacation Tourists in 1860" a sketch of "A Tour in Civil and Military Croatia and part of Hungary," which he made in company with his brother William.

Mr. Spottiswoode married on the 27th Nov. 1861 the eldest daughter of the late William Urquhart Arbuthnot, Esq., a very distinguished member of the Council of India. He resides at Combe Bank, Sevenoaks, in which pleasant part of Kent — perhaps the most beautiful country within a little over half an hour's rail from town—he has a fine property. In London he has a house in Grosvenor Place.

Mr. Spottiswoode possesses in his laboratory some very fine and even unique instruments. Among these may be mentioned an immense induction coil; the largest ever made. Some idea of its size and powers may be formed from the fact that the secondary wire is no less than 280 miles in length. It would, in fact, if extended, reach from his residence in Kent to York. The electric spark, or flash of lightning, which it is capable of yielding, is upwards of forty inches in length. The instrument has been described at length in the *Philosophical Magazine* for January, 1877. Besides this, his collection of instruments for the polarisation of light are no less remarkable for their size, power, and perfection. Their effects have been shown on several occasions at the Royal Institution.

The time which he is enabled to bestow upon scientific pursuits is wholly dependent upon the claims of business, but, by dint of early rising, he generally succeeds in securing a little time each day for his favourite studies. But this small margin of leisure is not infrequently encroached upon by correspondence of one kind or another.

It may in part be due to the absence of the professional element in Mr. Spottiswoode's scientific studies, that in his mode of regarding his pursuit he reminds us of the old philosophers rather than the modern scientists. Formerly the object of science, inadequately as in the old days it was pursued compared with the advantages offered by modern mechanical appliances, was the expansion of the human mind and the enlargement of human knowledge. At the present day there is a visible

tendency to make science its own end and universe, and to undervalue matters of human interest that have occupied the field of thought for thousands of years. This attitude tends to cramp the mind rather than broaden or strengthen it, and leads to a bigotry, dogmatism, depreciation, and intolerance that in the interest of mental growth and freedom ought to be exploded.

On this head Professors Virchow and Tyndall, both much misunderstood by their critics, have lately offered some very reasonable and seasonable cautions to those who are inclined to consider that the entire universe has been mapped out and delineated by modern science. (See the *Nineteenth Century* for November, 1878.)

Dr. Spottiswoode's famous address at the meeting of the British Association, if we rightly read it, is also a protest against that contraction of the range of thought, which, under the plea of scientific exactitude, leads to dogmatism and fosters a tendency to professorial assertiveness. He shows both the strength and the weakness inherent in the provinces of science, and confesses that, however well defined any province may be under its own discoverable laws, the undiscovered still encircles it and shows paths everywhere leading to indefinite mystery beyond.

Treating of the range of subjects open for scientific investigation, Mr. Spottiswoode spoke as follows, in words weighty enough indeed to make us appreciate that the world is not yet so compressed as to be wholly shut up within the bottle of scientific materialism:

"It must be borne in mind that, while on the one hand knowledge is distinct from opinion, from feeling, and from all other modes of subjective impression, still the limits of knowledge are at all times expanding, and the boundaries of the known and the unknown are never rigid or permanently fixed. That which in time past or present has belonged to one category, may in time future belong to the other. Our ignorance consists partly in ignorance of actual facts, and partly also in ignorance of the possible range of ascertainable fact. If we could lay down beforehand precise limits of possible knowledge, the problem of physical science would be already half solved. But the question to which the scientific explorer has often to address himself is, not merely whether he is able to solve this or that problem, but whether he can so far unravel the tangled threads of the matter with which he has had to deal as to weave them into a definite problem at all. He is not like a candidate at an examination with a precise set of questions placed before him; he must first himself act the part of the examiner and select questions from the repertory of nature, and upon them found others, which in some sense are capable of definite solution. If his eye seem dim, he must look steadfastly and with hope into the misty vision, until the very clouds wreath themselves into definite forms. If his ear seem

dull, he must listen patiently and with sympathetic trust to the intricate whisperings of nature—the goddess, as she has been called, of a hundred voices—until here and there he can pick out a few simple notes to which his own powers can resound. If, then, at a moment when he finds himself placed on a pinnacle from which he is called upon to take a perspective survey of the range of science, and to tell us what he can see from his vantage ground; if, at such a moment, after straining his gaze to the very verge of the horizon, and, after describing the most distant and well-defined objects, he should give utterance also to some of the subjective impressions which he is conscious of receiving from regions beyond; if he should depict possibilities which seem opening to his view; if he should explain why he thinks this a mere blind alley and that an open path; then the fault and the loss would be alike ours if we refused to listen calmly, and temperately to form our own judgment on what we hear; then assuredly it is we who would be committing the error of confounding matters of fact and matters of opinion, if we failed to discriminate between the various elements contained in such a discourse, and assumed that they had all been put on the same footing."

Of his own especial science, Mathematics, Mr. Spottiswoode modestly spoke as of one so remote from contact with ordinary experience that detailed analysis of its progress would fail to be generally intelligible. This isolating quality he showed to reside more or less in every branch of science:

"Although in its technical character mathematical science suffers the inconveniences, while it enjoys the dignity, of its Olympian position; still, in a less formal garb, or in disguise, if you are pleased so to call it, it is found present at many an unexpected turn; and, although some of us may never have learnt its special language, not a few have, all through our scientific life, and even in almost every accurate utterance, like Molière's well-known character, been talking mathematics without knowing it. It is, moreover, a fact not to be overlooked that the appearance of isolation, so conspicuous in mathematics, appertains in a greater or less degree to all other sciences, and perhaps also to all pursuits in life. In its highest flight each soars to a distance from its fellows. Each is pursued alone for its own sake, and without reference to its connection with, or its application to, any other subject. The pioneer and the advanced guard are of necessity separated from the main body, and in this respect mathematics does not materially differ from its neighbours."

Here is a suggestion of the infinitesimal, showing how the wonder of the universe is yet the despair of our earthly eyesight:

"Of the nodes and ventral segments in the plate of the telephone which actually converts sound into electricity and electricity into sound, we can at present form no conception. All that can now be said is that

the most perfect specimens of Chladni's sand figures on a vibrating plate, or of Kundt's lycopodium heaps in a musical tube, or even Mr. Sedley Taylor's more delicate vortices in the films of the phoneidoscope, are rough and sketchy compared with these. For notwithstanding the fact that in the movements of the telephone-plate we have actually in our hand the solution of that old-world problem the construction of a speaking-machine, yet the characters in which that solution is expressed are too small for our powers of decipherment. In movements such as these we seem to lose sight of the distinction, or perhaps we have unconsciously passed the boundary between massive and molecular motion."

Perhaps in his laudation of statistics Mr. Spottiswoode goes a little too far; he says:

"Without its aid social life, or the History of Life and Death, could not be conceived at all, or only in the most superficial manner. Without it we could never attain to any clear ideas of the condition of the poor, we could never hope for any solid amelioration of their condition or prospects. Without its aid, sanitary measures, and even medicine, would be powerless. Without it, the politician and the philanthropist would alike be wandering over a trackless desert."

This saying would have been puzzling a few thousand years ago, when the laws of hospitality protected each wandering wight, or in a golden age when without being included in any statistical return a man could be ever sure of the love of his fellows nearest at hand. We need not doubt the truth of the value of the statistical method, but that value shows mostly in a state of things like the present when even philanthropy is wont to be pursued by division of labour, and with remoteness of the object from the benefactor.

The following most charming passage shows something of the poetic instinct in Mr. Spottiswoode, a recognition of the underlying life in all things, the mystery which is flouted by the bigoted certitudinarian. The passage is in illustration of anomalies, and what are called imaginaries in mathematics:

"If we turn from art to letters, truth to nature and to fact is undoubtedly a characteristic of sterling literature; and yet in the delineation of outward nature itself, still more in that of feelings and affections, of the secret springs of character and motives of conduct, it frequently happens that the writer is driven to imagery, to an analogy, or even to a paradox, in order to give utterance to that of which there is no direct counterpart in recognised speech. And yet which of us cannot find a meaning for these literary figures, an inward response to imaginative poetry, to social fiction, or even to those tales of giant and fairyland written, it is supposed, only for the nursery or school room? But in order thus to reanimate these things with a meaning beyond that

of the mere words, have we not to reconsider our first position, to enlarge the ideas with which we started; have we not to cast about for something which is common to the idea conveyed and to the subject actually described, and to seek for the sympathetic spring which underlies both; have we not, like the mathematician, to go back as it were to some first principles, or as it is pleasanter to describe it, to become again as a little child?"

Readers of a paper in the *University Magazine*, of May 1878, upon "The Mystery of the Fourth Dimension of Space," may be interested in Mr. Spottiswoode's approach to the same subject, which is purely from the mathematical side. The mathematical aspect of the fourth dimension is quite orderly, while no other treatment of the subject will place the fourth dimension on the same physical plane as the three with which our senses are familiar; and it has perhaps been misleading, out of mathematics, to use the phrase "fourth dimension of space," when what was meant was occult quality of matter.

Mr. Spottiswoode's study of the subject is as follows; it will be observed that he brings us to a mathematical conception, not only of fourfold, but of manifold space:

"The addition of a fourth dimension to space not only extends the actual properties of geometrical figures, but it also adds new properties which are often useful for the purposes of transformation or of proof. Thus it has recently been shown that in four dimensions a closed material shell could be turned inside out by simple flexure, without either stretching or tearing, and that in such a space it is impossible to tie a knot. . . . .

"As to every algebraical problem involving unknown quantities or variables by ones, or by twos, or by threes, there corresponds a problem in geometry of one or of two or of three dimensions, so on the other it may be said that to every algebraical problem involving many variables there corresponds a problem in geometry of many dimensions."

"A point may have any singly infinite multitude of positions in a line, which gives a onefold system of points in a line. The line may revolve in a plane about any one of its points, giving a two-fold system of points in a plane; and the plane may revolve about any one of the lines, giving a three-fold system of points in space.

"Suppose, however, that we take a straight line as our element, and conceive space as filled with such lines. This will be the case if we take two planes, *e.g.*, two parallel planes, and join every point in one with every point in the other. Now the points in a plane form a two-fold system, and it therefore follows that the system of lines is four-fold; in other words, space regarded as a plenum of lines is four-fold. The same result follows from the consideration that the lines in a plane, and the planes through a point, are each two-fold.

"Again, if we take a sphere as our element, we can through any point as a centre draw a singly infinite number of spheres, but the number of such centres is triply infinite; hence space as a plenum of spheres is four-fold. And generally, space as a plenum of surfaces has a manifoldness equal to the number of constants required to determine the surface.

"If we take a circle as our element we can around any point in a plane as a centre draw a singly infinite system of circles; but the number of such centres in a plane is doubly infinite; hence the circles in a plane form a three-fold system, and as the planes in space form a three-fold system, it follows that space as a plenum of circles is six-fold.

"Again, if we take a circle as our element, we may regard it as a section either of a sphere, or of a right cone (given except in position) by a plane perpendicular to the axis. In the former case the position of the centre is three-fold; the directions of the plane, like that of a pencil of lines perpendicular thereto, two-fold; and the radius of the sphere one-fold; six-fold in all. In the latter case, the position of the vertex is three-fold; the direction of the axis two-fold; and the distance of the plane of section one-fold; six-fold in all, as before. Hence space as a plenum of circles is six-fold.

"Similarly, if we take a conic as our element we may regard it as a section of a right cone (given except in position) by a plane. If the nature of the conic be defined, the plane of section will be inclined at a fixed angle to the axis; otherwise it will be free to take any inclination whatever. This being so, the position of the vertex will be three-fold, the direction of the axis two-fold, the distance of the plane of section from the vertex one-fold, and the direction of that plane one-fold if the conic be defined, two-fold if it be not defined. Hence, a space as a plenum of definite conics will be seven-fold, as a plenum of conics in general, eight-fold. And so on for curves of higher degrees.

"This is in fact the whole story and mystery of manifold space. If not seriously regarded as a reality in the same sense as ordinary space, it is a mode of representation, or a method which, having served its purpose, vanishes from the scene. Like a rainbow, if we try to grasp it, it eludes our very touch; but, like a rainbow, it arises out of real conditions of known and tangible quantities, and if rightly apprehended it is a true and valuable expression of natural laws, and serves a definite purpose in the science of which it forms part."

To the mind that on first consideration of the subject is a trifle overborne by being asked to regard solid space in its eight-fold dimensions as a plenum of conics, it may be refreshing to turn to Mr. Spottiswoode's illustrative references:

"If we seek a counterpart of this in common life, I might remind you that perspective in drawing is itself a method not altogether dissimilar

to that of which I have been speaking; and that the third dimension of space, as represented in a picture, has its origin in the painter's mind, and is due to his skill, but has no real existence upon the canvas which is the groundwork of his art. Or again, turning to literature, when in legendary tales, or in works of fiction, things past and future are pictured as present, has not the poetic fancy brought time into correlation with the three dimensions of space, and brought all alike to a common focus? Or once more, when space already filled with material substances is mentally peopled with immaterial beings, may not the imagination be regarded as having added a new element to the capacity of space, of a fourth dimension of which there is no evidence in experimental fact?"

After a criticism of the question whether research in pure mathematics has not now so far outstripped practical application as to have become useless, Mr. Spottiswoode's address contains a most interesting note upon mechanical appliances:

"Mr. Babbage, when speaking of the difficulty of insuring accuracy in the long numerical calculations of theoretical astronomy, remarked that the science which in itself is the most accurate and certain of all had, through these difficulties, become inaccurate and uncertain in some of its results. And it was doubtless some such consideration as this, coupled with his dislike of employing skilled labour where unskilled labour would suffice, which led him to the invention of his calculating machines. The idea of substituting mechanical for intellectual power has not lain dormant; for beside the arithmetical machines, whose name is legion (from Napier's Bones, Earl Stanhope's calculator, to Schultz's and Thomas's machines now in actual use), an invention has lately been designed for even a more difficult task. Prof. James Thomson has in fact recently constructed a machine which, by means of the mere friction of a disc, a cylinder, and a ball, is capable of effecting a variety of the complicated calculations which occur in the highest application of mathematics to physical problems. By its aid it seems that an unskilled labourer may, in a given time, perform the work of ten skilled arithmeticians. The machine is applicable alike to the calculation of tidal, of magnetic, of meteorological, and perhaps also of all other periodic phenomena. It will solve differential equations of the second and perhaps of even higher orders. And through the same invention the problem of finding the free motions of any number of mutually attracting particles, unrestricted by any of the approximate suppositions required in the treatment of the lunar and planetary theories, is reduced to the simple process of turning a handle. When Faraday had completed the experimental part of a physical problem, and desired that it should thenceforward be treated mathematically, he used irreverently to say, 'Hand it over to the calculators.' But truth is ever stranger than

fiction; and if he had lived until our day he might with perfect propriety have said, 'Hand it over to the machine.'"

The following gives us the moral aspect of mathematical terms, and is most suggestive:

"Number was so soon found to be a principle common to many branches of knowledge that it was readily assumed to be the key to all. It gave distinctness of expression, if not clearness of thought, to ideas which were floating in the untutored mind, and even suggested to it new conceptions. In 'the one' 'the all,' 'the many in one' (terms of purely arithmetic origin), it gave the earliest utterance to men's first crude notions about God and the world. In 'the equal,' 'the solid,' 'the straight,' and 'the crooked,' which still survive as figures of speech among ourselves, it supplied a vocabulary for the moral notions of mankind, and quickened them by giving them the power of expression. In this lies the great and enduring interest in the fragments which remain to us of the Pythagorean philosophy."

On the other hand, Mr. Spottiswoode sees how a thin mathematical theosophy, under the guise of mysticism, has injured rather than aided truly religious conceptions:

"Mathematics have often been brought in to matters where their presence has been of doubtful utility. If they have given precision to literary style, that precision has sometimes been carried to excess, as in Spinoza and perhaps Descartes; if they have tended to clearness of expression in philosophy, that very clearness has sometimes given an appearance of finality not always true; if they have contributed to definition in theology, that definitiveness has often been fictitious, and has been attained at the cost of spiritual meaning."

Mr. Spottiswoode sees beyond the present conflict of science with old-world wisdom and literature a time of hope when "the outcomings of science, which at one time have been deemed to be but stumbling-blocks scattered in the way, may ultimately prove stepping-stones which have been carefully laid to form a pathway over difficult places for the children of 'sweetness and of light.'"

His definitions of his own science are valuable:

"Mathematics does not indeed contribute elements of fact, which must be sought elsewhere; but she sifts and regulates them; she proclaims the laws to which they must conform if those elements are to issue in precise results. From the data of a problem she can infallibly extract all possible consequences, whether they be those first sought, or others not anticipated; but she can introduce nothing which was not latent in the original statement. Mathematics cannot tell us whether there be or be not limits to time or space; but to her they are both of indefinite extent, and this in a sense which neither affirms nor denies that they are either infinite or finite. Mathematics can tell us nothing of the origin of matter,

of its creation or its annihilation; she deals only with it in a state of existence; but within that state its modes of existence may vary from our most elementary conception to our most complex experience. Mathematics can tell us nothing beyond the problems which she specifically undertakes; she will carry them to their limit, but there she stops, and upon the great region beyond she is imperturbably silent."

Mr. Spottiswoode's wonderful exposition concludes with the following thoughtful words, upon the difficult question of the relation of definitely verifiable information which is known as knowledge, and those instincts and fleeting immeasurable gleams that tell of life, of the reality of which our present faculties, however trained, are not the arbiters. Of the mathematician he says:

"While on the one hand he accords to his neighbours full liberty to regard the unknown in whatever way they are led by the noblest powers that they possess, so on the other he claims an equal right to draw a clear line of demarcation between that which is a matter of knowledge, and that which is at all events something else, and to treat the one category as fairly claiming our assent, the other as open to further evidence. And yet, when he sees around him those whose aspirations are so fair, whose impulses so strong, whose receptive faculties so sensitive, as to give objective reality to what is often but a reflex from themselves, or a projected image of their own experience, he will be willing to admit that there are influences which he cannot as yet either fathom or measure, but whose operation he must recognise among the facts of our existence."

This is the position for the reasonable man of science; he will be open-minded, as the religious philosophers of old; he will not parcel out a narrow field on which alone the world is to walk bowing down to his discoveries within it; he will not follow the ecclesiastical traditions of intolerance, but the earlier and truer law of sympathy for others. In proclaiming from the platform of science the fine moral lesson contained in his recent address, Mr. Spottiswoode deserves the deepest respect of every lover of the best kind of freedom and progress.

THE DISTRESSED GENTLEWOMAN.

MUCH has been written of late years on the great difficulty of finding work whereby ladies who are of the better class and of delicate nurture, but have been trained to no special vocation, may support themselves. The subject is brought so closely home to all in these days of ups and downs, and conceals within itself so much real and unobtrusive suffering, that even fragmentary information upon it cannot but be welcome, and especially to the more thoughtful members of the reading public who enjoy a time and leisure that the busy skimmer of the daily paper rarely knows. Philanthropists of many descriptions are making efforts to strike out new grooves of work for women in most unexpected directions, and doubtless succeeding generations will largely reap the benefit of the improved training that our girls are beginning to be able to receive in various branches. The difficulty, however, now lies with the mass of middle-aged and elderly women who, through reverses or ill-health, or loss of relatives, have lost the means of living. Without further apology I will relate a few of the stubborn facts—of which, indeed, there is no lack—relative to the subject. At the Governesses Benevolent Institution the other day I was told, for instance, that they had over nine hundred names down for situations, while it would be wild to hope that they had even one hundred vacancies. Miss Faithfull frequently advertises that she can recommend fifty qualified housekeepers, nursery governesses, &c. At Mrs. Crawshay's office for lady helps I hear the candidates are in the proportion of about twenty for every single situation offering that requires no special training or experience.

The initiated have only to glance down the columns of the daily papers to see how many innocent and anxious women there must be seeking work to make it worth an agent's while to put in day after day such advertisements as the following:

"A housekeeper wanted to a widower with one child. Servant kept. Comfortable home."

"Companion wanted to go abroad. Liberal salary."

"Nursery governess required for two children, five and seven. No accomplishments."

A number of unsuspecting candidates, not yet alive to the bitter realities of life, start off by an early train or omnibus, in the hope of being first on the field, to find the address given is a registry office, where they are politely informed that the vacancy is just filled, but, if they will leave their name and pay the usual fee, they shall have the next chance. Many must do this, or we should not see the same advertisement, with the same address, so often. These agents know well the kind of situation most eagerly sought after, and fatten on the credulity of their anxious victims.

"But," a gentleman asked me the other day, "what eventually becomes of these poor ladies?

When their funds are exhausted, what is the next step when they can no longer pay their lodging?" What indeed? A lady came to me not long ago to ask if I could in any way help her to work; she was fifty years of age, and had always looked forward to being comfortably off in her old age; but before her expectations were realised, a quibbling question arose, and the law gave a whole property, in which she and several others had reasonably expected to share, to a nephew, who, when she asked him for some little help, opened the door for her, and politely wished her good morning. She was a pleasant, active, cheerful lady, who in her earlier years had reared and chaperoned (though not taught) the daughters of a titled widower, from whom she had a high written testimonial. But he was since dead, his daughters were married and gone abroad; and employers are far more exacting about the number and character of the references of any lady they may think of taking into their service, than of an ordinary domestic servant, who is so much more difficult to obtain. There is, however, another reason for the precaution. I lately heard this explanation of the fact: If you get a *lady* who is dishonest or disreputable, she is so very much worse than a "common woman;" and I think this view of the case at least a justifiable one. My lady of the fifty years told me that she had spent over eight pounds in as many weeks, simply in answering advertisements and in journeying about seeking work. She rose one morning at six, and walked from Bayswater to Fulham to make sure of being the first to see a gentleman who required a companion and chaperone for his daughters. After a long interview he introduced her to his girls, and very kindly drove her himself back to town, to all appearances perfectly satisfied. The next day she received a polite note, stating that he would prefer to take a widow who had had children of her own. It would have been well if he could have thought of this when he framed his advertisement. A day or two afterwards, she started forth again, on a pouring wet day, to a country house, an hour's journey from London. She left home at one, and did not get back until eight p.m., and, though she went by appointment, a cup of tea with the lady of the house, without even a biscuit, was all the refreshment offered her, and she had her dreary journey back in the wet, her fifty years having lost her the position as head nurse which she had hoped to obtain. How many similar cases of such disheartening disappointment there must be, of poor ladies returning unsuccessful from some hopeful quest, to their solitary room, to look anxiously into the dwindling contents of their purse, and begin once more diligently conning the advertisements in any papers they can command! Ladies frequently tell me that they are parting with articles of clothing, and do not know where they shall turn when that source is exhausted. They walk our streets looking well dressed and respectable, but are truly sometimes faint and exhausted for want of sufficient food; even hope becomes nearly crushed out of them, so often has the race been won, when they were even within sight of the goal, by some one younger, stronger, or able to take less pay than themselves. Indeed, this last matter of pay, especially in regard to daily work, is brought to a terribly low figure by the fact that so many ladies are willing to take situations from other reasons than hard necessity. Girls, whose hopes of a home of their own are begin-

ning to falter, who are active and energetic, and have no special duties at home, often and very reasonably think that they would like work that will carry them out into the world every day, and bring them besides a few extra pounds for dress and pocket money, which, earned by oneself, is always a great temptation. There are many so situated, and they can afford to work for half the salary that a woman who has to provide her board and lodging must ask, if she is to keep body and soul together. A small bedroom at six or seven shillings a week, where they may hide their poverty, where no one may know whether they dine or not, or notice how shabby their dresses are, is for many all that constitutes the lovely word "home." There are in London very many homes of different grades for gentlewomen; at all those of the better class the charge is at least 15s. a week, a sum which, moderate as it seems, soon drains the slender savings of a governess if a situation is not quickly found; whilst it is quite beyond the reach of lady clerks and daily governesses who are paid at the rate of £30 a year. I heard but a short time ago of a lady at Notting Hill who required a daily governess for two little girls, to teach them music, drawing, and French thoroughly, hours ten to five—£30 a year and lunch being the remuneration. The situation was obtained by a lady living at home who only wanted pocket money. It would be difficult to show, either in fact or in figures, how any lady dependent on her work for subsistence could pay her lodging, breakfast, supper, and laundress, and dress suitably, on such a sum?

Miss Miller, a wealthy and benevolent lady, has within the last year or two opened a ladies' home in Wigmore-street on a most excellent plan. One or two large rooms are divided, by wooden partitions reaching almost to the ceiling, into small compartments, after the manner adopted in some of our large colleges for the boys' dormitories. Each compartment contains bed, washstand, chest of drawers, &c., and for one of these a lady pays five shillings a week, which includes the use of sheets and towels. A charwoman does all scrubbing, but each lady makes her own bed and keeps her compartment neat and orderly, hot and cold water and every convenience for so doing being close at hand. Each lady, too, cleans her own boots, the arrangements for so doing being also close by. There are two or three separate bed rooms which can be rented by ladies who can afford to pay a little more weekly rent. There is a large general sitting-room where all meals are taken, and where the ladies sit when at home. All food is supplied from an eating-house adjoining, which eating-house is under the superintendence of a committee of ladies, who take it in turns to be present at the dinner hour and see that the acting manager carries out his contract and that order prevails. At this restaurant many girls from the neighbouring shops dine; everything is plain and simple, but clean and well served, and the prices are most reasonable—half a pint of soup for a penny, a plate of roast beef, with two vegetables, fourpence; a piece of pudding, a penny; a large cup of tea, coffee, or cocoa, a penny; two pieces of bread and butter, a penny; and so on. The ladies in Miss Miller's home are served at the same prices, and thus have the great advantage over a fixed weekly tariff, that they only pay for what they actually have; and, if out hunting after a situation, need not pay twice for their dinner;

or if invited to dine with a friend there is so much saved to their small store.

There would be no difficulty in filling several more such homes if the benevolent people to start them were forthcoming, and they seem to be a very innocent form of charity.

Miss Miller has, I believe, spent something like a thousand pounds in the establishment of this home. She has eight or nine ladies living there who have daily employment, and the other ladies in the house would be only too glad if they could also get work, and make their present refuge their permanent home. Such homes require special management to make them genial and happy, and to quell the discontent and grumbling which so often arise where a number are clubbed together. Miss Miller seems especially happy in this respect.

She does not, however, care to take elderly ladies, rightly arguing that the rules and arrangements for younger ladies must of necessity in some respects be stringent, and it is better to limit one's efforts to a class all of whom can come under the same rule. There is in Sackville-street a more pronouncedly charitable Home for old governesses and ladies of reduced means; but this does not, I believe, take elderly ladies still capable of work.

The Young Women's Christian Association has several homes in different parts of London. At these only three shillings a week is paid for a bed, several young women, of course, sharing a room; and meals are paid for as they are taken, at very moderate prices; but as a rule these homes are not frequented so much by gentlewomen as by the class next below them.

The immense difficulty about a lady's living alone, in most parts of London, can scarcely be realised by the carefully sheltered mothers and sisters of our land; and would perhaps be scarcely credited by numbers of the other sex.

I should be slow to believe in such a difficulty as a practical one if sundry cases had not come under my own immediate notice. The existence of the demi-monde, whose members swarm in certain neighbourhoods, makes all the respectable inhabitants of such quarters absolutely refuse to have anything to say to a single lady as a lodger.

Some months ago, a lady in whom I was much interested was successful in obtaining daily work in a high-class private office near Portman-square. She was, as usual, poorly paid, and added to her small salary by doing literary and other work at home in the evening. This made it necessary for her to live alone, where she could command quiet evenings, and being quite old enough to take care of herself, and having a little furniture of her own, she set forth in quest of a quiet, airy, unfurnished room, within a walk of her daily work. Many people would not let her inside their doors even to look at a room. "Oh, we could not take a single lady," was the reply everywhere. A very civil shopkeeper in Baker-street was on the point of showing her a room he had to let upstairs, when he suddenly paused and asked very politely, "Are you married, please?" and, on receiving a negative regretted that they only took married people; and once more, ashamed and indignant, she turned away.

At last, in answer to an advertisement she had seen, she knocked at a door, which quickly flew wide open to admit her. It was the first time a door had been opened more than a few inches when she made her inquiry, and she felt cheered. A plump and kindly bustling dame

received her in the dining-room, and gave her all particulars, and she hoped that at last her weary search was ended. But, alas! when she told her success to a friend living near, she learnt, to her horror, that the landlady was anything but what she should be, and had been turned out of a neighbouring street not long before by the authorities for keeping an improper house!

Another lady met with almost the same treatment in the neighbourhood of Gower-street. She was a clergyman's daughter from the country, attending the Slade life-class at London University; and, being delicate in health, it was necessary that she should be moderately near her work. With her brother's wife she tramped the neighbourhood for two or three hours, trying every house where a bill advertised "furnished lodgings." But the universal reply was a civil refusal to a single lady, the climax of the disheartening search coming from an impudent maid, who, exclaiming, "We don't take no females here," slammed the door in their faces. She was afterwards successful in obtaining some small rooms, where she was moderately comfortable, and too busy with her work ever to suspect the fact, which she learned long after she had left, that her landlady was, to speak very mildly, what men would call "shady." Cases might even be cited of rooms having been taken by a married couple in a street of pleasant seeming, and their finding some of the more knowing of their friends look askance at their address. This shows but too clearly the difficulty which a single lady has to face in her search for shelter.

The difficulty which is often experienced by married couples in finding rooms suitable to small means is naturally a much more serious one for the spinster; and, as a matter of fact, in many parts of London rooms at a moderate rental can only be obtained in a house where the landlady drinks, or is in some other way unpopular, and shunned by those who can pay a higher price.

If the Malthusian theory could be modified, and it were possible to arrange that no girls should be born, but only boys, for the next few years, matters might gradually improve. As it is, there seems little prospect of it. I have been informed, but have no means of verifying the fact, that in Hampstead alone the women are seven thousand in excess of the men. There is no doubt, however, that very many more gentlewomen have to earn their own living in these latter days than ever were so compelled in past years. Hence arises the necessity of not only opening fresh fields of work, but of lightening the present difficulties of living to the workers.

Mrs. Robert Crawshay started some three years ago a form of well doing of which she appears to be growing rather weary. This was a scheme for placing gentlewomen as upper servants in large households, as gentlewomen were so numerous and servants so scarce, and in some departments her project has been successful and has helped many. As head nurse in a well-to-do household, a lady has as comfortable a position as a governess—she is, like a cook in her kitchen, an autocrat in her own department, especially if there is a baby; for what mother would not give anything to a nurse who understood "baby," rather than part with her? But so few of the present unoccupied ladies have qualified themselves to take charge of a baby, and so many look scared at the idea, that nursing is not

likely to absorb the army of the destitute at present. These work-seekers would readily undertake children four, five, and six years old, out of their dangerous teething time, but not yet arrived at "accomplishments." It is the same with cooking. Cooking is better paid than almost any other kind of work that an unaccomplished lady can undertake; and, with the facilities now offering at South Kensington, a lady with any foundational knowledge of, and a taste for, culinary work may soon perfect herself, when as a teacher she can command from £60 to a £100 a year or even more; or as a lady-help, may get a comfortable home and good salary. And in these days a good cook will not soil her hands with any undainty work, be she servant or lady born. A gentleman lately applied at Mrs. Crawshay's office for two ladies, one as nursery governess to his children, one as cook-housekeeper. He offered a salary of £20 for the first, and £50 for the second; and did not mind whether she was a lady or a servant if she could cook. A difficulty often arises in taking a lady cook into a household, about the servants' hall dinner, it being, of course, the place of the cook-housekeeper to preside, which duty no prosperous lady-help will agree to do, and which few employers will waive. The same difficulty occurs when a lady nurse objects to carrying the baby or wheeling a perambulator, though why either should be considered "menial" it is hard to say; but these prejudices of society are quite terrible in their strength, and many people require to be humbled in a very sharp school of adversity before they will yield to necessity, and give up what perhaps may seem the last shred of their lost gentility.

The Misses Faithfull carry out a much wider work, their busy office being besieged throughout the day by all classes; their personal and untiring superintendence being given to every department, and nothing but such a practical daily experience with employers and employed can truly teach the difficulties of helping others.

The Ladies' Guild of Work is a society that does much to help ladies in reduced circumstances, not only by finding situations for them, but by obtaining for them many kinds of temporary work whilst out of regular employ, even such work as teaching a favourite servant to read and write being gratefully undertaken. Some of the associates of the guilds give kindly aid in other ways, by taking a delicate or over-tired worker an occasional drive; others will even have one to stay for a few weeks at their country house, the fresh air and good living enabling the poor faded gentlewoman to return with renewed vigour to work. In such ways much may be done, at no very heavy trouble or cost, to lighten a life of toil. How very many there are whose work keeps them in London nearly all the year round, who would be grateful, especially during the summer months, when so many families are out of town, for the privilege of sitting in the deserted squares or in the private inclosures of parks or gardens? Last summer I often noticed a lady who lived in lodgings in a small street near Manchester-square; she was evidently delicate, and not able to walk far, and used to go and lean against the square railings, and gaze so wistfully at the empty seats on the fresh green grass under the cool waving boughs, that I wished I had the key to offer to her. It may be said that Hyde Park is close by, and that a two-penny omnibus would have taken her to the gates; but to spend

money on luxuries was probably beyond her dreams, and on a bright day it is very difficult to find an empty seat in the park. A worker of this kind took a book one lovely Sunday morning in early summer into Regent's Park, intending to read quietly there; but every seat was fully occupied, and it was too early in the year to sit upon the grass; I saw her patiently leaning against a tree, thinking some seat would be vacated soon, but the fortunate possessors were too happy basking in the sunshine to move till they were obliged, and she returned home without once sitting down. Numerous chairs were placed about in most tempting positions under shady trees, but, had she sat on one for a minute, a being would have sprung from some mysterious hiding place to demand a penny—not a large sum, it is true, but a very appreciable fraction of a day's wage at twenty pounds a year.

I mention these trifling incidents in reply to the many who cry out of the wealthless classes, "They have the parks."

Numbers of people have ordinary day tickets for the Botanical Gardens that lie unused by anyone. I have known tickets for the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces cast away with the remark, "We don't know who to give them to." Yet how much a day on either of those breezy hills means to a constant dweller in bricks and mortar!

I must not close this homely and imperfect sketch of some of the difficulties and some of the aids that surround the path of a lady dependent on her own efforts for her means of livelihood, without mentioning such an institution as the House of Charity in Greek-street, Soho, which offers to all classes indiscriminately of the deserving unfortunate a temporary reprieve from that last resource of the destitute — the workhouse. This great institution has been quietly doing its good and noble work for thirty-two years. There shelter is given not only to friendless ladies, but to whole families—husband, wife, and children—for a fortnight free of all charge, this time, with the help and recommendation of the sisters, often being sufficient for people to re-arrange their affairs, or obtain a situation. If a fortnight is exceeded, no fixed charge is made, but some small donation to the charity is expected, it remaining with the committee to deal further with the case.

The wise virgins took oil in their lamps, and while fathers and brothers are seeking to alleviate the suffering that already exists, sisters and daughters would do well to consider what practical use they could make of themselves in case fortune should turn her wheel. Few can claim to be entirely out of the reach of the dark chances and calamities of life; and the sisters and daughters of the wealthiest may yet have to take their turn at facing the world with an empty purse. Perhaps the distressed gentlewoman, when she has qualified herself for some useful specialty, is quite as happy in her work as her languid cousin in life that has grown lustreless from monotony of gratification.

MARGARET FULLER.

(*Continued from page* 551.)

As a journalist Margaret Fuller filled a very special position. She was the editor of the *Dial*, a professedly transcendental organ; and in the numbers of this periodical is to be found a great amount of her literary labours. She wrote also for other journals; but her work upon the *Dial* must be regarded as essentially part of her life, for she had to do with the originating of the periodical, and it was intended to bear the impress of those ideas with which she had identified herself. The transcendentalists, who were conspicuous during what is called "the period of transcendental agitation," from 1835 to 1850, formed themselves into a club, which met under various names, and acquired a certain fame. Among its members are to be found many well-known names. At one time Bronson Alcott, the pedlar, schoolmaster, and thinker, was regarded as the leader of this little gathering; but since then that position has been considered as belonging to Mr. Emerson. In conversation among them arose the idea that a journal was needed for the expression of freer thought than that allowed by the general press. This idea took shape in 1840, when the first number of the *Dial* appeared. Margaret, as we have said, was the editor, with Emerson and George Ripley to aid her. In the autumn of 1840, at one of the meetings of the Transcendental Club at Mr. Emerson's house in Concord, was also discussed the idea of the community which was afterwards carried into real life at Brook Farm, and immortalised in Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance."

In this volume we are admitted to that other side of Margaret's character which runs so strangely by the side of her life as a journalist and practical worker. In the "Blithedale Romance" she is called "Zenobia," and is full of the queenliness, personal vigour, and rich scholarly power with which the name of the princess of ancient Palmyra is associated. Hawthorne's story is, of course, a romance avowedly, and to be accepted as such. At the same time we may be permitted to see in "Zenobia" a study of one view of Margaret's character; and it is no small gain to place by the side of the writings upon her by her other friends a picture made by so clear-minded and true an artist. "The name Zenobia," he says, "accorded well with something imperial which her friends attributed to this lady's figure and deportment. . . . She took the appellation in good part, and even encouraged its constant use: which, in fact, was thus far appropriate, that our Zenobia—however humble looked her new philosophy—had as much native pride as any queen would have known what to do with." Doubtless it is scarcely fair to use any description of Zenobia as applicable to Margaret; indeed, in detail, the portrait of the woman appears to

have been pointedly unlike. But it is impossible to resist the impression that the colouring of the whole, even in these personal detalis, is taken from Margaret. "We seldom meet with women now-a-days, and in this country, who impress us as being women at all; their sex fades away and goes for nothing in ordinary intercourse. Not so with Zenobia. One felt an influence breathing out of her, such as we might suppose to come from Eve when she was just made, and her creator brought her to Adam, saying, 'Behold! here is a woman.' Not that I would convey the idea of especial gentleness, grace, modesty, and shyness, but of a certain warm and rich characteristic which seems, for the most part, to have been refined away out of the feminine system." Margaret Fuller was not beautiful; yet she could so force outward the beauty of her spirit as to call forth something strangely akin to personal admiration. The vigour and powerful individuality of Zenobia's character produces now and again a jarring, discordant, barbaric effect. It is not unlikely that Margaret, whose tenderness could come forth, as Emerson says, like a seraph's, might, in her more vigorous and caustic moods, produce such an impression as this upon so delicate and tender a nature as Nathaniel Hawthorne's. When we come to Margaret as a critic, we find her standing self-confessed as of less gentle mould than the great romancist.

"Hawthorne," she says, in her critique upon "Mosses from an Old Manse," "intimates and suggests, but he does not lay bare the mysteries of our being." Hawthorne's touch upon life was more delicate than Margaret's. She complains that looking at it through the mirror of his mind one still sees as in a glass darkly. The bent of her disposition would have led her to snatch aside the veil which ever hangs between man and man. We find Hawthorne tenderly holding the veil in place, so that human nature by this suggestive vagueness might appear the more beautiful. We all know the charm and excitement of uncertainty; to an intensely imaginative mind the dimness of the depths which lie in the human soul must make these depths the more fascinating for speculation. Margaret, in place of speculation, seems to desire a plumb line with which to measure the soul, its shallows and its deeps. But, though she is perhaps a shade impatient with this author, whose force was essentially the delicate and subdued force of a tender artist; when he approaches the subject of woman's ideal character—in the delineation of which Margaret is herself so eminent—her appreciation is instant. She recognises then that under the subtle colouring the anatomy is vigorously correct. His ideal is no more sentimental or dreamy than her own. "In these" ("The Birth Mark" and "Rapaccini's Daughter" "shines the loveliest ideal of love and the beauty of feminine purity (by which we mean no mere acts or abstinences, but perfect single truth, felt and done in gentleness) which is its root."

Margaret's appreciation, as might be expected from so strong a nature, is most easily called forth by strength. She finds in Mrs. Browning an intellect which she can unhesitatingly admire. She shows her reverence for a mighty character in her "Life of Beethoven." She says of him, "Like all princes, he made many ingrates, and his powerful, lion-like nature was that most capable of suffering from the amazement of witnessing baseness. . . . . Unbeloved, he could love; deceived in other men, he yet knew

himself too well to despise human nature; dying from ingratitude, he could still be grateful." A being like this, who could cover a deeply loving soul with a front of endurance which made him seem a man of granite among the weak and wicked beings who surrounded him, calls from her a genuine sympathy of soul. As a biographer, she is deeply sympathetic; as a critic, very thorough and genuine. She does not belong to that modern variety of reviewer who glances between uncut leaves, and makes a critique in general terms.

Horace Greeley, under whom she worked for the *New York Tribune*, bears testimony to what he calls the "absolute truthfulness" of her writings. "Perfect conscientiousness," he says, "was an unfailing characteristic of her literary efforts. Even the severest of her critiques —that on Longfellow's poems—for which an impulse in personal pique has been alleged, I happen with certainty to know had no such origin. When I first handed her the book to review, she excused herself, assigning the wide divergence of her views of poetry from those of the author and his school as her reason. She thus induced me to attempt the task of reviewing it myself. But day after day fled by, and I could find no hour that was not absolutely required for the performance of some duty that would not be put off, nor turned over to another. At length I carried the book back to her in utter despair of ever finding an hour in which even to look through it; and at my renewed and earnest request she reluctantly undertook its discussion. The statements of these facts is but an act of justice to her memory."

Mr. Frothingham, a recent writer on "Transcendentalism in New England," gives Margaret her place among these ardent thinkers as the critic. Emerson he considers the *seer*, Bronson Alcott the *mystic*, Theodore Parker the *preacher*, and George Ripley he calls the *man of letters*. It is perhaps a little strange among this galaxy of enthusiasts to find the only prominent woman christened with the cold name of critic. As a foil to this idea of her as a stern intellectualist, we get from William Ellery Channing a charming picture of her as the "woman" in her own home. "In 1839" he says, "I had met Margaret upon the plane of intellect. In the summer of 1840, on my return from the west, she was to be revealed in a new aspect.

"It was a radiant and refreshing morning when I entered the parlour of her pleasant house, standing upon a slope beyond Jamaica Plain to the south. She was absent at the moment, and there was opportunity to look from the windows on a cheerful prospect, over orchards and meadows to the wooded hills and the western sky. Presently Margaret appeared, bearing in her hand a vase of flowers, which she had been gathering in the garden. After exchange of greetings her first words were of the flowers, each of which was symbolic to her of emotion, and associated with the memory of some friend. I remember her references only to the Daphne odora, the Provence rose, the sweet-scented verbena, and the heliotrope, the latter being her chosen emblem. From flowers she passed to engravings hanging round the room . . . There were gems, too, and medallions and seals to be examined, each enigmatical, and each blended by remembrances with some fair hour of her past life.

"Talk on art led the way to Greece and the Greeks, whose mythology Margaret was studying afresh. She had been culling the blooms of that poetic land, and

could not but offer me leaves from her garland. . . . . Next Margaret spoke of the friends whose generosity had provided the decorations on her walls and the illustrated books for her table—friends who were fellow students in art, history, or science—friends whose very life she shared. Her heart seemed full to overflow with sympathy for their joys and sorrows, their special trials and struggles, their peculiar tendencies of character, and respective relations. The existence of each was to her a sacred process, whose developments she watched with awe, and whose leadings she reverently sought to aid. She had scores of pretty anecdotes to tell, sweet bowers of sentiment to open, significant lessons of experience to interpret, and scraps of journals or letters to read aloud, as the speediest means of introducing me to her chosen circle. There was a fascinating spell in her piquant descriptions. . . . . Frost-bound New England melted into a dream-land of romance beneath the spice-breeze of her Eastern narrative. Sticklers for propriety might have found fault at the freedom with which she confided her friends' histories to one who was a comparative stranger to them; but I could not but note how conscientiousness reined in her sensibilities and curbed their career as they reached the due bound of privacy. She did but realise one's conception of the transparent truthfulness that will pervade advanced societies of the future, where the very atmosphere shall be honourable faith.

"Nearer and nearer Margaret was approaching to a secret throned in her heart that day; and the preceding transitions were but a prelude of her orchestra before the entrance of the festal group. Unconsciously she made these preparations for paying worthy honours to a high sentiment. She had lately heard of the betrothal of two of her best-loved friends, and she wished to communicate the graceful story in a way that should do justice to the facts and to her own feelings. It was by a spontaneous impulse of her genius, and with no voluntary foreshaping, that she had grouped the previous tales; but no drama could have been more artistically constructed than the steps whereby she led me onward to the *dénouement*; and the look, tone, words with which she told it, were fluent with melody as the song of an improvisatrice.

"Scarcely had she finished when, offering some light refreshment—as it was now past noon—she proposed a walk in the open air. . . . For a time she was silent, entranced in delighted communion with the exquisite hue of the sky, seen through interlacing boughs and trembling leaves, and the play of shine and shadow over the wide landscape. But, soon arousing from her reverie, she took up the thread of the morning's talk. My part was to listen; for I was absorbed in contemplating this, to me, quite novel form of character. It has been seen how my early distaste for Margaret's society was gradually changed to admiration. Like all her friends, I had passed through an avenue of sphinxes before reaching the temple. . . . As, leaning on one arm, she poured out her stream of thought, turning now and then, her eyes full upon me, to see whether I caught her meaning, there was leisure to study her thoroughly. . . . She certainly had not beauty; yet the high-arched dome of the head, the changeful expressiveness of every feature, and her whole air of mingled dignity and impulse, gave her a commanding charm. Especially characteristic were two physical traits: The first was a

contraction of the eyelids almost to a point—a trick caught from near-sightedness — and then a sudden dilation, till the iris seemed to emit flashes; an effect, no doubt, dependent on her highly magnetized condition. The second was a singular pliancy of the vertebræ and muscles of the neck, enabling her by a mere movement to denote each varying emotion; in moments of tenderness or pensive feeling, its curves were swan-like in grace, but when she was scornful or indignant it contracted and made swift turns like that of a bird of prey. Finally, in the animation, yet *abandon*, of Margaret's attitude and look, were rarely blended the fiery force of northern and the soft languor of southern races. . . . We walked back to the house amid a rosy sunset, and it was with no surprise that I heard her complain of an agonising nervous headache, which compelled her at once to retire, and call for assistance. As for myself, while going homeward, I reflected with astonishment on the unflagging spiritual energy with which, for hour after hour, she had swept over lands and seas of thought, and, as my own excitement cooled, I became conscious of exhaustion, as if a week's life had been concentrated in a day.

"The interview thus hastily sketched may serve as a fair type of our usual intercourse. Always I found her open-eyed to beauty, fresh for wonder, with wings poised for flight and fanning the coming breeze of inspiration."

Margaret did actually several times sojourn in that Brook Farm which was the basis of the "Blithedale Romance;" but, apparently from what little she herself says of it, not so much to gain experience, or to enter into the actual spirit of the community, as to converse with those friends who were dwelling in it. But, indeed, her records are almost always of that character; the interchange of thought was with her so vivid a delight and so ever fresh an experience, that her accounts of going hither or thither resolve themselves naturally into records of choice conversation.

"Those who know Margaret only by her published writings know her least; her notes and letters contain more of her mind; but it was only in conversation that she was perfectly free and at home."

This peculiar power of hers led to the special work to which she gave herself for a considerable period, when her labours as editor of the *Dial* had come to an end. This journal had what Mr. Emerson describes as the "fault of being too secondary or bookish in its origin." He tells us a melancholy history in the few words which he devotes to it: ". . . the workmen of sufficient culture for a poetical and philosophical magazine were too few; and, as the pages were filled by unpaid contributors, each of whom had, according to the usage and necessity of this country, some paying employment, the journal did not get his best work, but his second best. Its scattered writers had not digested their theories into a distinct dogma, still less into a practical measure which the public could grasp; and the magazine was so eclectic and miscellaneous that each of its readers and writers valued only a small portion of it. For these reasons it never had a large circulation, and it was discontinued after four years." Thus ends the brief career of that journal which had been received by a few with "almost a religious welcome," and the charge of which Margaret had been so "eagerly solicited to undertake" in the midst of an atmosphere of "hope and affection." She gave herself to it, in a "spirit which spared no

labour;" and all who have served in the hard-worked ranks of journalism will easily understand what were the labours of a conscientious editor with insufficient money and inadequate writers. She herself received a precarious kind of payment "for the first years." Eventually ill-health compelled her to surrender the editorship to Mr. Emerson; and even after he had assumed the responsibility he records his "grateful wonder at the facility with which she assumed the preparation of laborious articles, that might have daunted the most practised scribe." The history of the *Dial* presents, however, that bright side which surely the history of really good work must always possess. "Many years after it was brought to a close, Margaret was surprised in England by very warm testimony to its merits;" and Mr. Emerson records having, in 1848, discovered it "holding the same affectionate place in many a private bookshelf in England and Scotland, which it had secured at home." But, "good or bad, it cost a good deal of precious labour from those who served it, and from Margaret most of all," for want of compensation "made no difference to her exertion."

But, her most natural field of labour was not in literature; and she had the rare good fortune to accomplish a thing which can come to but few—the feat of earning her bread by the exercise of her most enjoyable faculty. Picture to yourself a woman who requires to earn money and who says to herself "I can do one thing better than anything else—I can converse. Suppose I endeavour to assemble a number of persons who are anxious to answer such questions as—What were we born to do? and how shall we do it?—and out of my capacity to lead them in answering these and similar questions, obtain my living." In most circles, at all events, in our incurious England, such a woman would be regarded as very far from any likelihood of becoming a bread-winner. Yet this was actually Margaret's project. She writes to Mrs. George Ripley in 1839 — "Could a circle be assembled in earnest . . . I should think the undertaking a noble one, and, if my resources should prove sufficient to make me its moving spring, I should be willing to give to it a large portion of those coming years, which will, as I hope, be my best."

This future, which sounds so like a dream, was actually realised. On November the 6th, 1839, a class of twenty-five ladies assembled, and Margaret was not afraid to face them with her ethics and her transcendental theories.

She proposed to supply the defects caused by the superficial education of women; and she commenced her operations in this wide field by the discussion of the Greek mythology. The general subjects are afterwards vaguely recorded as "the fine arts," "ethics," &c. In this society she appeared her whole self, and Mr. Emerson is led to remark upon that power she had of seeming beautiful. People constantly said that she came to her class "dressed sumptuously." Mr. Emerson says about this "when she was intellectually excited, or in high animal spirits, as often happened, all deformity of features was dissolved in the power of expression. So I interpret this repeated story of her sumptuousness of dress, that this appearance, like her reported beauty, was simply an effect of a general impression of magnificence made by her genius and mistakenly attributed to some external elegance; for I have been told by her most intimate friend who knew

every particular of her conduct at that time, that there was nothing of special expense or splendour in her toilette." It is instructive that this impression was made, as regards her class, wholly upon persons of her own sex, who would, it might be supposed, not be so easily blinded in matters relating to toilette by any glamour of the spirit. Yet so it was; she succeeded in elevating women who had been "slaves to trifles." "They went home thoughtful and happy, since the steady elevation of Margaret's aim had infused a certain unexpected greatness of tone into the conversation." One of her class has made some pleasant, though of necessity incomplete attempts at recording some of these meetings. On one occasion she says: "Miss Fuller's fifth conversation was pretty much a monologue of her own. The company collected proved much larger than any of us anticipated; a chosen company—several persons from homes out of town, at considerable inconvenience; and, in one or two instances fresh from extreme experiences of joy and grief—which Margaret felt a very grateful tribute to her. . . . . It is sometimes said that women never are so lovely or enchanting in the company of their own sex merely, but it requires the other to draw them out. Certain it is that Margaret never appears, when I see her, either so deep or so brilliant in thought, or so desirous to please, or so modest, or so heart-touching, as in this very party."

The gentlemen, however, were not to be kept out altogether, when the members of Margaret's class spread wide among their social circles the fame of these conversations. It was proposed that an evening class should be formed, to which gentlemen should be admitted, and Margaret herself fancied that she could carry out her schemes more fully aided by men of classical education, who she expected to supply her own comparative deficiency in this part of learning. But it seems that she was disappointed in this. Some few of the gentlemen contributed to the success of the conversations; but says one of her class, "Even in the point of erudition, which Margaret did not profess on the subject, she proved the best informed of the party." The same writer further on seems to hit upon the essential quality of Margaret's being which raised her out of the frivolities of life and made her one of the great.

"I do not feel that the class, by their apprehension of Margaret, do any justice to the scope and depth of her views. They come—myself among the number, I confess—to be entertained; but she has a higher purpose. She, amid all her infirmities, studies and thinks with the earnestness of one upon oath, and there has not been a single conversation this winter, in either class, that had not in it the spirit which giveth life."

This expression, "she studies and thinks with the earnestness of one upon oath," gives the key-note to Margaret's character; life was to her a great reality—an art. Every moment and every thought were alike noble and precious. This intensity might have become stern and repellent to lighter minds, but her bright wit and generous capacity for mirth made her loveable. There seems to have been a strong element of inspiration in this conversational power of hers. She would forget altogether what she had said on a particular subject afterwards, and it was found impossible to get her to repeat anything. If she tried, the result was something different, if equally good.

These conversation classes were carried on over six years; on the

28th of April, 1844, the last of the meetings was held.

In that year of 1844 Margaret suffered much from her constant work; her energy was exhausted. "The tax on my mind is such," she says, "and I am so unwell that I can scarcely keep up the spring of my spirits. . . . ." She desired "expansion and rest in new employments." But rest was not for her; character and circumstances both forbade it. In the autumn of this year she accepted an offer from Messrs. Greeley and McElrath to become a constant contributor to the *New York Tribune*. But before she commenced this new work, she went into the country for rest and relaxation.

It was at this period that she produced "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," the book which has given her her place as a writer. It is curious to see recorded by herself her sense of especial power in the production of this work and her intuitive knowledge that it was the book which would make her fame. "I have finished the pamphlet," she writes, "though the last day it kept spinning out beneath my hand. After taking a long walk, early one most exhilarating morning, I sat down to work, and did not give it the last stroke till near nine in evening. Then I felt a delightful glow, as if I had put a good deal of my true life in it, and as if, should I go away now, the measure of my foot-print would be left on the earth."

Yet at this time, when she was in the glow of her best work, she was struggling within herself "to be patient to the very depths of the heart, to expect no hasty realisations, not to make her own plan her law of life, but to learn the law and plan of God."

After this period of holiday in the country she went to live in Horace Greeley's house, there to work as a regular writer for the *Tribune*. Mr. Greeley has written some account of this connection.

"My first acquaintance with Margaret Fuller," he writes, "was made through the pages of the *Dial*. The lofty range and rare ability of that work, and its un-American richness of culture and ripeness of thought, naturally filled the 'fit audience, though few,' with a high estimate of those who were known as its conductors and principal writers. Yet I do not now remember that any article which strongly impressed me was recognised as from the pen of its female editor prior to the appearance of 'The Great Lawsuit,' afterwards matured into the volume more distinctively, yet not quite accurately, entitled 'Woman in the Nineteenth Century.' I think this can hardly have failed to make a deep impression on the mind of every thoughtful reader, as the production of an original, vigorous, and earnest mind. 'Summer on the Lakes,' which appeared some time after that essay, though before its expansion into a book, struck me as less ambitious in its aim, but more graceful and delicate in its execution, and as one of the clearest and most graphic delineations ever given of the great lakes, of the prairies, and of the receding barbarism, and the rapidly advancing, but rude, repulsive semi-civilization, which were contending with most unequal forces for the possession of those rich lands. I still consider 'Summer on the Lakes' unequalled, especially in its pictures of the prairies and of the sunnier aspects of pioneer life.

"Yet it was the suggestion of Mrs. Greeley—who had spent some weeks of successive seasons in or near Boston, and who had there made the personal acquaintance of

Miss Fuller, and formed a very high estimate and warm attachment for her—that induced me, in the autumn of 1844, to offer her terms, which were accepted, for her assistance in the literary department of the *Tribune*. A home in my family was included in the stipulation. I was myself barely acquainted with her when she thus came to reside with us; and I did not fully appreciate her noble qualities for some months afterward. Though we were members of the same household, we scarcely met save at breakfast; and my time and thoughts were absorbed in duties and cares, which left me little leisure or inclination for the amenities of social intercourse. Fortune seemed to delight in placing us two in relations of friendly antagonism—or rather to develop all possible contrasts in our ideas and social habits. She was naturally inclined to luxury and a good appearance before the world. My pride, if I had any, delighted in bare walls and rugged fare. She was addicted to strong tea and coffee, both which I rejected and contemned, even in the most homœopathic dilution; while my general health being sound, and hers sadly impaired, I could not fail to find in her dietetic habits the causes of her almost habitual illness; and once, while we were still barely acquainted, when she came to the breakfast table with a very severe headache, I was tempted to attribute it to her strong potations of the Chinese leaf the night before. She told me quite frankly that she declined being lectured on 'the food or beverage she saw fit to take,' which was but reasonable in one who had arrived at her maturity of intellect and fixedness of habits. So the subject was thenceforth tacitly avoided between us; but, though words were suppressed, looks and involuntary gestures could not so well be, and an utter divergency of views on this and kindred themes created a perceptible distance between us.

"Her earlier contributions to the *Tribune* were not her best, and I did not at first prize her aid so highly as I afterwards learned to do. She wrote always freshly, vigorously, but not always clearly; for her full and intimate acquaintance with Continental literature, especially German, seemed to have marred her felicity and readiness of expression in her mother tongue. While I never met another woman who conversed more freely or lucidly, the attempt to commit her thoughts to paper seemed to induce a singular embarrassment and hesitation. She could write only when in the vein, and this needed often to be waited for through several days, while the occasion sometimes required an immediate utterance. The new book must be reviewed before other journals had thoroughly dissected and discussed it, else the ablest critique would command no general attention, and perhaps be, by the greater number, unread. That the writer should wait the flow of inspiration, or at least the recurrence of elasticity of spirits and relative health of body, will not seem unreasonable to the general reader, but to the inveterate hackhorse of the daily press, accustomed to write at any time, on any subject, and with a rapidity limited only by the physical ability to form the necessary penstroke, the notion of waiting for a brighter day or a happier frame of mind appears fantastic and absurd. He would as soon think of waiting for a change in the moon."

Horace Greeley is one of those who at first found Margaret difficult to approach, but afterwards learned to love her. In the above

extract he speaks of her luxurious tendencies. Afterwards he says: "Loving ease, luxury, and the world's good opinion, she stood ready to renounce them all, at the call of pity or of duty."

At this period her attention had been drawn to the lives of women who are outcasts from society. She had always desired to know more of them, and had been able to do this in visiting the prisoners at Sing-Sing. She contrived to obtain some affection and response in this sympathetic effort, and gained also precious experience on a subject which she had at heart. "I have known few women," says Mr. Greeley, "and scarcely another maiden, who had the heart and the courage to speak with such frank compassion, in mixed circles, of the most degraded and outcast portion of the sex. . . . Others were willing to pity and deplore; Margaret was more inclined to vindicate and redeem."

In the autumn of 1846 Margaret set forth upon that European tour which was full of pleasure, full of pain, which held for her the history of her love and the romance of her death. She left America in the company of Marcus Spring and his family; but eventually she parted company with them. At Venice she remained alone for a week to rest in the city which seemed to her a "dream of enchantment." In Italy, the home of romance, this intellectual modern woman, coming from the land of the Yankee, seemed by some strange instinct to look for home and rest. In France she was not quite happy, for she did not altogether admire the French character, and she found herself unable to master the language. While in Paris she makes this note: "My French teacher says I speak and act like an Italian, and I hope in Italy I shall find myself more at home." Immediately that she was alone there, she was taken ill with fever, which seemed like an augury of the many troubles which Italy held in store for her. Yet to a nature of this sensitiveness there is but a doubtful boundary line between keen pleasure and keen pain. Margaret, ill, anxious, wearied, in the midst of the internal wars and struggles of her adopted country, was living through the climax of her life. She had met Mazzini at Carlyle's house in London, where he had endeavoured to speak to the tyrannic, if heroic, thought-master of those principles which he so loved, and had called forth in Carlyle mere scorn of his "rose-water imbecilities." In Rome she became his friend, and the Republican in her came out in all its force to support him in the great crisis in the midst of which he stood. She thought him "divine;" the great patriot thrilled her by his "strange sufferings," and she felt in herself the throes of the country he loved. She had then met the Marquis D'Ossoli, whom she found the "most congenial companion" she had ever had. Thus she was placed in the midst of that sudden vivid life which came to her far from her home and her old friends, who were doomed never to see the companion or the fruits of that period. Her state had been strange and unhappy; but in a new and peaceful love she found a different consolation from any which she would have anticipated for herself. Yet there are many signs in her letters at this time which show a soul preparing for change; and a quaint fable, "The Magnolia of Lake Pontchartrain," seems to give some clue to her own thoughts on the difference between this new and sweet relationship, and the brilliance of her many friendships. She clothes her thought in a language she loved; the speech of the

flowers is a favourite fancy of hers, and indeed between herself and these bright children of dark mother earth there was a very real sympathy; even the "Zenobia" of the "Blithedale Romance," which represents some of the less lovable part of Margaret, was never without a rich exotic in her hair. The opening of the story of "The Magnolia" is very characteristic of Margaret:

"The stars tell all their secrets to the flowers, and if we only knew how to look around us, we should not need to look above. But man is a plant of slow growth, and great heat is required to bring out his leaves. He must be promised a boundless futurity to induce him to use aright the present hour. In youth fixing his eyes on those distant worlds of light, he promises himself to attain them, and there find the answer to all his wishes. His eye grows keener as he gazes; a voice from the earth calls it downwards, and he finds all at his feet.

"I was riding on the shore of Lake Pontchartrain, musing on an old English expression which I had only lately learned to interpret. 'He is fulfilled of all nobleness.' Words so significant charm us like a spell, long before we know their meaning. This I had now learned to interpret. Life had ripened from the green bud, and I had seen the difference, wide as from earth to heaven, between nobleness and the *fulfilment* of nobleness.

"A fragrance beyond anything I had ever known came suddenly upon the air, and interrupted my meditation. I looked around me, but saw no flower from which it could proceed. There is no word for it; *exquisite* and *delicious* have lost all meaning now. It was of a full and penetrating sweetness, too keen and delicate to be cloying. Unable to trace it, I rode on, but the remembrance of it pursued me. I had a feeling that I must for ever regret my loss, my want, if I did not return and find the poet of the lake, whose voice was such perfume. In earlier days I might have disregarded such a feeling, but now I have learned to prize the monitions of my nature as they deserve, and learn sometimes what is not for sale in the market-place. So I turned back, and rode to and fro, at the risk of abandoning the object of my ride.

"I found her at last, the queen of the south, singing to herself in her lonely bower. Such should a sovereign be—most regal when alone; for there is no disturbance to prevent the full consciousness of power. All occasions limit; a kingdom is but an occasion; and no sun ever saw itself inadequately reflected on sea or land.

"Nothing at the south had affected me like the magnolia. Sickness and sorrow, which have separated me from my kind, have requited my loss by making known to me the loveliest dialect of the divine language. 'Flowers,' it has been truly said, 'are the only positive present made us by nature.' . . . . We have pure intercourse with these purest creations; we love them for their own sake, for their beauty's sake. As we grow beautiful and pure we understand them better. With me the knowledge of them is a circumstance—a habit of my life rather than a merit. I have lived with them, and with them almost alone, till I have learned to interpret the slightest signs by which they manifest their fair thoughts. There is not a flower in my native region which has not for me a tale, to which every year is adding new incidents; yet the growths of this new climate brought me sweet and new emotions, and, above all others, was the magnolia a revelation. When

I first beheld her, a stately tower of verdure, each cup an imperial vestal, full displayed to the eye of day, yet guarded from the too hasty touch even of the wind by its graceful decorums of firm, glistening, broad green leaves, I stood astonished, as might a lover of music, who, after hearing in all his youth only the harp or the bugle, should be saluted on entering some vast cathedral by the full peal of its organ."

The spirit of this noble flower finds speech, and tells her admirer how she once dwelled within an orange tree. But she "grew weary of that fulness of speech," and tried to "simplify her being." "I felt a shame at telling all I knew, and challenging all sympathies. I was never silent, I was never alone. I had a voice for every season, for day and night. On me the merchant counted, the bride looked to me for her garland, the nobleman for the chief ornament of his princely hall, and the poor man for his wealth. All sang my praises, all extolled my beauty, all blessed my beneficence; and, for a while, my heart swelled with pride and pleasure. But as years passed my mood changed. The lonely moon rebuked me, as she hid from the wishes of man, nor would return till her due change was passed. The inaccessible sun looked on me with the same ray as on all others; my endless profusion could not bribe him to one smile sacred to me alone. . . . . I knew no mine or thine: I belonged to all. I could never rest: I was never at one."

Writing to Emerson from Rome she reproduces this weariness of the orange flower in her own person:

"Nothing less than two or three years free from care and forced labour would heal all my hurts, and renew my life-blood at its source. Since Destiny will not grant me that, I hope she will not leave me long in the world, for I am tired of keeping myself up in the water without corks and without strength to swim. I should like to go to sleep, and be born again into a state where my young life should not be prematurely taxed."

This prayer was granted her: she went straight on through rapid experiences till she had done enough, and might go to sleep. She would not return to America with Emerson: her instincts kept her in Italy. "I am deeply interested in this public drama, and wish to see it *played out*. Methinks I have *my part* therein, either as actor or historian."

Her prophetic sense told her right: she had her work in the midst of the drama. She had, too, her own private drama to enact: she had to learn the lesson of the magnolia, and to find more sweet than profusion and brilliance, a smile sacred to herself alone.

There are elements in Margaret's life which make it too touching and too beautiful for mere biography. The hand of a romance writer is wanted to take that many-sided character, and exhibit to us the effect it had before its neighbours. We need the screen of fiction to enable the words of love written by her admirers to be read. It seems like approaching her too closely when they are written straightly of herself. And we need also the words which are natural in a romance, but which seem exaggerated in a biography or a literary article, to picture certain phases of her career.

When we approach the time when this independent American thinker took to herself a name and a love from the old world of romance and sentiment, it is impossible not to pause and reflect on

the strangeness and beauty of the position. One feels to have arrived at the third volume of Margaret's story, the poetic climax of her life. There is a recent novel by "Ouida" in which a great woman artist who has moved in the sphere of her art, and lived without the love of man, is at last touched and awakened by the exceeding sweetness and tenderness of an Italian prince. The situation is strangely similar to Margaret's story. There is the proud woman of genius who has held herself as an independent and successful artist before the world, who has passed alone through the stern pathway of conquering her art. She cannot be awakened even by genius of her own kind; but she is swayed like a child by the voice and smile of a being whose grace and sweetness are part of a bygone and romantic age. But Mdlle. de la Ramé has poisoned the beauty of her picture by giving to the character of Prince Ioris a weakness and cowardice which make his beauty and amiability pall upon the palate like a diet of comfits. Margaret Fuller, a great artist also, finds her fate in the smile of an Italian nobleman. But her fate is a very different one from that of "Etoile." Instead of discovering weakness and folly, she finds strength, endurance, faithfulness, and truth beneath the charming and childlike attractiveness of her Italian lover. He becomes a tower of strength; and her love story, instead of — as with so many women — destroying her faith in man, deepens it infinitely. She says of him, in writing to her mother: "He is not in any respect such a person as people in general would expect to find with me. He had no instructor except an old priest, who entirely neglected his education; and of all that is contained in books he is absolutely ignorant, and he has no enthusiasm of character. On the other hand, he has excellent practical sense; has been a judicious observer of all that passed before his eyes; has a nice sense of duty, which, in its unfailing, minute activity, may put most enthusiasts to shame; a very sweet temper and great native refinement. His love for me has been unswerving and most tender. I have never suffered a pain that he could relieve. His devotion when I am ill is to be compared only with yours . . . In him I have found a home, and one that interferes with no tie. My love for Ossoli is most pure and tender; nor has anyone, except my mother or little children, loved me so genuinely as he does. To some I have been obliged to make myself known; others have loved me with a mixture of fancy and enthusiasm, excited by my talent at embellishing life. But Ossoli loves me from simple affinity; he loves to be with me, and to serve and soothe me."

Mrs. Story, who knew her personally after her acquaintance with the young Marquis Ossoli, says: "Through her friends, who were mine also, I had learned to think of her as a person on intellectual stilts, with a large share of arrogance and little sweetness of temper. How unlike to this she was now! So delicate, so simple, confiding, and affectionate, with a true womanly heart and soul, sensitive and generous, and, what was to me a still greater surprise, possessed of so broad a charity that she could cover with its mantle the faults and defects of all about her." If Margaret had ever been harsh in judging of the lacks and defects of others, she is indeed prepared now to make full amends by exhibiting her innate generosity of character. Few women, even the most noble of their sex, could have written words such as the following, while yet in

the newness of so absorbing and real a love as was hers for the young marquis. Not only is her generosity visible in these words, but also her assured philosophy and her knowledge of life.

"I do not know whether he will always love me so well, for I am the elder, and the difference will become in a few years more perceptible than now. But life is so uncertain, and it is so necessary to take good things with their limitations, that I have not thought it worth while to calculate too curiously." . . . . "'Etoile,'" says one of the characters in "Ouida's" novel, "'loves with the immortal love of the poets, which her lover returned with the trivial passion of the world.'" Margaret also loved with the immortal love of the poets; but she had the strange fortune to meet with a return in kind. There is, indeed, a touch of the dignity of immortal love in that pathetic preparedness for change and inconstancy in the loved; but so far as the record runs of the brief bright life of the Ossolis the love of both was equally enduring. It is interesting at this period of Margaret's life to look back to the words of W. E. Channing, when he describes her in her home in America, before she had ventured forth into more romantic countries:

". . . the tragedy of Margaret's history was deeper yet. Behind the poet was the woman,—the fond and relying, the heroic and disinterested woman. The very glow of her poetic enthusiasm was but an out-flush of trustful affection; the very restlessness of her intellect was the confession that her heart had found no home. A 'book-worm,' a 'dilettante,' a 'pedant,' I had heard her sneeringly called; but now it was evident that her seeming insensibility was virgin pride, and her absorption in study the natural vent of emotions which met no object worthy of life-long attachment. At once many of her peculiarities became intelligible. Fitfulness, unlooked-for changes of mood, misconceptions of words and actions—which had annoyed me during the previous season as inconsistent in a person of such capacious judgment and sustained self-government—were now referred to the morbid influence of affections pent up to prey upon themselves. . . . . Yet more and more distinctly did I catch a plaintive tone of sorrow in her thought and speech, like the wail of an æolian harp heard at intervals from an upper window. She had never met one who could love her as she could love; and in the orange grove of her affections the white perfumed blossoms and golden fruit wasted away unclaimed. Through the mask of slight personal defects and ungraceful manners, of superficial *hauteur* and egotism, and occasional extravagance of sentiment, no equal had recognised the rare beauty of her spirit. She was yet alone."

She had to go to the land of the magnolia to find one who was her equal in love, and whose hands of affection were strong enough to hold her. To use her own words in a pathetic prayer found among her papers, none had been able to detain her by their love. This prayer is so peculiar and beautiful as to require complete quotation:

"I am weary of thinking. I suffer great fatigue from living. Oh, God, take me! take me wholly. Thou knowest that I love none but Thee. All this beautiful poesy of my being lies in Thee. Deeply I feel it. I ask nothing. Each desire, each passionate feeling, is on the surface only; inmostly Thou keepest me strong and pure. Yet always to be thus going out

into moments, into nature, and love, and thought! Father, I am weary. Reassume me for a while, I pray Thee. Oh, let me rest awhile in Thee, Thou only Love! In the depth of my prayer I suffer much. Take me only awhile. No fellow being will receive me. I cannot pause; they will not detain me by their love. Take me awhile, and again I will go forth on a renewed service. It is not that I repine, my Father; but I sink from want of rest, and none will shelter me. Thou knowest it all. Bathe me in the living waters of Thy Love."

How fully her prayer was answered, how the richness of life which she craved was given to her, the romance of her last years show. That fellow being whose heart was large enough to receive her and retain her love came to her side and sheltered her! So that she went, a wealthy and well-developed soul, into the Hereafter, to bathe in these living waters. And this fellow being was "an obscure young man,—younger than myself," as she says to a friend; "a person of no intellectual culture." This obscure young man (perhaps no one but herself, in the insolence of perfect love, would have thus described the Marquis D'Ossoli) met her by accident (as we say) in St. Peter's at Rome. She was fond of wandering about among the chapels by herself, and on this occasion a place of meeting between herself and her friends at the conclusion of the vespers was arranged. But the service over, when Margaret kept her appointment, her friends were not to be found. Margaret, short-sighted and perplexed, moved about among the groups which still lingered in the church, carefully examining the different persons with her glass. "Presently a young man of gentlemanly address came up to her, and begged, if she were seeking anyone, that he might be permitted to assist her; and together they continued the search through all parts of the church." When at last it became quite evident that her friends were gone, and the church was empty, they went outside to find a carriage in which Margaret might drive home. But they had delayed so long that all the carriages had vanished as well as the people: there was nothing to be done but to walk. Thus Margaret traversed the long distance between the Vatican and the Corso with the young Italian as her companion; and, though she could use his language with but little fluency, the few words which passed aroused a mutual interest. They met many times afterwards, and before Margaret left Rome Ossoli proposed marriage to her, and was refused. But he was not to be so easily dismissed. When she returned to Rome he became her constant visitor; and as Margaret was then inflamed with enthusiasm for the cause of Roman liberty, he found a way of continually interesting her. She was then absorbed in the idea of writing that history of the period which afterwards perished in that doomed ship which destroyed so many precious lives. Ossoli had many means of obtaining information, and he busied himself in getting for her special information from both parties, so that her judgments might be impartial. Naturally he came very much under the influence of her opinions. His own character must have originally led him to sympathise with the Republican spirit. When Margaret's views, weighted by his love for her, were brought before him, he discarded the principles of his family, which were "eminently conservative and narrow," and eventually became an

earnest believer in the cause of liberty, and a brave and noble supporter of Mazzini.

Margaret's marriage was celebrated in secret: her new joy was unknown to all her old friends, even to her mother, until her child was a year old. She found herself unable to resist her fate in the matter, although she had at first so resolutely refused him. "I loved him," she says, "and felt very unhappy to leave him; but the connection seemed so every way unfit, I did not hesitate a moment. He, however, thought I should return to him, as I did. I acted upon a strong impulse, and could not analyse at all what passed in my mind."

The reasons for the secrecy which Margaret and Ossoli found necessary to preserve with regard to their union were afterwards given by herself. The marriage took place about the time of, or soon after the death of the old Marquis Ossoli. The three brothers, older than the young Marquis, were all provided for in the Papal service, one as Secretary of the Privy Chamber, the other two as members of the Guard Noble. These two last were the executors of the estate left by the old Marquis, which was undivided at the date of Margaret's marriage. Everyone knows that law is subject to ecclesiastical influence in Rome, and that marriage with a Protestant would be destructive to all prospects of favourable administration. And, besides being of another faith, there rested, in this case, on the young marquis the additional crime of having married a Liberal—one who had publicly interested herself in radical views. Taking the two facts together there was every chance that, if the marriage were known, Ossoli must be a beggar and a banished man under the then existing Government; while, by waiting a little, there was a chance of an honourable post under the new Government, whose formation everyone was expecting. Leaving Rome, too, at that time, was deserting the field wherein they might hope to work much good, and where they felt they were much needed. Ossoli was already regarded with suspicion by his brothers, and, knowing his acquaintance with Margaret, they had not hesitated to threaten him with the Papal displeasure should he be influenced by Liberal principles. "Ossoli's education," says Mrs. Story, "had been such that it certainly argues an uncommon elevation of character that he remained so firm and single in his political views, and was so indifferent to the pecuniary advantages which his former position offered, since, during many years, the Ossoli family had been high in favour and in office in Rome, and the same vista opened for his own future had he chosen to follow their lead. . . . Their child was born; and for his sake, in order to defend him, as Margaret said, from the stings of poverty, they were patient waiters for the law of the land."

Margaret had found her field for labour all through this momentous time, not only as friend and encourager of Mazzini, but in the hospital. She was given the charge of the Fate-Bene Fratelli, the Princess Belgioioso having charge of the other. Here she gave the labour of her heart, and devoted herself with her deep enthusiasm, sustaining the men in their sufferings. The soldiers learned to love "the signora," who was by their bedsides night and day. Ossoli, when it was known that the French had landed, took station with his men on the walls of the Vatican gardens, where he remained faithfully

throughout the attack. His post was one of great danger, as he was in one of the most exposed places; and Margaret was now subjected to the keen torture which love brings with it. Each cart of wounded soldiers that came to the hospital was scanned by her in dread lest the fear she could not put away should be confirmed—that Ossoli should have fallen. And, at the same time, her child was placed at nurse in the country for safety; and poor Margaret, in the midst of her labours, would hear the wailing cry of her babe. She found afterwards that this instinct of a mother's heart, which it seemed foolish to listen to—for the child had been placed apparently in good hands—had been but too true a token. The child was neglected by the treacherous nurse, who at last succeeded in letting them know that she would abandon the poor babe unless money was sent in advance-payment, although the roads were so insecure as to render it all but impossible. Ossoli meantime remained firm at his post, half-starved and haggard. Margaret would sometimes be able to see him for a few moments by the blood-stained walls of the Vatican gardens, and they might speak together anxiously of their child whom it was impossible to reach, and of whose fate they were in complete ignorance for long periods.

The trials suffered by these two heroic souls it is difficult to record rightly; much of the history of this time has been gathered by mere fragments from their love-letters which were washed ashore after the wreck of the *Elizabeth*. At the end of the siege, when the poor mother could follow her heart, she found its intuition too terribly true. Her child was little more than a skeleton, too weak to smile. Every trial which had passed over her before that—all she had endured when she was ill and alone at Rieti, poor, and among cunning strangers who stole from her; when Ossoli was compelled to let her suffer in loneliness; when she had lived in terror of his death, and when her soul was torn by the sufferings around her—everything which had passed seemed but a trifle to that terrible blow when she found that her child had been indeed neglected, betrayed.

But she had reached him in time; by incessant care his life was saved. For four weeks they watched beside him night and day before there came upon his face his first returning smile. But poor Margaret beneath this trial uttered words which were unlike in their bitterness anything which had before escaped her: "O God! help me, is all my cry. Yet I have little faith in the paternal love I need, so ruthless or so negligent seems the government of this earth . . . This last plot against me has been so secretly, cunningly wrought, that I shall never acquiesce. I submit, because useless resistance is degrading, but I demand an explanation. I see that it is probable I shall never receive one while I live here; and suppose that I can bear the rest of suspense . . . yet I am *tired out*, tired of thinking and hoping, tired of seeing men err and bleed. . . Man will still blunder and weep as he has done for so many thousand years." Doubtless there are men and women who, disappointed in their efforts for others, or crushed by private grief, can understand this state of Margaret's, although perhaps there are not many brave enough to desire the end of this life, in order to "demand an explanation."

She had not long to wait before entering upon that new life, in which, as we may hope, some of the mysteries of our being may be

solved. But there was first a period of rest; the two passed the winter at Florence, happy in the returning vigour and beauty of their child. Here she found further comfort, in faithful friends who showed all confidence in her. She had dreaded, and justly, the ordeal of appearing in the world that knew her, with her secret marriage to explain. The letters which she had to write to her own family half killed her, as she says. But she found many whose confidence in her was too deep to resent her secrecy; and in her peaceful winter at Florence faith and happiness gradually returned to her. "Ossoli seems to me more lovely and good every day; our darling child is well now, and every day more gay and playful. For his sake I shall have courage, and hope some good angel will show us the way out of our external difficulties." Ossoli's love for her was so full of enthusiasm as to amount to reverence; and indeed Margaret's influence on the people amid whom they lived was perhaps almost enough in itself to justify this. Her power over rough men had frequently shown itself to be remarkable; her two strong weapons being courtesy and unflinching courage. At no time, in the midst of her most pressing anxieties, did she put aside the troubles or distresses of others, but was always ready with her sympathy and her commanding influence.

But bread-winning was now becoming the matter of vital importance. Margaret's "private hopes had fallen with the hopes of Italy;" and whatever was done with the Ossoli property, it is evident that the young Marquis was unable to obtain any benefit from it. Margaret's book on Italy was ready, and in America she hoped to make such arrangements for it as would free them from immediate poverty. No career was open for Ossoli in Italy, while Margaret would at once find work in her own country. Thus, though it was painful for Ossoli to go, they decided in the spring to sail for America. Even Margaret scarcely seemed to desire the return to her own land which she was planning. "I am homesick; but where is that home?"

To a lover of the superstitious there are many strange omens gathered about this voyage of the Ossolis. Poor Margaret, to begin with, was torn by a practical dilemma. Poverty made them decide upon sailing in a merchantman from Leghorn: to go by France more than doubled the expense. Yet she dreaded the sea, and the journey from Leghorn was one of sixty or seventy days. People warned her of the insecurity of a sailing vessel, and she had her child with her. "I am suffering," she says, "as never before, from the horrors of indecision." But she is helped to decide by reading of the loss of some fine steamers and packet-ships. "Safety is not to be secured," she says; "I shall embark more composedly in our merchant ship, praying fervently, indeed, that it may not be my lot to lose my boy at sea; or, if so, that Ossoli, Angelo, and I may go together, and that the anguish may be brief." Strangely enough, Ossoli himself had been told in his boyhood, by a fortune-teller, to "Beware of the sea;" and this boat *Elizabeth* was the first ship he had ever set foot on. Margaret is so "absurdly fearful" that even at the final moment she hesitates; but at last they sail.

The first trouble on this doomed ship came in the shape of the malignant small-pox. The captain sickened and died; afterwards Angelino sickened, but he recovered;

and eventually four thousand miles of ocean are crossed without further calamity. In safety the ship stood off the Jersey coast, close home. Trunks were packed, all were ready, and the last "good night" on shipboard was said.

In that last night, when seemingly the dangers of the journey were over, came the hurricane. The captain's wife and some of the crew were saved; Margaret might possibly have been saved, would she have left her husband and child. But these three resolved to live or die together, and steadily refused any separation. At last the steward took the child in his arms, resolved to save him or die, while the others remained alone to meet their death. The next wave brought it. The steward and the child were washed ashore, both dead, though warm. Margaret, Ossoli, and their servant Celeste perished upon the ship.

Margaret's manuscript upon Italy was lost with them; all of her treasures that the sea gave up were her child's dead body and the love-letters which had passed between herself and Ossoli.

IN A PALACE.

Long lonesome corridors we wandered through,
  Where the dim light made shapes of darkness grow.
  As the day waned the moon glanced to and fro,
When o'er her face vague wanton cloudlets blew,
Striking through squares of glass of soft wan hue
  Fair marble men;—large leaves a shadow throw
  That makes their still life ghostly. Angelo
Had there his Man of Twilight, doubter who
  With unsolved ceaseless questions grieves alway,
And lacks fruition, and his heart grows pale.
  High archways passed we, on whose hangings play
Such sunset hues as clouds wear far from shore.
Alone I passed beneath the shrouding veil
Of abstract years, to silent spheres of yore.

As round the walls strange pictures were unrolled,
  The breath and colour of romantic time
  Wrapped me in glamour and a dream sublime;
Meseemed the prince long legended of old,
For the rare maid of whom the sweet tale told
  Longing full sore. A palace steps I climb
  Seeking for her. With my rapt mood doth chime
A presence glimmering by . . . the dream's lips cold
  In that dim room I kissed, as one obeys
Bidding he wots not . . . then from spells I woke,
  And knew my love there standing in amaze,
Who had passed with me with light silent feet,
And now must mock my dream! Thin phantom folk
How she outvies, whose heart hath living heat!

NOTES AND REMINISCENCES.

By the late W. H. Harrison.

(*Continued from page* 618.)

SIR FRANCIS GRAHAM MOON.

I first met Mr. Moon at the Literary Fund Club, of which we were elected members on the same day, and when it was great fun to propose his health, which was done after dinner, whenever he was present, to get him on his legs, his style of eloquence being *sui generis*. Whenever he manifested any hesitation in responding to the toast, he was usually encouraged by "Rise gentle moon" from Mr. Hopkinson. It was his wont to refer to the works of art which he was about to produce; and on one occasion I remember Jerdan's interrupting him by saying that the particular plate referred to in his speech was "a regular *Doo*" (the name of the engraver).

Soon after our acquaintance he asked me to write a few verses to be sung or recited at the opening of the Licensed Victuallers' Schools in the Old Kent-road, with which he was connected. The verses were poor enough, but he acknowledged them by sending me the engraving of Eastlake's "Byron's Dream;" and this was followed by proof impressions of all the important subjects he published for many years afterwards, including "Deerstalking," by Landseer, and David Roberts's splendid work, "The Holy Land, Syria, &c.," forty-two numbers—a subscriber's copy; all that I ever did in return being the suggestion of a title or a motto for a plate. His hospitality was great, and in the rooms over the little corner shop in Finch-lane I have met some of the most distinguished painters and engravers, among them, notably, David Roberts, Haydon, and Robinson. He was essentially good natured and good tempered—by no means convertible terms. From very humble beginnings he rose to the foremost rank in his line of business, to great wealth, and a baronetcy. The elements of his success were palpable enough—industry, judgment, integrity, and enterprise; and he always took care to get the best work, and he paid the best price for it. David Roberts often spoke to me of his liberality, and many engravers have mentioned it to me in the highest terms. Nor was he less liberal to his own immediate *employés*, one of whom told me that Mr. Moon, one Christmas eve, handed him a cheque for a large sum in reward of what he considered he had done in promoting the subscription to the great work of the "Holy Land." He was justly proud of his title, and a little sensitive about it. I met him not very long before his death at a court dinner of one of the great City companies, and inadvertently inquired after *Mrs.* Moon. "*Lady*

Moon was quite well, he was happy to say." I felt the rebuke and apologised.

Quite in the early part of our acquaintance I had perpetrated some doggrel which appeared in the *Literary Gazette*. The lines were:

Mid graphic gems at F. G. M.'s,
Whose taste no man impugns;
I spent an hour—would that were all
I spent at Mr. Moon's.

And the worst of it is that there was no truth in the epigram, for I never spent a shilling in the shop.

I rarely met Sir Francis in the course of the thirty years which followed that he did not quote the lines to me.

GEMS, REAL AND COUNTERFEIT.

Many years ago there was a wealthy young Turk, who was sent over here by his Government to learn artillery practice, and was living at Woolwich, holding temporary rank and wearing the uniform of that service. In his own country he had the rank of Derreh Bey, or lord of the valley, possessing considerable landed property. He was placed under a friend of mine, an artillery officer, who, not actually his tutor, superintended his studies. He had rather a fancy for expensive jewellery, and while at Portsmouth was in a jeweller's shop, when a naval officer came in and offered to dispose of an oriental turquoise of unusual size. He asked thirty pounds for it, observing that he had reason to believe it was worth considerably more. The jeweller offered twenty, and would not raise his price; whereupon the Bey told the officer that if he would come to him at his hotel he would give him what he asked. Whereupon the jeweller, who was a Jew, got into a great passion and reproached the Bey for spoiling his bargain. However, the Turk bought the jewel, and, he being an occasional guest at my own table, I often saw it on his finger.

It happened not long after this that I was dining with a barrister and some six or eight other friends, when our host produced a ruby of great size, set in a ring, stating that it had been intrusted to him by a member of the *corps diplomatique*, to whom it had been presented by his sovereign, and as he wanted the value more than the jewel, he would be glad to turn it into cash. A friend of the Bey's present at the dinner remarked that the Turk had one very like it, and he knew would be glad of another, and would he thought not object to the price, which was fifty pounds. Before, however, parting with the ring, to be shown to the Bey, he said he should like to be satisfied of the genuineness of the stone, and accordingly there and then sent off his clerk to a celebrated jeweller at the West-end of the town, with a note requesting an opinion of the value of the gem. I saw the answer with which he returned. It was to the effect "that he was sorry to have to destroy a pleasant illusion, but that it was not a ruby, but a counterfeit, although a very clever one." My friend, our host, expressed his conviction that the owner was quite unconscious of the cheat, so that the blame lay between his royal master and the jeweller who sold it to him.

Among the Bey's possessions in the way of precious stones was a large yellow diamond, of the genuineness of which he desired to be assured, and adopted a very original way of satisfying his doubts. He was sitting alone about Christmas time in his room, before a blazing fire, into which he threw the ring, pressed the coals upon it, and went to bed. On the next

morning he hastened to see the result of the experiment, when he found the ring in three pieces and the stone as black as a cinder. Under the hands of a lapidary, however, it was restored to its original brilliancy, and he wore the ring thereafter with the greater satisfaction. He had a fancy, too, for animal pets, and kept a monkey, and I heard of his being in treaty for a wolf, but the bargain went off on a question of price, which the Bey thought too much by a guinea. He afterwards returned to Constantinople, and the last I heard of him was that he was a colonel in the Turkish artillery.

I must not, however, forget to add that his father held high rank in the Turkish army, and, if I recollect rightly, commanded the troops in Roumania, and possessed so much influence over the soldiery that the Sultan, Mahmoud the Second, became jealous of him, and consequently sent him a most cordial invitation to come and see him, adding that he would make him a pasha. "Pasha be hanged," said the Bey on receiving the message; "My father was a Derreh Bey, and I am a Derreh Bey, and intend to remain one," and positively refused obedience to the royal mandate, for such it was, doubtless feeling assured that with the rank of pasha he would receive the decoration of the silken cord, with which sultans in those days were wont to ornament the necks of those who stood in their way. And happily in this case the old Bey was sufficiently powerful to hold his own against even his sovereign.

Apropos of Turkey, and of the recklessness with which the orientals shed blood, a very dear friend of mine, who was for some time minister at that court for a foreign power, told me that a quarrel had arisen between two Turkish chiefs (what their special rank or designation was I forget), and was kept up on both sides with unremitting ferocity for many years. At last one of them sent a very civil message to the other to the effect that he was heartily tired of the quarrel, and earnestly desired a reconciliation, to which end he invited the other to come to see him, that they might exchange forgiveness and henceforth live in amity. The invitation was accepted, and the host received his guest with professions of great joy and affection. He conducted him to an inner apartment, and they sat or squatted together on the divan, over which, as is common in Turkey, was a shelf on which a Koran is kept. After some friendly chat, the host said, "Now, in token of the very great friendship I entertain for you, and of my joy at this happy reconciliation, I will present you with my own copy of the Koran." Thus saying, he raised his hand to the shelf, and grasped, instead of the sacred volume, a dagger, and plunged it into the other's bosom. At the same time, on a preconcerted signal, the attendants of the unlucky guest, who were assembled in the courtyard, were fired upon through loopholes, and every man was slaughtered.

This, my friend told me, was a fact which occurred within his own knowledge.

AN HONEST MESSENGER.

Mr. Samuel Prout, the painter, once made me a present of a very beautiful water-colour drawing, which he sent in a portfolio, which the youth, about fifteen years old, waited to take back. I presented him with a profile likeness of her majesty on a silver coin of the realm, which he took with the inquiry, "Am I to give this to Mr Prout, sir?" "By no manner of

means," I replied, "keep it yourself." "But he has paid me," rejoined the youth," "That may be," I said; "but keep it, nevertheless." I hope I made myself understood, and that my generous friend did not receive the coin as an acknowledgment of his splendid gift. The picture was accompanied by this letter, which has a biographical interest:

"5, De Crespigny-terrace,
Tuesday night.

"My Dear Sir,—The promise I made long since has very often distressed me, for when made, little did I suppose such a delay would have taken place.

"Perhaps it may be a difficult task to make it appear that a man cannot force himself to do what he may wish to do. Had it been possible you would have heard from me long before this. Yet, thank God I know that my profession of friendship is not a rope of sand, soon broken and worthless. Kindnesses received are graven deeply on my heart, and I will yield to no one in respect and gratitude for those who have shown me favours, and I must insist on being sound at heart.

"Mine has been truly a life of suffering. For thirty years, full one third of my time was sacrificed in excruciating torments, from neuralgic pains and tic doloreux in the head. Yet during these years the intervals of ease were the most active and profitable of my days, God having mercifully blessed me with great buoyancy of spirits, almost to a forgetfulness of the past; and I cannot be sufficiently thankful that it continues, in a degree, to this hour, though, sad to say, the stay of life is, daily, large doses of opium; unfortunately, a necessary evil. Few persons out of my family know what I endure every day of my life, and without this opiate—injurious as it must be—I could not hold on.

"Last summer, at the seaside, I was in idleness for three months. As soon as a little strength was gained, the lungs became overcharged, and fearful hemorrhages followed. Under such circumstances it is always considered as but a step between me and death. During the last three years I have had several attacks, and only last week I was obliged to lay my work aside, though the last before sending my drawings for the next exhibition. Yesterday I ventured to take them to town in a fly, and this was my first visit to London since the last exhibition. I am unwilling to trouble persons with an account of what I suffer, but I will add, every morning I awake with headache, a violent cough, and prostration of strength, which incapacitates me for any duty till after twelve o'clock, the proper time for taking the dose, after which I sometimes rally and hold on long after midnight, my best hours, occasionally working by lamp light until two in the morning—not choice but a necessity.

"I am almost ashamed of mentioning what must be uninteresting to everyone, but I wish to show you, my dear sir, how small is the portion of time in which I can be employed for the duties of my family.

"So little is my spare time that my three dear daughters have been waiting for years in hope of possessing each a drawing, as a remembrance of their dear father when taken from them. Two only have yet been done. The most valued and esteemed friend I ever had, and to whom I shall ever feel greatly indebted, is our mutual and highly talented friend on the hill. Yet, it has not been in my power to offer an expression of all the gratitude such as I wish . . . . a burden on my mind continually.

"Six months since or more, the drawing now sent came unexpectedly into my possession, which I put aside immediately for you, but did not then send it in hope something would turn up more worthy of acceptance, as it is not the kind of subject I should wish you to possess, but now send it as a pledge, something to be redeemed.

"Should I revive this spring I will call on you; at present it is an impossibility. The utmost I can do *au pied*—that is walking, is to our near church; the return home is always a sad affair, gasping for breath. My poor diseased lungs can only manage one pair of stairs, often with great difficulty.

"I have troubled you with a very long letter, written in much pain and with much difficulty. But anxiety to set myself right, and a wish that you should clearly understand the truth has induced me to be very particular, and this I must offer as an apology.

"Pardon my want of memory having forgotten your christian name. My daughters are on a visit, and have locked up their book case, or I should have referred to one of your vols.

"I know I am a great fidget, but it seems to me wanting in respect to forget the initials of friends.

"I remain, dear sir,

"Truly yours,

"S. Prout."

"Harrison, Esq."

MONEY LENDERS.

Mr. J. D., a banking Crœsus, familiarly called Joe D., had a daughter, with whom a scion of a noble house, his nephew, ran away from her school. The lady's father, naturally very indignant, sent for the husband and reproached him for the outrage—for such it was, and adding that it was well-known that he, Lord Charles, was heavily in debt, inquired what might be the sum of his liabilities. "Sixty thousand pounds," was the reply. "Well," said the banker, "you have done a very base thing; but, for my daughter's sake, I will interfere." Accordingly a meeting of the creditors, chiefly Jews, was convened, to whom he proposed that they should each give him a discharge in full of all demands on payment by him of one-third of the debt, adding that if they did not agree to those terms they might get their money how they could, for he would not pay a pound more. Their unanimity was wonderful, not a man of them dissenting. He provided for the future maintenance of the "happy pair," but bequeathed the bulk of his immense wealth to a younger brother of the husband, who was afterwards created a peer. He was a very amiable and accomplished man, but did not live long in enjoyment of his wealth and dignity, dying comparatively young.

REVIEWING.

I once received, with some books for review, a pound of tea, which would seem to have nothing in common with books excepting the leaves. I looked anxiously for a leg of mutton from some advertising butcher, but it never came.

THE STORMING OF ATHENS. JACK ASHORE.

A friend describes in a letter what he terms the storming of Athens by the officers and crew of Her Majesty's ship on the station. The avowed object was "seeing the lions." "The attack on everything in the shape of an hotel," my friend notes, "was something appalling, and the destruction of property, represented by beefsteaks, mutton chops, ale, stout, and champagne, was immense. The

very temples of Athens throbbed with excitement, and the statues would have rushed to the rescue only some of them felt the want of a *head*, while others had a difficulty in finding their *arms*."

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

Since the days of Tacitus, the subject *De Moribus Germanorum* has never been worthily treated. It has been the custom to epitomise the character of a nation in a proverb. Voltaire, whose wit, like a Malay kreese, carried poison on its blade, turned his satire on his own countrymen, whom he epigrammatically described as *Moitié singe, moitié tigre*. A German proverb says, "A German will do as much work as three Russians, an Englishman as much as three Germans, and an American as much as three Englishmen." The Italians say, "It takes three Jews to make a Genoese, and three Genoese to make a Greek." The Turks are as little complimentary to their own nation as Voltaire to his, for they say "The Turks hunt hares in carriages drawn by oxen;" and of the Persians, whom they regard as heretical Mohammedans, they say that in the other world they will be transformed into asses, to carry Jews into a locality not to be named to ears polite. Of a great liar they say, "Send him to Persia to teach Persians to lie;" and the Russians they describe as "Bears in kid gloves."

The great fault of a German is that he cannot understand a joke unless it be a very practical one; and herein he resembles the matter-of-fact lowland Scot and the English peasant. The Frenchman, who has but a dash of German blood in his veins, is active in mind and body, has neither time nor pertinacity to be inquisitive; he has general views, but changes them every moment; is quick to anger, ambitious, and egotistical, but none so readily takes or makes a joke. Count Bulow cleverly describes the three nations, French, English, and German. "Many years ago," says the Count, "a prize was offered for the best drawing of a camel. A French artist, as soon as he heard of it, rushed to the Jardin des Plantes, and in a week had finished a beautiful imaginative picture. The Englishman took a week to consider, and then went to Arabia, whence he returned in six months with an accurate and bold sketch of the subject. The German shut himself up in his atélier and endeavoured to elaborate a camel from the depths of his moral consciousness, and he is still at work."

WELSH OBSTINACY.

A friend of mine was travelling on the roof of a stage coach in Wales, in a part of the country to which railways had not then extended, and overheard the coachman telling a gentleman who sat on the box of a case of a man having been recently hanged for sheep stealing. "But," interposed my friend, "the punishment of death for such an offence has long been abolished." The coachman, however, adhered to his story, in the course of which, however, he mentioned—quite parenthetically—that the sheepstealer had *killed the shepherd*.

VENICE IN 1855.

A friend, in a letter dated 3rd October, 1855, wrote to me: "Many people in Venice are sorrowing for the death of the Duchess d'Angoulême. She was much beloved here, where her loss will be deeply felt by the poor, to whom she was a kind friend; but all her family are particularly kind and charitable.

The Duchess de Berri and the Count de Chambord gave away an immense deal, and I fear their good nature is often imposed upon. The poor duchess, the last of a martyred family, is to be buried today at Gratz, a place which will also feel her loss. She will lie beside her husband and Charles X. in a convent beautifully situated on the top of the hill overlooking the town. A number of people attached to the Legitimists have put on mourning for her, and some have gone to attend the funeral, among others old Marshal Marmont, Napoleon's Duke of Istria, whom Wellington beat at Salamanca. Many persons in England think he is dead, and others say he has lost an arm. Two of his fingers, I believe, were injured in that battle, but he lives, and lives very comfortably too, here. I know him very well, and some little time ago I walked about the arsenal with him, much entertained by his remarks. He is still a very good-looking man; very erect, and his only defect is his being deaf, but if one talks loud to him he is very good company. He does not like the English, it is said, at all; but all I can vouch for is that he is no friend to Lord Palmerston, who has no friends here, even amongst the English. I was passing the other evening at the Countess Esterhazy's, who is almost the only lady who receives, and she is very agreeable, and I go in whenever I like. I met Marmont there, who, as well as the others, was very indignant at the preparations for Kossuth; and the marshal said that how the English put up with Lord Palmerston was a perfect marvel to him. In consequence of this and other things, the Austrians, I suspect, have received instructions not to be over polite to the English, for when we came we had no trouble at all, and within the last week or two every English person almost has been put to inconvenience. An Englishwoman, Lady Hoste, and her daughter, were sent out of Milan, the other day, because they had given some trouble; and here Mrs. L. and her daughter being mistaken for some other persons, had all their papers and books seized, and amongst other things Miss L.'s journal, who being, I believe, a rather sentimental young lady, had the horror of hearing the entries, which her mother had never seen, translated into correct German, because they had happened to see in the beginning the name of an Hungarian refugee . . . . Yesterday I was with the Countess Pallavacino, the daughter of Marshal Nugent, now in England. I asked her if he would soon be here. She said 'Yes, because he was to leave England before Kossuth arrived; as he had been in arms in most of the battles against him.' The winter is beginning—it has rained all day, and I have seen nothing all the day but rain drops, sea-gulls, huge rafts of wood, and gondoliers stirring through the rain, with their hoods over their heads".

A MONK'S REVENGE.

At the restoration of Augmering Church (near Arundel) there was discovered, under endless coats of whitewash, a fresco representing the Day of Judgment, in which the sheep and the goats were divided, the former of course wending heavenwards, and the goats in the contrary direction. By the courtesy of the late Mr. Gratwick, of racing celebrity, who had a drawing made of the scene of the fresco, I had an opportunity of inspecting, in his drawing-room at Ham House, this somewhat originally conceived specimen of art; the chief peculiarity of which was that all the sheep were depicted as men, and all the

goats as women. The poor monk had doubtless been jilted in his youth, and availed himself of the occasion to gratify his revenge. *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?* Mr. Gratwick took the name and fine estate of Ham from his maternal grandfather, whom I remember to have often seen when I was a child. He was very wealthy and had the reputation of being exceedingly penurious; but he was a keen follower of the chase, and was always superbly mounted. His successor, Mr. Gratwick, was a man of kind heart and open hand—a true type of a country squire. He built costly schools, and restored the church—indeed, he rebuilt all but its ancient tower. On one side of the chancel was a mortuary chapel, in which was the family pew, and behind it one appropriated to the servants, who were numerous. The walls of this chapel were covered by monumental tablets to the memory of his family, except one small space which he had reserved for his own—he was a bachelor. At his death the estate was sold and the proceeds distributed among a multitude of relations. Ham house and park were purchased by Sir Henry Fletcher, who resides there. Mr. Gratwick, although ardently attached to the Turf, confined his ventures to backing his own horses, never betting; and was believed to have been more than usually fortunate. The village must have been somewhat behind in Church feeling, for I remember, when the news of his horse having won some large stake reached the place, the church bells were set ringing. It is right to add that Mr. Gratwick was from home at the time. His racing stables were at Mitchelgrove, a lovely spot on the downs, near Patching, and where, in a valley, was, in my recollection, the fine family mansion of the Walkers, the last descendant of whom ran through the property, and latterly drove the Worthing coach. The estate was bought by the Duke of Norfolk. I witnessed the demolition of the mansion, and have now in my possession a specimen of the carving in chesnut wood, which graced the circular drawing room. He married an accomplished Roman Catholic lady who was wont to play the piano behind a curtain to the tenants of the estate on rent-day feasts.

AN ECCENTRIC HEIFER.

In a village where I was staying there was a very handsome heifer, of generally amiable and pacific proclivities, which was frequently turned to graze in a grassy and narrow lane, with a ditch on either side, usually containing some foot or so of water. Now down this lane an old woman, a cripple, walking by the aid of two sticks, was in the habit of passing on her way from her cottage to the village; and whenever the heifer saw her, she walked up to the old lady and gently pushed her into one of the ambijacent ditches.

SWANS. — RARA AVIS IN TERRA.

A friend writes to me from the north that he has had an addition to his family in the shape of three cygnets, which the day after they were hatched, the male bird carried on his back down to the lake, and thus literally launched them into their future world. There is nothing wonderful in swans seeking what, as they would say in Cork, is their native element; but how the old swan got the young ones on his back is a "fenomenon which," as our philological friend Winifred Jenkins said of the thunder which got to the beer, notwithstanding that the

cellar was double-locked, "I cannot understand."

AN AERONAUT MALGRÉ LUI.

The same correspondent tells me that a balloon, which had ascended from the Pomona Gardens, Manchester, having alighted in the field of one of his neighbours, the owner of the field hastened to offer his assistance, and had mounted on the edge of the car, when the grappling iron gave way, and, the gas not having been exhausted, the friendly neighbour, holding on like grim death, was carried over the tops of trees and houses, and across several fields, until, the gas being now exhausted, he was deposited, not very gently, again on *terra firma*.

OSWALD, THE MARTYR KING OF NORTHUMBRIA,

Was held in great veneration by his contemporaries, and his memory was cherished for many years after his death, especially by the monks of Durham, who chancing upon an ancient intaglio of Jupiter, of exquisite workmanship, set it anew, with the inscription: "Caput Regis Oswaldi martyris," bringing to mind the conversion of the statue of Jupiter in Rome by renaming it Peter—whence the profane were wont to call it Jew Peter, as everybody knows.

BIRNAM WOOD TO DUNSINANE.

History, it is said, repeats itself, and so it seems does uninspired prophecy. Nixon, the local prophet of Cheshire, who flourished some centuries since, and whose fame has not quite died out, prophesied that Valley Royal Abbey would meet the wood of Delamere at Acton Bridge. The prediction was lately fulfilled when some of the stones of the abbey, and some of the trees of Delamere Wood, were used in the reconstruction of the bridge.

THE DODEKA.

The name of a club, consisting of twelve barristers, who meet at each other's chambers in succession, when a paper on some subject of interest, occupying half an hour, is read, and the rest of the evening, until twelve o'clock, is devoted to conversation, while the sideboard is furnished with a liberality worthy of University men, of whom the club chiefly consists. They admit "outsiders," and I am frequently a guest, meeting on such occasions some of the most distinguished members of the Bar. At a recent meeting a paper was read on the mode of moving the trireme—which has long been a puzzle to English oarsmen, who held that it was impossible for the uppermost bank to work oars of such a length as to reach beyond the two lower banks, if worked horizontally. Our host had recently been at Athens, and in visiting the Parthenon observed broken block of white marble on which a trireme had been sculptured. It was but a portion of the original, part of it having been carried off by an American tourist. My friend had a cast taken of what remained, and from that matrix had several casts taken in England, one of which was exhibited on the evening of the lecture. The mystery was explained by the evident fact that oars were worked perpendicularly, so that the oars of the three banks did not in any way interfere with each other. This was clearly shown by the cast. At the same meeting a German gentleman exhibited engravings, on a very large scale, of some drawings discovered in an Egyptian tomb erected fifteen hundred years before the birth of Christ. They

were illustrative of the manners and of the natural history of the period, figures of every beast, bird, and fish being given; and also of the craft of the Nile, the rowers being evidently Nubian slaves, who were superintended by a sort of overseer, who had a whip very like a cat-o'-nine-tails in his hand. One picture shows a herd of oxen fording the river, the horns very like those of animals imported in our own day from Portugal.

There were present two travellers from China and Japan. One of them mentioned the wonderful knowledge the Chinamen possessed of the points of the compass, without any other aid than their observation of the sun. Compasses they had none, and when the traveller, who was officially employed on a survey, presented the Chinese party with some small compasses, as an acknowledgment of their skill, they hung them on their breasts as ornaments, after the fashion of orders. Of the Japanese they spoke as superior to the Chinese, and of their wonderful facility in adopting the improvements and discoveries of European science. They would purchase our steam vessels, retaining their crews, until their own men, whom they had sent on board, were familiarised in the mode of navigating them; and then they would pay the wages of the European crew and dismiss them with a handsome present.

One of the travellers present told us of a person named Whompoa in Singapore, who kept a shop, and was of course a tradesman; yet had transactions on the largest scale, and particularly with the British Government, his dealings with which were very profitable, and in which he remarked he was not troubled with *Audit*, of which word he had a great and very natural horror. His hospitalities were on a scale commensurate with his wealth. The Duke of Edinburgh, I think he said, was his guest for several days. My informant added that he would chisel you out of a hundred rupees in the morning, and give you a diamond at night which cost twice the money.

The gentleman mentioned a sort of mountain forest of dwarfed trees, oaks, elms, and every other variety, only a few inches high, the Chinese possessing the art of dwarfing in a wonderful manner.

He gave a native, Chinese or Japanese, a watch in reward of some service, and, inquiring about it some days after, found that it was at the bottom of the man's bag, into which it had been thrust because it stopped after the first day. He had not discovered the use of the key.

CORNELIUS WEBBE.

Among the contributors to a periodical which I edited was Cornelius Webbe, a man of no very high order of genius, and yet thoroughly an original. By profession, if such it may be called, he was a reader in a printing house; but his heart was in literature, to which he devoted a large portion of his time and thoughts, and he had written some works, of a light character, which gained him some little notice. Diffuseness was his great fault, but he was an acute observer of character, and some of his sketches from middle and lower life were very truthful and striking. In his habits and disposition he was wayward and uncertain, frequently absenting himself from the printing office for part of the day, occasionally for days together, without warning, a fine day usually tempting him to a walk in the country to the neglect of more profitable pursuits. Cock-

neyism was the great fault of his style, and a propensity to buy pictures the great weakness of his life. His luxuries — and his ambition desired no greater—were a mutton chop and a pint of porter, and, if supplied at a hedge alehouse, the enjoyment was enhanced; for, like most of the London-born, he loved the country. He liked a glass of gin and water, when he could get it. He was temperate in his potations, although the rubicund tint of his nose might warrant a contrary conclusion. He was odd and irritable enough for a man of far higher genius, and was on far better terms with himself than with the world.

"I walked," he wrote to me once, "eighteen miles yesterday, and—wise W.—ate a whole lettuce with my chops when I was warm, and they were warm, and the lettuce was cold. The consequence is that I am in a pretty pickle to-day, what with the lettuce and being thirsty, and a pint and a half of ale! I have had headache enough for two heads, and a sort of lettucephobia, shaking one with spasmodic paroxysms."

He was a philosopher in his way, for his philosophy was of a sort which serves a poor man better than a more refined and classic sort—he could joke over his troubles, *e.g.*:

"I went to bed," he writes, "last night with a farthing in my waistcoat pocket. I rise with it—yes, there it is, safe enough, and I go forth with it to look after my fame in two volumes 12mo., and my dinner. I wish I may find both." Again he writes:

"I have that worst poetical property, so thoroughly part and parcel of every timber or whole hull of my crazy vessel—the art of sinking. Heaven help the poor craft of which I was once commander, but which now will not answer the helm. If Heaven do not help, it is lost, for I have given it up, and look stupidly on, while the sea of adversity is sweeping the deck from stem to stern, till boat and hen coop, and all that I could trust to in my last extremity, are gone. . . . I am as usual up to my ears—and they are long—in difficulties; but I *live*, or rather drag on, in hope of better days and doings. . . . I thank you for your congratulations on my restored health. There is nothing the matter with me now but poverty and a bad pen—that is a sort of *pen*ury—a very good pun for one o'clock in the morning. . . . I am stuck fast, and, having tried both shoulders to the wheel, find I cannot move an inch; and so here I am waiting until you come up. . . . I am meanwhile in such distress that I have lightened my cart for fear of its sinking 'deeper and deeper still.' Books and pictures are all gone, or going over by the *tail board*; but still I am sinking."

Here is something in a livelier vein: "I dropped your little friend at the Elephant and Castle the other night, all safe, and I hope he went safely home. If I may be allowed to mention it, he sat so high in the room that when I got with him into the road I was half in doubt whether I had not brought out the wrong young gentleman, or had not left half of the right one behind." I am glad to add that, *post tot naufragia*, my friend, through the kind influence of Mr. Blewitt, the excellent secretary of the Literary Fund, was at last anchored in the Charter House, where he spent the remainder of his days in peace, and where, unlike my friend Snow, his sensibilities were not shocked by the sight of his neighbour's butter in a bear's grease pot in the dining hall. I met him afterwards on a Gravesend steamboat, when he ex-

pressed himself as being perfectly happy, having the privilege, he added, of strolling into the country whenever he liked, and the means of refreshing himself by the way. And the air of the Charter House agreed with him, for I observed that the blossom on his nose had been transferred to his buttonhole.

PETER COXE

Was a brother of Archdeacon Coxe. Peter was an auctioneer of some note in his day, but not a very prosperous one, for he abandoned his calling for literature; and the latter part of his life was spent in writing a poem entitled "The Social Day," the theme of which, in the language of the Rosherville advertisements, was "How to spend a happy day." Much of his time was spent in obtaining subscribers to the book, and in reading portions of it when he visited his friends, who must have had half of it by heart before it was published. It was profusely illustrated by plates, the designing and engraving of which he obtained gratuitously from good-natured artists. They were for the most part admirably executed, and constituted the chief value of the volume, which is now become scarce; and a large paper copy, for the sake of one or two of the engravings, is eagerly bought up. I have one, but I confess I have not yet been able to read it through. He seems to have been a good-natured, gossipy sort of man, who especially recommended himself to the female part of his acquaintance by little pots of salve, omnipotent in chapped lips, scratches, and cuts, the recipe for which he subsequently sold to Howell and James, who sell it in small half-crown pots under the name of "Coxe's Conservatoria." The great event in Peter's life, to which he often recurred, was his dining with a Lord at Burlington House, his progress to which in a hackney coach he was wont to describe with great minuteness.

There were two archdeacons of the name: William, the historian of the House of Austria; the other Richard Charles, Archdeacon of Lindisfarne, who is described as "divine and just." Which was Peter's brother I know not; but I incline to think the former was.

IN SHIRT SLEEVES.

I once spent my annual holiday at Folkestone, and after I had secured lodgings — very humble, but very snug ones on the Bale, with a splendid view of the sea—I strolled into the churchyard, the burial-place of William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood; and, the church door being invitingly open, I strolled into that, and found the vicar, or rather perpetual curate, who greeted me courteously, and to whom I ventured to remark that the word *belief*, in the Decalogue painted at the altar, was wrongly spelt *beleif*. To which he replied, "I know that, sir; but the man who did it maintains that it is right; and he is backed by half the parish, and it is not worth my while to quarrel with them on the mere question of the transposition of two vowels." We became very chatty, and as I took my leave he said: "Dr. Bellamy, the head master of Merchant Taylors', is coming to dine with me to-morrow; will you do me the favour to meet him?" I accepted the invitation as frankly as it was given. I had, by an odd coincidence, made Dr. Bellamy's acquaintance on the outside of the Folkestone coach on my journey down, and found him a most intelligent and entertaining

compagnon de voyage. The dinner was a very pleasant one, and Dr. Bellamy told me an anecdote of the clerk of his parish—he held the neighbouring living of Sellinge. The clerk was a most worthy person, and held ecclesiastical dignities in great reverence, looking up to Bishops with almost worship. On a very sultry day in July Dr. Bellamy was struck aghast on seeing his clerk get into his desk in his shirt-sleeves; and at the end of the service gravely remonstrated with him on the impropriety, not to say indecency, of the act. "But it is so mortal hot" was the only answer he could get. For a long time the Doctor argued, but in vain. At last he said, "Do you know that you have positively appeared in the desk arrayed as the Archbishop, who, you remember, preaches in lawn sleeves." The clerk was almost as horror-stricken at the impropriety he had committed as the Doctor; and penitently promised that, let the thermometer be what it might, he would never repeat the offence.

And this reminds me of a conversation I once had with Barham (Thomas Ingoldsby) at the time at which preaching in a surplice was enjoined by the Bishop of London, Dr. Blomfield, when I asked him what he meant to do. "Oh," he said, "if the bishop were to order me to preach in my shirtsleeves, I should do it."

TYRONE POWER

Will be remembered as a very popular actor, and he was altogether a very superior man, and of very attractive manners. He had travelled much in Africa, and in an after-dinner conversation I heard him give a very interesting and graphic account of the country through which he passed; and especially I recollect his mentioning the fact of the margins of pools of water on the desert being strewn with the bones of animals. Were they the grim remains of sick beasts who had crawled thither to drink and die, or those of the weaker animals which had been preyed on by the stronger?

His last voyage was to America, whence he re-embarked, with the gifted and gallant Eliot Warburton, in the *President*, and was heard of no more.

About the time when all hope of tidings of that fated ship had been abandoned, there appeared a very remarkable poem, by the author of "Ecclesia." It was originally printed in, I think, a religious magazine, and thence copied into the newspapers. With a few blemishes, it is full of original thought and right feeling, while the versification is exquisitely sweet and graceful. The stanzas run as follows:

The President.

Speak, for thou hast a voice, perpetual sea!
Lift up thy surges with some signal word!
Show where the pilgrims of the waters be,
For whom the Nation's thrilling heart is stirr'd.

Down to the waves they went, in joyous pride;
They trod with steadfast feet thy billowy way;
The eyes of wondering men beheld them glide,
Swift in the arrowy distance—where are they?

Didst thou arise upon that mighty frame,
Mad that the strength of man with thee should strive;
And proud thy rival element to tame,
Didst swallow them in conscious depths alive?

Or, shorn and powerless, hast thou bade them lie,
Their stately ship a carcase of the foam,
Where still they watch the ocean and the sky,
And fondly dream that they have yet a home?

Doth hope still soothe their souls or gladness thrill?
Is peace among those wanderers of the foam?
Say is the old affection yearning still,
With all the blessed memories of home?

Or is it over — life, and breath, and thought,
The living feature and the breathing form?
Is the strong man become a thing of nought,
And the rich blood of rank no longer warm?

Thou answerest not, thou stern and haughty sea—
There is no sound on earth, or wave, or air.—
Roll on ye tears! O what can comfort be
To hearts that pant for hope but breathe despair?

Nay mourner! there is sunlight on the deep,
A gentle rainbow on the darkling cloud;
A voice more mighty than the floods will sweep
The choir of tempests when the storm is loud.

What though they woke the whirlwinds of the west,
Or roused the tempest from his eastern lair,
Or clove the cloud with thunder on its breast,
Lord of the awful waters, Thou wert there!

All Merciful! the fate, the day were Thine;
Thou didst receive them from the seething sea;
Thy Love too deep, Thy Mercy too Divine,
To quench them in an hour, unworthy Thee!

If storms were mighty, Thou wert on the gale!
If their feet fail'd them, on Thy paths they trod!
Man cannot urge the bark, or guide the sail,
Or wrest the quivering helm away from God!

BISHOP STANLEY.

A friend of mine was told that while the bishops, on the occasion of the Queen's accession, were waiting in a room at the palace opening, by a French window, into a small garden, Dr. Stanley, whose interest in natural history was well known, saw a bee of a rare species, and there was an endeavour to secure it. This was at last effected by the Archbishop of Canterbury, by whom it was transferred to Dr. Stanley, and by him slipped into one of his lawn sleeves, as the only means of preserving it.

On another occasion the Bishop said he was walking through one of the fashionable squares when some children of a noble family, who knew him, called out, "Bishop Stanley, Bishop Stanley, we have caught such a lovely moth" (it was of a rare species). The Bishop, probably as much to gratify his young friends as his own love of science, accepted the specimen with many expressions of thanks, but as his only means of securing his prize was by putting it in his hat, he found the moth a rather troublesome companion.

SAMUEL WHITBREAD.

Lady Elizabeth was not informed of the manner of this celebrated legislator's death, indeed, it was carefully concealed from her; and it was a long time after the sad event that a lady friend of hers requested her to procure her a sight of some manuscripts of a distinguished writer. They therefore called on the publisher and mentioned their wish, which was readily granted; but he pleaded that he had a pressing engagement which he could not postpone, but that if they would go up into his drawing room the MSS. should be produced, and they might examine them at their leisure. Not long after, the attendants in the room underneath heard a heavy fall, and on rushing upstairs found Lady Elizabeth on the floor. In turning over one of the manuscripts she met with an

allusion to her husband's death, and the manner of it. The publisher told this to my informant.

THE VALUE OF WORDS.

An intimate friend of mine, now of high rank, with fourteen decorations, the Victoria Cross inclusive, was, when a subaltern, ordered on a special service with another subaltern, under the command of a colonel of artillery, who had a reputation of a very warm temper and equal warmth of heart; and it happened that when things went cross he would give vent to his vexation in no very measured language. My friend, who knew him well, did not take the colonel's jobations much to heart, but they told severely on the other subaltern's more sensitive nature. It was after one of the colonel's outbreaks that the discomfited subaltern was sitting on a gun-carriage in great distress, when an old sergeant of artillery who had witnessed the scene, came up to him and, touching his cap, said, "Young gentleman, I thinks you takes the colonel's words too much too heart. Now, he says all sorts of hard words to us, but then we knows the *valley* of 'em—he does not mean you any harm;" and I have heard my friend say that perhaps by the very same post he wrote a favourable report of the officer he had so scolded, to head-quarters. I made the acquaintance of the colonel in after years, and believe that a more generous, kind-hearted man never wore a sword.

Apropos of the value of words, women, as a rule, are utterly ignorant of it, and they are constantly spending half-crowns when shillings and sixpences would serve their need. If men were to use of each other, or to each other, words which pass so currently among the gentler sex, life would be a battlefield.

A CONTRAST.

There was never a more striking contrast than that presented by the characters of Prince —— and a celebrated French general, both ambassadors to this court. One was the refined and graceful courtier in the days of the latter Bourbons, and the other the representative of Louis Philippe. When a decoration was transmitted through the Prince, the secretaries and *attachés* were drawn up in full uniform, and the recipient was invested by the ambassador in great form and state. A friend of my own connected with the embassy had been awarded the cross of an *officier* of the Legion of Honour; and, having occasion to go into the cabinet where Sebastiani was writing, the latter, without taking his pen from the paper, pushed the decoration towards him, saying "*Tenez.*"

General Sebastiani, once ambassador at this court, used to declare that there was no ripe fruit in England but a roasted apple; and when he came to this country he brought two chests of oranges, which he might have bought in England for half the money.

St. Aulaire, the most amiable of men, once came into a room where the junior members of the embassy, not being aware that their chief was so near, were at *high jinks*. Instead of rebuking them for waste of time, he merely said, "Ah, messieurs, you remind me of the days when I was a young man!"

THE "BRIEFLESS ONE."

Many years ago there was an individual of that unhappily not extinct species, a briefless barrister, who was an assiduous attendant on the common law courts, without

having the luck of getting "a half guinea motion." A man whom I knew, long since dead, who was connected with the *Globe* newspaper, made the young gentleman the subject of an epigram, the beginning of which I forget; but it bore a heading indicative of its application, and concluded with:

But thou'lt escape auld Hornie's claws,
For none are damn'd without a cause.

The epigram was handed round among the reporters; and at last, by some good-natured friend, was displayed to the subject of it, who, in great indignation, sent it up to the judge, appealing to his protection from such insults. The judge, looking as stern as he could, for the sunlight of a smile struggled through the cloud on his brow, demanded to know who was the writer. Whereupon the man of the *Globe*—being also a man of the *world*—at once "confessed the soft impeachment," offering at the same time a respectful apology for the offence. Of course he was emphatically rebuked by the judge, and threatened with unheard-of tortures if he presumed to repeat the offence.

A SUCCESSFUL PLEADER.

It is a common saying that a man who pleads his own cause in a court of law has a fool for his client; but this would not seem to be true of a woman. Some years ago there was a trial at the Croydon Assizes, in which the defendant was a female, not a *lady;* but she fought gallantly, Serjeant Shee being the counsel for the plaintiff; while the junior barristers in the court occasionally handed up to her slips of paper containing hints which she so turned to account, that she got a verdict. When it was pronounced the juniors took sly "sights" at the Serjeant, who, I doubt not, laughed heartily with them over the joke at the Bar-mess in the evening.

IRISH CHARACTERS.

In no one particular is the shrewdness of a low Irishman more conspicuous than in his expedients to hide his ignorance. This is strikingly illustrated in Lover's admirable story of "Barney O'Reardon, the Navigator." An instance was related to me by an Irish gentleman, which I do not remember to have seen in print. An Irishman visiting Dublin for the first time went into a tavern and called for a glass of whisky. It was brought to him with a slice of lemon in it. Pat surveyed it for some minutes in wondering silence, and then, calling the waiter, said in a half whisper, "What's that?" "Lemon, your honour," was the reply. "Sure, I know that," said Pat, who had never seen a lemon before in his life, "but what's its there for?" "To give it a flavour," answered the other. This was a wrinkle for Pat, who returned to his bog, and on the first occasion of entertaining his friends, slipped a slice of potato into each man's whisky. "What's the maning of that at all," inquired one of the company. "Don't you know it's to give it a flavour," replied his host, affecting supreme contempt of the other's ignorance. It was my fortune when quite a lad to be thrown into the society of some Irish gentlemen, who sat late and drank hard, and who patronised me to a great extent, constantly including me in their dinner parties. They were chiefly Waterford men; one of them, a very little but very handsome captain in the Navy, who had commanded the Serpent, sloop of war, but was shelved for running after prizes, instead of attending to the convoy under his charge. I was in high

health, with rather more discretion than might have been looked for at my age; and providentially two or three years of such society had no detrimental influence on my after habits.

But the most extraordinary Irishman I ever met was of the name of James Farrell. His features were coarse, deeply indented by small-pox, and he had a very large and remarkable nose; but he was clever, lively, and there was an expression of fun and good humour in his countenance, which, united to his agreeable manners, made him very popular, and especially with women. He was brought up by some Roman priests for the church, but was discarded for some misbehaviour; and afterwards got mixed up in the Irish rebellion with Emmett and his associates. After various escapes he was imprisoned for eighteen months, and was only released on condition of his never appearing in Ireland without permission from the government. He landed at Liverpool with sixpence in his pocket, got employed as a navvy in the docks, working up to his knees in mud, and afterwards, as the season advanced, exchanged the pick for the hay fork. He wrote a beautiful hand, and, by distributing specimens of it, obtained a situation in a solicitor's office, and soon afterwards in the counting house of the largest mercantile firm in London. These particulars of his life may be found in a book entitled "Ireland Sixty Years Ago." The rest of his strange eventful history was communicated to me by a friend who knew him intimately. By degrees he gained the confidence of his employers, who trusted him with the whole management of the concern, in which he had afterwards a small share, the partners in the firm living meanwhile at the West-end of London in great splendour, while he was pursuing a course of extravagance and dissipation in the east, keeping an open table in Austinfriars, the house of business, gathering about him all the wits of London and Dublin; men of the press, authors, and comedians. There Irish Johnstone sang his best songs, while the gentlemanly Charles Taylor and less companionable Sinclair added to the vocal attractions of the table. There, too, were to be seen the city orator and wit, James Quin, Peter Finnerly of the *Chronicle*, remarkable for an obliquity of vision which rivalled Wilks, and whose constant boast it was that he had stood in the pillory and counted it the proudest hour in his life. There too was found the worthy and gifted James Calder, then a very old man, and known to the whole press of London, a mine of anecdote and of astonishing powers of memory. There too was Lawson, of pugilistic as well as newspaper notoriety, who would drop in with a fresh-done translation of Buonaparte's bulletins in his retreat from Russia, and read them to the company the night before they reached the public.

Another frequent guest, and, like his host, the misguider of a great mercantile house, was Robert Jobling, a Falstaff in person, but a harlequin in motions, who once coming in to a dinner party as a plum pudding was being placed on the table, threw a napkin over it, and stood on his head upon it, with no other detriment to the dainty than the reduction of it from a pudding to a pancake.

On one occasion, attracted perhaps by the society which Farrell gathered about him, a royal duke honoured him by coming to dinner. Some of Farrell's friends who had not been invited to meet his royal highness took

offence at what they deemed a slight. In order to pacify them, and, at the same time, indulge his own love of fun, he invited them to meet the duke at another banquet, and prevailed upon his Falstaffian friend, "Bob" Jobling, to personate the royal guest, whom he resembled in height and bulk. The hoax was a great success: the mock duke was treated with the profound respect due to his supposed rank, and the other guests were highly flattered until the truth at last oozed out.

But gross mismanagement on the part of Farrell, and culpable reliance on him on the part of the other partners, could lead to but one result, and the concern collapsed. Farrell, again adrift on the world, speculated on his own account; then tried literature with as little success, and finally became bankrupt. He then went to France, and afterwards to Brussels, where, during the revolution, he was shot as he was endeavouring to escape over a wall; lingered a short time and died, and was buried in that city.

Let me add one anecdote which should be recorded to his honour. During his long confinement in the Newgate of Dublin, he was deputed with another prisoner, one M'Cabe, to some bodies of rebels in Wicklow, with an invitation to them to lay down their arms. The embassy was unsuccessful. M'Cabe did not care to trust himself again to the tender mercies of Major Sirr, and fled. James Farrell returned to his prison.

SPANISH PATRIOTS.

In the early part of the present century the house of Gordon, Murphy, and Co. was the most distinguished in the City of London, having connections with all parts of the world; and such was the magnitude of their dealings that they divided with another firm the sum of £160,000 as the profit on one transaction with the Spanish Government.

The second partner in the firm was John Murphy, born in Spain of Irish parents, and known as Colonel Murphy, from the fact of his having raised, at his own cost, a regiment of Spaniards in London, to aid in the struggle between Spain and France under Buonaparte. The regiment, it seemed, had been trained to act together, and when the French troops approached Madrid they deserted to a man. "When they did agree their unanimity was wonderful." The band of the regiment alone remained true to their colonel, who was passionately fond of music and a munificent patron of the art.

ALDERMAN HERRING.

This worthy burgess on several occasions had made his appearance at Court on municipal errands connected with the city of Norwich, and George IV. had taken a sort of fancy to him. He was uneducated, and there was a genuineness about the man not to be mistaken; nor was he wanting in natural shrewdness. The King on one occasion, by way of saying something, remarked that the city of Norwich was a very ancient one. "Yes, your Majesty," replied the Alderman, "but it was a deal more ancient before they pulled down the gates."

It is said of Herring that, once quarrelling with a workman, he told him he did not believe he could say the Lord's Prayer, and he would give him half a crown if he repeated it. The man began "I believe," and continued the Creed to the end. "There's the half-crown," said Herring, pro-

ducing it; "but I did not think you could have done it."

JEKYLL

Flourished in the days of the Third George; and there was a contemporary of his of the name of *Else*, an exceedingly diminutive person, and by no means a popular or agreeable one. He complained once to Jekyll that he had called him a calumniator and a scoundrel. "No," said the other, "I did not call you a calumniator and a scoundrel. What I did say was that you were *little Else*."

ROAST CHESTNUTS.

A dear friend of mine, one of the race of old Englishmen now fast passing away, was very fond of chestnuts, which he maintained, and with perfect truth, were never so well cooked as in the streets of London with the appliances of the perforated kettle and inverted lid; and certainly the bright yellow, deepening into a rich brown, presented a very inviting picture. My old friend, unable to withstand the temptation, would often stop in the street and transfer pennyworths to his pocket. It happened that immediately after one of these investments he got into an omnibus, where after some time the man who sat next to the chestnuts remarked that something felt *very warm*. "Yes," said my friend, "it *is* warm, very warm; *close* I call it."

E. E. PHILLIPS

Was an associate of the Lake Poets. He was a man of literary tastes, a strong dash of humour, and not a little eccentric. Eccentricity is very commonly only another phase of selfishness, which refuses to sacrifice to the usages of society; and very often it is the effort of a vain and weak man to wriggle himself out of the obscurity which is his natural sphere. But Phillips's eccentricities were not of a selfish sort, and were amusing rather than a bore to his friends. When I first knew him he lived on a second floor in Suffolk-street, Pall Mall, now pulled down, and replaced by grander architecture, keeping within his means, which, before he attained the Speaker's secretaryship, were limited. Many a frugal supper of bread and cheese have I shared with him in these humble but snug lodgings, on the site of which there now stands a club, where, dining sumptuously in after years, I could not help contrasting the banquet with the simple fare of my old friend.

He had a tincture of superstition in his mind, and he once told me a story of the supernatural in support of his theory. He was playing at cards, of which he was fond, at a house in Warwickshire, when, in the middle of a game, a lady, his partner, suddenly threw down her cards, exclaiming, "My God, methinks Staines (the name of her place) is on fire, and my children are burning." It was impossible to dispossess her mind of the conviction, and a man was at once despatched on horseback to ascertain the fact. He found the house a smoking wreck, but the children had all been saved. The place was actually in flames at the time of the lady's exclamation.

We both met often at the dinner table of a common friend at Hampstead; and we frequently started across the Heath, on our way to London, at eleven or twelve at night. It was then a much wilder scene than it now presents, and an occasional footpad robbery imparted an uncomfortable interest to the locality, which at that time, as it does now-

for aught I know, abounded in hollows and holes, which rendered careful navigation very necessary after nightfall. On one occasion, when it was almost pitch dark, we started arm-in-arm homeward bound, Phillips, according to his wont, trolling a quaint old song, the termination of one stanza of which was:

> You must love me Dolly,
> Because I love you.

He had got through the first of the two lines, when suddenly my arm was released from his grasp, and in a few seconds afterwards I heard "Because I love you" ascending from the bottom of a deep hollow, down which he had *slidden*, happily not fallen, or I had probably seen the last of my friend in life. He contrived to scramble up again; how, I know not. I could not help him, for I could not see him, and we completed our journey without further mishap.

Phillips was very fond of the country, and usually visited some friends, I think, in Warwickshire every year, when it was his whim that I should see him off from the Inn Yard, somewhere in High Holborn; for railways were not dreamed of in those days. I see him before me now, in a blue coat and top boots (the latter always new for the occasion), his face beaming with gleeful anticipation of his holiday. He was a man of many gentle virtues and few faults; and, if there was a tinge of cynicism in his nature, it was of the mildest type, and had a flavour of fun in it. He is mentioned in Capt. Robinson's "Diary."

A word as to the story of the fire. It has been objected, and may be urged again, that one-half of the alleged supernatural communication being untrue, it follows that the whole was invention. Not so; the burning of the house was the *spiritually* communicated fact; the destruction of the children the *natural* inference of the mother.

THE INSIDE OF A MAN-OF-WAR.

Some years ago a very dear friend, an officer of H.M.S. Howe, invited me to spend a few days with him at Sheerness, where the ship was stationed. She carried 120 guns, and in those days was one of the largest ships in the Navy. My friend brought me from the steamer in one of the ship's boats, and I was received by the commanding officer, the first lieutenant, as I stepped on the deck, with a hearty "Welcome to the Howe." My friend was a favourite of his brother officers, as he was with all who knew him, and they vied with each other in showing me the lions of the ship. I had not been half an hour on board before I was summoned to witness the "serving out" of the grog, which is mixed in a large tub, whence the captain (I think he was called) of each mess receives its allowance and distributes it, a can to every man. In doing this he takes the can by the rim with his finger and thumb, and the grog displaced by his thumb in each can forms a residuum, which, with his own share, gives him double allowance; and this is his recognised fee. I should add that whatever may be left in the tub in which the grog is originally mixed, after all the messes are supplied, is poured away through the scuppers, in order to remove temptation to unfair measurement.

On the following morning the purser, at his personal cost, lit up the lower decks of the ship, in order that I might see the various stores; and nothing could exceed the order, and I may add beauty, of the arrangement. The purser was a character worth the visit.

He lost his leg on "the glorious first of June" under Lord Howe, and he sported an artificial one of, he said, his own invention, which was a marvellous complication of springs and contrivances. But his leg not unfrequently played him false, and he was suddenly brought up, and sometimes, unfortunately, brought down, by some fracture or derangement in the machinery. On one occasion when on board a steamer he had lifted his *game* leg on to the seat on which he had placed himself, and when he wished to remove it, it was a fixture. Again, while I was on board the Howe, he was found on the deck, his spring leg having turned refractory, in an equally helpless plight. He, however, persisted that the invention was superior to all others, and could not be prevailed upon to adopt a simpler contrivance. He was a wonderful spinner of *yarns;* and, if he sometimes tried one's faith, he never failed to amuse.

But my visit to Sheerness was nearly coming to a tragical conclusion. My friend had a pretty little cottage, in which his wife and children lived, at Minster, a lovely village in the Isle of Sheppy. He and I were walking on the shore, talking very earnestly, under a cliff, when we discovered that the sea was fast encroaching, and leaving us but a narrow footing. I think we could have made our way over the beach; but my friend said he thought we would ascend the cliff—indeed, he had done it before, and we began to climb it. It was a soft, bluish clay, and we attained to about three-fourths the height without much difficulty; but there it became steeper, and, when within a few feet of the summit, it was almost perpendicular. I was literally in a fix—I could not move an inch forward, and, as for retreat, I looked back and saw the waves lashing the base of the cliff with great violence. My friend, who had taken a less precipitous path, was watching me very anxiously, and, as he afterwards told me, speculating on a probable vacancy in a certain editorship, when he called out to me that if I could contrive to edge myself a few feet sideways, I should find the ascent easier. By dint of digging my toes and fingers into the now stiffish clay, I accomplished this, and was enabled to make some progress, and was within three feet of the green turf when I was again "brought up all standing." But then my friend came to the rescue, and, reaching towards me the end of his walking-stick, dragged me on to *terra firma*. I shall never forget the peril of that moment, nor I hope the mercy of the deliverance.

And my friend, by way of reward, when we returned to dinner, got a scolding from his wife for leading me into danger.

Lieutenant Anderson—now, I hope, an admiral—the commanding officer of the Howe, Captain Paget being absent, was a model of a British officer. He was tall, well-made, handsome, uniting the graces of a gentleman with the frankness of the sailor; and there was a quiet dignity about him which seemed to tell both on officer and crew, and formed a contrast to the fussiness and bluster which at one time too frequently characterised the sailor officer. His eye was everywhere. I remember that as a boat was leaving the ship, in a rather rough sea, though it scarcely moved the immense vessel, he looked over the side, and said, "There are too many of you there; some of you had better wait for the next trip."

My friend was once putting off from the shore to his ship, the distance being very short, but there

was a brisk sea on, when a lady passenger, who was going on board to see her husband, at the first rise of the boat to the wave, threw her arms round my friend's neck, shrieking and shaking in an agony of fear, until the brief voyage was accomplished.

It was on board the Howe, while she was on this station, that Wellington and his old antagonist Soult met, and were entertained at a grand banquet amid the roar of cannon, which must have been anything but grateful to civilian guests, many of whom were deaf for days afterwards.

CLEVER THIEVES.

A robbery occurred in the old mail coach days under circumstances which take it out of the category of ordinary thefts. I knew all the parties but the thieves, and therefore "speak by the card." Country bankers in those days—and I suppose the practice survives—were accustomed to send a confidential clerk periodically to their London correspondents for the local notes payable at the office of the latter in order to their reissue in the country. A bank of issue in Worcestershire secured for themselves the seat of the mail coach, and fitted it as a lock with a staple and padlock, and into this the clerk stowed the notes and sat upon it. On one occasion he left the mail coach for three minutes (he asserted that it was not for more), and on his return found the other three passengers as he had left them. Shortly afterwards one of them alighted at a market town, and before the clerk had arrived at his destination the other two consecutively alighted also. The clerk removed the cushion of the seat, the staple was drawn, and the treasure, £8000 if I remember rightly, gone. The police were resorted to and rewards offered, but in vain. At last a communication was opened with the bank by the robbers, who stated that they had used about £200 worth of the notes; but they were willing to return the rest on payment of, I think, £300. I know the gentleman who paid the money and received the treasure, and who then inquired, as a matter of curiosity, how the robbery had been effected. The thieves, it seems, got scent of these periodical missions and of the manner in which the notes were secured in the mail. They booked themselves for the three disengaged seats, while a confederate followed on horseback, and when the clerk left the carriage for that brief space they drew the staple and handed the parcel through the window to their comrade on the horse.

About the same time there came under my notice an attempt at a gigantic fraud, which, I believe, never found its way into the newspapers. A foreigner arrived in Bristol, and put up at the Bush Inn in that city, whence he wrote to a large German house in London stating that he held a large amount of paper, described the drawers, acceptors, and indorsers, and begged to know if they were willing to make advances on them as he was desirous of the money to complete a mercantile transaction in the city. It happened by one of those providences which it is the custom to call coincidences, that a partner of one of the parties to the bills (I think his name was Martinicus) called on the house applied to and was asked if he knew anything of the man, when he said that he was convinced that the signature of his house had been forged. The London firm, who in the meantime had written to the guest of the Bush, expressing their willingness to negotiate, immediately des-

patched a police officer to Bristol; but the bird had taken alarm and fled.

A NICE GENTLEMAN.

I had occasion to trace a poor person who had formerly lived in a low locality of Camberwell, which many years ago was the scene of a murder committed under circumstances of peculiar horror by a man named Greenacre, who was hanged for the crime. On arriving at the spot I found that the name of the row of houses had been changed, and some of them had been pulled down and replaced by more modern ones. A woman, standing at the door of one of the houses, gave me the information I sought, and as I was leaving her she called my attention to a cottage, which she said was built on the site of that in which the celebrated Greenacre murder was committed, evidently regarding it as classic ground. She mentioned that, when the old tenement was pulled down, a hammer or a knife (I forget which) was found under the floor, and was supposed to be the instrument with which the crime was committed; and, having exhausted her information on the topic, concluded by saying, "He was a nice gentleman in company, sir!"

"Probably," I thought to myself; "but scarcely in a *tête-à-tête*."

ELEPHANT HUNTING.

I was sitting next at dinner to a gentleman holding the office of Colonial Secretary at Ceylon, but then on leave in England, and who was recounting, with much enthusiasm, his exploits among the elephants. On one occasion he had fired at one, and either he missed his mark or the bullet bounded off, for the animal, unhurt, charged in return, and the hunter's foot slipping, he had had a narrow escape from being killed by the monster. An elderly gentleman, who sat on the other side of me, and who had listened to the story, grunted out, "And serve him right, too; why wouldn't he let the elephant alone —what had the elephant done to him?"

And I was much disposed to indorse the old gentleman's sentiments.

ENOUGH IS A LITTLE MORE THAN WE HAVE.

James Smith was one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses," a book furnishing one of the few instances of men being lifted into sudden fame by a first essay. Parody is no very high order of art, nor a very difficult one; but it is popular, and the public, who had seen nothing like it since the "Needy Knifegrinder" of the *Anti-Jacobin*, were taken by storm. And, what is equally, perhaps more, notable, neither of these authors did anything afterwards that added to his fame. It was a "single-speech Hamilton" case.

James was on the Stock Exchange, and there became intimate with Mr. H., a well-known and much respected member of it; and they had agreed between themselves that as soon as each had realised £20,000 he would retire from business. They succeeded in accumulating that sum about the same time. James Smith at once retired, and, I believe, settled at Brighton. Mr. H., however, said he should go on a little longer, which he did, and lost all.

Among the *real* "Rejected Addresses" was one from the pen of a Dr. Busby, who, feeling himself aggrieved by its rejection, appealed to the public from the stage box of Drury Lane Theatre, and was

vouchsafed a hearing. The opening lines of his address,

> When energising objects men pursue,
> What are the wonders which they cannot do,

however, were too much for the audience, and "brought down" boxes, pit, and galleries in a storm of laughter. Such sublime bathos was irresistible, and the discomfited Doctor soon retired "to consider the verdict" so emphatically pronounced on his "Rejected Address." He had, however, companions in his disappointment, for none of the "Addresses" sent in were adopted, and Lord Byron was asked to write one.

LITERA SCRIPTA MANET.

A young man of gentlemanly manners and appearance called upon me, one day, in a handsome chariot drawn by a fine pair of bays, a perfect stranger to me, who said that he had obtained my address from Mr. Ackermann, of the Strand, with whom I had had transactions in the way of literature for many years. He stated that he was in charge of a large private asylum for lunatics, and proposed to me some literary work, unconnected with his establishment, and was very anxious that I should undertake it. There was nothing objectionable in the nature of the task proposed to me; but I did not much fancy dealing with a man in his position, and therefore demurred. However, he was very pressing, and offered me my own terms; and I accordingly undertook the task. When it was performed I sent him the MS., which, after the lapse of a few days, he brought back, saying that it was not very clearly written, and I undertook to transcribe it. This having been done, I sent it to him, suggesting at the same time that I should be glad of the money. I should say that during the progress of the work I was continually receiving from him notes couched in such very odd language as to lead to a suspicion that he was either a fit subject for his own asylum, or that they were *post-prandial* effusions. In reply to my application he wrote to me fixing a day, a week hence, on which he would call upon me and discharge the debt. Late in the evening of the day before the one appointed I had a note from him to say that he was compelled to go into Hampshire on the following day, for an indefinite period, and would let me know when he returned. This was not very satisfactory, and I suspected a trick. Accordingly on the next day, I got into a hansom cab, and drove to Kensington. I inquired if my friend was at home, which I found he was; and I was at once introduced to his private room. He started a little at my unexpected appearance, but quickly recovered his self-possession, and informed me that a circumstance had occurred which obliged him to postpone his journey, and added that it was not convenient to him to pay the money at present. I had taken the precaution to place myself between him and the bell handle; and I then produced from my pocket a paper, which I put into his hands, and said, "That is a copy of a letter written to me by you under what circumstances you probably best know." He read the letter, flushed up a little, and threw it on the fire. I then said the original of that letter is in my possession; and I leave you to judge what effect the perusal of it by the proprietor of this establishment would have on your position and prospects; I wish you a good morning!" and I quitted the room and the premises as speedily as might be, not feeling quite safe from molestation in my

progress. Of course I had not the slightest intention of carrying out my threat; but three days after, to my great surprise and gratification, he brought me the bank notes.

PLANCHÉ.

I saw him but once, and did not specially care to see him again. He was dressed in a *lapis lazuli* coloured coat; a green velvet waistcoat, and some *nondescript* material for pantaloons. He talked incessantly, and always of himself. Short, stout, and very bald.

A POSER FOR AUDITORS.

A friend of mine, who held a high civil appointment in India, in the palmy days of John Company, told me that, on his promotion to a higher post, he found that the officer next in authority to himself, and who held a duplicate key of the Treasury, my friend holding another, was a man of extravagant habits, and had the reputation of living in a style not warranted by his income. Nevertheless, on every occasion on which the contents of the treasure chest were examined they were found to total accurately with the books. My friend, therefore, instead of immediately on his accession to office challenging his colleague to the investigation of the accounts, and a comparison of the actual sum in hand with the balance exhibited by the books, appointed a day a month thence for the task. The day arrived, the books were examined, the treasure counted, and all was found to be in order. My friend then said to his colleague that it was scarcely worth while for the custody of the funds of the company to be divided, and therefore in future he would keep both the keys. Whether the keyless functionary remonstrated on this unusual proceeding I know not, but his chief adhered to his resolution, and in a few weeks afterwards the affairs of his subordinate collapsed. He had on previous occasions borrowed from the native merchants, on the eve of the examination of the chest, to make up the deficiency, and repaid them when all was pronounced to be correct; but, being unable in this last instance to reimburse the amount advanced, his creditors became urgent and a crash was the result.

My friend cited an instance of falsification of accounts effected by an official whose wont it was to bring forward an amount differing in one figure from the total of the preceding page, that page, of course, having been correctly added up. By doing this in a few out of many columns of figures, he was enabled to bring out a balance corresponding with the amount in hand.

THE HAKIM.

A friend of mine, an Englishman, who represented a European power at Constantinople, was applied to in the case of a Turkish woman who was desperately ill of fever. The Turks have a notion that Englishmen generally have a knowledge of physic, which, as it happened, my friend possessed. By a judicious exhibition of calomel, he arrested the course of the disease, and the woman began to mend. Unhappily she contrived to escape from her friends, who found her on the bank of the Bosphorus with her feet in the water. This, of course, threw her back, and the calomel was again resorted to, and with success. The poor woman was far on her way to convalescence when she again escaped; repeated the foot bath, and with fatal result. Her friends, by a process of reasoning peculiarly oriental, arrived at the conclusion that, having, as they

alleged, killed the old lady, he was bound to bury her. This, I need scarcely say, my friend persistently objected to, and there was a great row. The circumstance gave rise to an epigram:

C. killed an old woman in Constantinopolis,
And was very near pulled into bits by the populace
Of that very renown'd and smoke-loving metropolis.

She appear'd to him since on the banks of the Bosphorus,
Of course 'twas her ghost—her eyes shining like phosphorus;
If she'd carried him off it had been a sad loss for us.

THE COUNT JARNAC.

He was first secretary and Chargé d'Affaires of the French Embassy under Louis Philippe, and was the most English Frenchman I ever met, and most graceful, frank, and genial in his bearing. I had once occasion to call on him, when he was staying at the house of Lord Foley, whose sister, a most charming woman, he married. I saw both the Count and Countess, and remained some half hour. I was shown into a room, which, when the door was closed upon me, presented the appearance of being lined with books, every space not actually containing volumes being lined, door and all, with *dummies*, so that when once shut in I could not have found my way out. A friend, who visited at the house, afterwards informed me that the door was indicated by the apparent back of a book lettered "Locke;" and the bell was indicated by a similar device bearing the name of the celebrated author of the Bridgwater Treatise on the Hand.

The Count's father possessed some estates in Ireland, to which, on the breaking out of the Revolution of 1848, the son retired, and I believe resides there now.*

THE AUSTRIAN POST.

An Ambassador at a foreign Court discovered that many of the letters which reached him through the post-office had been tampered with; and he took occasion to call on the Prime Minister and represent the fact. The Austrian Minister was of course very indignant, and sending immediately for his private secretary, said to him sternly, "Sir, the Count St. Aulaire informs me that he has discovered that his letters received through your department have been tampered with. You will give directions in the proper quarter that greater care be observed in future"—meaning not as to the tampering, but the *discovery* of it; and doubtless the official understood him. This was told by St. Aulaire himself to my informant.

LORD LONDESBOROUGH.

The most numerous and, at the same time, the most splendid gathering I ever witnessed, was a party given by the first Lord Londesborough one evening in May, not long after his elevation to the Peerage. The invitations were issued some weeks before, and the coming *fête*, from what was known of the scale upon which it was expected to be given, was the talk of the town, and much interest was excited; and, in one or two instances which came under my own knowledge, mean were the expedients to obtain a card. Three magnificent and spacious drawing-rooms of his Lordship's house,

* He died in London, whilst French Ambassador, in March, 1875. The writer of these papers had died the year before.

near Hyde Park Corner, were thrown open on the occasion; and among the numerous guests were the most eminent in the ranks of diplomacy, literature, art, and science; and many of the most distinguished of the female aristocracy were invited to meet them; and such a galaxy of beautiful women I never saw, and am not likely ever to meet again. The Church also had representatives in the Bishops of Oxford (Wilberforce) and Hereford (Hampden). Of course in such a gathering there were many persons whom I knew, and the evening was a most charming one. In connection with the party I may mention that a short time before the meeting a gentleman requested a friend, distinguished both in literature and the world of fashion, to endeavour to obtain a card of invitation for him. The other said, "O never mind a card: I shall be there and will make it all smooth for you." Accordingly the innocent gentleman came, and contrived to find his way—upon some explanation, I suppose, and the mention of his friend's name—to the drawing-rooms. Our noble entertainer could not be supposed to know the faces of all his guests, but through some chance or other he happened to be struck by something in the appearance of the uninvited visitor, whose friend, I should have mentioned, never came. His lordship sent his secretary, Mr. Akerman, to ask the gentleman's name, and the next morning the secretary called on him to know to what circumstance his lordship owed the honour of his presence at the party. This was explained, and nothing further was said on the subject. The number of splendid equipages waiting to bring away the guests was wonderful, and the road was thronged by spectators in front of the house. The carriage called immediately before my vehicle was the Duchess of Beaufort's, and when it had drawn off Mr. H.'s carriage was vociferated, and reported down a quarter of a mile, when—mouse of mountain's throes—there crawled up to the brilliantly illuminated portico a miserable little hackney cab and a groggy grey horse. I should add that the cabman, whose stables were in my neighbourhood, was so impressed by the grandeur of his fare's connections that he never passed me afterwards without touching his hat with the profoundest respect.

I remember being much struck by the beauty and grace of Lady Londesborough, who wore the diamond tiara which attracted so much attention at the Great Exhibition of 1851. I afterwards saw at the exhibition of the Royal Academy a portrait of her ladyship, habited in a white opera cloak, the simplicity of which I preferred to the more gorgeous attire of the reception room.

Lord Londesborough was a most amiable and graceful person. I remember Crofton Croker telling me that his lordship once invited him to his place (in Yorkshire, I think), and told him "to bring a playfellow with him."

Lord Londesborough was a great antiquary, and had the largest collections of finger rings in the world. He purchased them of Crofton Croker, who had been many years collecting them. He printed an illustrated catalogue of them; and, but for an oversight of Croker's, I should have had a copy.

SIR CUSACK PATRICK RONEY.

His career was somewhat remarkable. When I first knew him, I believe he was a sort of sub-

editor to *Gaspey*. He was the son of a very respectable surgeon in Dublin, and had graduated, I think, at Trinity College in that city. His first thoughts were inclined to his father's profession, and he had made some progress in the study. His first permanent post in London was the clerkship of the Literary Fund on a salary of £100 a year; but it was said that during part of his time he was employed at the Admiralty by More O'Ferral. He was induced to resign his post, then called a secretaryship, of the Literary Fund, on the prospect of a better post, which unfortunately he did not get. He, however, got appointed secretary to the Polytechnic in Langham-place. His next step, and it was a stride, was the secretaryship of the Eastern Counties Railway; subsequently he was connected with a Canadian railway, and was actively engaged in the promotion of the Dublin Great Exhibition, his services to which were rewarded by the then Lord-Lieutenant by knighthood. He next became an active director on the unfortunate Chatham and Dover Railway, and was in the direction when he died. He was a remarkably good-looking man, of genial manners, extremely good-natured, and full of life and fun. He acted as secretary to the Literary Fund Club, and managed its finances so admirably that he had usually enough in hand at the end of the season to wind up with a free dinner at Richmond or Greenwich.

I have a grateful recollection of his dexterity and kindness on one occasion in particular. He called on me one day when I was suffering from something that had blown into my eye and had kept me awake all the night. He immediately took me into a private room, and, pressing the eyelash down upon my cheek with his finger until tears had collected under the eyelid, he bade me blow my nose, when, as if by magic, the foreign substance, whatever it was, was gone. This remedy is worth knowing; I have tried it successfully on myself and others.

THE STORY OF THE FIVE SILVER DONKEYS

Was related to me by the minister of a foreign power, at the Court of St. James's. A very wealthy man, of the Hebrew faith, finding himself near his end, called his five sons to his bedside and presented each with a silver donkey, equipped with panniers, and said:

"There was a merchant travelling from Basira to Bagdad with a cargo of silk, but as this, however, was not sufficient to fill more than one of the panniers, he balanced the burden by filling the other with stones. As he was journeying he was overtaken by a wayfarer who fell into conversation with him, and in the course of it remarked, 'What a fool you must be.' 'Very probably,' was the reply, 'but in what particular?' 'Why,' said the other, 'don't you see that, if you were to distribute your silk equally between the two panniers and throw away your stones, you would diminish your ass's burden by one half?' 'Very true,' rejoined the other, 'I thank you for your wise counsel;' and forthwith the silk merchant threw his stones out on the road, and distributed the cargo in equal portions between the two panniers.

"As, however, they continued their journey the merchant remarked, 'You are a very clever and discerning person, but how is it that you are in such evil case? Your clothes are soiled and threadbare, and you have scarcely a shoe to your foot.' 'The truth is,' was the reply, 'I am an unfortunate

man.' 'Are you an unfortunate man? Then I will go back and pick up my stones,' which he accordingly did, and replaced the silk *in statu quo*. It happened that when he arrived at Bagdad he found that the Caliph was building a new palace, but was brought to a standstill for want of stones. So the merchant sold his stones for more than he got for his silk, and returned rejoicing. Now, my sons, in presenting you each with the silver donkey, I wish to impress upon you this maxim, Never take the advice of an unfortunate man."*

A FRENCH SAVANT.

Sir Henry Ellis told me that a French gentleman who had been elected a member of the Society of Antiquaries, of which Sir Henry was for so many years the secretary, returned thanks "for the honour they had conferred upon him by *accumulating him into their bottom*, by which last term he probably meant foundation.

AN EXTREME SABBATARIAN.

There was a clergyman, whose daughter told me the story, whose sabbatarian views were so strict that he would not have a clock or watch wound up, or a bolt drawn, on a Sunday. He was a man of large benevolence, and never sent a beggar away from his gate unrelieved by either money or food. It happened one Sunday that a rough-looking beggar of immense stature applied for alms, and was, as usual, relieved. One of the clergyman's daughters, who slept in a room by herself, was awakened by a noise in the middle of the night, and looking in the direction of the window saw that it was darkened by the figure of a man. Her terror was so great that she fainted away, and she was found by her sisters in the morning in a state of half insensibility, and her pillow was saturated by a dark liquid which proved to be laudanum, a portion of which had been forced into her mouth. It is supposed that the ruffian had been disturbed by some movement in the house, for the only thing abstracted was her watch, which was lying on the dressing-table. The young lady was so overcome by the shock that it was many weeks before she recovered.

AN ASSIGNATION.

An intimate and very dear friend of mine, who told me the incident, was once staying at a large mansion in Shropshire, and was one morning looking with his host from a window which commanded a portion of the garden, when, pointing to a particular spot, his friend said that it was the scene of a very remarkable transaction in the time of his predecessor, who, I believe, was a nobleman; but, whether he was or not, it happened one night that he was unusually restless, and, unable to sleep, he rose and paced the room, passing to and fro between his bed and the window, from which latter he observed a light in the garden, that light being occasionally obscured by a dark figure. After looking on for some time he became interested, and finally uneasy. He was an old man; but, in order to satisfy himself, he dressed himself and proceeded to the spot where he saw the light. When he arrived there he found the gardener employed in a portion of the ground which had been prepared for potatoes, and digging a trench or pit about six

* We have heard it stated that the Rothschilds never admit into their employ a person who has ever failed in any business.

feet long and two wide. He at once asked the gardener what he was doing there and at that hour of the night. "Digging a cucumber bed, my lord," was the reply. "This is not a time or a place to be digging cucumber beds; go home instantly to your cottage, and I will speak to you about it in the morning," said his lordship; and was returning to the house, when he met the cook with a bundle under her arm. "What," inquired the nobleman, "do you do here at this time of the night?" The woman hesitated, muttered something, and then, bursting into tears, confessed that she had appointed to meet the gardener at that particular spot, and that he was to have a light cart waiting at the gate in which to convey her to the market town, where they were to be married. "Go back to your bed," said her master, "and thank God upon your knees that you have been saved from a horrible death."

On the next morning the gardener's cottage was deserted, and he was never seen or heard of afterwards.

Of course it was his intention to murder his paramour, and bury her in the grave which he had prepared, and which, made in the rough ground of a potato piece, might have remained for years undiscovered.

W. S. W. VAUX.

Sir Patrick Colquhoun took me one morning to the British Museum to meet Mr. Layard, and see some small Ninevite relics which had just arrived. A Duchess of Beaufort—there were three at that time, two dowagers and the reigning Duchess—was to have been there, by an arrangement with Layard, but she was unable to be present. Captain Warburton, of the Artillery, brother of Eliot Warburton, whose writings and untimely fate had attracted so much attention, was there, and I have rarely seen so handsome a man. Colquhoun, Vaux, and myself left the museum together. Vaux, in taking leave of us, asked Colquhoun if he would come to his rooms in Gate-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and extended his invitation to myself. It was for the following Saturday; and, having arrayed myself for an evening party, I proceeded to Gate-street, and was ushered into a spacious room where some half-dozen gentlemen were gathered round a fire; for, though it was summer, the evening was wet and cold; and, there being no lights, I could not at first distinguish my host, who, however, emerged from the gloom, and, greeting me cordially, asked if he should lend me a coat to smoke in, he himself being arrayed in a pea jacket, and all the rest of the party being in morning dress of some kind. By degrees the room began to fill, and the candles were lit. Looking around me, I saw preparation for tea and coffee, a goodly array of black bottles labelled whisky, brandy, &c., reinforced by jugs of porter and pale ale. There was no formality or stiffness—everyone spoke to everybody, and I soon found myself in conversation with men of no common stamp. There was a cottage cabinet piano in the room, and a gentleman, whom I afterwards found to be Mr. Barker, the Eastern traveller, was sitting with his back to the instrument, when he suddenly turned round, and touched the keys. A gentleman with whom I was conversing exclaimed, "He is playing an Arabic air." The fact was that he was talking to some persons who had gathered round him on the subject of Oriental music, of which this was his first example, and it was

followed by other illustrations, terminating in the *muezzin* or Call to Prayer. A few days afterwards Mr. Vaux was kind enough to send me a card, on which was drawn a grotesque representation of the room and the guests assembled in it, in one corner of which was an unmistakable likeness of the host. On the reverse of the card the evenings of meeting for the season were noted. It was my privilege to attend these charming gatherings, which, I should add, were enlivened by instrumental music, the performers being first-rate, and one of them a distinguished violinist from the Opera House. Among the *habitués* was John Palliser, the author of "Excursions in the Rocky Mountains," where he lived for weeks without seeing a human being, and dependent on his rifle for subsistence. He is one of a remarkably tall and handsome family, of which, although measuring six feet three, he was, as his father, Col. Palliser, informed me, the shortest. I remarked that he had a remarkably delicate hand and taper fingers. Another man of mark there was Lord Gordon Fitzgerald, son of "Ireland's only duke," a wonderful caricaturist. I saw the envelope of one of his letters to Vaux, the address of which was written on a flag borne by Lord Brougham, as a knight pricking forth to battle. Morgan John O'Connell was also a guest, as were Colonel Rawlinson, and poor Loftus, who died soon afterwards. He—that is Loftus—gave me an amusing account of his sojourn in Southern Babylonia, which is much infested by lions, but of a variety not so large and ferocious as the African lion. He told me that there was one old lion which visited the vicinity of his tent, and though, he said, he "chawed up" his dogs, did no other mischief besides roaring all night and "murdering his sleep." He was walking one day up a hill, and perceived a figure on the top of it which he took for a dog, and inferred therefore that there was an encampment of Arabs on the other side. On a nearer approach, however, he discovered that it was a lion. Loftus said he immediately "sloped off," but kept his eye upon the lion, which, however, took no notice of him, but turned upon his back and rolled in the sand, then rose and shook himself, and went off in another direction. When in the East, he was under Sir William Fenwick Williams, who I fancy was engaged in the boundary question as between Turkey and Persia. It happened, he said, that a Sheik, during their operations, made a demand on Sir Fenwick of a sum for forage which the colonel disputed, when the Sheik gathered his tribe of three hundred Arabs, and assumed a threatening attitude. The colonel drew up his handful of followers, and put himself at their head; and Loftus said it was a grand sight to witness the perfectly calm and undaunted look of Colonel Williams. His men carried muskets, but they were not loaded, as he had strictly enjoined them not to fire on their opponents, as they would only draw on themselves total destruction from a force so greatly outnumbering their own. At last the colonel said the sum demanded, about five shillings in English money, was not worth disputing about, and accordingly offered it to the Sheik, who then said he would have ten shillings; whereupon that amount was handed over, but it was intimated to him that he would hear of it again. Complaint of the outrage was made to the Shah of Persia, and not many weeks afterwards the gallant Sheik was walking about minus his ears.

I met Vaux one evening at the house of Mr. Colquhoun, the representative of the Hans Towns, and we were both at the refreshment table, where John Palliser and a Mr. Storer, a great traveller, were comparing notes of their adventures, and the subject turning on the game they had shot, and on the occasional scarcity of it, one of them remarked that an old she-wolf was not nice eating, but that he had been reduced to such fare on one occasion. Their conversation on the subject was so animated, and their interest so deep, that Vaux turned round to me and said, "H——, civilisation is a mistake after all."

Mr. Vaux was the most genial of men and the kindest of hosts; and I shall ever recall with pleasure and gratitude those delightful Gate-street gatherings. I should have said that Mr. Walter Severn resided with Mr. Vaux, and is an artist of no mean note; and I remember being much struck by a most spirited sketch of a great fire on the wharfs and warehouses on the Surrey side of the Thames, near Blackfriars Bridge, from the Middlesex side, of which the sketch was taken in a bitter frost which rendered the use of his colours very difficult. I remember seeing a picture by his father, Mr. Joseph Severn, afterwards British Consul in Rome, where he was extremely popular with all parties, Catholic and Protestant. The subject of the painting was the Phantom Ship, in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," and it appeared to me to be a most original conception. It was afterwards engraved, but I do not think the engraving was ever published.

UNDER THE COCOA.

In palaces and peopled marts
I mingled where the many press;
I proved and weighed the hollow hearts,
And all was waste and emptiness.

I broke the peremptory bars,
I steered where blue Pacific smiles,
Lifting a languid wave,—and stars
Vast deeps with constellated isles.

I watched my boat consume, moored high,
With gushing sparks and quivering heat;
My eye beheld another's eye,
Against my heart another beat.

The white foam boiled along the reef,
The moon was mated with a cloud,
The palm tree streaked with shadowy leaf
That dusky maiden singing loud:

"*I prayed Atua what to do*
With the strange pair from o'er the sea,
The strange man and the strange canoe;
And thus the God hath counselled me."

RICHARD GARNETT.

FRANCIS VILLON, POET AND BURGLAR.*

MANY youths of poetic sensibility have railed against the worldly powers; but perhaps among them there are as few that openly defy law as there are that become great poets. Francis Villon is probably unique, seeing that as he grew up he not only became a real poet, but a member of a gang of burglars. Strange to say, his poems possess such striking qualities that they cannot be wholly ignored. And as he died, at little more than thirty years of age, something over four centuries ago, only those of us who have an uncommon pedigree can possibly claim to have the chance of any grudge against him now on the score of damage to our inheritance. He was born of poor but respectable parents near to Paris, was adopted and brought up by a rich ecclesiastic, and took degrees in arts and theology at the University. Thus ends that part of his life which alone has the slightest claim to be called respectable. He led a bad life among bad companions; was disappointed in a love affair which might haply have redeemed him; killed an ecclesiastic who forced a quarrel on him; was outlawed, and drawn into active connection with bands of thieves and robbers; was pardoned, arrested for fresh burglaries, and condemned to be hanged. His punishment, by the intervention of powerful friends, was commuted to banishment. After some years' exile he returned, and was arrested for a theft from a church. He was thrown into a dismal water dungeon, where he passed some months, and was then released by Louis XI., who had just come to the throne, and was passing through the town where was the castle that contained the dungeon. After this release he composed his most important poetical work—his cynical sarcastic testament—and died in obscurity, it being supposed that early dissipation and the damp dungeon together brought on a premature decay.

It is not a pleasant life to tell of, and in the poems themselves there are passages that reflect with graphic faithfulness the evil of it, the coarse outspokenness of the brothel, and the unblushing profanity of Villon himself and his companions. It is well that the book has been issued only to subscribers of the cultured class. To these the exquisiteness of the poetic form in which this utter scapegrace wrote, the biting wit of his satire upon the church and the world, and the cultured power of his mind, so forcibly appeal for recognition, that it becomes necessary to widen the limits of acceptance, and take Villon at least as a fact, if a sad and significant one.

Mr. Payne's version is very spirited, and shows a really remark-

* The Poems of Master Francis Villon, of Paris. Now first done into English verse, in the original forms, by John Payne, author of "The Masque of Shadows," "Intaglios," "Songs of Life and Death," &c. London: printed for private distribution. 1878.

able power over language, rare indeed in a translator. A fair specimen may be found in the well-known ballad whose exquisite refrain is "Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?" The term ballad, it is to be remembered, with a French poet of this period, and with the modern school of art-purists, is no general word, but signifies a form of verse quite as exact as that of the sonnet.

BALLAD OF OLD-TIME LADIES.

Tell me in what land of shade
Dwells fair Flora of Rome, and where
Do Thaïs and Archipiade
Hide from the middle modern air?
And Echo, more than mortal fair,
That when one calls by river flow
Or marish, answers here and there?
But what has become of last year's snow?

Where is Heloïsa the staid,
For whose sake Abelard did not spare
(Such dole for love on him was laid)
Manhood to lose and a cowl to wear?
And where is the queen whose orders were
That Buridan, tied in a sack, should go
Floating down Seine from the turret-stair?
But what has become of last year's snow?

Blanche, too, the lily-white queen, that made
Sweet music as if she a siren were;
Flat-foot Bertha; and Joan the maid,
The good Lorrainer, the English bare
Captive to Rouen, and burned her there;
Beatrix, Eremburge, Alys,—lo!
Where are they, sovereign virgin, where?
But what has become of last year's snow?

ENVOI.

Prince, you shall never question where
They are, this week nor this year, I trow;
Except the answer this burden bear,
But what has become of last year's snow?

This we may compare with the version of the same done by Mr. D. G. Rossetti:

THE BALLAD OF DEAD LADIES.

Tell me now in what hidden way is
Lady Flora, the lovely Roman?
Where's Hipparchia, and where is Thaïs,
Neither of them the fairer woman?
Where is Echo, beheld of no man,
Only heard on river and mere,—
She whose beauty was more than human? . . .
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Where's Héloise, the learned nun,
For whose sake Abeillard, I ween,
Lost manhood and put priesthood on?
(From Love he won such dule and teen!)
And where, I pray you, is the Queen
Who willed that Buridan should steer,
Sewed in a sack's mouth down the Seine? . . .
But where are the snows of yester-year?

White Queen Blanche, like a queen of lilies,
With a voice like any mermaiden,—
Bertha Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice,
And Ermengarde, the lady of Maine,—
And that good Joan whom Englishmen
At Rouen doomed and burned her there,—
Mother of God, where are they then? . . .
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,
Where they are gone, nor yet this year,
Except with this for an overword,—
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Villon's "Ballad of Slanderous Tongues," recounting the horrible compounds in which he would have them fried, would provide the witches in Macbeth with a larger stock of nastiness than Shakespeare gives them. The "Ballad of Good Doctrine to those of Ill Life" might have been written by a moralist, but it is Villon's characteristic that he knows himself degraded, and while sometimes he seems to repent, more often, with sardonic humour, he bitterly mocks:

Smuggle indulgences, as you may,
Cog the dice for your cheating throws;
Try if counterfeit coin will pay,
At the risk of losing your ears and nose.
Deal but in treason, lie and glose,
Rob and ravish, what profits it?
Where do you think the money goes?
Taverns and wenches, every whit.

Flute and juggle and bugles play;
Follow the mountebanks and their shows,
Along with the strolling players stray,
That wander whither God only knows.
Act mysteries, farces, imbroglios,
Earn money by cards or a lucky hit
At the pins—however it's got—it goes:
Taverns and wenches, every whit.

Turn from your evil courses, I pray,
That smell so foul in a decent nose:
Earn your bread in some honest way.
If you have no letters, nor verse, nor prose,
Plough or groom horses for food and clothes.
Enough shall you have if you stick to it;
But throw not your wage to each wind that blows:
Taverns and wenches, every whit.

ENVOI.

Doublets, pourpoints, and silken hose,
Gowns and linen, woven or knit,
Ere your wede's worn, away it goes:
Taverns and wenches, every whit.

The following is bright and saucy:—

BALLAD OF THE WOMEN OF PARIS.

Though folk deem women young and old
Of Venice and Genoa well eno'
Favoured with speech, both glib and bold,
On lovers' messages for to go,
I, at my peril, I say no!
Though Lombards and Romans patter well;
Savoyards, Florentines, less or mo,—
The women of Paris bear the bell.

The Naples women (so we are told)
Are pleasant enough of speech, and so
Are Prussians and Austrians. Some folk hold
Greeks and Egyptians sweet of show;
But, whether they hail from high or low,
Castille or Hungary, heaven or hell,
For dulcet speech, over any I know,
The women of Paris bear the bell.

Switzers nor Bretons know how to scold,
Nor Gascony women: well I trow,
Two fishfags in Paris the bridge that hold
Would slang them dumb in a minute or so.
Picardy, England, Calais, St. Lô.
(Is that enough places for one spell?)
Valenciennes, wherever you go,
The women of Paris bear the bell.

ENVOI.

Prince, after all the prize must go
To the ladies of Paris for speaking well:
If Italians be sweet of speech or no,
The women of Paris bear the bell.

To translate old French in so strict a measure, and yet with so free a swing, argues no small capacity of language.

We will conclude our extracts with another of Villon's soberer poems:

BALLAD OF THINGS KNOWN AND UNKNOWN.

Flies in the milk I know full well:
I know men by the clothes they wear:
I know the walnut by the shell:
I know the foul sky from the fair:
I know the pear tree by the pear:
When things go well, to me is shown:
I know who work and who forbear:
I know all save myself alone.

I know the pourpoint by the fell:
And by his gown I know the frère:
Master from varlet can I tell:
And nuns that cover up their hair:
I know a swindler by his air,
And fools that fat on cates have grown:
Wines by the cask I can compare:
I know all save myself alone.

I know how horse from mule to tell:
I know the load each one can bear:
I know both Beatrice and Bell:
I know the hazards, odd and pair:
I know of visions in the air:
I know the power of Peter's throne,
And how misled Bohemians were:
I know all save myself alone.

ENVOI.

Prince, I know all things: fat and spare,
Ruddy and pale, to me are known;
And Death that endeth all our care:
I know all save myself alone.

It is pleasant to see the old form of subscription editions reviving again, in cases where the work to be printed is of value but not of popular value. One hundred and fifty-seven only is the number of copies printed of the work before us, and with their hand-made paper and vellum cover, they are likely to be worth more than their subscription price for many a year.

LAELIA.

LAELIA's father was a painter, a gentleman, a genius, a man whom all around him loved and respected, but eccentric—at least, so some people said. It is true that he sometimes entertained odd notions as to whether people who had supplied him with goods, but had been churlish or ill-mannered, deserved to be paid, and he had a way of resenting their claims as a personal affront if made with any vehemence. At the same time he held the most lofty ideas with regard to spiritual rectitude, and he brought up his daughter Laelia to look upon life as an art, and a grand and sacred one.

Laelia had no mother, and had never grieved for that loss, except perhaps in her dreams. In all actual life the gray-haired, broad-shouldered, wise, genial, erratic old artist was to her father and mother in one. She spent her childish hours playing about his easel or reading books beyond her understanding, curled up in a big arm-chair in the studio. Growing older, she needed more definite education than the reading of any book she chose, and the taking into her childish memory her father's utterances upon art.

So he began to teach her, after a fashion, himself. For he hated girls' schools and governesses, judging a little too largely perhaps, as was his wont, from his personal experience. He was determined that at all events his girl should be ignorant of the common feminine weaknesses and naughtinesses. Better that she should learn too little than too much.

And so Laelia learned to draw, to paint, to judge of art work; she learned to read intelligently, and to speak good English. Probably she learnt little else; and what lady principal of a ladies' seminary but will allow that poor Laelia had been sadly neglected?

What she did not learn was alarming to think of. Laelia could talk philosophy, yet she did not know that she was wonderfully pretty. She had read all manner of dreadful books, yet she had no idea how to attract attention. She read Shelley's works and Shelley's life when both were looked upon with some horror. She revered the memory of Mary Woolstonecraft, yet she had no idea how to flirt.

This quaint girl was interesting, as may be supposed, to the artists who visited her father's house. Laelia had unwittingly figured in many a young man's fancies; but most of them were a little afraid of the strong, simple nature which looked out of her eyes. Artistic souls, especially when young, are often soft all over, so that anything extreme or severe hurts them. They like abundance of beauty to adore, with all hard things kept discreetly in the background.

And there was a certain severity in Laelia's character, although no sign of it showed in her delicate face and gentle eyes. But her father found out before long that the soul he had undertaken to train

flew beyond him in some respects. Once in her early youth she turned his own teachings upon himself, when to her clear young perceptions he was not acting up to them. And after that, when any weakness in him became dominant, and made him less wise than he should be, he hid it from her.

When Laelia was seventeen, one of their circle brought a friend to the house, a student who had been studying in Paris and in Rome, and had come home to begin work in earnest for his livelihood. He was a splendid fellow, in art, in physique, in manners.

He fell in love with Laelia at first sight, and she, as innocent as Juliet, as readily confessed her love. Never were more romantic lovers than Arthur Dallen and Laelia. A moment spent apart was a moment wasted. Each thought of and saw but the other.

In the face of such an attachment and all Arthur Dallen's good qualities the father could not hesitate long to let the "foolish children," as he called them, become betrothed. Marriage he would not seriously consider for a while, although the young man's unceasing earnestness was difficult to resist. But the father found himself in the face of a new difficult. Neither of these young people would consent to a civil marriage. Arthur's mind had been already filled with the idea of the higher law. He was in that delightfully youthful enthusiastic state when a young man thinks that any principle which he has accepted must be carried out to the uttermost. The channel of Arthur Dallen's soul was not a deep one. He was essentially showy even in his most earnest moments. This man, who bore so good a presence, was weak at the heart's core; like many other young men he constantly overstepped the line of true living in his enthusiastic following out of his theories. When he began to feel the influence of Laelia's beauty he had imbibed from her father, and those who met in his studio of an evening to discuss all manner of tabooed subjects, the same notions as to the wrong of legal marriage which she herself had learned throughout her life. He burned at the thought of insulting the purity of her soul and the absoluteness of her good faith by demanding a legal vow.

He gloried in the romantic fancy of taking this high-souled creature to himself without any of the ordinary conventionalities which in society attend upon marriage. He longed to shine in the same category as Godwin, Mary Woolstonecraft, and Shelley; and to prove that himself and the woman he loved were superior to those ordinary people who cannot be faithful without a legal bond to hold them fast. This he felt in Laelia's presence, and raved about to her friends; away from them the matter seemed scarcely so important, either way. All he wanted was Laelia herself, in any fashion that pleased her best, for she was to him, at the time, the perfection of his ideal woman.

And Laelia never entertained a thought of legal marriage. She had learned to regard it as a mere confession of weakness; and, brought up, as she had been, outside the pale of society, untouched and uninfluenced by any of its ideas or customs, she could not conceive of any other way of viewing the matter. There was no one to talk her over and represent to her the folly of outraging the conventionalities of life; for her father was somewhat stricken by his conscience, and scarce knew what

to say to her. He himself had taught the child her creed; and in his heart he felt a little afraid of the look which would rise in those dark, earnest eyes, if he should essay to withdraw from his own principles. Yet he had not wholly forgotten some worldly wisdom, though he had lived so many years out of society; and he foresaw practical difficulties. But young people hopelessly in love and burningly filled with their convictions are sufficiently difficult to manage; and the father, confident in his child and fairly satisfied with Arthur Dallen, began to think (under Laelia's eyes) that he had better be consistent with his theories. He wished once or twice that Laelia's mother were alive to help him in this difficult case; but after all, he reflected, interference with these hot heads and resolute hearts was impossible, save by such an assumption of fatherly authority as he held to be wrong.

And so one summer morning, bound together by a passionate love which was made sacred by a father's blessing, Arthur Dallen and Laelia left England, and went abroad for a brief and glorious holiday. To Laelia the sight of the world was a ravishing delight, taught and guided by a man whom she worshipped.

For Laelia was one of those women who will worship; she had worshipped her father as a child; as a young woman she flung the whole ardent wealth of her nature at her husband's feet.

The honeymoon was full of happiness; the return home no less so. Arthur Dallen applied himself to work with the heroism of a powerful physique. He had aims that stung him: he hated poverty and obscurity; he must be rich and famous.

Success soon came to him; and much of it he owed to his wife. For, as the months and the years passed by, Laelia grew into an earnest and thoughtful woman. She became her husband's inspiring genius, continually urging him to noble work; she pervaded his domestic life with an atmosphere that made it poetry instead of prose.

Their life was in a measure idyllic. Arthur's friends formed a small court round Laelia, who, as her womanhood matured, grew not only more beautiful, but nobler in nature. She taught and influenced those that surrounded her; she held a sort of little school of morals and philosophy. Young men who would not have listened to words of wisdom from an old man, were startled and aroused by them when they came from a beautiful woman.

She reigned among them by the earnest force of her nature; helped out and glorified, it is not to be denied, by her unconventional manners and her unconscious beauty.

Her most frequent visitor was a man who had been her father's friend, and her own friend since her childhood. Older than herself, of wider experience, yet Charles Morris had always rather held the position with her of younger than of elder brother. This was probably owing to a reticence in him, arising from a gentleness that was almost timidity of character.

He was a man who thought in silence, and did not care to give utterance to his thought. He expressed himself only in his art. He was a rare and delicate colourist; the connoisseur found in his pictures a truth and purity worthy of Perugino, and no one, appreciating his work, could doubt that it flowed from a soul noble as well as gentle.

This Laelia appreciated ; but still, though she knew that the man had a power within him that she could not rival, she despised him a little in her heart for his incapacity in speech and his unobtrusive form of life. She knew that to work for art alone, as Charles Morris did, was the only true spirit for the artist to work in ; but she was continually stirred by her husband's activity of life, and she was only slowly learning how dangerous a thing it is to use an art but as a means for a lower end. Yet she was learning it, and Arthur Dallen was the teacher. The early bloom of their union was a thing of youthful years and glowing hearts. While Arthur Dallen retained some of his boyish romance, the honeymoon lingered ; but, as is so common in such men, ambition, pride, and success developed more and more his tendency to self-centredness. Maturity too often brings such a result to men of this temperament. The *ego* becomes the all ; Arthur grew more and more to regard himself as the centre of the universe ; and, proportionately, Laelia sank to the position filled by so many wives — that of a pretty and pleasant adjunct to the centre of the universe.

The change and growth of character is almost imperceptible to those nearest to it ; but after five years of married life Laelia began to find out that there is a danger in ambition. She saw that it never can be satisfied. She said this one evening to Charles Morris, when he came into her little sanctum where she was sitting thinking, alone.

Arthur Dallen was seldom without visitors in the evening. He was exceedingly fond of society, and Laelia had to preside over a dinner party once or twice a week, which she very much disliked. His circle of friends enlarged as he grew wealthier and made more noise in the world, and he encouraged them to constantly come to his house. Laelia frequently left the drawing-room and went to her own sitting-room, where only a privileged few disturbed her.

On this particular evening Charles Morris came to her, and found her pacing the room restlessly, a fire burning in her eyes.

"What is the matter, Laelia?" asked he in surprise.

"Nothing," said she, "save that I have just satisfied myself of a truth."

"And what is that?"

"I have found out for myself now that, unless a man has a noble aim to work and live for, nothing else will keep him noble. It seems that man cannot placidly float upon the waters of life ; unless his soul has an object for which he will sacrifice his lower self, and which compels him to effort, that lower self will overweight him and drag him down in one way or another."

Morris was silent. He guessed where her thoughts had gone. He dared not lead her into further discussion, and presently, after a few words, he left her again. Laelia, looking after him, thought her words wasted upon a stony exterior.

But Morris, his heart aflame, went back into the drawing-room, and sitting down there, set himself by the light of a new thought to look at Arthur Dallen and his friends.

He saw that Arthur Dallen had indeed matured during these years of worldly prosperity and domestic happiness. His character, like Laelia's, had formed itself and settled its outlines. And Morris, looking at his face and his form with the eye of an artist and physiognomist, saw before him a clever, shallow, worldly-minded

man. He saw, too, in his countenance a certain meanness.

"She is right," he said to himself; "this work for mere money and position has brought to the front his lower qualities. Yet whence have they come? for the Arthur Dallen of Laelia's girlhood was a noble young fellow. Was it only the charm of youth and romance and hot blood that made him so lovable? Nay, there must be something radically good in his nature, only it is being persistently lived down by his mode of life and class of associates. He has learned to like to talk to men shallower than himself. I have observed this before in men who work without loving their work. Arthur is no true artist; to him work is only toil for gain, and therefore it exhausts him in such a way that he relishes the rest of frivolity and unreality. And Laelia's influence is not strong enough to counteract all this? Then he cannot be open to it; for Laelia is twice as strong as he is. He must be forgetting to love her!"

Morris rose suddenly from his seat at this point in his soliloquy, and went hurriedly out into the night, as if he could no longer breathe within four walls.

From that time his eyes were opened, and he silently watched the course of Laelia's tragedy.

Arthur Dallen was daily growing away from her. His soul was weak; success intoxicated him, flattery deceived, wealthy surroundings and luxurious living pleased him. A hundred times had Laelia been his model, as well as his inspiration, in the days of united interests; but now he no longer painted her, for he did not find the same pleasure in the classic purity of her face, in the simple directness of her gaze. He was learning to prefer a more voluptuous beauty. Yet at the same time he was proud of her, as a fine woman; he appreciated the admiration his friends could not but feel for her; and he was proud, too, of her talents. She was still a desirable and intelligent companion, although he did not look to her for inspiration as of old.

Indeed, he was more loving than many respectable husbands. But Laelia, who lived in the ideal, could never rest in a prosaic affection. Her heart began to hunger.

Not to hunger after another love, only to eat up itself in its unsatisfiedness; for Laelia was passionately faithful. She clung to the memory of that husband of her youth, who was rapidly vanishing from before her eyes.

Morris watched the struggles of this ardent soul with a painful sympathy. He watched in silence, daring no word, in dread of hastening the catastrophe he feared.

But he saw too plainly that, this phase of growing apart having once begun, it was developing with fearful rapidity. Arthur, now in the full swing of prosperity, and still in possession of splendid animal life, finding it unnecessary to devote as much time to work, entered heart and soul into pleasure and the amusements which pleased him. He was a man who naturally hated solitude and quiet, and preferred to be the constant centre of a light-hearted society.

One of his most intimate friends was a Captain Henderson, who is perhaps sufficiently described as a clever, yet common-place man of the world. Clever enough to be a delightful companion, he was sufficiently common-place not to be exhausting or tiresome, and to be perfectly constituted for passing every hour of his life idly, pleasantly, and uselessly.

Laelia merely despised this man, until she found he was her husband's chosen friend. Then she

learnt to hate him; for, through his influence upon him, she was beginning to despise her husband.

Captain Henderson was quite sensitive enough to be aware of Laelia's quiet contempt for him: and his mode of retaliation was very easy, and to him very amusing. He began to insinuate to Arthur Dallen that, while living with a woman who was not his wife, he could never take his place in really good society; he suggested that he ought to marry her, and shrugged his shoulders with worlds of contempt and suggestive amusement in his face when Arthur shamefacedly explained Laelia's and his own reasons for not binding themselves legally. Captain Henderson cleverly scoffed at the idea of any woman of real modesty and virtue entering into such a contract; and, further, introduced his own rooted belief that no woman alive was to be trusted if placed outside of the pale of scandal and beyond the reach of law.

He paid her compliments and attentions that made Laelia stare, but which made Arthur flush. He led other men into remarking, within Arthur's earshot, upon her beauty and her independent manners.

The end of it was that Arthur began to believe the connection did him harm, and, like a weak man, he was led into slighting her himself. With burning heart Laelia found herself, in these late years of union, no wife indeed; but it was with a chill of horror that she saw her husband weak and mean enough to not only slight her, but allow her to be slighted and held lightly by others in his house.

Then at last she despised him; and to a nature like Laelia's contempt is a deathblow to love. She was too intense in her passions to know of any half love. From the moment she felt that she could no longer depend upon Arthur Dallen her heart was ice to him.

Since Captain Henderson's constant presence at them Laelia had frequently refused to head the table at the dinners which Arthur was fond of giving to his gentlemen friends. But she was sometimes in the drawing-room, although not often.

The climax for which Charles Morris, with prophetic heart, waited so anxiously came at last.

Captain Henderson, emboldened by his success, and much amused by the defiance and apparent unapproachableness of this proud woman, began to make hot love to her. One evening she found his attentions no longer endurable, and abruptly left the room.

For a long while she paced up and down in her own room; and then, pale and resolute, she sent a servant to summon Arthur.

He came to her after some time, lounging in with a cigar in his mouth.

She was standing with her back to him; but she turned on him like a tigress about to spring.

"Arthur Dallen," she said, "if you do not choose to protect me against insult in your own house, of course I must leave you. I cannot live with you unless I am recognised as your wife. If this is not to be, I will go from you at once."

She was aflame with passion, though her face was pale and her voice steady.

Arthur Dallen was insensible to the majesty of her indignation. He looked the tigress boldly in the face and sneered.

"By all means," he answered; "you seem to have a lover all ready to receive you."

He lounged out of the room while Laelia stood silently gazing

in amazement at this shadow of the man she had once known.

He left the door open, and as his step died away, Laelia saw that another form stood in the doorway —that of Captain Henderson.

With all elegance of gallantry, and all the courtesy due to her beauty, Captain Henderson avowed his passion for her, and offered her his heart, his house, &c., &c.

Laelia said nothing. She stood, still, her hands clasped, as she had turned to speak to Arthur Dallen.

But she fixed her eyes upon Captain Henderson's. A wild imagination filled her in this moment of despair and agony, that she could penetrate to the man's heart and discover what it was composed of.

A kind of delirium filled her, and prompted her to this strange curiosity; and as she gazed upon him, she fancied she could behold his spirit standing, naked of the fleshy clothing, before her; the secret places of his soul appeared to be laid bare to her vision, and her heart lost its disgust and filled with pity.

The man, looking into her eyes and seeing no response on his own plane, but meeting instead that gaze of angelic pity, could at length no longer endure it; but turned and left her, unanswered by any word of mouth.

Laelia, left alone in her terrible solitude, began to tremble. She dared not trust herself to hesitate, lest any further scene of humiliation should fall upon her; and hastily preparing herself, she went downstairs and out of the house.

On the steps she came face to face with Charles Morris. He had seen the climax, which he had been unwilling to hasten and unable to avert, had at last come, and knowing her nature, had waited for her here.

"Where are you going?" he said quietly. But she looked at him and saw his sympathy and knowledge.

"My God!" she cried, wildly, "I am escaping from the sight of these shallow beings, who hide false souls behind smiling masks!"

Her passionate despair and her loneliness gave him courage. There, on the very doorstep of the house, he told her how all his life he had quietly and silently loved her and watched over her. He asked her, if she could only bear with him, to let him take care of her; and perhaps, in time, she might persuade herself into marrying him, and so letting him take care of her and serve her always. All this he said, and much more, in the manner in which a pure, gentle, and earnest soul pours itself forth in the one speech of its life.

Laelia put back the shawl from her head, and looked up into his face.

"Charles," she said, "I cannot love you with this heart: it is dead. I must learn to hope for another life when the memory of this man may be hidden from me, and my youth and innocence of soul return to me—then perhaps I might love you. But now my heart lies dead within me. Can the well springs of spirit arise again, and my virginity of soul return to me? O, keep your faith, Charles. Good bye!"

She left him; and with her words in his ears, and the command of her eyes upon him, he dared not follow her.

That night the old gray artist found that he was no longer alone. He had once more a daughter by his side. And with his help and encouragement, Laelia went into the world as a worker, seeking in the enthusiasm of labour to find peace for her torn heart.

A. L. K.

SPIRIT OF THE UNIVERSITIES.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

Nov. 21, 1878.

THE senior wranglers now living are not to be the last of their race, although the name "senior wrangler" is not to mean in future years all that it means now. By the grace adopted after much excitement this afternoon, the first-class men in the June part of the mathematical tripos are to be arranged in order of merit, not in alphabetical order.

On the eve of the election of the new members of the Council some printed flysheets were issued, calling attention to the fact that no statutes had yet been drafted by the Council, to be laid before the Commissioners, under that provision of the Universities Act which permits the University to frame such statutes until the 31st of December of the present year. Could it be true that the writers of those flysheets —Dr. Phear and Dr. Potts—had become so thoroughly possessed by the reform mania as to be discontented with the rate of motion of a body of which one member was Mr. Coutts Trotter himself? Or was it that they suspected that body of an evil wish to see the matter go by default, and thus to suffer the destinies of Cambridge to fall entirely into the hands of the Commissioners? The outgoing Vice-Chancellor, apparently not a little nettled at some of the insinuations of Dr. Phear, issued a flysheet in which he remarked that it had never been his custom, though he might have misconceived his duty, either at the Council or at Syndicates over which he had presided, to make formal propositions on difficult or disputed points. He had introduced subjects, and sometimes stated his own opinion, but had left it to the other members of the deliberating body to make formal propositions. He had, with regard to the statute graces, strongly and emphatically stated his opinion that steps should be taken for the preparation of graces, but no formal proposition had been made by any member of the Council, and he had received the impression that the Council was strongly disinclined to proceed with the drafting of revised statutes.

Since the 7th inst. the Council has been making the very most of the short time remaining between that date and the close of the year, and we shall have some statutes laid before the Commissioners after all.

The gentlemen proposed this time in the Liberal interest were all returned with the exception of one, which seems to indicate that the residents here mean to impress upon the Commissioners their willingness to see reforms of a comprehensive kind brought about.

That political party should have anything to do with votes in academical affairs has been sometimes remarked upon as an anomaly, but it can hardly be said with strict correctness that *political* party has any-

thing to do with them. It is inevitable that in an academical body there should be a certain number full of the notion that it is all important to be ever keeping abreast of the age's movement in thought and feeling; and others afraid of the tendency of that thought and feeling, believing it to be rather mere irritable restlessness than any real movement onwards. Naturally, the persons who are conservative or liberal, as the case may be, in respect of University matters, are of a similar habit of mind as to political things. It would not be surprising, for instance, to find Mr. E. H. Perowne, whose last public utterance has been a protest against the use of the English language in the revised statutes, on the committee of a Conservative candidate at the next general election.

This term has seen something, perhaps, unprecedented in Cambridge history. The University Church, from the 10th to the 19th of this month inclusive, was beset nightly by large congregations of, for the most part, undergraduates, bent on listening to the exhortations of the Rev. W. H. M. H. Aitken. No one could have felt more sceptical as to the probability of good from this "mission," as it was called, than your correspondent. He went more out of curiosity than for any other reason to the service on the first Sunday evening, and came away unimpressed by the preacher. There was, as he thought, a remarkable flow of language, much rhetorical effect, but very little eloquence—meaning by that often-abused word, speaking so as to really move one's hearers. Not willing to pass a hasty judgment, he went again on the following Sunday evening, placed himself very near to the pulpit, and came away with quite different feelings from those of the week before. On this occasion Mr. Aitken was eloquent in the true sense of the word. There was no doubt that he felt very intensely all that he was uttering, and the sight he saw from that pulpit was indeed one to rouse him. Well might he say, almost weeping, that if that great congregation of young men would but unite in a crusade against sin, they might shake England. Nothing could have been kinder than the motives of good Mr. Barton, vicar of Trinity Church (sitting there, one may say, in Simeon's seat), and of the other gentlemen concerned, in bringing Mr. Aitken to Cambridge. And they did well to bring a man of education, who knew better than to talk the shocking profanity which has sometimes been preached as very Truth. Mr. Aitken did not tell us that all attempts to amend our lives plunge us only the more deeply into hell. He enlarged upon the necessity of departing from iniquity; and it is only justice to say that, at any rate last Sunday evening, his arguments were very telling, and his illustrations luminous and happy.

You have doubtless heard of the death of Mr. W. G. Clark, Senior Fellow and formerly Tutor of Trinity, and sometime Public Orator. His death seems to have been felt much amongst those older members of the college who had been particularly associated with him. Mr. Blore, not apparently an emotional man generally, was much moved when speaking of his deceased friend in a sermon in the College chapel on Sunday week: and you may have seen the touching tribute paid by Mr. Burn to Mr. Clark's memory in last Saturday's *Athenæum*. Mr. Clark was one of the present writer's earliest acquaintances amongst the dons, when he came up as a freshman; and he looks back with gratitude to Mr. Clark's kind and delicate courtesy. It is sometimes said that we may ascribe the too early loss of this distinguished scholar to the great strain upon his health and spirits which attended the step he felt bound

in conscience to take some years ago; namely, the renunciation of his orders in the Church.

Last month, after the despatch of my letter, the great proposal of Trinity to create a Professorship of History in the University, in memory of Bishop Thirlwall, was announced to the world. The worst of having to despatch one's letters so early in the month is, that before they appear in print new circumstances may make them seem almost out of date.

A satisfactory report has just been issued about the non-collegiate students by the Board which superintends them; and everyone must long have been struck by the favourable working of the unattached system. There are, it appears, twenty-seven members of the new Cavendish College, and these are *supposed* to be rather younger than the average undergraduate. Mr. Cox is to be congratulated on having under his charge such a pleasant-looking, gentlemanly set.

On the river Lady Margaret has been winning very much glory. She was very triumphant in the Fours, and had the champion Colquhoun sculler.

LONDON,

Nov. 23.

THE influence of the University of London extends so far, and the affiliated colleges are so scattered, that it is difficult to say where we ought to stop in our search after the "Spirit of the University." In the present letter, at any rate, I purpose to confine myself to one or two prominent topics connected with the University proper.

By far the most important event of the year has been the long-looked-for settlement of the "Woman Question." This question—viz., that women be admitted to the degrees of the University on equal terms with men, which has been disturbing the peace of members of Convocation and Senate for some years—has now been finally set at rest, to the satisfaction of the many and the disgust of the few. The measure was carried in Convocation by an overwhelming majority, the minority being composed principally of members of the medical faculty. It obtained the approval of the Senate, and shortly after the Royal Charter conferring the necessary authority was received. The "medicals" have all along offered the most strenuous opposition to the measure, and, though unsuccessful in stemming the tide at the University, have been more fortunate at University College, where the classes in the faculties of arts, laws, and science have been thrown open to women, while the medical department has not. The general opinion among the members of the University seems to be that the admission of women to degrees is a step in the right direction, that it was inevitable, and merely a question of time. There can be no doubt that London men ought to feel proud that their University should be the one to take the initiative. It was the necessity which had arisen for separating religious prejudices from education that brought about the foundation of the University of London. The result was that in a few years the other Universities were compelled to follow her lead. So that it is quite in accordance with her traditions that she should now be the first to break down the prejudices

with regard to sex. In this also she will no doubt in course of time be followed by the other Universities, and the "girl graduate with her golden hair" will become a charming reality.

In his speech on Presentation Day, Mr. Lowe congratulated the University on having satisfactorily settled this vexed question. In the course of the same speech he made a remark which, from the applause and laughter, was evidently thought smart, at any rate by the Liberals. He observed that "he saw before him a lot of exceedingly fine young men," who had apparently been taking great pains to line the inside of their heads. He hoped that they would take as much care of the outside of their heads as they had done of the inside, and not be led away by "Jingo" *furore*.

Another important event is the decision which the Senate has come to of making use of its dormant power of conferring the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of *Music*. These will be very different to the corresponding degrees at Oxford and Cambridge, which, unless the regulations have been recently altered, are all but honorary; and, inasmuch as no examination in Arts is demanded of candidates, these degrees do not carry with them any assurance that the possessors are men of education. The consequence is that music graduates are not considered regular members of the Universities, and are not entitled to become members of Convocation. The London degree is to be free from these drawbacks. Each candidate will have to pass the usual matriculation examination, in order to prove that he is a man of good general education. He can then proceed by two examinations, separated by a year, to the Mus. B., and then by two more, which can be taken either in the same or following years, to the Doctor's degree. As these examinations are to be on a par, in point of difficulty, with the examinations in the other faculties, no one can deny that the Mus. D. Lond. will have earned his dignity, and the right to wear the flowing blue robe which has been selected, and which will be ready for him when he is ready for it.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN,

Nov. 23, 1878.

WE have received a severe and unexpected blow in the death of the Rev. George Longfield, D.D. The event took place on the morning of Sunday, Nov. 3. The cause of his sudden death was aneurism of the aorta. I shall not attempt to describe the sensation caused in college by the tidings. From the Provost to the most junior of the Fellows all lamented his loss as that of a valued personal friend and a mainstay and ornament of the University to which they belonged. Dr. Salmon, who was the preacher for the day, was deeply moved by learning the sad news as he arrived at the chapel door, and substituted for the sermon he had intended to preach a discourse on the text, "Our Father which art in heaven." His concluding words were:

"I have not, indeed, the heart to engage in the discussion of speculative difficulties after the terrible news which met me when I came here to-day. I cannot trust myself to speak of the personal loss I have

sustained in the removal of one of my most beloved friends. Indeed, I still can hardly believe in it; for it seems to me almost incredible that one in whose company three days ago I followed to the grave the remains of a departed friend should be the next for whom the grave must be opened. Nor will I attempt to enlarge on the loss this college has suffered in the removal of one of its most useful officials. It may not be quite needless to say something of the great ability of a man who made all who came into contact with him forget his ability in the sense of his goodness. But I have often admired the remarkably able and conscientious way in which he did his work—admired it the more because there was in himself such an entire absence of thought or wish for admiration, of exhibition or self-display; because he was so exclusively animated by the single-minded desire to do to the best of his ability the duties to which God had called him. He had reached a position in which we expected that he would henceforth have taken a leading part in the government of this college, and we all felt that its interests could not have been entrusted to an honester and abler man, of more calm good sense and practical wisdom."

Dr. Longfield was the senior of the Junior Fellows, and had for some years past sat as a member of the Board. He was also Junior Bursar and Registrar of Chambers, two offices which brought him much into contact with the students, and thus gave them opportunities of forming an opinion of his kindliness of manner and of the admirable manner in which he discharged the laborious and responsible duties of those offices. He was also Professor of Hebrew and Senior Assistant to the Regius Professor of Divinity. Both of these offices he discharged with masterly ability, knowledge of the subject, and an untiring interest in the progress of his class. His "Introduction to the Study of the Chaldee Language" is a work of great erudition, and is accepted as an authority by English and continental professors. I must not omit to mention one special and rare quality in which the deceased gentleman was eminent. He was a singularly skilful examiner; and the art of conducting an examination is by no means a general accomplishment, even among men otherwise distinguished for learning. Dr. Longfield was elected to a Fellowship in 1842, and was at his death somewhat above sixty years of age.

The only administrative change that has as yet taken place consequent upon this event has been the election of the Rev. J. A. Galbraith to the post of Junior Bursar. This had to be arranged without delay, as it is a post which could not conveniently be left unfilled; but the other changes to which this vacancy may lead will not be known until after the election of University officers, which will be held about the end of this month. There are now also elections in progress for the Academic Council; but they are not likely to lead to any very important changes in that body.

Kottabos for Michaelmas Term appeared early this month. It is a very creditable number, and contains one poem that would make its mark in any periodical in the world. Readers of Tacitus will recall the heroic and pathetic end of Epicharis the freedwoman, "clariore exemplo libertina mulier in tanta necessitate alienos ac prope ignotos protegendo, cum ingenui et viri et equites Romani senatoresque intacti tormentis carissima suorum quisque pignorum proderent." This is the incident chosen by Mr. Palmer for the subject of a sketch

in blank verse, wherein he displays poetic power of a very rare and high order. His piece throws the rest of the number very much into shadow; and yet the merit of most of the others is very far from contemptible, and some are very good indeed. There is a melodious lyric by Mr Todhunter; a graceful translation from the French by Mr. Martley; and a very vigorous and graphic sonnet by Mr. W. Wilde. The Latin and Greek translations are also very creditable, and one of the Greek pieces is specially good. It is a burlesque Homeric imitation of the comic popular ballad of "King O'Toole and the Goose." I cannot convey an idea of its merit better than by giving a short extract. This is the conclusion of the story:

Nabocklish! cried Saint Kevin,
I'll soon settle them young urchins;
So he turned the King and his six big sons
Into the Seven Churches.

ὦ πόποι, ἦ μέγα εἶπες ὃ καί τοι ῥίγιον ἔσται
ῥέα γὰρ σφέας παύσω κρατέρους περ νηπιεάων
ἐμμαπέως δ' ἄνακτα καὶ υἷας λᾶας ἔθηκεν
τῶν κλέος ἄσβεστον νήοι δέ τε ἕπτα καλεῦνται.

This is by no means the best bit; but I could not find another extract easy to copy without spoiling the sense. Having said thus much in praise of the number, I must in justice point out that it is disfigured by a contribution which ought not to have been admitted to its pages. "On the Pier," by Mr. Wilkins, is a clever imitation of Bret Harte, or the Pike County Ballads, and a very successful one—which is another way of saying that it is grotesque in conception, coarse in execution, and in all respects as alien as possible from the spirit of an academic miscellany. I am very far from wishing *Kottabos* to be "classical" in the sense of the French "classical" school, against which Théophile Gautier so wittily railed. Still less do I desire that it should be conducted in a "donnish" spirit. But there is a limit, easier to feel than to define, to the admission of contributions whose only merit is humour; and this limit is distinctly passed when the humour is borrowed, and borrowed from a vulgar source.

You will perhaps have noticed in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Lowe's article entitled "Recent Attacks on Political Economy." The "Mr. Ingram," persistently so described throughout Mr. Lowe's paper, is John Kells Ingram, LL.D, Fellow of Trinity and Regius Professor of Greek. Some of our Dublin men are rather angry that Mr. Lowe should have ignored Dr. Ingram's position in Dublin University so completely, but in this feeling I do not wholly share. Dr. Ingram's being Regius Professor of Greek has nothing whatever to do with his attainments in political economy or sociology; nor has the fact that he is a man of much weight among his academical colleagues. These are indeed reasons for treating him with more deference than one would an unknown disputant. His being a vice-president of the Statistical and Social Inquiry Society of Ireland (a fact duly set forth in the title-page of his pamphlet) is a reason for presuming that what he has to say may be worth listening to; and at least it might save him from being classed with "baffled sciolists." This is a phrase which Mr. Lowe applies to some of his opponents in this controversy, and he does not make it sufficiently clear that he

means to exclude Dr. Ingram. But, after all, the gist of the dispute is whether Dr. Ingram is right in his contention that political economy in its present aspect is an incomplete science, and can only be held to be in its proper place when it shall have been co-ordinated with a complete sociology. This is the opinion of many thinkers besides Dr. Ingram. Mr. Cliffe Leslie wrote an admirable paper to that effect in *Hermathena*. Mr. J. H. Bridges maintained indirectly a similar view in his essay, "The Place of Sociology among the Sciences," in the *Fortnightly Review* of last July. Mr Herbert Spencer's writings are full of suggestions tending the same way. Even the late Mr. Walter Bagehot (who of all men was sure to be in sympathy with the English economic school) went to the length of maintaining that the method of political economy afforded true and trustworthy conclusions only in an almost purely commercial society like that of the modern English middle class. The question is worthy of fuller discussion than it has yet received, but it only requires incidental notice in this letter. What led me to introduce the subject at all was the style of Mr. Lowe's references to his opponent, which certainly seems to indicate that a man may be a very eminent member of Dublin University, and well known on the continent and at Oxford and Cambridge, and yet a nobody (or perhaps a "baffled sciolist") in the eyes of Mr. Lowe and—I was going to say—the Philistines; but that is an unsafe word. Let me tell you why. Some would-be genius, who thought it fine to strut in the cast clothes of Matthew Arnold, was airing the word Philistine very freely one day at a dinner party. The host asked, "What do you mean by Philistine?" One of the guests anticipated the coxcomb's reply by saying, "The Philistines are people who have suffered terribly from the *jaw of an ass*." I do not give this as a Trinity College story—I saw it in a "Society" journal. It shows that the worm has turned—perhaps the author of that repartee never said a good thing before and never will again; or he may have been a child of light who was worried into joining the enemy for once in a way; anyhow, it is no longer safe to talk about "Philistines" after this retort.

I have been a little hard upon Mr. Wilkins in his capacity of *Kottabist*; so I am glad to be able to conclude my letter by congratulating him on a brilliant academic success. He has won the First Senior Moderatorship in Mathematics, and has been bracketed for the First Senior Moderatorship in English Literature. He will in consequence be probably nominated one of the University students for this year. The studentship is worth £100 a year for seven years.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY,

Nov. 19, 1878.

THE late Dr. Fraser, of Hampstead, some time ago made a bequest of £10,000 to Edinburgh University. Subsequently he rescinded this part of his will, on learning that vivisection was practised by one of our professors; and the money destined for us goes to the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. I regret to say that your pages have been used in the services of anti-vivisectionists here, for a portion of one of my letters to you, touching on our professor of

physiology, has been printed in a handbill and distributed in the streets. My statement was only one of fact, yet I am sorry it has done this well-intentioned, but fussy party any good.

This session we have 120 more students of medicine than ever before. Already 103 have matriculated, and when the summer students are added there will be on the roll of the medical faculty at least 1250 undergraduates. The anatomy class room, at one o'clock of every day, is packed with 500 students, and Professor Rutherford has to lecture two hours a day instead of one, in order to accommodate the numbers attending physiology. This state of matters shows the need for our extension buildings, which are progressing rapidly.

Hartington gives his Lord Rector's address here next month.

A notable man, connected in more ways than one with this University, has died here lately—Dr. David Laing, Keeper of the Signet Library. Born in 1792, he was intimate with Scott and the brilliant men of his time. To the last, as from his earliest years, his days were filled with incessant literary labours, the valuable results of which were often surrendered to others, who made fame out of them. No man living has done so much for Scottish history and literature in general as Laing. It would be hard to find anyone who ever had cause to be his enemy, for he was a gentle-hearted and a generous man. Only the retiring habits of this Scottish Magliabechi prevented his reputation becoming greater; but he was content with the work, letting the name go. Even in later years, when the shower of applause began to fall, he only wrapped his modesty the closer about him. Professor Masson, with telling allusion to events of the day, closed his introductory class lecture this session with these words: "Who, with his death at hand, would not rather look back on a track through the world such as that left by David Laing—laborious, frugal, and imperturbable among his books—than on such a career as that of a man riding daily in chariots, attended by a blaze of liveries, and feasting luxuriously, even though his wealth should have been permanent, and should not have gone down in mid-life or old age, with the crash of a thousand families."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Age of the Saints: a Monograph of early Christianity in Cornwall. By William Copeland Borlase, M.A. Truro: Lake. 1878.

This is an essay in sequel to an address, as president, delivered at the Royal Institution of Cornwall at its meeting last June. It is rarely that a local subject is treated with so much erudition, or illustrated with such varied learning; more rarely still, that erudition on a local subject is applied with so much vivacity of illustration, or made to yield so much of general interest for so many matters of research.

The primary subject no doubt is strictly one of mere local interest—the early Christianity of Cornwall; none the less is it of high historical import. The influence of Christianity on the Keltic mind, its introduction into Britain, from Gaul as it is here contended, are subjects which, though here treated of in illustration of local antiquities, form an admirable addition, for example, to Mr. Matthew Arnold's study of "Keltic Literature," and in particular would suitably annotate his chapter on "The Attitude of the Keltic Mind towards Religion." Mr. Borlase approaches this wider subject with great breadth and vigour of thought. We regret that our own want of space prevents our doing justice to his research.

The first and most obvious thought on reading this essay is the value and worth of local institutes and associations; not merely to preserve local history and local antiquities, but to secure the local interest in both, and to obtain, when fortunate enough, the assistance of local men of adequate powers to discourse upon them. This is an essay which would adorn any "Archæological Transactions," and might have been read and received with well-bred applause at any "Institute," and have been thereafter printed "by order" with due luxury of text plates; and then been as duly buried among the "Journals" in all the metropolitan dignity of its quarto volumes. We feel quite sure it does better work in its apparently lesser provincial estate, read at the Cornish Institution, and now printed as a pamphlet at the new chief Cornish city, carrying home to Cornishmen a well-founded interest in what concerns their most memorable age.

A collection of parish feast days, a careful search in the earliest records for spellings of ancient names, is ordinarily a pastime of the most uninteresting Dryasdust description. In the hands of Mr. Borlase, however, the great labour he has bestowed on those and the like matters is embellished by the vivid manner in which he has used the multitude of facts he has so established; and this is particularly shown in what he says as to the weird form Christianity assumed during the Pagan assimilation, of which the traces remain to this day. It is just on matters such as these that the difference is so marked between the well-read man treating of antiquarian lore, and the mere antiquary dealing with his own special knowledge, and literary stock-in-trade. The one looks on all history, for instance, as illustrating his own special—it may be Keltic

or Gaulish—antiquities; the other, as in this monograph, gathers from them a tribute to the wider teachings of history and its science.

Some notion of his far-reaching and suggestive remarks on the general bearing of his subject should, if possible, be given to our readers in Mr. Borlase's own words, such as will be found in part at p. 56: "We must never forget that Christianity is an oriental religion cast in an oriental mould; that its birth was marked by no cataclysm severing East from West, that no barrier was then fixed in the tide of culture continuously flowing from Asia into Europe, and that it was not till it had existed long years in the world that its influence on society and the reaction of society upon it, stamped it with outward characteristics of its own and caused it to assume the form it wears to-day. It should be no matter of surprise if we recognise in its earlier phases incidents which we know still belong to a still-existing Orient stubbornly conservative of its ancient forms, an Orient more remote than Asia Minor or Palestine; if we should find, as we do find, the story of Sakya Muni clothed in a Christian garb; if we should dig up on the banks of the Indus representations in stone of events in the life of that great teacher pourtrayed in a style of art identical with that found in the catacombs at Rome." It is just in this way that the subject of this essay receives—and gives in return—so much of elucidation from other subjects, such as the survival of faiths, or the adoption of one faith by another, or the education of the race and its larger civilisation; for all which we must send our readers to the essay itself, only remarking that they will also find there a section on Christianity in Ireland, and on the Pagan superstitions, intermingled with the teachings of the saints, deserving careful attention for its still wider bearing.

The Cornish stone worship, and well worship, is another survival to the present day of that marvellous unity in old faiths, brought face to face with Christianity, which has joined East and West in one. The Sanctifying Stone still remains between Sennen and the cliff at the Land's End, through the gap of which whoever passes receives benefits, the nature of which is remembered by the farming man who guided us to it this present autumn; the St. Piran's Well, where, at least till lately, children were passed through the cleft of the rock, and, taking the water, were believed cured of the rickets; the divining by bubbles raised when dropping crooked pins into the well of St. Madderne; the hanging rags on thorns in the inclosure of the Madron Well, just as among the Yezedees of Persia, or just as, so Mr. Borlase tells us, (p. 52), "in Japan it is still a constant usage in the interior of the island of Niphon; I have myself witnessed pilgrims tying strips of cloth or paper on visiting some sacred spring." All this, and much more, which points to sun-worship and the worship of Belus, not to speak of Pigsy stones, still haunted by fairies;—all this, as Mr. Borlase so instructively brings it out, is another and a further lesson in the lingering on not merely of old superstitions but of the older ineradicable potent Fetichism, and of the beliefs springing from it. It is the manner in which Christianity was treated by the Keltic mind in the British Isles, and the comparisons it affords, that give such high interest to Mr. Borlase's present essay, though only in supplement to his presidential address to the last meeting of the Cornwall Royal Institution; and we commend

both to the careful consideration of our readers. We suppose, by his name, Mr. Borlase has an almost hereditary right to be the historian of Cornish antiquities. If so, we admire the more the modern cast of thought with which he has adorned his studies.

The Beginnings. By the Author of "New Pages of Natural History," 1869; "The Circle of Light, or Dhawalegeri," 1869; "The Interior of the Earth," 1870; "Incidents in the Biography of Dust." 1877. London: Trübner, 1878.

When a writer, citing three lines of his own composal, as to which it is indiscoverable whether they are intended for verse or for prose, tells us "I wrote thus, from a long and close observation of nature, under cosmical laws," he intimates his own familiarity, of course, with at least the rudiments of mechanical knowledge. But when further, in a book proposing to instruct the world "on the beginning of the earth," we find the sentence following, we see that there is a more modest "beginning" which has yet to be made by Mr. Malet: "As the light caused a movement on the whole body of waters, so the waters acted on their bed. No one can say where the general level of that early bed was. But as it deepened from the ever-acting erosion of the waters, they were of necessity gathered unto one place, and the bed which they had rested on became dry land." This, no doubt, explains the beginnings.

Mr. Malet takes exception to the very gentle hint which we endeavoured to give him in a notice of his previous lucubration about dust, that it is a pity to go to the expense of paper and print without having at least an intelligible idea to communicate. Beyond a shallow carping at Laplace, Sir William Thomson, and several other well-known writers, and the intimation of his conviction that he, Mr. Malet, can explain everything, we fail to find any definite idea in the book. We will, therefore, let the writer speak for himself—only saying that if it be thought that the gem we select suffers from want of setting, its merit as an individual jewel is quite on a par with that of the general character of the work.

"We attempt to generalise the position of creation in the following brief epilogue:

Creator.—Go forth, my Light, and from the space around,
Gather the wand'ring Vapours to my care;
So shall they add their glories to thine own,
And fill my Kingdom with bright worlds of Love!

Light.—I fly to execute my Lord's decree.
Who wanders there?

Vapour.—A vapour, all chaotic, cold, and dark,
Laden with matter.

Light.—Turn round, that I may see if this be true.
It is! Wilt thou have light, and warmth, and order?

Vapour.—Yea, if thou deignest to bestow these things.

Light.—The gifts depend upon thyself. The law
Is reciprocal to obedience.

Vapour.—If to rotate be to obey, I find
It joyous. May there be nought else to do!"

With which aspiration we heartily sympathise. We can add nothing to this but the assurance that these words are actually printed as we have quoted them, scansion and all, and that the preface to the book has a signature which we conclude to be that of a real live person.

The Annotated Bible. By Rev. J. H. Blunt, M.A., F.S.A., Rector of Beverston, &c. London: Rivingtons. 1878.

We have no pretensions to take doctrinal theology within our domain, but we mention this

book as at once of unquestioned orthodoxy, for which Mr. Blunt's other works are an ample guarantee, and as also fairly abreast with the present needs of Bible readers. At this gift-book season it is just the "Bible" a father would desire to give to his son, just the book a young man should desire to have, Volume I. only is yet published. With the Pentateuch it takes from the book of Genesis down to the book of Esther.

The nationality of the Jews is perhaps the strongest and the most enduring in all history, and the study of the causes which led up to it, and which also secured it, will always be of highest interest. The sacred books of the Jews are the records of the nation's life, and athwart that rigid and exclusive nationality are stretched far-reaching precepts of civilisation and brotherly kindness for all men and for all time. Deuteronomy has its strong and fierce injunctions for the extirpation of evil doers, whether as the nations around or as the men who did evil; and yet we read therewith, what Mr. Blunt's note (p. 236) calls on us to recognise, "the first example of humane principles in war:" "When thou comest nigh unto a city to fight against it, then proclaim peace unto it; it shall be if it make answer of peace —— if it will make no peace, but will make war, *then* shalt thou besiege it:" (Deut. v. 20.) Still further follows the wise provision by which fruit trees were not to be cut down even to supply wood for engines of war in a long siege, but only such trees as were of no use for food. The law as to captives is another example of humane civilisation. So, in another way, is the law of the leper, with its salutary regulations for the isolation of contagious diseases. The story of Nabal and David, one of the earliest examples of conflict between capital and labour, certainly, to modern notions, leaves Nabal very much in the right; and yet as certainly the writer of the story in the book of Samuel considers him signally in the wrong, and that "folly was with him." David and his six hundred men to modern ideas is very much a brigand chief, living by plunder, and levying blackmail for exemption from it. The annotation (p. 351) reminds us how to correct this wrong version of facts: "David stood in need of supplies; he and his men had protected the property of Nabal, and it was quite in accordance with oriental habits that he should send to the prosperous man in the good day of his sheepshearing to ask a gift of food in requital of the obligation."

But the annotations have a higher than historical value, and a value beyond even that of elucidation; an ethical teaching is brought out in very few words: for instance by the note on the story of Naaman and his contempt for the Jordan to which the wise little maid bid him resort, see p. 447:— "These are words of wide application to the Christian life, pointing to tests of obedience which seem trifling, but are crucial; and to acts of faith where the means seem insufficient for the end; temptations often illustrate the first, and sacramental acts the second." Just so. It is a lesson too for the value of little things, and the importance of habits; a lesson that it is easier to do a great thing than a small one, paradox as it may seem; easier that is to gird up the mind and the will to resolve on some effort, than to maintain both in that attitude, which makes the thing itself easy without effort till it becomes habitual. Total abstinence for example is often actually easier than temperance, though the habit of temperance were the better

thing. But the space at our disposal forbids us to give further quotations to show the full information and the admirable teaching which this work offers. We send our readers to the book itself. The history of the Jews should be studied in their own records, and the obscurity which great antiquity in part has brought upon them, and no less the sacro-sanct character itself which has environed them, makes it expedient to gather together whatever may bring light to the investigation. In contemporaneous illustration, Egyptian and Assyrian for instance, Mr. Blunt has been particularly happy. We close this notice of his book with every commendation of it, as well supplying a want to the student, and at the same time providing for his edification while thus searching the Scriptures.

Ups and Downs: a Story of Australian Life. By Rolf Boldrewood. S. W. Silver and Co., London.

One occasionally meets men in this old England, where everyone is worked more than he likes, who seem to have a positive craving for active labour. They are generally bronzed, handsome, athletic; they talk of seeing life as if it were something only to be accomplished in a far-away region—as if "life" were a romantic element of existence which could only be found far from the haunts of civilisation. The man who talks in this way generally turns out to have been a sheep farmer in Australia. He despises everything in England as being devoid of excitement. If he wants employment he advertises for something "which involves an active open-air life." Let us hope he will get it, we may say generously when we see such advertisements. If he has made a fortune and returned to old England to spend it, he gets sick of the monotony of secured wealth. Said one such gentleman in our hearing, "Oh, yes; I have plenty of peaches under glass, and they always get ripe. I thought of throwing stones this summer and breaking some of the glass, for a change. Nothing ever happens here; now, in Australia, when the floods were out, I used to put sticks in the garden walks to mark the rising of the water, and calculate how soon the house would be flooded. There was some excitement in that."

It is a little difficult for quiet home dwellers, who would feel it a serious matter if their peaches did not ripen, to understand such a speech. The quietly-told, realistic picture of the life of an Australian sheep farmer contained in this little book "Ups and Downs" gives some idea of the curious form of excitement which lies in what seems so prosaic an occupation.

Jack, the hero of the volume, is a very ordinary young man; he might have been Tom, Dick, or Harry, for any difference it would have made. But he possesses strength and an active disposition, and enough money to speculate in sheep. These qualifications are sufficient for the hero of such a story. He is not only capable of, but his "health is sweetened by," the "constant labour;" and he thinks himself in luck if a decent neighbour lives within fifty miles. He can ride, too, in the Australian sense.

"In a general way," says our author, "it might be thought that a ride of forty miles, exclusive of two or three hours' galloping, at camp, was a fair day's work. So it would have appeared, doubtless, to the author of 'Guy Livingstone,' who in one of his novels describes the hero and his good steed as being in a

condition of extreme exhaustion after a ride of thirty miles. Whyte Melville, too, who handles equally well pen, brand, and bridle, finds the horses of Gilbert and his friend in 'Good for Nothing,' or 'All Down Hill,' reduced to such an 'enfeebled condition' by sore backs, consequent upon one day's kangaroo hunting, that they are compelled to send a messenger for fresh horses a hundred miles or more to Sydney, and to await his return in camp.

"With all deference to, and sympathy with, the humanity which probably prompted so mercifully moderate a chronicle, we must assert that to these gifted writers little is known of the astonishing feats of speed and endurance performed by the ordinary Australian horse.

"Hawkesbury, indeed, rather grumbled when the party arrived at Gondaree at what he considered an indifferent day's work. He, his men, and their horses would have thought it nothing worth 'making a song aboot,' as Rob Roy says, to have ridden to Bimbalong, camped the cattle, 'cut out' or drafted, on horseback, a couple of hundred head of fat bullocks, and to have brought the lot safe to Gondaree stockyard by moonlight. This would have involved about twenty hours' riding, a large proportion of the work being done at full gallop, and during the hottest part of the day. But they had done it many a time and often. And neither the grass-fed horse, the cattle, nor the careless horsemen were a whit the worse for it."

A fair specimen is given of the excitement which a flood brings with it in this adventure of John Redgrave and M'Nab, his overseer.

"An hour before dawn he sprang suddenly up and shouted to M'Nab, who slept in an adjoining room.

"'Get up, man, and listen. I thought I could not be mistaken. The river has got us this time.'

"'I hear,' said M'Nab, standing at the window, with all his senses about him. 'It can't be the river; and yet, what else can it be?'

"'I know,' cried Jack; 'it's the water pouring into the back creek when it leaves the river. There must be an awful flood coming down, or it could never make all that row. The last time it filled up as smoothly as a backwater lagoon. Listen again!'

"The two men stood, half-clad as they were, in the darkness, ever deepest before dawn, while louder, and more distinctly, they heard the fall, the roar, the rush of the wild waters of an angry flood down a deep and empty channel. A very deep excavation had been scooped of old by the Warroo at the commencement of the anabranch, which, leaving the river at an angle, followed its course for miles, sometimes at a considerable distance, before it re-entered it.

"'My conscience!' said M'Nab, 'I never heard the like of that before—in these parts, that is. I would give a year's wage I hadn't crossed those weaners back. I only did it a day or two since. May the Devil — but swearing never so much as lifted a pound of any man's burden yet. We'll not be swung clear of this grip of his claws by calling on *him*.'

"With this anti-Manichæan assertion, M'Nab went forth, and stumbled about the paddock till he managed to get his own and Jack's horse into the yard. These he saddled and had ready by the first streak of dawn. Then they mounted and rode towards the back of the river paddock.

"'I was afraid of this,' said Jack, gloomily, as their horses' feet plashed in the edge of a broad, dull-coloured sheet of water, long

before they reached the ridge whence they usually descried the back-creek channel. 'The waters are out such a distance that we shall not be able to get near the banks of this infernal anabranch, much less throw a bridge over any part of it. There is a mile of water on it now, from end to end. The sheep must take their chance, and that only chance is that the river may not rise as high as Stangrove says he has known it.'

"'I deserve to be overseer of a thick run with bad shepherds all my life,' groaned M'Nab, with an amount of sincerity in his abjectly humiliated voice so ludicrous that Jack, in that hour of misery, could scarcely refrain from smiling. 'But let us gallop down to the outlet; it may not have got that far yet.'

"They rode hard for the point, some miles down, where the treacherous offshoot re-entered the Warroo. It sometimes happens that, owing to the sinuosities of the watercourses of the interior, horsemen at speed can outstrip the advancing flood-wave, and give timely notice to the dwellers on the banks. Such faint hope had they. By cutting across long detours or bends, and riding harder than was at all consistent with safety to their clover-fed horses, they reached the outlet. Joy of joys, it was 'as dry as a bone.'

"'Now,' said M'Nab, driving his horse recklessly down into the hard-baked channel, 'if we can only find most of the sheep in this end of the paddock we may beat bad luck and the water yet. Did the dog come, I wonder? The Lord send he did. I saw him with us the first time we pulled up.'

"'I'm afraid not,' said Jack; 'we've ridden too hard for any mortal dog to keep up with us, though Help will come on our tracks if he thinks he's wanted.'

"'Bide a bit — bide a bit,' implored M'Nab, forgetting his English, and going back to an earlier vernacular in the depth of his earnestness. 'The dog's worth an hour of time and a dozen men to us. Help! Help! here, boy, here!'

"He gave out the canine summons in the long-drawn cry peculiar to drovers when seeking to signal their whereabouts to their faithful allies. Jack put his fingers to his mouth and emitted a whistle of such remarkable volume and shrillness that M'Nab confessed his admiration.

"'That will fetch him, sir, if he's anywhere within a mile. Dash'd if that isn't him coming now. See him following our tracks. Here, boy!'

"As he spoke a magnificent black and tan colley raised his head from the trail and dashed up to Jack's side, with every expression of delight and proud success.

"In the hour of sore need this was the friend and ally, most appropriately named, who appeared on the scene. With a wave of the hand from Jack, he started off, skirting the nearest body of sheep. The well-trained animal, racing round the timid creatures, turned them towards the outlet, and followed the master for further orders. This process was repeated, aided by M'Nab, until they had gone as far from the outlet of the creek as they dared to do, with any chance of crossing before the flood came down.

"'We must rattle them in now,' said M'Nab. 'I'm afraid there is a large lot higher up, but there's five or six thousand of these, and we must make the best of it.'

"As the lots of sheep coalesced on their homeward route, the difficulty of driving and the value of the dog grew more apparent. Large mobs or flocks of sheep are, like all

crowds, difficult to move and conduct. By themselves it would have been a slow process; but the dog, gathering from the words and actions of his superiors that something out of the common was being transacted, flew round the great flock, barking, biting, rushing, worrying—driving, in fact, like ten dogs in one. By dint of the wildest exertion on the part of the men, and the tireless efforts of the dog, the great flock of sheep, nearly six thousand, was forced up to the anabranch. Here the leaders unhesitatingly took the as yet dry, unmoistened channel, and in a long string commenced to pour up the opposite bank.

"'Give it them at the tail, sir,' shouted M'Nab, who was at the lead, 'go it, Help, good dog—there is not a moment to lose. By George, there comes the flood. Eat 'em up, old man!—give it 'em, good dog!'

"There was fortunately one more bend for the flood water to follow round before it reached the outlet. During the short respite Jack and M'Nab worked at their task till the perspiration poured down their faces — till their voices became hoarse with shouting, and well-nigh failed. Horses and men, dog and sheep, were all in a state of exhaustion and despair when the last mob was ascending the clay bank.

"'Two minutes more, and we should have been too late,' said M'Nab, in a hoarse whisper; 'look there!'

"As he spoke, a wall of water several feet in height, and the full breadth of the widest part of the channel, came foaming down, bearing logs, trees, portions of huts and hay stacks—every kind of debris — upon its eddying tide. The tired dog crawled up the bank and lay down in the grass. A few of the last sheep turned and stared stolidly at the close wild water. There was a hungry, surging rush, and in another minute the creek was level with the river, and the place where the six thousand sheep had crossed dryshod (and sheep resemble cats very closely in their indisposition to wet their feet) was ten feet under water, and would have floated a river steamer."

Drought, that other terrible feature of Australian climate, is a more depressing form of excitement. It can scarcely be pleasant when men and cattle alike are starved; when the weak sheep tumble into the water holes, and have to be pulled out again; when the starved cows stand in the nearly dry ponds eating the remains of the water lilies. A season like this compelled the hero of "Ups and Downs" to sell his sheep run. In describing the sale to the new purchaser, Mr. Bagemall, some notion is given of the quick intelligence necessary for such business:

"The next morning the counting began in earnest. A couple of thousand four-tooth wethers had been put in the drafting yard, for some reason or other, and with this lot they made a commencement. Now, except to be initiated, this counting of sheep is a bewildering, all but impossible matter. The hurdle or gate, as the case may be, is partially opened and egress permitted in a degree proportioned to the supposed talent of the enumerator. If he be slow, inexperienced, and therefore diffident, a small opening suffices through which only a couple of sheep can run at a time. Then he begins—two, four, six, eight, and so on, up to twenty. After he gets well into his tens he probably makes some slight miscalculation, and while he is mentally debating whether forty-two or fifty-two be right, three sheep rush out together, the additional one in wild eagerness jumping on to the back of one of the others, and then

sprawling, feet up, in front of the gate. The unhappy wight says 'sixty' to himself, and looking doubtfully at the continuous stream of animals, falls hopelessly in arrear and gives up. In such a case the sheep have to be re-yarded, or he has to trust implicitly to the honour of the person in charge, who widens the gate, lets the sheep rush out higgledy-piggledy, as it seems to the tyro, and keeps calling out 'hundred'—'hundred' with wonderful and almost suspicious rapidity. Yet, in such a case, there will rarely be one sheep wrong, more or less, in five thousand. Thus, when arrived at the yard, M'Nab looked inquiringly at the stranger, and took hold of one end of the hurdle.

"'Throw it down and let 'em rip,' said Mr. Bagemall. 'You and I will count, and Mr. Redgrave will perhaps keep tally."

"Keeping tally, it may be explained, is the notation of the hundreds, by pencil or notched stick, the counter being supposed only to concern himself with the units and tens.

"M'Nab, who was an unrivalled counter, relaxed his features, as recognising a kindred spirit, and, as the sheep came tearing and tumbling out, after the fashion of strong, hearty, paddocked wethers, he placed his hands in his pockets and reeled off the hundreds, as did Mr. Bagemall, in no time. The operation was soon over. They agreed in the odd number to a sheep. And M'Nab further remarked that Mr. Bagemall was one of those gifted persons who, by a successive motion of the fingers of both hands, was enabled (quite as a matter of form) to check the tally-keeper as well. Paddock after paddock was duly mustered, driven through their respective gates, and counted back. In a couple of days the operation, combined with the inspection of the whole run, was concluded."

Etna. A History of the Mountain and of its Eruptions. By G. F. Rodwell. C. Kegan Paul and Co. London.

In Edgar Allan Poe's clever sketch which he calls "The Thousand-and-Second Tale of Scheherazade" the lady in question relates to her lord the king the full conclusion of the history of Sindbad. The king finds it easy to believe in a continent upheld by a skyblue cow, having been taught that the earth is supported in that fashion. But the description of various realities, either natural wonders or the results of man's invention, prove quite too much for his credulity. Among other things he greets with scorn an account of an eruption of Hecla. The facts are too monstrous for him to accept; and to those of us who have not, like Mr. Gladstone (who seems bent upon doing everything), found time and opportunity to ascend a volcano, the description of one must ever read delightfully like a romance. Pindar—the first ancient writer who describes Etna—conceives it to be the prison-house of the giant Enceladus or Typhon; and his language brings before us a vivid picture of the outward form of this terrible dungeon.

"He (Typhon) is fast bound by a pillar of sky, even by snowy Etna, nursing the whole year's length her dazzling snow, whereout pure springs of unapproachable fire are vomited from the inmost depths. In the daytime the lava-streams pour forth a lurid rush of smoke; but in the darkness a red rolling flame sweepeth rocks with uproar to the wide sea. . . . That dragon-thing (Typhon) it is that maketh issue from beneath the terrible fiery flood." Æschylus, too, pictures Typhon lying prone

and bound beneath the roots of ancient Etna. Virgil's fine description is well known. Many other early writers speak of the mountain, and, while the poets "invested it with supernatural attributes and made it the prison-house of a chained giant and the workshop of a swart god," Lucretius endeavoured to show that the phenomena were obedient to natural laws. But it is small wonder that, before the days of science, of investigation, and accurate observation, the mountain should indeed have been supposed the dwelling of some monstrous supernatural being. Its conduct is that of a capricious monarch. So generous is it of benefits, so lavish of gifts, that the people crowd around it to take the luxury it offers; but they do so at the risk of destruction at any moment. Like a very autocrat, the demon of the mountain will grow angry on a sudden; and, turning upon the crowds who live upon his bounty, will command that they shall die; and, sending forth his fiery vomit to fulfil his decree, his kingdom is laid desolate before he can repent. Yet his life is so full and generous that, his anger once cooled, he scatters gifts again, and soon his kingdom is re-populated. Perhaps the most picturesque myth is that in which Etna is associated with the Cyclops. Mr. Symonds considers that the one-eyed giant Polyphemus was Etna itself with its one great crater, while the Cyclops were the many minor cones. The picture appeals strangely to the imagination—the fierce eye, full of fire, gazing eternally and defiantly into the vault of heaven.

Mr. Rodwell will please most readers, as he has gathered together the legendary history of Etna, and placed beside that a detailed picture of its actual appearance and surroundings; he has made a careful record of the eruptions, according to such different accounts as have been published since 525 B.C. up to 1874; and he has devoted a chapter to the geology and mineralogy of the mountain. His volume is the first work in the English language devoted to the history of the famous volcano; and the author has endeavoured, certainly, to make his history complete, for he commences with the abode of the Cyclops, and ends with a notice of two maps of the mountain which were exhibited in the Paris Exhibition.

This terrible mountain which will yawn suddenly beneath your feet, and in which a fissure of twelve miles long, emitting a bright light, has been known to open, has yet taken care of some of its favourite offspring. It bears upon its side some of the largest and oldest trees in the world; one of these monarchs of the mountain being 25 feet in diameter and probably more than 1000 years old. It is small wonder that the toil and danger of the ascent of Etna is not sufficient to deter travellers from endeavouring to reach the summit. In the night the vault of heaven seems near and flat, filled with innumerable stars, some of which appear to hang down from the sky, while the Milky-way is as a path of fire. Then comes the marvel of sunrise, which baffles the descriptive powers of all who have seen it; and then, possibly, by good fortune, may be seen the shadow of the mountain, apparently suspended in space above the island a hundred miles away. As the sun rises this shadow sinks upon the island and gradually retires to the base of the mountain.

Altogether, Mr. Rodwell has produced a very pleasant and readable book.